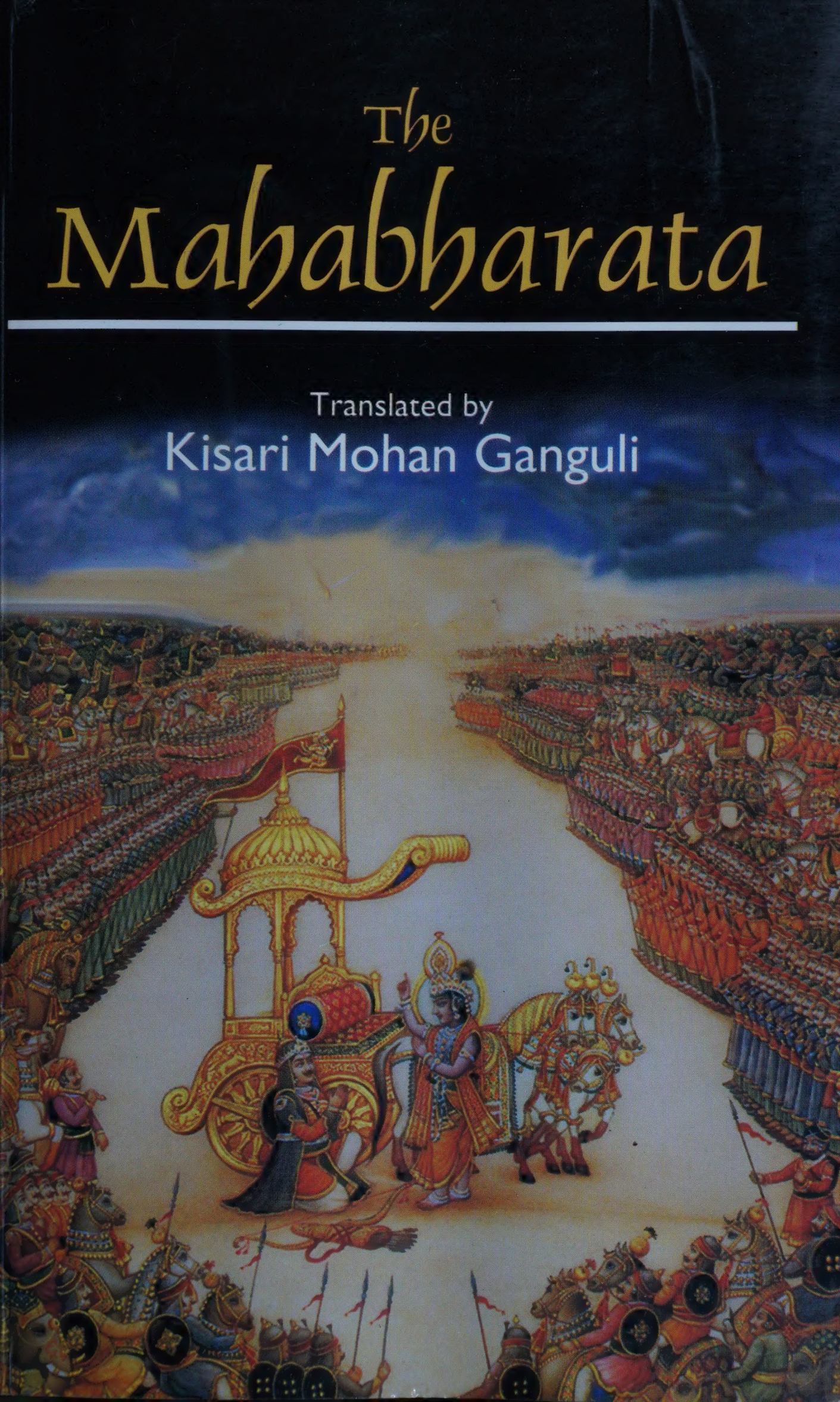
The Mahabharata

Translated by

Kisari Mohan Ganguli



The Mahabharata

In the world of classical literature, the *Mahabharata* is unique in many respects. As an epic, it is the greatest—seven times as great as the *Illiad* and the *Odyssey* combined, and the grandest—animating the heart of India over two thousand years past and destined to lead humanity for thousands of years in future. It is the mightiest single endeavour of literary creation of any culture in human history. The effort to conceive the mind that conceived it is itself a liberal education, and a walk through its table-of-contents is more than a Sabbath day's journey.

The translation was completed and serially published in thirteen years from AD 1883 to 1896 in one hundred fasciculi. The original edition was out-of-print within the lifetime of Mr Ganguli, and is made available once again.

Kisari Mohan Ganguli completed the translation of the *Mahabharata* and serially published it in thirteen years from AD 1883 to 1896 in one hundred fasciculi.

Ganguli preferred public anonymity till compilation. But from the very beginning, though anonymous to the general readers, the authorship of Ganguli was not secret to the numerous oriental scholars and patrons of the enterprise, Indian and foreign with whom he was constantly linked through direct contact or correspondence. The then Central Government also recognised the services of Ganguli as translator of this great work by conferring the C.I.E. title and awarding the first Honorary Literary Person for life to him.

The Mahabharata

of

Krishna-Dwaipayana Vyasa

Translated into English Prose
from the Original Sanskrit Text

Kisari Mohan Ganguli

VOLUME II
Virata Parva
Udyoga Parva
Bhishma Parva
Drona Parva

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THE MAHABHARATA

VIRATA PARVA

SECTION I

(Pandava-Pravesa Parva)

OM! HAVING BOWED down to Narayana, and Nara, the most exalted of male beings, and also to the goddess Saraswati, must the word *Jaya* be uttered.

Janamejaya said, "How did my great-grandfathers, afflicted with the fear of Duryodhana, pass their days undiscovered in the city of Virata? And, O Brahman, how did the highly blessed Draupadi, stricken with woe, devoted to her lords, and ever adoring the Deity,[1] spend her days unrecognised?"

Vaisampayana said, "Listen, O lord of men, how thy great grandfathers passed the period of unrecognition in the city of Virata. Having in this way obtained boons from the god of Justice, that best of virtuous men, Yudhishthira, returned to the asylum and related unto the Brahmanas all that had happened. And having related everything unto them, Yudhishthira restored to that regenerate Brahmana, who had followed him the churning staff and the fire-sticks he had lost. And, O Bharata, the son of the god of Justice, the royal Yudhishthira of high soul then called together all his younger brothers and addressed them, saying, 'Exiled from our kingdom, we have passed twelve years. The thirteenth year, hard to spend, hath now come. Do thou therefore, O Arjuna, the son of Kunti, select some spot where we may pass our days undiscovered by our enemies.' "

Arjuna replied, "Even by virtue of Dharma's boon, we shall, O lord of men, range about undiscovered by men. Still, for purposes of residence, I shall mention some spots that are both delightful and secluded. Do thou select some one of them. Surrounding the kingdom of the Kurus, are many countries beautiful and abounding in corn, such as Panchala, Chedi, Matsya, Surasena, Pattachchara, Dasarna, Navarashtra, Malla, Salva, Yugandhara, Saurashtra, Avanti, and the spacious Kuntirashtra. Which of these, O king, wouldst thou choose, and where, O foremost of monarchs, shall we spend this year?"

[1] *Brahma Vadini*—Nilakantha explains this as *Krishna-kirtanasila.*

Yudhishthira said "O thou of mighty arms, it is even so. What that adorable Lord of all creatures hath said must become true. Surely, after consulting together, we must select some delightful, auspicious, and agreeable region for our abode, where we may live free from fear. The aged Virata, king of the Matsyas, is virtuous and powerful and charitable, and is liked by all. And he is also attached to the Pandavas. Even in the city of Virata, O child, we shall, O Bharata, spend this year, entering his service. Tell me, ye sons of the Kuru race, in what capacities ye will severally present yourselves before the king of the Matsyas!"

Arjuna said, "O god among men, what service wilt thou take in Virata's kingdom? O righteous one, in what capacity wilt thou reside in the city of Virata? Thou art mild, and charitable, and modest, and virtuous, and firm in promise. What wilt thou, O king, afflicted as thou art with calamity, do? A king is qualified to bear trouble like an ordinary person. How wilt thou overcome this great calamity that has overtaken thee?"

Yudhishthira replied, "Ye sons of the Kuru race, ye bulls among men, hear what I shall do on appearing before king Virata. Presenting myself as a Brahmana, Kanka by name, skilled in dice and fond of play, I shall become a courtier of that high-souled king. And moving upon chess-boards beautiful pawns made of ivory, of blue and yellow and red and white hue, by throws of black and red dice. I shall entertain the king with his courtiers and friends. And while I shall continue to thus delight the king, nobody will succeed in discovering me. And should the monarch ask me, I shall say, 'Formerly I was the bosom friend of Yudhishthira.' I tell you that it is thus that I shall pass my days (in the city of Virata). What office wilt thou, O Vrikodara, fill in the city of Virata?"

SECTION II

Bhima said, "I intend to present myself before the lord of Virata as a cook bearing the name of Vallabha. I am skilled in culinary art, and I shall prepare curries for the king, and excelling all those skilful cooks that had hitherto dressed his food I shall gratify the monarch. And I shall carry mighty loads of wood. And witnessing that mighty feat, the monarch will be pleased. And, O Bharata, beholding such superhuman feats of mine, the servants of the royal household will honour me as a king. And I shall have entire control over all kinds of viands and drinks. And commanded to subdue powerful elephants and mighty bulls, I will do as bidden. And if any combatants will fight with me in the lists, then

will I vanquish them, and thereby entertain the monarch. But I shall not take the life of any of them. I shall only bring them down in such way that they may not be killed. And on being asked as regards my antecedent I shall say that—*Formerly I was the wrestler and cook of Yudhishthira.* Thus shall I, O king, maintain myself."

Yudhishthira said, "And what office will be performed by that mighty descendant of the Kurus, Dhananjaya, the son of Kunti, that foremost of men possessed of long arms, invincible in fight, and before whom, while he was staying with Krishna, the divine Agni himself desirous of consuming the forest of Khandava had formerly appeared in the guise of a Brahmana? What office will be performed by that best of warriors, Arjuna, who proceeded to that forest and gratified Agni, vanquishing on a single car and slaying huge *Nagas* and *Rakshasas*, and who married the sister of Vasuki himself, the king of the *Nagas*? Even as the sun is the foremost of all heat-giving bodies, as the Brahmana is the best of all bipeds, as the cobra is the foremost of all serpents, as Fire is the first of all things possessed of energy, as the thunderbolt is the foremost of all weapons, as the humped bull is the foremost of all animals of the bovine breed, as the ocean is the foremost of all watery expanses, as clouds charged with rain are the foremost of all clouds, as Ananta is the first of all *Nagas*, as Airavata is the foremost of all elephants, as the son is the foremost of all beloved objects, and lastly, as the wife is the best of all friends, so, O Vrikodara, is the youthful Gudakesa, the foremost of all bowmen. And O Bharata, what office will be performed by Vibhatsu, the wielder of *Gandiva*, whose car is drawn by white horses, and who is not inferior to Indra or Vasudeva himself? What office will be performed by Arjuna who, dwelling for five years in the abode of the thousand-eyed Deity (Indra) shining in celestial lustre, acquired by his own energy the science of superhuman arms with all celestial weapons, and whom I regard as the tenth *Rudra*, the thirteenth *Aditya*, the ninth *Vasu*, and the tenth *Graha*, whose arms, symmetrical and long, have the skin hardened by constant strokes of the bowstring and cicatrices which resemble those on the humps of bulls,—that foremost of warriors who is as Himavat among mountains, the ocean among expanses of water, Sakra among the celestial, Havyavaha (fire) among the Vasus, the tiger among beasts, and Garuda among feathery tribes!"

Arjuna replied, "O lord of the Earth, I will declare myself as one of the neuter sex. O monarch, it is, indeed difficult to hide the marks of the bowstring on my arms. I will, however, cover both my cicatrized arms with bangles. Wearing brilliant rings on my ears and conch-bangles on my wrists and causing a braid to hang down from my head, I shall, O king, appear as one of the third sex, Brihannala by name. And living as a female I shall (always) entertain the king and the inmates of the inner apartments by reciting stories. And, O king, I shall also instruct the women of Virata's palace in singing and delightful modes of dancing

and in musical instruments of diverse kinds. And I shall also recite the various excellent acts of men and thus conceal myself, O son of Kunti, by feigning disguise. And, O Bharata should the king enquire, I will say that, *I lived as a waiting maid of Draupadi in Yudhishthira's palace.* And, O foremost of kings, concealing myself by this means, as fire is concealed by ashes, I shall pass my days agreeably in the palace of Virata."

Vaisampayana continued, "Having said this, Arjuna, that best of men and foremost of virtuous persons, became silent. Then the king addressed another brother of his."[1]

SECTION III

Yudhishthira said, "Tender, possessed of a graceful presence, and deserving of every luxury as thou art, what office wilt thou, O heroic Nakula, discharge while living in the dominions of that king? Tell me all about it!"

Nakula said, "Under the name of Granthika, I shall become the keeper of the horses of king Virata. I have a thorough knowledge (of this work) and am skilful in tending horses. Besides, the task is agreeable to me, and I possess great skill in training and treating horses; and horses are ever dear to me as they are to thee, O king of the Kurus. At my hands even colts and mares become docile; these never become vicious in bearing a rider or drawing a car.[2] And those persons in the city of Virata that may enquire of me, I shall, O bull of the Bharata race, say,—*Formerly I was employed by Yudhishthira in the charge of his horses.* Thus disguised, O king, I shall spend my days delightfully in the city of Virata. No one will be able to discover me as I will gratify the monarch thus![3]

Yudhishthira said, "How wilt thou, O Sahadeva, bear thyself before that king? And what, O child, is that which thou wilt do in order to live in disguise."

Sahadeva replied, "I will become a keeper of the king of Virata's king. I am skilled in milking kine and taking their history as well as in taming their fierceness. Passing under the name of Tantripal, I shall perform my duties deftly. Let thy heart's fever be dispelled. Formerly I was frequently employed to look after thy kine, and, O Lord of earth, I have a particular knowledge of that work. And, O monarch, I am well-acquainted

[1]This speech of Vaisampayana is not included in some texts within the second section. To include it, however, in the third, is evidently a mistake.

[2]The sloka commencing with *Adushta* and ending *ratheshu cha* does not occur in texts except those in Bengal.

[3]A difference of reading is observable here. The sense, however, is the same.

with the nature of kine, as also with their auspicious marks and other matters relating to them. I can also discriminate bulls with auspicious marks, the scent of whose urine may make even the barren being forth child. Even thus will I live, and I always take delight in work of this kind. Indeed, no one will then be able to recognise me, and I will moreover gratify the monarch."

Yudhishthira said, "This is our beloved wife dearer to us than our lives. Verily, she deserveth to be cherished by us like a mother, and regarded like an elder sister. Unacquainted as she is with any kind of womanly work, what office will Krishna, the daughter of Drupada, perform? Delicate and young, she is a princess of great repute. Devoted to her lords, and eminently virtuous, also, how will she live? Since her birth, she hath enjoyed only garlands and perfumes and ornaments and costly robes."

Draupadi replied, "There is a class of persons called *Sairindhris*,[1] who enter the services of other. Other females, however (that are respectable) do not do so. Of this class there are some. I shall give myself out as a *Sairindhri*, skilled in dressing hair. And, O Bharata, on being questioned by the king, I shall say that I served as a waiting woman of Draupadi in Yudhishthira's household. I shall thus pass my days in disguise. And I shall serve the famous Sudeshna, the wife of the king. Surely, obtaining me she will cherish me (duly). Do not grieve so, O king."

Yudhishthira said, "O Krishna, thou speakest well. But O fair girl, thou wert born in a respectable family. Chaste as thou art, and always engaged in observing virtuous vows, thou knowest not what is sin. Do thou, therefore, conduct thyself in such a way that sinful men of evil hearts may not be gladdened by gazing at thee."

SECTION IV

Yudhishthira said, "Ye have already said what offices ye will respectively perform. I also, according to the measure of my sense, have said what office I will perform. Let our priest, accompanied by charioteers and cooks. repair to the abode of Drupada, and there maintain our *Agnihotra* fires. And let Indrasena and the others, taking with then the empty cars, speedily proceeded to Dwaravati. Even this is my wish. And let all these maid-servants of Draupadi go to the Panchalas, with our charioteers and cooks. And let all of them say,—*We do not know where the Pandavas have gone leaving us at the lake of Dwaitavana.*"

[1]An independent female artisan working in another person's house. —Wilson

Vaisampayana said, "Having thus taken counsel of one another and told one another the offices they would discharge, the Pandavas sought Dhaumya's advice. And Dhaumya also gave them advice in the following words, saying, Ye sons of Pandu, the arrangements ye have made regarding the Brahmanas, yours friends, cars, weapons, and the (sacred) fires, are exellent. But it behoveth thee, O Yudhishthira, and Arjuna specially, to make provision for the protection of Draupadi. Ye king, ye are well-acquainted with the characters of men. Yet whatever may be your knowledge, friends may from affection be permitted to repeat what is already known. Even this is subservient to the eternal interests of virtue, pleasure, and profit. I shall, therefore speak to you something. Mark ye. To dwell with a king is, alas, difficult. I shall tell you, ye princes, how ye may reside in the royal household, avoiding every fault. Ye Kauravas, honourably or otherwise, ye will have to pass this year in the king's palace, undiscovered by those that know you. Then in the fourteenth year, ye will live happy. O son of Pandu, in this world, that cherisher and protector of all beings, the king, who is a deity in an embodied form, is as a great fire sanctified with all the *mantras*.[1] One should present himself before the king, after having obtained his permission at the gate. No one should keep contact with royal secrets. Nor should one desire a seat which another may covet. He who doth not, regarding himself to be a favourite, occupy (the king's) car, or coach, or seat, or vehicle, or elephant, is alone worthy of dwelling in a royal household. He that sits not upon a seat the occupation of which is calculated raise alarm in the minds of malicious people, is alone worthy of dwelling in a royal household. No one should, unasked offer counsel (to a king). Paying homage in season unto the king, one should silently and respectfully sit beside the king, for kings take umbrage at babblers, and disgrace laying counsellors. A wise person should not contact friendship with the king's wife, nor with the inmates of the inner apartments, nor with those that are objects of royal displeasure. One about the king should do even the most unimportant acts and with the king's knowledge. Behaving thus with a sovereign, one doth not come by harm. Even if an individual attain the highest office, he should, as long as he is not asked or commanded, consider himself as born-blind, having regard to the king's dignity, for O repressors of foes, the rulers of men do not forgive even their sons and grandsons and brothers when they happen to tamper with their dignity. Kings should be served with regardful care, even as Agni and other god; and he that is disloyal to his sovereign, is certainly destroyed by him. Renouncing anger, and pride, and negligence, it behoveth a man to follow the course directed by the monarch. After carefully deliberating on all things, a person should set forth before the

[1]Some of the Bengal text and *Sarvastramaya* for *Sarvamantramaya*. The former is evidently incorrect.

king those topics that are both profitable and pleasant; but should a subject be profitable without being pleasant, he should still communicate it, despite its disagreeableness. It behoveth a man to be well-disposed towards the king in all his interests, and not to indulge in speech that is alike unpleasant and profitless. Always thinking—*I am not liked by the king*—one should banish negligence, and be intent on bringing about what is agreeable and advantageous to him. He that swerveth not from his place, he that is not friendly to those that are hostile to the king, he that striveth not to do wrong to the king, is alone worthy to dwell in a royal household. A learned man should sit either on the king's right or the left; he should not sit behind him for that is the place appointed for armed guards, and to sit before him is always interdicted. Let none, when the king is engaged in doing anything (in respect of his servants) come forward pressing himself zealously before others, for even if the aggrieved be very poor, such conduct would still be inexcusable.[1] It behoveth no man to reveal to others any lie the king may have told inasmuch as the king bears ill will to those that report his falsehoods. Kings also always disregard persons that regard themselves as learned. No man should be proud thinking—*I am brave, or, I am intelligent*, but a person obtains the good graces of a king and enjoys the good things of life, by behaving agreeably to the wishes of the king. And, O Bharata, obtaining things agreeable, and wealth also which is so hard to acquire, a person should always do what is profitable as well as pleasant to the king. What man that is respected by the wise can even think of doing mischief to one whose ire is great impediment and whose favour is productive of mighty fruits? No one should move his lips, arms and thighs, before the king. A person should speak and spit before the king only mildly. In the presence of even laughable objects, a man should not break out into loud laughter, like a maniac; nor should one show (unreasonable) gravity by containing himself, to the utmost. One should smile modestly, to show his interest (in what is before him). He that is ever mindful of the king's welfare, and is neither exhilarated by reward nor depressed by disgrace, is alone worthy of dwelling in a royal household. That learned courtier who always pleaseth the king and his son with agreeable speeches, succeedeth in dwelling in a royal household as a favourite. The favourite courtier who, having lost the royal favour for just reason, does not speak evil of the king, regains prosperity. The man who serveth the king or liveth in his domains, if

[1]This is a very difficult *sloka*. Nilakantha adopts the reading *Sanjayet*. The Bengal editions read *Sanjapet*. If the latter be the correct reading, the meaning then would be,—'Let none talk about what transpires in the presence of the king. For those even that are poor, regard it as a grave fault.' The sense evidently is that the occurrences in respect of a king which one witnesses should not be divulged. Even they that are powerless regard such divulgence of what occurs in respect of them as an insult to them, and, therefore, inexcusable.

sagacious, should speak in praise of the king, both in his presence and absence. The courties who attempts to obtain his end by employing force on the king, cannot keep his place long and incurs also the risk of death. None should, for the purpose of self-interest, open communications with the king's enemies.[1] Nor should one distinguish himself above the king in matters requiring ability and talents. He that is always cheerful and strong, brave and truthful,and mild, and of subdued senses, and who followeth his master like his shadow, is alone worthy to dwell in a royal household. He that on being entrusted with a work, cometh forward, saying,—*I will do this*—is alone worthy of living in a royal household. He that on being entrusted with a task, either within the king's dominion or out of it, never feareth to undertake it, is alone fit to reside in a royal household. He that living away from his home, doth no remember his dear ones, and who undergoeth (present) misery in expectation of (future) happiness, is alone worthy of dwelling in a royal household. One should not dress like the king, nor should one indulge, in laughter in the king's presence nor should one disclose royal secrets. By acting thus one may win royal favour. Commissioned to a task, one should not touch bribes for by such appropriation one becometh liable to fetters or death. The robes, ornaments, cars, and other things which the king may be pleased to bestow should always be used, for by this, one winneth the royal favour. Ye children, controlling your minds, do ye spend this year, ye sons of Pandu, behaving in this way. Regaining your own kingdom, ye may live as ye please."

Yudhishthira said, "We have been well taught by thee. Blessed be thou. There is none that could say so to us, save our mother Kunti and Vidura of great wisdom. It behoveth thee to do all that is necessary now for our departure, and for enabling us to come safely through this woe, as well as for our victory over the foe."

Vaisampayana continued,"Thus addressed by Yudhishthira, Dhaumya, that best of Brahmanas, performed according to the ordinance the rites ordained in respect of departure. And lighting up their fires, he offered, with *mantras*, oblations on them for the prosperity and success of the Pandavas, as for their reconquest of the whole world. And walking round those fires and round the Brahmanas of ascetic wealth, the six set out, placing Yajnaseni in their front. And when those heroes had departed, Dhaumya, that best of ascetics, taking their sacred fires, set out for the Panchalas. And Indrasena, and others already mentioned, went to the Yadavas, and looking after the horses and the cars of the Pandavas passed their time happily and in privacy."

[1]The Bengal editions, read *Rajna* in the instrumental case. Following a manuscript text of a Pandit of my acquaintance I read *Rajnas* in the genitive.

SECTION V

Vaisampayana said, "Girding their waists with swords, and equipped with finger-protectors made of iguana skins and with various weapons, those heroes proceeded in the direction of the river Yamuna. And those bowmen desirous of (speedily) recovering their kingdom, hitherto living in inaccessible hills and forest fastnesses, now terminated their forest-life and proceeded to the southern bank of that river. And those mighty warriors endued with great strength and hitherto leading the lives of hunters by killing the deer of the forest, passed through *Yakrilloma* and Surasena, leaving behind, on their right, the country of the Panchalas, and on their left, that of the Dasarnas. And those bowmen, looking wan and wearing beards and equipped with swords, entered Matsya's dominions leaving the forest, giving themselves out as hunters. And on arriving at that country, Krishna addressed Yudhishthira, saying, 'We see footpaths here, and various fields. From this it appears that Virata's metropolis is still at a distance. Pass we here what part of the night is still left, for great is my fatigue."

Yudhishthira answered, "O Dhananjaya of Bharata's race, do thou take up Panchali and carry her. Just on emerging from this forest, we arrive at the city."

Vaisampayana continued, "Thereupon like the leader of a herd of elephants, Arjuna speedily took up Draupadi, and on coming to the vicinity of the city, let her down. And on reaching the city, Ruru's son (Yudhishthira), addressed Arjuna, saying, 'Where shall we deposit our weapons, before entering the city? If, O child, we enter it with our weapons about us, we shall thereby surely excite the alarm of the citizens. Further, the tremendous bow, the *Gandiva*, is known to all men, so that people will, without doubt, recognise us soon. And if even one of us is discovered, we shall, according to promise, have to pass another twelve years in the forest.' "

Arjuna said, "Hard by you cemetery and near that inaccessible peak is a mighty *Sami* tree, throwing about its gigantic branches and difficult to ascend. Nor is there any human being, who, I think, O Pandu's son, will espy us depositing our arms at that place. That tree is in the midst of an out-of-the way forest abounding in beasts and snakes, and is in the vicinity of a dreary cemetery. Stowing away our weapons on the *Sami* tree, let us, O Bharata, go to the city, and live there, free from anxiety!"

Vaisampayana continued, "Having O bull of the Bharata race spoken thus to king Yudhishthira the just, Arjuna prepared to deposit the weapons (on the tree). And that bull among the Kurus, then loosened the string of the large and dreadful *Gandiva*, ever producing thundering twang and always destructive of hostile hosts, and with which he had conquered, on a single car, gods and men and *Nagas* and swelling provinces. And the warlike Yudhishthira, that represser of foes, unfastened

the undecaying string of that bow with which he had defended the field of Kurukshetra. And the illustrious Bhimasena unstrung that bow by means of which that sinless one had vanquished in fight the Panchals and the lord of Sindhu, and with which, during his career of conquest, he had, single-handed, opposed innumerable foes, and hearing whose twang which was like unto the roar of the thunder or the splitting of a mountain, enemies always fly (in panic) from the field of battle. And that son of Pandu of coppery complexion and mild speech who is endued with great prowess in the field, and is called Nakula in consequence of his unexampled beauty in the family, then unfastened the string of that bow with which he had conquered all the regions of the west. And the heroic Sahadeva also, possessed of a mild disposition, then united the string of that bow with which he had subjugated the countries od the south. And with their bows, they put together their long and flashing swords, their precious quivers, and their arrows sharp as razors. And Nakula ascended the tree, and deposited on it the bows and the other weapons. And he tied them fast on those parts of the tree which he thought would not break, and where the rain would not penetrate. And the Pandavas hung up a corpse (on the tree), knowing that people smelling the stench of the corpse would say—*here sure, is a dead body*, and avoid the tree from a distance. And on being asked by the shepherds and cowherds regarding the corpse, those repressers of foes said unto them, 'This is our mother, aged one hundred and eighty years. We have hung up her dead body, in accordance with the custom observed by our forefathers.' And then those resisters of foes approached the city. And for purposes of non-discovery Yudhisthira kept these (five) names for himself and his brothers respectively, *viz.*, Jaya, Jayanta, Vijaya, Jayatsena, and Jayatvala. Then they entered the great city, with the view to passing the thirteenth year undiscovered in that kingdom, agreeably to the promise (to Duryodhana)."

SECTION VI

Vaisampayana said, "And while Yudhishthira was on his way to the delightful city of Virata, he began to praise mentally the Divine Durga, the Supreme Goddess of the Universe, born on the womb of Yasoda, and fond of the boons bestowed on her by Narayana, sprung from the race of cowherd Nanda, and the giver of prosperity, the enhancer (of the glory) of (the worshipper's) family, the terrifier of Kansa, and the destroyer of *Asuras*,—and saluted the Goddess—her who ascended the skies when dashed (by Kansa) on a stony platform, who is the sister of Vasudeva, one who is always decked in celestial garlands and attired in celestial

robes,—who is armed with scimitar and shield, and always rescues the worshipper sunk in sin, like a cow in the mire, who in the hours of distress calls upon that eternal giver of blessings for relieving him of their burdens. And the king, desirous with his brothers of obtaining a sight of the Goddess, invoked her and began to praise her by reciting various names derived from (approved) hymns. And Yudhishthira said, 'Salutations to thee, O giver of boons. O thou that art identical with Krishna, O maiden, O thou that hast observed the vow of *Brahmacharya*, O thou of body bright as the newly-risen Sun, O thou of face beautiful as the full moon. Salutations to thee, O thou of four hands and four faces, O thou of fair round hips and deep bosom, O thou that wearest bangles made of emeralds and sapphires, O thou that bearest excellent bracelets on thy upper arm. Thou shinest, O Goddess, as Padma, the consort of Narayana. O thou that rangest the etherial regions, thy true form and thy *Brahmacharya* are both of the purest kind. Sable as the black clouds, thy face is beautiful as that of *Sankarshana*. Thou bearest two large arms long as a couple of poles raised in honour of Indra. In thy (six) other arms thou bearest a vessel, a lotus, a bell, a noose, a bow, a large discus, and various other weapons. Thou art the only female in the universe that possessest the attribute of purity. Thou art decked with a pair of well-made ears graced with excellent rings. O Goddess, thou shinest with a face that challengeth the moon in beauty. With an excellent diadem and beautiful braid with robes made of the bodies of snakes, and with also the brilliant girdle round thy hips, thou shinest like the Mandara mountain encircled with snakes. Thou shinest also with peacock-plumes standing erect on thy head, and thou hast sanctified the celestial regions by adopting the vow of perpetual maiden-hood. It is for this, O thou that hast slain the *Mahishasura*,[1] that thou art praised and worshipped by the gods for the protection of the three worlds. O thou foremost of all deities, extend to me thy grace, show me thy mercy, and be thou the source of blessings to me. Thou art *Jaya* and *Vijaya*, and it is thou that givest victory in battle. Grant me victory, O Goddess, and give me boons also at this hour of distress. Thy eternal abode is on Vindhya—that foremost of mountains. O *Kali*, O *Kali*, thou art the great *Kali*, ever fond of wine and meat and animal sacrifice. Capable of going everywhere at will, and bestowing boons on thy devotees, thou art ever followed in thy journeys by Brahma and the other gods. By them that call upon thee for the relief of their burdens, and by them also that dow to thee at daybreak on Earth, there is nothing that cannot be attained in respect either of offspring or wealth. And because thou rescuest people from difficulties whether when they are afflicted in the wilder-

[1] *Mahishasura*, the son of Rambhasura. Durga had to fight for many many years before she could slay this formidable *Asura*. The story occurs in the *Markandeya Purana*. To this day, Bengal during the great Durga Puja festival in autumn, worships the goddess with great veneration.

ness or sinking in the great ocean, it is for this that thou art called *Durga*[1] by all. Thou art the sole refuge of men when attacked by robbers or while afflicted in crossing streams and seas or in wilderness and forests. Those men that remember thee are never prostrated, O great Goddess. Thou art Fame, thou art Prosperity, thou art Steadiness, thou art Success; thou art the Wife, thou art men's Offspring, thou art Knowledge, and thou art the Intellect. Thou art the two Twilights, the Night Sleep, Light—both solar and lunar, Beauty, Forgiveness, Mercy, and every other thing. Thou dispellest, worshipped by the devotees their fetters, ignorance, loss of children and loss of wealth, disease, death, and fear. I, who have been deprived of my kingdom, seek thy protection. And as I bow to thee with bended head, O Supreme Goddess, grant me protection, O thou of eyes like lotus leaves. And be thou as boon-giving Truth unto us that are acting according to Truth. And, O Durga, kind as thou art unto all that seek thy protection, and affectionate unto all thy devotees, grant me protection!' "

Vaisampayana continued, "Thus praised by the son of Pandu, the Goddess showed herself unto him. And approaching the king, she addressed him in these words, 'O mighty armed king, listen, O Lord, to these words of mine. Having vanquished and slain the ranks of the Kauravas through my grace, victory in battle will soon be thine. Thou shalt again lord it over the entire Earth, having made thy dominions destitute of thorns. And, O king, thou shalt also, with thy brothers, obtain great happiness. And through my grace, joy and health will be thine. And they also in the world who will recite my attributes and achievements will be freed from their sins, and gratified. I will bestow upon them kingdom, long life, beauty of person, and offspring. And they, O king, who will invoke me, after thy manner, in exile or in the city, in the midst of battle or of dangers from foes, in forests or in inaccessible deserts, in seas or mountain fastnesses, there is nothing that they will not obtain in this world. And ye sons of Pandu, he will achieve success in every business of his that will listen to, or himself recite with devotion, this excellent hymn. And through my grace neither the Kuru's spies, nor those that dwell in the country of the Matsyas, will succeed in recognising you all as long as ye reside in Virata's city!' And having said these words unto Yudhishthira, that chastiser of foes, and having arranged for the protection of the sons of Pandu, the Goddess disappeared there and then."

[1]Literally, one that rescues from difficulty.

SECTION VII

Vaisampayana said. "Then tying up in his cloth dice made of gold and set with *lapis lazuli*, and holding them below his arm-pit, king Yudhishthira,—that illustrious lord of men—that high-souled perpetuator of the Kuru race, regarded by kings, irrepressible in might, and like unto a snake of virulent poison,—that bull among men, endued with strength and beauty and prowess, and possessed of greatness, and resembling in form a celestial though now like unto the sun enveloped in dense clouds, or fire covered with ashes, first made his appearance when the famous king Virata was seated in his court. And beholding with his followers that son of Pandu in his court, looking like the moon hid in clouds and possessed of a face beautiful as the full moon, king Virata addressed his counsellors and the twice-born ones and the charioteers and the Vaisyas and others, saying, "Enquire ye who it is, so like a king that looketh on my court for the first time. He cannot be a Brahmana. Methinks he is a man of men, and a lord of earth. He hath neither slaves, nor cars, nor elephants with him, yet he shineth like the very Indra. The marks on his person indicate him to be one whose coronal locks have undergone the sacred investiture. Even this is my belief. He approacheth me without any hesitation, even as an elephant in rut approacheth an assemblage of lotuses!'

"And as the king was indulging in these thoughts, that bull among men, Yudhishthira, came before Virata and addressed him, saying, 'O great king, know me for a Brahmana who, having lost his all hath come to thee for the means of subsistence. I desire, O sinless one, to live here beside thee acting under thy commands,[1] O lord. The king then, well-pleased, replied unto him saying, "Thou art welcome. Do thou then accept the appointment thou seekest!' And having appointed the lion among kings in the post he had prayed for, 'king Virata addressed him with a glad heart, saying, 'O child, I ask thee from affection, from the dominions of what king dost thou come hither? Tell me also truly what is thy name and family, and what thou hast a knowledge of.' "

Yudhishthira said, "My name is Kanka, and I am a Brahmana belonging to the family known by the name of *Vaiyaghra*. I am skilled in casting dice, and formerly I was a friend of Yudhishthira."

Virata replied, "I will grant thee whatever boon thou mayst desire. Do thou rule the Matsyas.—I shall remain in submission to thee. Even cunning gamblers are liked by me. Thou, on the other hand, art like a god, and deservest a kingdom."

Yudhishthira said, "My first prayer, O lord of earth, is that I may not be involved in any dispute (on account of dice) with low people.

[1] *Kamachara* is explained by Nilakantha thus, although in other places it bears a quite different meaning.

Further, a person defeated by me (at dice) shall not be permitted to retain the wealth (won by me). Let this boon be granted to me through thy grace."

Virata replied, "I shall certainly slay him who may happen to displease thee, and should be one of the twice-born ones, I shall banish him from my dominions. Let the assembled subjects listen ! Kanka is as much lord of this realm as I myself. Thou (Kanka) shalt be my friend and shalt ride the same vehicles as I. And there shall also be at thy disposal apparel in plenty, and various kinds of viands and drinks. And thou shalt look into my affairs, both internal and external. And for thee all my doors shall be open. When men out of employ or of strained circumstances will apply to thee, do thou at all hours bring their words unto me, and I will surely give them whatever they desire. No fear shall he thine as long as thou residest with me."

Vaisampayana said, "Having thus obtained an interview with Virata's king, and received from him boons, that heroic bull among men, began to live happily, highly regarded by all. Nor could any one discover him as he lived there."

SECTION VIII

Vaisampayana said, "Then another endued with the dreadful strength and blazing in beauty, approached king Virata, with the playful gait of the lion. And holding in hand a cooking ladle and a spoon, as also an unsheathed sword of sable hue and without a spot on the blade, he came in the guise of a cook illumining all around him by his splendour like the sun discovering the whole world. And attired in black and possessed of the strength of the king of mountains, he approached the king of the Matsyas and stood before him. And beholding that king-like person before him, Virata addressed his assembled subjects saying, 'Who is that youth, that bull among men, with shoulders broad like those of a lion, and so exceedingly beautiful? That person, never seen before, is like the sun. Revolving the matter in my mind, I cannot ascertain who he is, nor can I with even serious thoughts guess the intention of that bull among men (in coming here). Beholding him, it seems to me that he is either the king of the Gandharvas, or Purandara himself. Do ye ascertain who it is that standeth before my eyes. Let him have quickly what he seeks.' Thus commanded by king Virata, his swift-footed messengers went up to the son of Kunti and informed that younger brother of Yudhishthira of everything the king had said. Then the high-souled son of Pandu, approaching Virata, addressed him in words that were not unsuited to his object, saying, 'O foremost of kings, I am

a cook, Vallava by name. I am skilled in dressing dishes. Do thou employ me in the kitchen!' "

Virata said, "I do not believe, O Vallava, that cooking is thy office. Thou resemblest the deity of a thousand eyes; and in grace and beauty and prowess, thou shinest among these all as a king!"

Bhima replied, "O king of kings, I am thy cook and servant in the first place. It is not curries only of which I have knowledge, O monarch, although king Yudhishthira always used in days gone by to taste my dishes. O lord of earth, I am also a wrestler. Nor is there one that is equal to me in strength. And engaging in fight with lions and elephants, I shall, O sinless one, always contribute to thy entertainment."

Virata said, "I will even grant thee boons. Thou wilt do what thou wishest, as thou describest thyself skilled in it. I do not, however, think, that this office is worthy of thee, for thou deservest this (entire) earth girt round by the sea. But do as thou likest. Be thou the superintendent of my kitchen, and thou art placed at the head of those who have been appointed there before by me."

Vaisampayana continued, "Thus appointed in the kitchen, Bhima soon became the favourite of king Virata. And, O king, he continued to live there unrecognised by the other servants of Virata as also by other people!"

SECTION IX

Vaisampayana said, "Binding her black, soft, fine, long and faultless tresses with crisped ends into a knotted braid, Draupadi of black eyes and sweet smiles, throwing it upon her right shoulders, concealed it by her cloth. And she wore a single piece of a black and dirty though costly cloth. And dressing herself as a *Sairindhri*, she began to wander hither and thither in seeming affliction. And beholding her wandering, men and women came to her hastily and addressed her, saying, 'Who are you? And what do you seek?' And she replied, 'I am a king's *Sairindhri*. I desire to serve any one that will maintain me.' But beholding her beauty and dress, and hearing also her speech that was so sweet, the people could not take her for a maid-servant in search of subsistence. And it came to pass that while looking this way and that from the terrace, Virata's beloved queen, daughter of the king of Kekaya, saw Draupadi. And beholding her forlorn and clad in a single piece of cloth, the queen addressed her saying, 'O beautiful one, who are you, and what do you seek?' Thereupon, Draupadi answered her, saying, 'O foremost of queen, I am *Sairindhri*. I will serve anybody that will

maintain me.' Then Sudeshna said, 'What you say (regarding your profession) can never be compatible with so much beauty. (On the contrary) you might well be the mistress of servants both, male and female. Your heels are not prominent, and your thighs touch each other. And your intelligence is great, and your navel deep, and your words solemn. And your great toes, and bust and hips, and back and sides, and toe-nails, and palms are all well-developed. And your palms, soles, and face are ruddy. And your speech is sweet even as the voice of the swan. And your hair is beautiful, and your bust shapely, and you are possessed of the highest grace. And your hips and bust are plump. And like a Kashmerean mare you are furnished with every auspicious mark. And your eye-lashes are (beautiful) bent, and your nether-lip is like the ruddy ground. And your waist is slender, and your neck bears lines that resemble those of the conch. And your veins are scarcely visible. Indeed, your countenance is like the full moon, and your eyes resemble the leaves of the autumnal lotus, and your body is fragrant as the lotus itself. Verily, in beauty you resemble *Sri* herself, whose seat is the autumnal lotus. Tell me, O beautiful damsel, who thou art. Thou canst never be a maid-servant. Art thou a *Yakshi*, a Goddess, a *Gandharvi*, or an *Apsara*? Art thou the daughter of a celestial, or art thou a female *Naga*? Art thou the guardian goddess of some city, a *Vidyadhari*, or a *Kinnari*,—or art thou *Rohini* herself? Or art thou Alamvusha, or Misrakesi, Pundarika, or Malini, or the queen of Indra, or of Varuna? Or, art thou the spuose of Viswakarma, or of the creative Lord himself? Of these goddesses who art renowned in the celestial regions, who art thou, O graceful one?'

"Draupadi replied, 'O auspicious lady, I am neither a goddess nor a *Gandharvi*, nor a *Yakshi*, nor a *Rakshasi*. I am a maid-servant of the *Sairindhri* class. I tell thee this truly. I know to dress the hair to pound (fragrant substances) for preparing unguents, and also to make beautiful and variegated garlands. O beauteous lady, of jasmines and lotuses and blue lilies and *Champakas*. Formerly I served Krishna's favourite queen Satyabhama, and also Draupadi, the wife of the Pandavas and the foremost beauty of the Kuru race. I wander about alone, earning good food and dress; and as long as I get these, I continue to live in the place where they are obtainable. Draupadi herself called me Malini (maker of garlands).'

"Hearing this, Sudeshna said, 'I would keep thee upon my head itself, if the doubt did not cross my mind that the king himself would be attracted towards thee with his whole heart. Attracted by thy beauty, the females of the royal household and my maids are looking at thee. What male person then is there that can resist thy attraction? Surely, O thou of well-rounded hips, O damsel of exquisite charms, beholding thy form of superhuman beauty, king Virata is sure to forsake me, and will turn to thee with his whole heart. O thou of faultless limbs, O thou that art endued with large eyes casting quick glances, he upon whom thou wilt look with desire is sure to be stricken. O thou of sweet smiles, O thou

that possessest a faultless form, he that will behold thee constantly, will surely catch the flame. Even as a person that climbs up a tree for compassing his own destruction, even as the crab conceives for her own ruin, I may, O thou of sweet smiles, bring destruction upon myself by harbouring thee.'

"Draupadi replied, 'O fair lady, neither Virata nor any other person will be able to have me, for my five youthful husbands, who are *Gandharvas* and sons of a *Gandharva* king of exceeding power, always protect me. None can do me a wrong. It is the wish of my *Gandharva* husbands that I should serve only such persons as will not give me to touch food already partaken of by another, or tell me to wash their feet. Any man that attempts to have me like any common woman, meeteth with death that very night. No one can succeed in having me, for, O beautiful lady, O thou of sweet smiles, those beloved *Gandharvas*, possessed of great energy and mighty strength always protect me secretly.'

"Sudeshna said, 'O thou that bringest delight to the heart, if it is as thou sayest, I will take thee into my household. Thou shalt not have to touch food that hath been partaken of by another, or to wash another's feet.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Thus addressed by Virata's wife, O Janamejaya, Krishna (Draupadi) ever devoted to her lords, began to live in that city. Nor could anyone ascertain who in reality she was!' "

SECTION X

"Vaisampayana said, 'Then clad in a cowherd's dress, and speaking the dialect of cowherds, Sahadeva came to the cowpen of Virata's city. And beholding that bull among men, who was shining in splendour, the king was struck with amazement. And he directed his men to summon Sahadeva. And when the latter came, the king addressed him, saying, 'To whom dost thou belong? And whence dost thou come? And what work dost thou seek? I have never seen thee before. O bull among men, tell me truly about thee.'

'Having come before the king that afflicter of foes, Sahadeva answered in accents deep as the roar of the cloud, 'I am a Vaisya, Arishtanemi by name. I was employed as a cowherd in the service of those bulls of the Kuru race, the sons of Pandu. O foremost of men, I intend now to live beside thee, for I do not know where those lions among kings, the sons of Pritha, are. I cannot live without service, and, O king, I do not like to enter into the service of anyone else save thee.'

"Hearing these words, Virata said, 'Thou must either be a Brahmana or a Kshatriya. Thou lookest as if thou wert the lord of the entire earth

surrounded by the sea. Tell me truly, O thou that mowest down thy foes. The office of a Vaisya is not fit for thee. Tell me from the dominions of what king thou comest, and what thou knowest, and in what capacity thou wouldst remain with us, and also what pay thou wouldst accept.'

"Sahadeva answered, 'Yudhishthira, the eldest of the five sons of Pandu, had one division of kine numbering eight hundred and ten thousand, and another, ten thousand, and another, again, twenty thousand, and so on. I was employed in keeping those cattle. People used to call me Tantripala. I know the present, the past, and the future of all kine living within ten *Yojanas*, and whose *tale* has been taken. My merits were known to that illustrious one, and the Kuru king Yudhishthira was well-pleased with me. I am also acquainted with the means which aid kine in multiplying within a short time, and by which they may enjoy immunity from disease. Also these arts are known to me. I can also single out bulls having auspicious marks for which they are worshipped by men, and by smelling whose urine, the barren may conceive.'

"Virata said, 'I have a hundred thousand kine divided into distinct herds. All those together with their keepers, I place in thy charge. Henceforth my beasts will be in thy keep.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Then, O king, undiscovered by that monarch, that lord of men, Sahadeva, maintained by Virata, began to live happily. Nor did anyone else (besides his brothers) recognise him.' "

SECTION XI

"Vaisampayana said, 'Next appeared at the gate of the ramparts another person of enormous size and exquisite beauty decked in the ornaments of women, and wearing large ear-rings and beautiful conch-bracelets overlaid with gold. And that mighty-armed individual with long and abundant hair floating about his neck, resembled an elephant in gait. And shaking the very earth with his tread, he approached Virata and stood in his court. And beholding the son of the great Indra, shining with exquisite lustre and having the gait of a mighty elephant,—that grinder of foes having his true form concealed in disguise, entering the council-hall and advancing towards the monarch, the king addressed all his courtiers, saying, 'Whence doth this person come? I have never heard of him before.' And when the men present spoke of the newcomer as one unknown to them, the king wonderingly said, 'Possessed of great strength, thou art like unto a celestial, and young and of darkish hue, thou resemblest the leader of a herd of elephants. Wearing conch-bracelets overlaid with gold, a braid, and ear-rings, thou shinest yet like one

amongst those that riding on chariots wander about equipped with mail and bow and arrows and decked with garlands and fine hair. I am old and desirous of relinquishing my burden. Be thou like my son, or rule thou like myself all the Matsyas. It seemeth to me that such a person as thou can never be of the neuter sex.'

"Arjuna said, 'I sing, dance, and play on instruments. I am proficient in dance and skilled in song. O lord of men, assign me unto (the princess) Uttara. I shall be dancing-master to the royal maiden. As to how I have come by this form, what will it avail thee to hear the account which will only augment my pain? Know me, O king of men, to be Vrihannala, a son or daughter without father or mother.'

"Virata said, 'O Vrihannala, I give thee what thou desirest. Instruct my daughter, and those like her, in dancing. To me, however, this office seemeth unworthy of thee. Thou deservest (the dominion of) the entire earth girt round by the ocean.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'The king of the Matsyas then tested Vrihannala in dancing, music, and other fine arts, and consulting with his various ministers forthwith caused him to be examined by women. And learning that this impotency was of a permanent nature, he sent him to the maiden's apartments. And there the mighty Arjuna began giving lessons in singing and instrumental music to the daughter of Virata, her friends, and her waiting-maids, and soon won their good graces. And in this manner the self-possessed Arjuna lived there in disguise, partaking of pleasures in their company, and unknown to the people within or without the palace.' "

SECTION XII

"Vaisampayana said, 'After a while, another powerful son of Pandu was seen making towards king Virata in haste. And as he advanced, he seemed to everyone like solar orb emerged from the clouds. And he began to observe the horses around. And seeing this, the king of the Matsyas said to his followers, 'I wonder whence this man, possessed of the effulgence of a celestial, cometh. He looks intently at my steeds. Verily, he must be proficient in horse-lore. Let him be ushered into my presence quickly. He is a warrior and looks like a god!' And that destroyer of foes then went up to the king and accosted him, saying, 'Victory to thee, O king, and blest be ye.' As a trainer of horses, I have always been highly esteemed by kings. I will be a clever keeper of thy horses.'

"Virata said, 'I will give thee vehicles, wealth, and spacious quarters. Thou shalt be the manager of my horses. But first tell me whence thou comest, who thou art, and how also thou happenest to come here. Tell

us also all the arts thou art master of.' Nakula replied, 'O mower of enemies, know that Yudhishthira is the eldest brother of the five sons of Pandu. I was formerly employed by him to keep his horses. I am acquainted with the temper of steeds, and know perfectly the art of breaking them. I know also how to correct vicious horses, and all the methods of treating their diseases. No animal in my hands becometh weak or ill. Not to speak of horses, even mares in my hands will never be found to be vicious. People called me Granthika by name and so did Yudhishthira, the son of Pandu.'

"Virata said, 'Whatever horses I have, I consign to thy care even from today. And all the keepers of my horses and all my charioteers will from today be subordinate to thee. If this suits thee, say what remuneration is desired by thee. But, O thou that resemblest a celestial, the office of equerry is not worthy of thee. For thou lookest like a king and I esteem thee much. The appearance here hath pleased me as much as if Yudhishthira himself were here. Oh, how does that blameless son of Pandu dwell and divert himself in the forest, now destitute of servants as he is.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'That youth, like unto a chief of the *Gandharvas,* was treated thus respectfully by the delighted king Virata. And he conducted himself there in such a manner as to make himself dear and agreeable to all in the palace. And no one recognised him while living under Virata's protection. And it was in this manner then the sons of Pandu, the very sight of whom had never been fruitless, continued to live in the country of the Matsyas. And true to their pledge those lords of the earth bounded by her belt of seas passed their days of *incognito* with great composure notwithstanding their poignant sufferings.' "

SECTION XIII

(*Samayapalana Parva*)

"Janamejaya said, 'While living thus disguised in the city of the Matsyas, what did those descendants of the Kuru race endued with great prowess, do, O regenerate one!'

"Vaisampayana said, 'Hear, O king, what those descendants of Kuru did while they dwelt thus in disguise in the city of the Matsyas, worshipping the king thereof. By the grace of the sage Trinavindu and of the high-souled lord of justice, the Pandavas continued to live unrecognised by others in the city of Virata. O lord of men, Yudhishthira, as courtier made himself agreeable to Virata and his sons as also to all the Matsyas. An adept in the mysteries of dice, the son of Pandu caused them to play at dice according to his pleasure and made them sit together in the dice-

hall like a row of birds bound in a string. And that tiger among men, king Yudhishthira the Just, unknown to the monarch, distributed among his brothers, in due proportion, the wealth he won from Virata. And Bhimasena on his part, sold to Yudhishthira for price, meat and viands of various kinds which he obtained from the king. And Arjuna distributed among all his brothers the proceeds of worn-out cloths which he earned in the inner apartments of the palace. And Sahadeva, too, who was disguised as a cowherd gave milk, curds and clarified butter to his brothers. And Nakula also shared with his brothers the wealth the king gave him, satisfied with his management of the horses. And Draupadi, herself in a pitiable condition, looked after all those brothers and behaved in such a way as to remain unrecognized. And thus ministering unto one another's wants, those mighty warriors lived in the capital of Virata as hidden from view, as if they were once more in their mother's womb. And those lords of men, the sons of Pandu, apprehensive of danger from the son of Dhritarashtra, continued to dwell there in concealment, watching over their wife Draupadi. And after three months had passed away, in the fourth, the grand festival in honour of the divine Brahma which was celebrated with pomp in the country of the Matsyas, came off. And there came athletes from all quarters by thousands, like hosts of celestials to the abode of Brahma or of Siva to witness that festival. And they were endued with huge bodies and great prowess, like the demons called *Kalakhanjas*. And elated with their prowess and proud of their strength, they were highly honoured by the king. And their shoulders and waists and necks were like those of lions, and their bodies were very clean, and their hearts were quite at ease. And they had many a time won success in the lists in the presence of kings. And amongst them there was one who towered above the rest and challenged them all to a combat. And there was none that dared to approach him as he proudly stalked in the arena. And when all the athletes stood sad and dispirited, the king of the Matsyas made him fight with his cook. And urged by the king, Bhima made up his mind reluctantly, for he could not openly disobey the royal behest. And that tiger among men then having worshipped the king, entered the spacious arena, pacing with the careless steps of a tiger. And the son of Kunti then girded up his loins to the great delight of the spectators. And Bhima then summoned to the combat that athlete known by the name of Jimuta who was like unto the Asura Vritra whose prowess was widely known. And both of them were possessed of great courage, and both were endued with terrible prowess. And they were like a couple of infuriate and huge-bodied elephants, each sixty years old. And those brave tigers among men then cheerfully engaged in a wrestling combat, desirous of vanquishing each other. And terrible was the encounter that took place between them, like the clash of the thunderbolt against the stony mountain-breast. And both of them were exceedingly powerful and extremely delighted at each other's strength. And desirous of vanquishing each other, each stood eager to

take advantage of his adversary's lapse. And both were greatly delighted and both looked like infuriate elephants of prodigious size. And various were the modes of attack and defence that they exhibited with their clenched fists.[1] And each dashed against the other and flung his adversary to a distance. And each cast the other down and pressed him close to the ground. And each got up again and squeezed the other in his arms. And each threw the other violently off his place by boxing him on the breast. And each caught the other by the legs and whirling him round threw him down on the ground. And they slapped each other with their palms that struck as hard as the thunderbolt. And they also struck each other with their outstretched fingers, and stretching them out like spears thrust the nails into each other's body. And they gave each other violent kicks. And they struck knee and head against head, producing the crash of one stone against another. And in this manner that furious combat between those warriors raged on without weapons. sustained mainly by the power of their arms and their physical and mental energy, to the infinite delight of the concourse of spectators. And all people, O king, took deep interest in that encounter of those powerful wrestlers who fought like Indra and the Asura Vritra. And they cheered both of them with loud acclamations of applause. And the broad-chested and long-armed experts in wrestling then pulled and pressed and whirled and hurled down each other and struck each other with their knees, expressing all the while their scorn for each other in loud voices. And they began to fight with their bare arms in this way, which were like spiked maces of iron. And at last the powerful and mighty-armed Bhima, the slayer of his foes, shouting aloud seized the vociferous athlete by the arms even as the lion seizes the elephant, and taking him up from the ground and holding him aloft, began to whirl him round, to the great astonishment of the assembled athletes and the people of Matsya. And having whirled him round and round a hundred times till he was insensible, the strong-armed Vrikodara dashed him to death on the ground. And when the brave and renowned Jimuta was thus killed, Virata and his friends were filled with great delight. And in the exuberance of his joy, the noble-minded king rewarded Vallava then and there with the liberality of Kuvera. And killing numerous athletes and many other men possessed of great bodily strength, he pleased the king very much. And when no one could be found there to encounter him in the lists, the king made him fight with tigers and lions and elephants. And the king also made him battle with furious and powerful lions in the harem for the pleasure of the ladies. And Arjuna, too, pleased the king and all the ladies of the inner apartments by singing and dancing. And Nakula pleased Virata, that best of kings, by showing him fleet and well-trained steeds that followed him wherever he went.

[1] *Krita*—attack; *Pratikrita*—warding it off; *Sankata*—clenched *Some* texts read *Sankatakais*. The meaning then would be 'cased in gauntlets.'

And the king, gratified with him, rewarded him with ample presents. And beholding around Sahadeva a herd of well-trained bullocks, Virata that bull among men, bestowed upon him also wealth of diverse kinds. And, O king, Draupadi distressed to see all those warriors suffer pain, sighed incessantly. And it was in this way that those eminent persons lived there in disguise, rendering services unto king Virata.' "

SECTION XIV

(*Kichaka-badha Parva*)

"Vaisampayana said, 'Living in such disguise, those mighty warriors, the sons of Pritha, passed ten months in Matsya's city. And, O monarch, although herself deserving to be waited upon by others, the daughter of Yajnasena, O Janamejaya, passed her days in extreme misery, waiting upon Sudeshna. And residing thus in Sudeshna's apartments, the princess of Panchala pleased that lady as also the other females of the inner apartments. And it came to pass that as the year was about to expire, the redoubtable Kichaka, the Commander of Virata's forces, chanced to behold the daughter of Drupada. And beholding that lady endued with the splendour of a daughter of the celestials, treading the earth like a goddess, Kichaka, afflicted with the shafts of Kama, desired to possess her. And burning with desire's flame, Virata's general came to Sudeshna (his sister) and smilingly addressed her in these words, 'This beauteous lady had never before been seen by me in king Virata's abode. This damsel maddens me with her beauty, even as a new wine maddens one with its fragrance. Tell me, who is this graceful and captivating lady possessed of the beauty of a goddess, and whose she is, and whence she hath come. Surely, grinding my heart she hath reduced me to subjection. It seems to me that (save her) there is no other medicine for my illness. O, this fair hand-maid of thine seemeth to me to be possessed of the beauty of a goddess. Surely, one like her is ill suited to serve thee. Let her rule over me and whatever is mine. O, let her grace my spacious and beautiful palace, decked with various ornaments of gold, full of viands and drinks in profusion, with excellent plates, and containing every kind of plenty, besides elephants and horses and cars in myriads. And having consulted with Sudeshna thus, Kichaka went to princess Draupadi, and like a jackal in the forest accosting a lioness, spoke unto Krishna these words in a winning voice, 'Who and whose art thou, O beautiful one? And O thou of beautiful face, whence hast thou come to the city of Virata? Tell me all this, O fair lady. Thy beauty and gracefulness are of the very first order and the comeliness of thy features is unparalleled. With its loveliness thy face shineth ever

like the resplendent moon. O thou of fair eye-brows, thy eyes are beautiful and large like lotus-petals. Thy speech also, O thou of beautiful limbs, resembles the notes of the *cuckoo*. O thou of fair hips, never before in this world have I beheld a woman possessed of beauty like thine, O thou of faultless features. Art thou Lakshmi herself having her abode in the midst of lotuses or, art thou, O slender-waisted one, she who is called *Bhuti*.[1] Or, which amongst these—*Hri*, *Sri*, *Kirti* and *Kanti*,—art thou, O thou of beautiful face? Or possessed of beauty like Rati's, art thou, she who sporteth in the embraces of the God of love? O thou that possessest the fairest of eye-brows, thou shinest beautifully even like the lovely light of the moon. Who is there in the whole world that will not succumb to the influence of desire beholding thy face ? Endued with unrivalled beauty and celestial grace of the most attractive kind, that face of thine is even like the full moon. its celestial effulgence resembling his radiant face, its smile resembling his soft-light, and its eye-lashes looking like the spokes on his disc? Both thy bosoms, so beautiful and well-developed and endued with unrivalled gracefulness and deep and well-rounded and without any space between them, are certainly worthy of being decked with garlands of gold. Resembling in shape the beautiful buds of the lotus, these thy breast, O thou of fair eye-brows, are even as the whips of Kama that are urging me forward, O thou of sweet smiles, O damsel of slender waist, beholding that waist of thine marked with four wrinkles and measuring but a span, and slightly stooping forward because of the weight of thy breasts, and also looking on those graceful hips of thine broad as the banks of a river, the incurable fever of desire, O beauteous lady, afflicteth me sore. The flaming fire of desire, fierce as a forest conflagration, and fanned by the hope my heart cherisheth of a union with thee is consuming me intensely. O thou of exceeding beauty quench thou that flaming fire kindled by Manmatha. Union with thee is a rain-charged cloud, and the surrender of thy person is the shower that the cloud may drop. O thou of face resembling the moon, the fierce and maddening shafts of Manmatha whetted and sharpened by the desire of a union with thee, piercing this heart of mine in their impetuous course, have penetrated into its core. O black-eyed lady, those impetuous and cruel shafts are maddening me beyond endurance. It behoveth thee to relieve me from this plight by surrendering thyself to me and favouring me with thy embraces. Decked in beautiful garlands and robes and adorned with every ornament, sport thou, O sweet damsel, with me to thy fill. O thou of the gait of an elephant in rut, deserving as thou art of happiness though deprived of it now, it behoveth thee not to dwell here in misery. Let unrivalled weal be thine. Drinking various kinds of charming and delicious and ambrosial wines, and sporting at

[1]*Bhuti, Hri, Sri, Kirti* and *Kanti* are respectively the feminine embodiments of Prosperity, Modesty, Beauty, Fame and Loveliness.

thy pleasure in the enjoyment of diverse objects of delight, do thou, O blessed lady, attain auspicious prosperity. This beauty of thine and this prime of thy youth, O sweet lady, are now without their use. For, O beauteous and chaste damsel, endued with such loveliness, thou dost not shine, like a graceful garland lying unused and unworn. I will forsake all my old wives. Let them, O thou of sweet smiles, become thy slaves. And I also, O fair damsel, will stay by thee as thy slave, ever obedient to thee, O thou of the most handsome face.' Hearing these words of his, Draupadi replied, 'In desiring me, a female servant of low extraction, employed in the despicable office of dressing hair, O *Suta's* son, thou desirest one that deserves not that honour. Then, again, I am the wife of others. Therefore, good betide thee, this conduct of thine is not proper. Do thou remember the precept of morality, *viz.*, that persons should take delight only in their wedded wives. Thou shouldst not, therefore, by any means bend thy heart to adultery. Surely abstaining from improper acts is ever the study of those that are good. Overcome by ignorance sinful men under the influence of desire come by either extreme infamy or dreadful calamity.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Thus addressed by the *Sairindhri*, the wicked Kichaka losing control over his senses and overcome by lust, although aware of the numerous evils of fornication, evils condemned by everybody and sometimes leading to the destruction of life itself, —then spoke unto Draupadi, 'It behoveth thee not, O beauteous lady, O thou of graceful features, thus to disregard me who am, O thou of sweet smiles, under the power of Manmatha on thy account. If now, O timid one, thou disregardest me who am under thy influence and who speak to thee so fair, thou wilt, O black-eyed damsel, have to repent for it afterwards. O thou of graceful eye-brows, the real lord of this entire kingdom. O slender-waisted lady, is myself. It is me depending upon whom the people of this realm live. In energy and prowess I am unrivalled on earth. There is no other man on earth who rivals me in beauty of person, in youth, in prosperity, and in the possession of excellent objects of enjoyment. Why it is, O auspicious lady, that having it in thy power to enjoy here every object of desire and every luxury and comfort without its equal, thou preferest servitude. Becoming the mistress of this kingdom which I shall confer on thee, O thou of fair face, accept me, and enjoy, O beauteous one, all excellent objects of desire.' Addressed in these accursed words by Kichaka, that chaste daughter of Drupada answered him thus reprovingly, 'Do not, O son of a *Suta*, act so foolishly and do not throw away thy life. Know that I am protected by my five husbands. Thou canst not have me. I have Gandharvas for my husbands. Enraged they will slay thee. Therefore, do thou not bring destruction on thyself. Thou intendest to tread along a path that is incapable of being trod by men. Thou, O wicked one, art even like a foolish child that standing on one shore of the ocean intends to cross over to the other. Even if thou enterest into the interior of the earth,

or soarest into the sky, or rushest to the other shore of the ocean, still thou wilt have no escape from the hands of those sky-ranging offspring of gods, capable of grinding all foes. Why dost thou today, O Kichaka, solicit me so persistently even as a sick person wisheth for the night that will put a stop to his existence? Why dost thou desire me, even like an infant lying on its mother's lap wishing to catch the moon? For thee that thus solicitest their beloved wife, there is no refuge either on earth or in sky. O Kichaka, hast thou no sense which leads thee to seek thy good and by which thy life may be saved?' "

SECTION XV

"Vaisampayana said, 'Rejected thus by the princess, Kichaka, afflicted with maddening lust and forgetting all sense of propriety, addressed Sudeshna saying, 'Do thou, Kekaya's daughter, so act that thy *Sairindhri* may come into my arms. Do thou, O Sudeshna, adopt the means by which the damsel of the gait of an elephant may accept me; I am dying of absorbing desire.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Hearing his profuse lamentations, that gentle lady, the intelligent queen of Virata, was touched with pity. And having taken counsel with her own self and reflected on Kichaka's purpose and on the anxiety of Krishna, Sudeshna addressed the *Suta's* son in these words, 'Do thou, on the occasion of some festival, procure viands and wines for me. I shall then send my *Sairindhri* to thee on the pretence of bringing wine. And when she will repair thither do thou in solitude, free from interruption, humour her as thou likest. Thus soothed, she may incline her mind to thee.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Thus addressed, he went out of his sister's apartments. And he soon procured wines well-filtered and worthy of a king. And employing skilled cooks, he prepared many and various kinds of choice viands and delicious drinks and many and various kinds of meat of different degrees of excellence. And when all this had been done, that gentle lady Sudeshna, as previously counselled by Kichaka, desired her *Sairindhri* to repair to Kichaka's abode, saying, 'Get up, O *Sairindhri* and repair to Kichaka's abode to bring wine, for, O beauteous lady, I am afflicted with thirst.' Thereupon the *Sairindhri* replied, 'O princess, I shall not be able to repair to Kichaka's apartments. Thou thyself knowest, O queen, how shameless he is. O thou of faultless limbs, O beauteous lady, in thy palace I shall not be able to lead a lustful life, becoming faithless to my husbands. Thou rememberest, O gentle lady, O beautiful one, the conditions I had set down before entering thy house. O thou of tresses ending in graceful curls, the foolish Kichaka

afflicted by the god of desire, will, on seeing me, offer me insult. Therefore, I will not go to his quarters. Thou hast, O princess, many maids under thee. Do thou, good betide thee, send one of them. For, surely, Kichaka will insult me.' Sudeshna said, 'Sent by me, from my abode, surely he will not harm thee.' And having said this, she handed over a golden vessel furnished with a cover. And filled with apprehension, and weeping, Draupadi mentally prayed for the protection of the gods, and set out for Kichaka's abode for fetching wine. And she said, 'As I do not know another person save my husbands, by virtue of that Truth let Kichaka not be able to overpower me although I may approach his presence.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'And that helpless damsel then adored Surya for a moment. And Surya, having considered all that she urged, commanded a *Rakshasa* to protect her invisibly. And from that time the *Rakshasa* began to attend upon that blameless lady under any circumstances. And beholding Krishna in his presence like a frightened doe, the *Suta* rose up from his seat, and felt the joy that is felt by a person wishing to cross to the other shore, when he obtains a boat.' "

SECTION XVI

"Kichaka said, 'O thou of tresses ending in beautiful curls, thou art welcome. Surely, the night that is gone hath brought me an auspicious day, for I have got thee today as the mistress of my house. Do what is agreeable to me. Let golden chains, and conchs and bright ear-rings made of gold, manufactured in various countries, and beautiful rubies and gems, and silken robes and deer-skins, be brought for thee. I have also an excellent bed prepared for thee. Come, sitting upon it do thou drink with me the wine prepared from the honey flower.' Hearing these words, Draupadi said, 'I have been sent to thee by the princess for taking away wine. Do thou speedily bring me wine, for she told me that she is exceedingly thirsty.' And this, Kichaka said, 'O gentle lady, others will carry what the princess wants.' And saying this, the *Suta's* son caught hold of Draupadi's right arm. And at this, Draupadi exclaimed, 'As I have never, from intoxication of the senses, been unfaithful to my husbands even at heart, by that Truth, O wretch, I shall behold thee dragged and lying powerless on the ground.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Seeing that large-eyed lady reproving him in that strain, Kichaka suddenly seized her by the end of her upper garment as she attempted to run away. And seized with violence by Kichaka, the beautiful princess, unable to tolerate it, and with frame trembling with wrath, and breathing quickly, dashed him to the ground.

And dashed to the ground thus, the sinful wretch tumbled down like a tree whose roots had been cut. And having thrown Kichaka down on the ground when the latter had seized her, she, trembling all over rushed to the court, where king Yudhishthira was, for protection. And while she was running with all her speed, Kichaka (who followed her), seizing her by the hair, and bringing her down on the ground, kicked her in the very presence of the king. Thereupon, O Bharata, the *Rakshasa* that had been appointed by Surya to protect Draupadi, gave Kichaka a shove with a force mighty as that of the wind. And overpowered by the force of *Rakshasa*, Kichaka reeled and fell down senseless on the ground, even like an uprooted tree. And both Yudhishthira and Bhimasena who were seated there, beheld with wrathful eyes that outrage on Krishna by Kichaka. And desirous of compassing the destruction of the wicked Kichaka, the illustrious Bhima gnashed his teeth in rage. And his forehead was covered with sweat, and terrible wrinkles appeared thereon. And a smoky exhalation shot forth from his eyes, and his eye-lashes stood on end. And that slayer of hostile heroes pressed his forehead with his hands. And impelled by rage, he was on the point of starting up with speed. Thereat king Yudhishthira, apprehensive of discovery, squeezed his thumbs and commanded Bhima to forbear. And Bhima who then looked like an infuriate elephant eyeing a large tree, was thus forbidden by his elder brother. And the latter said, 'Lookest thou, O cook, for trees for fuel. If thou art in need of faggots, then go out and fell trees.' And the weeping Draupadi of fair hips, approaching the entrance of the court, and seeing her melancholy lords, desirous yet of keeping up the disguise duty-bound by their pledge, with eyes burning in fire, spoke these words unto the king of the Matsyas, 'Alas, the son of a *Suta* hath kicked today the proud and beloved wife of those whose foe can never sleep in peace even if four kingdoms intervene between him and them. Alas, the son of a *Suta* hath kicked today the proud and beloved wife of those truthful personages, who are devoted to Brahmanas and who always give away without asking any thing in gift. Alas! the son of a *Suta* hath kicked today the proud and beloved wife of those, the sounds of whose kettle-drums and the twangs of whose bow-strings are ceaselessly heard. Alas, the son of a *Suta* hath kicked today the proud and beloved wife of those who are possessed of abundant energy and might, and who are liberal in gifts and proud of their dignity. Alas, the son of a *Suta* hath kicked today the proud and beloved wife of those who, if they had not been fettered by the ties of duty, could destroy this entire world. Where, alas, are those mighty warriors today who, though living in disguise, have always granted protection unto those that solicit it? Oh, why do those heroes today, endued as they are with strength and possessed of immeasurable energy, quietly suffer, like eunuchs, their dear and chaste wife to be thus insulted by a *Suta's* son? Oh, where is that wrath of theirs, that prowess, and that energy, when they quietly bear their wife

to be thus insulted by a wicked wretch? What can I (a weak woman) do when Virata, deficient in virtue, colly suffereth my innocent self to be thus wronged by a wretch? Thou dost not, O king, act like a king towards this Kichaka. Thy behaviour is like that of a robber, and doth not shine in a court. That I should thus be insulted in thy very presence, O Matsya, is highly improper. Oh, let all the courtiers here look at this violence of Kichaka. Kichaka is ignorant of duty and morality, and Matsya also is equally so. These courtiers also that wait upon such a king are destitute of virtue.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'With these and other words of the same kind the beautiful Krishna with tearful eyes rebuked the king of the Matsyas. And hearing her, Virata said, 'I do not know what your dispute has been out of our sight. Not knowing the true cause how can I show my discrimination?' Then the courtiers, having learnt every thing, applauded Krishna, and they all exclaimed, 'Well done!' 'Well done!' and censured Kichaka. And the courtiers said, 'That person who owneth this large-eyed lady having every limb of hers endued with beauty for his wife, possesseth what is of exceeding value and hath no occasion to indulge in any grief. Surely, such a damsel of transcendent beauty and limbs perfectly faultless is rare among men. Indeed, it seems to us that she is a goddess.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'And while the courtiers, having beheld Krishna (under such circumstances), were applauding her thus, Yudhishthira's forehead, from ire, became covered with sweat. And that bull of the Kuru race then addressed that princess, his beloved spouse, saying, 'Stay not here, O Sairindhri; but retire to the apartments of Sudeshna. The wives of heroes bear affliction for the sake of their husbands, and undergoing toil in ministering unto their lords, they at last attain to region where their husbands may go. Thy Gandharva husbands, effulgent as the sun, do not, I imagine, consider this as an occasion for manifesting their wrath, inasmuch as they do not rush to thy aid. O *Sairindhri*, thou art ignorant of the timeliness of things, and it is for this that thou weepest as an actress, besides interrupting the play of dice in Matsya's court. Retire, O *Sairindhri*; the Gandharvas will do what is agreeable to thee. And they will surely display thy woe and take the life of him that hath wronged thee.' Hearing these words the *Sairindhri* replied, 'They of whom I am the wedded wife are, I ween, extremely kind. And as the eldest of them all is addicted to dice, they are liable to be oppressed by all.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'And having said this, the fair-hipped Krishna with dishevelled hair and eyes red in anger, ran towards the apartments of Sudhesna. And in consequence of having wept long her face looked beautiful like the lunar disc in the firmament, emerged from the clouds. And beholding her in that condition, Sudeshna asked, 'Who, O beauteous lady, hath insulted thee? Why, O amiable damsel, dost thou weep? Who, gentle one, hath done thee wrong? Whence is

this thy grief?' Thus addressed, Draupadi said, 'As I went to bring wine for thee, Kichaka struck me in the court in the very presence of the king, as if in the midst of a solitary wood.' Hearing this, Sudeshna said, 'O thou of tresses ending in beautiful curls, as Kichaka, maddened by lust hath insulted thee that art incapable of being possessed by him, I shall cause him to be slain if thou wishest it.' Thereupon Draupadi answered, 'Even others will slay him,—even they whom he hath wronged. I think it is clear that he will have to go to the abode of Yama this very day!' "

SECTION XVII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Thus insulted by the *Suta's* son, that illustrious princess, the beautiful Krishna, eagerly wishing for the destruction of Virata's general, went to her quarters. And Drupada's daughter of dark hue and slender waist then performed her ablutions. And washing her body and cloths with water Krishna began to ponder weepingly on the means of dispelling her grief. And she reflected, saying, 'What am I to do? Whither shall I go? How can my purpose be effected?' And while she was thinking thus, she remembered Bhima and said to herself, 'There is none else, save Bhima, that can today accomplish the purpose on which my heart is set!' And afflicted with great grief, the large-eyed and intelligent Krishna possessed of powerful protectors then rose up at night, and leaving her bed speedily proceeded towards the quarters of Bhimasena, desirous of beholding her lord. And possessed of great intelligence, the daughter of Drupada entered her husband's quarters, saying, 'How canst thou sleep while that wretched commander of Virata's forces, who is my foe, yet liveth, having perpetrated today *that* (foul act)?'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Then the chamber where Bhima slept, breathing hard like a lion, being filled with the beauty of Drupada's daughter and of the high-souled Bhima, blazed forth in splendour. And Krishna of sweet smiles, finding Bhimasena in the cooking apartments, approached him with the eagerness of a three-year old cow brought up in the woods, approaching a powerful bull, in her first season, or of a she-crane living by the water-side approaching her mate in the pairing season. And the Princess of Panchala then embraced the second son of Pandu, even as a creeper embraces a huge and mighty *Sala* on the banks of the Gomati. And embracing him with her arms, Krishna of faultless features awaked him as a lioness awaketh a sleeping lion in a trackless forest. And embracing Bhimasena even as a she-elephant embraceth her mighty mate, the faultless Panchali addressed him in voice sweet as the

sound of a stringed instrument emitting *Gandhara* note. And she said, 'Arise, arise! Why dost thou, O Bhimasena, lie down as one dead? Surely, he that is not dead, never suffereth a wicked wretch that hath disgraced his wife, to live.' And awakened by the princess, Bhima of mighty arms, then rose up, and sat upon his couch overlaid with a rich bed. And he of the Kuru race then addressed the princess—his beloved wife, saying, 'For what purpose hast thou come hither in such a hurry? Thy colour is gone and thou lookest lean and pale. Tell me everything in detail. I must know the truth. Whether it be pleasurable or painful, agreeable, or disagreeable, tell me all. Having heard everything, I shall apply the remedy. I alone, O Krishna, am entitled to thy confidence in all things, for it is I who deliver thee from perils again and again! Tell me quickly what is thy wish, and what is the purpose that is in thy view, and return thou to thy bed before others awake.' "

SECTION XVIII

"Draupadi said, 'What grief hath she not who hath Yudhishthira for her husband? Knowing all my griefs, why dost thou ask me? The *Pratikamin* dragged me to the court in the midst of an assembly of courtiers, calling me a slave. That grief, O Bharata, consumeth me. What other princess, save Draupadi, would live having suffered such intense misery? Who else, save myself, could bear such second insult as the wicked Saindhava offered me while residing in the forest? Who else of my position, save myself, could live, having been kicked by Kichaka in the very sight of the wicked king of the Matsyas? Of what value is life, O Bharata, when thou, O son of Kunti, dost not think me miserable, although I am afflicted with such woes? That vile and wicked wretch, O Bharata, known by the name of Kichaka, who is the brother-in-law of king Virata and the commander of his forces, every day, O tiger among men, addresses me who am residing in the palace as a *Sairindhri*, saying, '*Do thou become my wife.*'—Thus solicited, O slayer of foes, by that wretch deserving to be slain, my heart is bursting like a fruit ripened in season. Censure thou that elder brother of thine addicted to execrable dice, through whose act alone I have been afflicted with such woe. Who else, save him that is a desperate gambler, would play, giving up kingdom and everything including even myself, in order to lead a life in the woods? If he had gambled morning and evening for many years together, staking *nishkas* by thousand and other kinds of substantial wealth, still his silver, and gold, and robes, and vehicles, and teams, and goats, and sheep, and multitudes of steeds and mares and mules would not have sustained any diminution. But now deprived of prosperity by the rivalry

of dice, he sits dumb like a fool, reflecting on his own misdeeds. Alas, he who, while sojourning, was followed by ten thousand elephants adorned with golden garlands now supports himself by casting dice. That Yudhishthira who at Indraprastha was adored by kings of incomparable prowess by hundreds of thousands, that mighty monarch in whose kitchen a hundred thousand maid-servants, plate in hand, used every day to feed numerous guests day and night, that best of liberal men, who gave (every day) a thousand *nishkas*, alas, even he overwhelmed with woe in consequence of gambling which is the root of all evil, now supporteth himself by casting dice. Bards and encomiasts by thousands decked with ear-rings set with brilliant gems, and gifted with melodious voice, used to pay him homage morning and evening. Alas, that Yudhishthira, who was daily waited upon by a thousand sages of ascetic merit, versed in the *Vedas* and having every desire gratified, as his courtiers,—that Yudhishthira who maintained eighty-eight thousands of domestic *Snatakas* with thirty maid-servants assigned unto each, as also ten thousand *yatis* not accepting anything in gift and with vital seed drawn up,—alas, even that mighty king now liveth in such guise. That Yudhishthira who is without malice, who is full of kindness, and who giveth every creature his due, who hath all these excellent attributes, alas—even he now liveth in such guise. Possessed of firmness and unbaffled prowess, with heart disposed to give every creature his due, king Yudhishthira, moved by compassion, constantly maintained in his kingdom the blind, the old, the helpless, the parentless and all others in his dominions in such distress. Alas, that Yudhishthira becoming a dependant and a servant of Matsya, a caster of dice in his court, now calls himself Kanka. He unto whom while residing at Indraprastha, all the rulers of earth used to pay timely tribute,—alas, even he now begs for subsistence at another's hands. He to whom the kings of the earth were in subjection,—alas, even that king having lost his liberty, liveth in subjection to others. Having dazzled the entire earth like the sun by his energy, that Yudhishthira, alas, is now a courtier of king Virata. O Pandu's son, that Pandava who was respectfully waited upon in court by kings and sages, behold him now waiting upon another. Alas, beholding Yudhishthira a courtier sitting beside another and breathing adulatory speeches to the other, who can help being afflicted with grief? And beholding the highly wise and virtuous Yudhishthira, undeserving as he is of serving others, actually serving another for sustenance, who can help being afflicted with grief? And, O hero, that Bharata who was worshipped in court by the entire earth, do thou now behold him worshipping another. Why then, O Bharata, dost thou not regard me as one afflicted with diverse miseries, like one forlorn and immersed in a sea of sorrow?' "

SECTION XIX

"Draupadi said, 'This O Bharata, that I am going to tell thee is another great grief of mine. Thou shouldst not blame me, for I tell thee this from sadness of heart. Who is there whose grief is not enhanced at sight of thee, O bull of the Bharata race, engaged in the ignoble office of a cook, so entirely beneath thee and calling thyself as one of *Vallava* caste? What can be sadder than this, that people should know thee as Virata's cook, Vallava by name, and therefore one that is sunk in servitude? Alas, when thy work of the kitchen is over, thou humbly sittest beside Virata, calling thyself as Vallava the cook, then despondency seizeth my heart. When the king of kings in joy maketh thee fight with elephants, and the women of the inner apartments (of the palace) laugh all the while, then I am sorely distressed. When thou fightest in the inner apartments with lions, tigers, and buffaloes, the princess Kaikeyi looking on, then I almost swoon away. And when Kaikeyi and those maid-servants, leaving their seats, come to assist me and find that instead of suffering any injury in limbs mine is only a swoon, the princess speaks unto her women, saying, 'Surely, it is from affection and the duty begot of intercourse that this lady of sweet smiles grieveth for the exceedingly powerful cook when he fights with the beasts. Sairindhri is possessed of great beauty and Vallava also is eminently handsome. The heart of woman is hard to know, and they, I fancy, are deserving of each other. It is, therefore, likely that the Sairindhri invariably weepeth (at such times) on account of her connection with her lover. And then, they both have entered this royal family at the same time. And speaking such words she always upbraideth me. And beholding me wroth at this, she suspects me to be attached to thee.' When she speaketh thus, great is the grief that I feel. Indeed, on beholding thee, O Bhima of terrible prowess, afflicted with such calamity, sunk as I already am in grief on account of Yudhishthira. I do not desire to live. That youth who on a single car had vanquished all celestials and men, is now, alas, the dancing master of king Virata's daughter. That Pritha's son of immeasurable soul, who had gratified Agni in the forest of Khandava, is now living in the inner apartments (of a palace) like fire hid in a well. Alas, the bull among men, Dhananjaya, who was ever the terror of foes, is now living in a guise that is despaired by all. Alas, he whose mace-like arms have been cicatrized in consequence of the strokes of his bow-string, alas that Dhananjaya is passing the days in grief covering his wrists with bracelets of conchs. Alas, that Dhananjaya the twang of whose bow-string and the sound of whose leathern fences made every foe tremble, now entertains only gladdened women with his songs. Oh, that Dhananjaya whose head was formerly decked with a diadem of solar splendour, is now wearing braids ending in unsightly curls. O Bhima, beholding that terrible bowman, Arjuna, now wearing braids and in the midst of women, my heart

is stricken with woe. That high-souled hero who is master of all the celestial weapons, and who is the repository of all the sciences, now weareth ear-rings (like one of the fair sex). That youth whom kings of incomparable prowess could not overpower in fight, even as the waters of the mighty ocean cannot overleap the continents, is now the dancing-master of king Virata's daughters and waits upon them in disguise. O Bhima, that Arjuna the clatter of whose car-wheels caused the entire earth with her mountains and forests, her mobile and immobile things to tremble, and whose birth dispelled all the sorrows of Kunti, that exalted hero, that younger brother of thine, O Bhimasena, now maketh me weep for him. Beholding him coming towards me, decked in golden ear-rings and other ornaments, and wearing on the wrists bracelets of conchs, my heart is afflicted with despondency. And Dhananjaya who hath not a bowman equal unto him on earth in prowess, now passeth his days in singing, surrounded by women. Beholding that son of Pritha who in virtue, heroism and truth, was the most admired in the world, now living in the guise of a woman, my heart is afflicted with sorrow. When I behold, the godlike Partha in the music-hall like an elephant with rent temples surrounded by she-elephants in the midst of females, waiting before Virata the king of the Matsyas, then I lose all sense of directions. Surely, my mother-in-law doth not know Dhananjaya to be afflicted with such extreme distress. Nor doth she know that descendant of the Kuru race. Ajatasatru, addicted to disastrous dice, to be sunk in misery. O Bharata, beholding the youngest of you all, Sahadeva, superintending the kine, in the guise of a cowherd, I grow pale. Always thinking of Sahadeva's plight, I cannot, O Bhimasena, obtain sleep,—what to speak you of the rest? I do not know, O mighty-armed one, what sin Sahadeva may have committed for which that hero of unbaffled prowess suffereth such misery. O foremost of the Bharatas, beholding that beloved brother of thine, that bull among men, employed by Matsya in looking after his kine, I am filled with woe. Seeing that hero of proud disposition gratifying Virata, by living at the head of his cowherds, attired in robes dyed in red. I am attacked with fever. My mother-in-law always applauds the heroic Sahadeva as one possessed of nobility, excellent behaviour, and rectitude of conduct. Ardently attached to her sons, the weeping Kunti stood, embracing Sahadeva while he was about to set out (with us) for the great forest. And she addressed me saying, "Sahadeva is bashful and sweet-speeched, and virtuous. He is also my favourite child. Therefore, O Yajnaseni, tend him in the forest day and night. Delicate and brave, devoted to the king, and always worshipping his elder brother, do thou, O Panchali, feed him thyself.' O Pandava, beholding that foremost of warriors, Sahadeva, engaged in tending kine, and sleeping at night on calf-skins, how can I bear to live? He again who is crowned with the three attributes of beauty, arms, and intelligence, is now the superintendent of Virata's steeds. Behold the change brought on by time. Granthika (Nakula), at sight of

whom hostile hosts fled from the field of battle, now traineth horses in the presence of the king, driving them with the speed. Alas, I now see that handsome youth wait upon the gorgeously decked and excellent Virata, the king of the Matsyas, and display horses before him. O son of Pritha, afflicted as I am with all these hundred kinds of misery on account of Yudhishthira, why dost thou, O chastiser of foes, yet deem me happy? Listen now to me, O son of Kunti, as I tell thee of other woes far surpassing these. What can be sadder to me than miseries so various as these should emaciate me while ye are alive.' "

SECTION XX

"Draupadi said, 'Alas, on account of that desperate gambler, I am now under Sudeshna's command, living in the palace in the guise of a *Sairindhri*. And, O chastiser of foes, behold the plight of poignant woe which I, a princess, am now in. I am living in expectation of the close of this stated period.[1] The extreme of misery, therefore, is mine. Success of purpose, victory, and defeat, as regards mortals, are transitory. It is in this belief that I am living in expectation of the return of prosperity to my husbands. Prosperity and adversity revolve like a wheel. It is in this belief that I am living in expectation of the return of prosperity to my husbands. That cause which bringeth on victory, may bring defeat as well. I live in this hope. Why dost thou not, O Bhimasena, regard me as one dead? I have heard that persons that give may beg: that they who slay may be slain; and that they who over-throw others may themselves be overthrown by foes. Nothing is difficult for Destiny and none can over-ride Destiny. It is for this that I am awaiting the return of favourable fortune. As a tank once dried, is filled up once again, so hoping for a change for the better, I await the return of prosperity. When one's business that hath been well-provided for is seen to be frustrated, a truly wise person should never strive for bringing back good fortune. Plunged as I am in sorrow, asked or unasked by thee to explain the purpose of these words spoken by me, I shall tell thee everything. Queen of the sons of Pandu and daughter of Drupada, who else, save myself, would wish to live, having fallen into such a plight? O repressor of foes, the misery, therefore, that hath overtaken me, hath really humiliated the entire *Kuru* race, the Panchalas, and the sons of Pandu. Surrounded by numerous brothers and father-in-law and sons, what other woman having such cause for joy, save

[1]What Draupadi means is that instead of passing her days in joy and happiness, instead of being able to wish time to be stationary with her, she is obliged in consequence of her misery, to wish time to pass off quickly,

myself, would be afflicted with such woe? Surely, I must, in my childhood, have committed act highly offensive to *Dhatri* through whose displeasure, O bull of the Bharata race. I have been visited with such consequences. Mark, O son of Pandu, the pallour that hath come over my complexion which not even a life in the woods fraught as it was with extreme misery, could bring about. Thou, O Pritha's son, knowest what happiness, O Bhima, was formerly mine. Even, I, who was such have now sunk into servitude. Sorely distressed, I can find no rest. That the mighty-armed and terrible bowman, Dhananjaya the son of Pritha, should now live like a fire that hath been put out, maketh me think of all this as attributable to Destiny. Surely, O son of Pritha, it is impossible for men to understand the destinies of creatures (in this world). I, therefore, think this downfall of yours as something that could not be averted by forethought. Alas, she who hath you all, that resemble Indra himself to attend to her comforts—even she, so chaste and exalted, hath now to attend to the comforts of others, that are to her far inferior in rank. Behold, O Pandava, my plight. It is what I do not deserve. You are alive, yet behold this inversion of order that time hath brought. She who had the whole Earth to the verge of the sea under her control, is now under the control of Sudeshna and living in fear of her. She who had dependants to walk both before and behind her, alas, now herself walketh before and behind Sudeshna. This, O Kaunteya, is another grief of mine that is intolerable. O, listen to it. She who had never, save for Kunti, pounded unguents even for her own use, now, good betide thee, poundeth sandal (for others). O Kaunteya, behold these hands of mine which were not so before. Saying this she showed him her hands marked with corns. And she continued, she who had never feared Kunti herself nor thee and thy brothers, now standeth in fear before Virata as a slave, anxious of what that king of kings may say unto her regarding the proper preparation of the unguents, for Matsya liketh not sandal pounded by others.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Relating her woes thus, O Bharata, unto Bhimasena, Krishna began to weep silently, casting her eyes on Bhima. And then, with words choked in tears, and sighing repeatedly, she addressed Bhima in these words, powerfully stirring his heart, 'Signal, O Bhima, must have been my offence of old unto the gods, for, unfortunate as I am. I am yet alive, when, O Pandava, I should die.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Then that slayer of hostile heroes, Vrikodara, covering his face with those delicate hands of his wife marked with corns, began to weep. And that mighty son of Kunti, holding the hands of Draupadi in his, shed copious tears. And afflicted with great woe, he spoke these words.' "

SECTION XXI

"Bhima said, 'Fie on the might of my arms and fie on the *Gandiva* of Falguni, inasmuch as thy hands, red before, now become covered with corns. I would have caused a carnage in Virata's court but for the fact that Kunti's son eyed me (by way of forbidding it), or like a mighty elephant. I would, without ado, have crushed the head of Kichaka intoxicated with the pride of sovereignty. When, O Krishna, I beheld thee kicked by Kichaka, I conceived at that instant a wholesale slaughter of the Matsyas. Yudhishthira, however, forbade me by a glance, and, O beauteous lady, understanding his intention I have kept quiet. That we have been deprived of our kingdom, that I have not yet slain the Kurus, that I have not yet taken the heads of Suyodhana and Karna, and Suvala's son Sakuni, and the wicked Duhsasana, these acts and omissions, O lady, are consuming every limb of mine. The thought of those abides in my heart like a javelin implanted in it. O thou of graceful hips, do not sacrifice virtue, and, O noble-hearted lady, subdue thy wrath. If king Yudhishthira hear from thee such rebukes, he will surely put an end to his life. If also Dhananjaya and the twins hear thee speak thus, even they will renounce life. And if these, O slender-waisted maiden, give up life. I also shall not be able to bear my own. In olden days Sarjati's daughter, the beautiful Sukanya, followed into the forest Chyavana of Bhrigu's race, whose mind was under complete control, and over whom, while engaged in ascetic meditation, the ants had built a hill. Thou mayst have heard that Indrasena also who in beauty was like unto *Narayani* herself, followed her husband aged a thousand years. Thou mayst have heard that Janaka's daughter Sita, the princess of Videha, followed her lord while living in dense woods. And that lady of graceful hips, Rama's beloved wife, afflicted with calamities and persecuted by the Rakshasas, at length regained the company of Rama. Lopamudra also, O timid one, endued with youth and beauty, followed Agastya, renouncing all the objects of enjoyment unattainable by men. And the intelligent and faultless Savitri also followed the heroic Satyavan, the son of Dyumatsena, alone into the world of Yama. Even like these chaste and beautiful ladies that I have named, thou, O blessed girl, bloomest with every virtue. Do thou spend a short while more that is measured by even a half month. And when the thirteenth year is complete, thou wilt (again) become the Queen regnant of a king.' Hearing these words, Draupadi said, 'Unable, O Bhima, to bear my griefs, it is from grief alone that I have shed these tears. I do not censure Yudhishthira. Nor is there any use in dwelling on the past. O Bhima of mighty strength, come quickly forward to the work of the hour. O Bhima, Kaikeyi, jealous of my beauty, always pains me by her endeavours to prevent the king from taking a fancy to me. And understanding this disposition of hers, the wicked-souled Kichaka of immoral ways constantly solicits me himself. Angry with him for this, but then suppressing my wrath

I answer that wretch deprived of sense by lust, saying, 'O Kichaka, protect thyself. I am the beloved queen and wife of five Gandharvas. Those heroes in wrath will slay thee that art so rash.' Thus addressed, Kichaka of wicked soul replied unto me, saying, 'I have not the least fear of the Gandharvas, O Sairindhri of sweet smiles. I will slay hundred thousand Gandharvas, encountering them in battle. Therefore, O timid one, do thou consent.' Hearing all this, I again addressed the lust-afflicted Suta, saying, 'Thou art no match for those illustrious Gandharvas. Of respectable percentage and good disposition, I ever adhere to virtue and never wish for the death of any one. It is for this that thou I vest, O Kichaka!' At this, that wight of wicked soul burst out into a loud laughter. And it came to pass that Kaikeyi previously urged by Kichaka, and moved by affection for her brother, and desirous of doing him a good turn, despatched me to him, saying 'Do thou, O Sairindhri, fetch wine from Kichaka's quarter's!' On beholding me the Suta's son at first addressed me in sweet words, and when that failed, he became exceedingly enraged, and intended to use violence. Understanding the purpose of the wicked Kichaka, I speedily rushed towards the place where the king was. Felling me on the ground the wretch then kicked me in the very presence of the king himself and before the eyes of Kanka and many others, including charioteers, and royal favourites, and elephant-riders, and citizens. I rebuked the king and Kanka again and again. The king, however, neither prevented Kichaka, nor inflicted any chastisement on him. The principal ally of king Virata in war, the cruel Kichaka reft of virtue is loved by both the king and the queen. O exalted one, brave, proud, sinful, adulterous, and engrossed in all objects of enjoyment, he earneth immense wealth (from the king), and robs the possessions of others even if they cry in distress. And he never walketh in the path of virtue, nor doth he any virtuous act. Of wicked soul, and vicious disposition, haughty and villainous, and always afflicted by the shafts of Kama, though repulsed repeatedly, if he sees me again, he will outrage me. I shall then surely renounce my life. Although striving to acquire virtue (on my death) your highly meritorious acts will come to naught. Ye that are now obeying your pledge, ye will lose your wife. By protecting, one's wife one's offspring are protected, and by protecting one's offspring, one's own self is protected. And it is because one begets one's own self in one's wife that the wife is called *Jaya*[1] by the wise. The husband also should be protected by the wife, thinking,—*How else will he take his birth in my womb?*—I have heard it from Brahmanas expounding the duties of the several orders that a Kshatriya hath no other duty than subduing enemies. Alas, Kichaka kicked me in the very presence of Yudhishthira the Just, and also of thyself, O Bhimasena of mighty strength. It was thou, O Bhima, that didst deliver me from the terrible Jatasura. It was thou also that with thy brothers didst vanquish Jayadratha. Do thou now slay this wretch also who hath

[1]*Jayate asyas—i.e.*, she from whom one is born.

insulted me. Presuming upon his being a favourite of the king, Kichaka, O Bharata, hath enhanced my woe. Do thou, therefore, smash this lustful wight even like an earthen pot dashed upon a stone. If, O Bharata, to-morrow's sun sheds his rays upon him who is the source of many griefs of mine, I shall, surely, mixing poison (with some drink), drink it up,—for I never shall yield to Kichaka. Far better it were, O Bhima, that I should die before thee.'

"Vaisampayana Continued, 'Having said this, Krishna, hiding her face in Bhima's breast began to weep. And Bhima, embracing her, consoled her to the best of his power. And having abundantly consoled that slender-waisted daughter of Drupada by means of words fraught with grave reason and sense, he wiped with his hands her face flooded with tears. And thinking of Kichaka and licking with his tongue the corners of his mouth, Bhima, filled with wrath thus spake to that distressed lady.' "

SECTION XXII

"Bhima said, 'I will, O timid one, do even as thou sayest. I will presently slay Kichaka with all his friends. O Yajnaseni of sweet smiles, tomorrow evening, renouncing sorrow and grief, manage to have a meeting with Kichaka. The dancing-hall that the king of the Matsya hath caused to be erected is used by the girls for dancing during the day. They repair, however, to their homes at night. There in that hall, is an excellent and well-placed wooden bed-stead. Even there I will make him see the spirits of his deceased grandsires. But, O beautiful one, when thou holdest converse with him, thou must manage it so that others may not espy thee. '

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Having thus conversed with others, and shed tears in grief, they waited for the dawn of that night with painful impatience. And when the night had passed away, Kichaka, rising in the morning, went to the palace, and accosted Draupadi saying, 'Throwing thee down in the court I kicked thee in the presence of the king. Attacked by mighty self, thou couldst not obtain protection. This Virata is in name only the king of the Matsyas. Commanding the forces of this realm it is I, who am the real lord of the Matsyas. Do thou, O timid one, accept me cheerfully. I shall become thy slave. And, O thou of graceful hips, I will immediately give thee a hundred *nishkas*, and engage a hundred male and a hundred female servants (to tend thee), and will also bestow on thee cars yoked with she-mules. O timid lady, let our union take place.' Draupadi replied, 'O Kichaka, know even this is my condition. Neither thy friends nor thy brothers should know thy union with me. I am a terror of detection

by those illustrious Gandharvas. Promise me this, and I yield to thee.' Hearing this Kichaka said, 'I will, O thou of graceful hips, do even as thou sayest. Afflicted by the god of love, I will, O beauteous damsel, alone repair to thy abode for union with thee, O thou of thighs round and tapering like the trunks of the plantain,—so that those Gandharvas, effulgent as the sun, may not come to know of this act of thine.' Draupadi said, 'Do thou, when it is dark, go to the dancing-hall erected by the king of the Matsyas where the girls dance during the day, repairing to their respective homes at night. The Gandharvas do not know that place. We shall then without doubt, escape all censure.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Reflecting on the subject of her conversation with Kichaka, that half a day seemed to Krishna as long as a whole month. And the stupid Kichaka also, not knowing that it was Death that had assumed the form of a *Sairindhri*, returning home experienced the greatest delight. And deprived of sense by lust, Kichaka became speedily engaged in embellishing his person with unguents and garlands and ornaments. And while he was doing all this, thinking of that damsel of large eyes, the day seemed to him to be without an end. And the beauty of Kichaka, who was about to forsake his beauty for ever, seemed to highten, like the wick of a burning lamp about to expire. And reposing the fullest confidence in Draupadi, Kichaka, deprived of his senses by lust and absorbed in the contemplation of expected meeting, did not even perceive that the day had departed. Meanwhile, the beautiful Draupadi approaching her husband Bhima of the Kuru race, stood before him in the kitchen. And that lady with tresses ending in beautiful curls then spake unto him, saying, 'O chastiser of foes, even as thou hadst directed, I have given Kichaka to understand that our meeting will take place in the dancing-hall. Alone will he come at night to the empty hall. Slay him there, O thou of mighty arms. Do thou, O son of Kunti, repair to that dancing-hall, and take the life, O Pandava, of Kichaka, that son of a *Suta* intoxicated with vanity. From vanity alone, that son of a *Suta* slights the Gandharvas. O best of smiters, lift him up from the earth even as Krishna had lifted up the *Naga* (Kaliya) from the Yamuna. O Pandava, afflicted as I am with grief, wipe thou my tears, and blessed be thou, protect thy own honour and that of thy race.'

"Bhima said, 'Welcome, O beauteous lady, Except the glad tidings thou bringest me, I need, O thou of exceeding beauty, no other aid whatever. The delight that I feel, O thou of great beauty, on hearing from thee about my coming encounter with Kichaka, is equal to what I felt in slaying Hidimva. I swear unto thee by Truth, by my brothers, and by morality, that I will slay Kichaka even as the lord of the celestials slew Vritra. Whether secretly or openly, I will crush Kichaka, and if the Matsyas fight for him, then I will slay them too. And slaying Duryodhana afterwards, I shall win back the earth. Let Yudhishthira, the son of Kunti, continue to pay homage unto the king of Matsya.' Hearing these words of Bhima, Draupadi said, 'In order that, O lord,

thou mayst not have to renounce the truth already pledged to me, do thou, O hero, slay Kichaka in secret.' Bhima assuring her said, 'Even to-day I shall slay Kichaka together with his friends unknown to others during the darkness of the night. I shall, O faultless lady, crush, even as an elephant crusheth a *vela* fruit,[1] the head of the wicked Kichaka who wisheth for what is unattainable by him!'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Repairing first to the place of assignation at night, Bhima sat down, disguising himself. And he waited there in expectation of Kichaka, like a lion lying in wait for a deer. And Kichaka, having embellished his person as he chose, came to the dancing-hall at the appointed time in the hope of meeting Panchali. And thinking of the assignation, he entered the chamber. And having entered that hall enveloped in deep gloom, that wretch of wicked soul came upon Bhima of incomparable prowess, who had come a little before and who was waiting in a corner. And as an insect approacheth towards a flaming fire, or a puny animal towards a lion, Kichaka approached Bhima, lying down in a bed and burning in anger at the thought of the insult offered to Krishna, as if he were the Suta's Death. And having approached Bhima, Kichaka possessed by lust, and his heart and soul filled with ecstacy smilingly said, 'O thou of pencilled eye-brows, to thee I have already given many and various kinds of wealth from the stores earned by me, as well as hundred maids and many fine robes, and also a mansion with an inner apartment adorned with beauteous and lovely and youthful maid servants and embellished by every kind of sports and amusements. And having set all those apart for thee, I have speedily come hither. And all on a sudden, women have begun to praise me, saying, *'There is not in this world any other person like unto thee in beauty and dress!'* Hearing this, Bhima said, 'It is well that thou art handsome, and it is well thou praisest thyself. I think, however, that thou hadst never before this such pleasurable touch! Thou hast an acute touch, and knowest the ways of gallantry. Skilled in the art of love-making, thou art a favourite with women. There is none like thee in this world!'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Saying this, that son of Kunti, the mighty-armed Bhima of terrible prowess, suddenly rose up, and laughingly said, 'Thy sister, O wretch, shall today behold thee dragged by me to the ground, like a mighty elephant, huge as a mountain, dragged to the ground by a lion. Thyself slain *Sairindhri* will live in peace, and we, her husbands, will also live in peace.' Saying this, the mighty Bhima seized Kichaka by the hairs of his head, which were adorned with garlands. And thus seized with force by the hair, that foremost of mighty persons, Kichaka, quickly freed his hair and grasped the arms of Bhima. And then between those lions among men, fired with wrath, between that chief of the Kichaka clan, and that best of men, there ensued a hand-

[1]Some texts read, *Vilwam nagaviodhara—i.e.*, 'As an elephant lifts up a vela fruit.'

to-hand encounter, like that between two powerful elephants for a female elephant in the season of spring, or like that which happened in days of yore between those lions among monkeys, the brothers Vali and Sugriva. And both equally infuriate and both eager for victory, both those combatants raised their arms resembling snakes furnished with five hoods, and attacked each other with their nails and teeth, wrought up to frenzy of wrath. Impetuously assailed by the powerful Kichaka in that encounter, the resolute Bhima did not waver a single step. And locked in each other's embraces and dragging each other, they fought on like two mighty bulls. And having nails and teeth for their weapons, the encounter between them was fierce and terrible like that of two furious tigers. And felling each other in fury, they encountered each other like a couple of elephants with rent temples. And the mighty Bhima then seized Kichaka, and Kichaka, that foremost of strong persons threw Bhima down with violence. And as those mighty combatants fought on, the crash of their arms produced a loud noise that resembled the clatter of splitting bamboos. Then Vrikodara throwing Kichaka down by main force within the room, began to toss him about furiously even as a hurricane tosseth a tree. And attacked thus in battle by the powerful Bhima, Kichaka grew weak and began to tremble. For all that, however, he tugged at the Pandava to the best of his power. And attacking Bhima, and making him wave a little, the mighty Kichaka struck him with his knees and brought him down to the ground. And overthrown by the powerful Kichaka, Bhima quickly rose up like Yama himself with mace in hand. And thus that powerful *Suta* and the Pandava, intoxicated with strength and challenging each other, grappled with each other at midnight in that solitary place. And as they roared at each other in wrath, that excellent and strong edifice began to shake every moment. And slapped on the chest by the mighty Bhima, Kichaka fired with wrath moved not a single pace. And bearing for a moment only that onslaught incapable of being born on earth, the *Suta*, overpowered by Bhima's might, became enfeebled. And seeing him waning weak, Bhima endued with great strength forcibly drew Kichaka towards his breast, and began to press hard. And breathing hard again and again in wrath, that best of victors, Vrikodara, forcibly seized Kichaka by the hair. And having seized Kichaka, the mighty Bhima began to roar like a hungry tiger that hath killed a large animal. And finding him exceedingly exhausted, Vrikodara bound him fast with his arms, as one binds a beast with a cord. And then Bhima began for a long while, to whirl the senseless Kichaka, who began to roar frightfully like a broken trumpet.[1] And in order to pacify Krishna's wrath Vrikodara grasped Kichaka's throat with his arms and began to squeeze it. And assailing with his knees the waist of that worst of the Kichakas,

[1]*Veri* means both a kettle-drum and a trumpet. The latter however conveys a better meaning here.

all the limbs of whose body had been broken into fragments and whose eye-lids were closed, Vrikodara slew him, as one would slay a beast. And beholding Kichaka entirely motionless, the son of Pandu began to roll him about on the ground. And Bhima then said, 'Slaying this wretch who intended to violate our wife,—this thorn in the side of *Sairindhri*, I am freed from the debt I owed to my brothers, and have attained perfect peace.' And having said this, that foremost of men, with eyes red in wrath, relinquished his hold of Kichaka, whose dress and ornaments had been thrown off his person, whose eyes were rolling, and whose body was yet trembling. And that foremost of mighty persons, squeezing his own hands, and biting his lips in rage, again attacked his adversary and thrust his arms and legs and neck and head into his body like the wielder of the *Pinaka* reducing into shapeless mass the deer, which form sacrifice had assumed in order to escape his ire. And having crushed all his limbs, and reduced him into a ball of flesh, the mighty Bhimasena showed him unto Krishna. And endued with mighty energy that hero then addressed Draupadi, that foremost of all women, saying, 'Come princess of Panchala, and see what hath become of that lustful wretch !' And saying this, Bhima of terrible prowess began to press with his feet the body of that wicked wight. And lighting a torch then and showing Draupadi the body of Kichaka, that hero addressed her, saying, 'O thou of tresses ending in beautiful curls, those that solicit thee, endued as thou art with an excellent disposition and every virtue, will be slain by me even as this Kichaka hath been, O timid one.' And having accomplished that difficult task so highly agreeable to Krishna—having indeed slain Kichaka and thereby pacified his wrath, Bhima bade farewell to Krishna, the daughter of Drupada, and quickly went back to the kitchen. And Draupadi also, that best of women, having caused Kichaka to be slain had her grief removed and experienced the greatest delight. And addressing the keepers of the dancing-hall, she said, 'Come ye and behold Kichaka who had violated after other people's wives lieth down here, slain by my Gandharva husbands.' And hearing these words the guards of the dancing hall soon came by thousands to that spot, torches in hand. And repairing to that room, they beheld the lifeless Kichaka thrown on the ground, drenched with blood. And beholding him without arms and legs, they were filled with grief. And as they gazed at Kichaka, they were struck with amazement. And seeing that superhuman act, *viz.*, the overthrow of Kichaka, they said, 'Where is his neck, and where are his legs?' And beholding him in this plight they all concluded that he had been killed by a Gandharva.' "

SECTION XXIII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Then all the relatives of Kichaka, arriving at that place, beheld him there and began to wail aloud, surrounding him on all sides. And beholding Kichaka with every limb mangled, and lying like a tortoise dragged to dry ground from the water, all of them were overcome with exceeding fright, and the bristles of their bodies stood on end. And seeing him crushed all over by Bhima, like a Danava by Indra, they proceeded to take him outside, for performing his funeral obsequies. And then those persons of the *Suta* clan thus assembled together espied Krishna of faultless limbs hard by, who stood reclining on a pillar. And all the Kichakas assembled there, exclaimed, 'Let this unchaste woman be slain for whom Kichaka hath himself lost his life. Or, without slaying her here, let us cremate her with him that had lusted after her,—for it behoveth us to accomplish in every way what is agreeable to that deceased son of *Suta*.' And then they addressed Virata, saying, 'It is for her sake that Kichaka hath lost his life. Let him, therefore, be cremated along with her. It behoveth thee to grant this permission.' Thus addressed by them, king Virata, O monarch, knowing fully well the prowess of the *Suta* gave his assent to *Sairindhri* being burnt along with the *Suta's* son. And at this, the Kichakas approaching the frightened and stupefied Krishna of lotus-like eyes, seized her with violence. And binding that damsel of slender-waist and placing her upon the bier, they set out with great energy towards the cemetary. And, O king, while thus forcibly carried towards the cemetary by those sons of the *Suta* tribe, the blameless and chaste Krishna living under the protections of her lords, then wailed aloud for the help of her husbands, saying, 'Oh, let Jaya, and Jayanta, and Vijaya and Jayatsena, and Jayadvala listen to my words. The *Sutas* are taking me away. Let those illustrious Gandharvas endued with speed of hand, the clatter of whose cars is loud and the twang of whose bowstrings in the midst of the mighty conflict are heard like the roar of thunder, listen to my words,—the *Sutas* are taking me away!'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Hearing those sorrowful words and lamentations of Krishna, Bhima, without a moment's reflection started up from his bed and said, 'I have heard, O *Sairindhri* the words thou hast spoken. Thou hast, therefore, O timid lady, no more fear at the hands of the *Sutas*.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Having said this, the mighty-armed Bhima desirous of slaying the Kichakas, began to swell his body. And carefully changing his attire, he went out of the palace by a wrong egress. And climbing over a wall by the aid of a tree, he proceeded towards the cemetary whither the Kichakas had gone. And having leapt over the wall, and gone out of the excellent city, Bhima impetuously rushed to where the *Sutas* were. And, O monarch, proceeding towards the funeral

pyre he beheld a large tree, tall as palmyra-palm, with gigantic shoulders and withered top. And that slayer of foes grasping with his arms that tree measuring ten *Vyamas*, uprooted it, even like an elephant, and placed it upon his shoulders. And taking up that tree with trunk and branches and measuring ten *Vyamas*, that mighty hero rushed towards the *Sutas*, like Yama himself, mace in hand. And by the impetus of his rush[1] banians and peepals and *Kinsukas*, falling down on the earth lay in clusters. And beholding that Gandharva approach them like a lion in fury, all the *Sutas* trembling with fear and greatly distressed, became panic-struck. And they addressed each other, saying, 'Lo, the powerful Gandharva cometh hither, filled with rage, and with an upraised tree in hand. Let *Sairindhri*, therefore, from whom this danger of ours hath arisen, be set free.' And beholding the tree that had been uprooted by Bhimasena, they set Draupadi free and ran breathlessly towards the city And seeing them run away, Bhima, that mighty son of the Wind-god, despatched, O foremost of kings, by means of that tree, a hundred and five of them unto the abode of Yama, like the wielder of the thunderbolt slaying the Danavas. And setting Draupadi free from her bonds, he then, O king, comforted her. And that mighty-armed and irrepressible Vrikodara, the son of Pandu, then addressed the distressed princess of Panchala with face bathed in tears, saying, 'Thus, O timed one, are they slain that wrong thee without cause. Return, O Krishna, to the city. Thou hast no longer any fear; I myself will go to the Virata's kitchen by another route.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'It was thus, O Bharata, that a hundred and five of those Kichakas were slain. And their corpses lay on the ground, making the place look like a great forest overspread with uprooted trees after a hurricane. Thus fell those hundred and five Kichakas. And including Virata's general slain before, the slaughtered Sutas numbered one hundred and six. And beholding that exceedingly wonderful feat, men and women that assembled together, were filled with astonishment. And the power of speech, O Bharata, was suspended in every one.' "

SECTION XXIV

"Vaisampayana said, 'And beholding the Sutas slain, the citizens went to the king, and represented unto him what had happened, saying, 'O king, those mighty sons of the Sutas have all been slain by the Gandharvas. Indeed, they lie scattered on the earth like huge peaks of moun-

[1]Literature, force of his thighs.

tains riven by thunder. *Sairindhri* also, having been set free, returneth to thy palace in the city. Alas, O king, if *Sairindhri* cometh, thy entire kingdom will be endangered. *Sairindhri* is endued with great beauty; the Gandharvas also here exceedingly powerful. Men again, without doubt, are naturally sexual. Devise, therefore, O king, without delay, such means that in consequence of wrongs done to *Sairindhri*, thy kingdom may not meet with destruction.' Hearing those words of theirs, Virata, that lord of hosts, said unto them, 'Do ye perform the last rites of the Sutas. Let all the Kichakas be burnt, in one blazing pyre with gems and fragrant unguents in profusion.' And filled with fear, the king then addressed his queen Sudeshna, saying, 'When *Sairindhri* comes back, do thou tell her these words from me, 'Blessed be thou, O fair-faced *Sairindhri*. Go thou whithersoever thou likest. The king hath been alarmed, O thou of graceful hips, at the defeat already experienced at the hands of the Gandharvas. Protected as thou art by the Gandharvas, I dare not personally say all this to thee. A woman, however, cannot offend, and it is for this that I tell thee all this through a woman.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Thus delivered by Bhimasena after the slaughter of the Sutas, the intelligent and youthful Krishna relieved from all her fears, washed her limbs and clothes in water, and proceeded towards the city, like a doe frightened by a tiger. And beholding her, the citizens, O king, affiicted with the fear of the Gandharvas fled in all directions. And some of them went so far as to shut their eyes. And then, O king at the gate of the kitchen, the princess of Panchala saw Bhimasena staying, like an infuriate elephant of gigantic proportions. And looking upon him with wonder-expanded eyes, Draupadi, by means of words intelligible to them alone, said, 'I bow unto that prince of the Gandharvas, who hath rescued me.' At these words of her, Bhima said, 'Hearing these words of hers in obedience to whom those persons were hitherto living in the city, they will henceforth range here, regarding themselves as freed from the debt.'[1]

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Then she beheld the mighty-armed Dhananjaya, in the dancing-hall instructing king Virata's daughters in dancing. And issuing with Arjuna from the dancing-hall, all those damsels came to Krishna who had arrived there, and who had been persecuted so sorely, all innocent though she was. And they said, 'By good luck also it is, O *Sairindhri*, that thou hast been delivered from thy dangers. By good luck it is that thou hast returned safe. And by good luck also it is that those Sutas have been slain that had wronged thee, innocent though thou art.' Hearing this, Virhannala said, 'How hast thou, O *Sairindhri*, been delivered? And how have those sinful wretches been slain? I wish to learn all this from thee exactly as it occurred.' *Sairindhri* replied, 'O blessed Vrihannala, always passing thy days happily in the apartments of

[1]What Bhima says is this.—Then Gandharvas, your husbands, are always obedient to thee! If they have been able to do thee a service, they have only redaid a debt.

the girls, what concern hast thou with *Sairindhri's* fate to say? Thou hast no grief to bear that *Sairindhri* hath to bear! It is for this, that thou askest me thus, distressed as I am in ridicule.' Thereat Vrihannala said, 'O blessed one, Vrihannala also hath unparalleled sorrows of her own. She hath become as low as a brute. Thou dost not, O girl, understand this. I have lived with thee, and thou, too hast lived with us. When, therefore, thou art afflicted with misery, who is it that will not, O thou of beautiful hips, feel it? But no one can completely read another's heart. Therefore it is, O amiable one, that thou knowest not my heart!'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Then Draupadi, accompanied by those girls entered the royal abode, desirous of appearing before Sudeshna. And when she came before the queen, Virata's wife addressed her at the command of the king, saying, 'Do thou, O *Sairindhri*, speedily go whithersoever thou likest. The king, good betide thee, hath been filled with fear at this discomfiture at the hands of the Gandharvas. Thou art, O thou of graceful eye-brows, young and unparalleled on earth in beauty. Thou art, besides, an object of desire with men. The Gandharvas again, are exceedingly wrathful.' Thereat *Sairindhri* said, 'O beauteous lady, let the king suffer me to live here for only thirteen days more. Without doubt, the Gandharvas also will be highly obliged at this. They will then convey me hence and do what would be agreeable to Virata. Without doubt, the king, by doing this, with his friends, will reap great benefit.' "

SECTION XXV

"Vaisampayana said, 'At the slaughter of Kichaka and brothers, people, O king, thinking of this terrible feat, were filled with surprise. And in the city and the provinces it was generally bruited about that for bravery the king's Vallava and Kichaka were both mighty warriors. The wicked Kichaka, however, had been an oppressor of men and a dishonourer of other people's wives. And it was for this that wicked of sinful soul had been slain by the Gandharvas. And it was thus, O king, that people began to speak, from province to province of the invincible Kichaka, that slayer of hostile ranks.

'Meanwhile, the spies employed by Dhritarashtra's son, having searched various villages and towns and kingdoms and done all that they had been commanded to do and completed their examination, in the manner directed, of the countries indicated in their orders, returned to Nagarupa, gratified with at least one thing that they had learnt.[1] And

[1]*Krita-krita*—Nilakantha explains this to mean 'imagining themselves to have achieved success in their mission' for having learnt of Kichaka's death, they could

seeing Dhritarashtra's son king Duryodhana of the Kuru race seated in his court with Drona and Karna and Kripa, with the high-souled Bhishma, his own brothers, and those great warriors—the Trigartas, they addressed him, saying, 'O lord of men, great hath been the care always bestowed by us in the search after the sons of Pandu in that mighty forest. Searched have we through the solitary wilderness abounding with deer and other animals and overgrown with trees and creepers of diverse kind. Searched have we also in arbours of matted woods and plants and creepers of every species, but we have failed in discovering that track by which Pritha's son of irrepressible energy may have gone. Searched have we in these and other places for their foot-prints. Searched have we closely, O king, on mountain tops and in inaccessible fastnesses, in various kingdoms and provinces teeming with people, in encampments and cities. No trace have yet been found of the sons of Pandu. Good betide thee, O bull among men, it seems that they have perished without leaving a mark behind. O foremost of warriors, although we followed in the track of those warriors, yet, O best of men, we soon lost their foot-prints and do not know their present residence. O lord of men, for some time we followed in the wake of their charioteers. And making our inquiries duly, we truly ascertained what we desired to know. O slayer of foes, the charioteers reached Dwaravati without the sons of Pritha among them. O king, neither the sons of Pandu, nor the chaste Krishna, are in that city of Yadavas. O bull of the Bharata race, we have not been able to discover either their track or their present abode. Salutations to thee, they are gone for good. We are acquainted with the disposition of the sons of Pandu and know something of the feats achieved by them. It behoveth thee, therefore, O lord of men, to give us instructions, O monarch, as to what we should next do in the search after the sons of Pandu. O hero, listen also to these agreeable words of ours, promising great good to thee. King Matsya's commander, Kichaka of wicked soul, by whom the Trigartas, O monarch, were repeatedly vanquished and slain with mighty force, now lieth low on the ground with all his brothers, slain, O monarch, by invisible Gandharvas during the hours of darkness, O thou of unfading glory. Having heard this delightful news about the discomfiture of our enemies, we have been exceedingly gratified, O Kauravya. Do thou now ordain what should next be done.' "

readily guess the presence of the Pandavas there. This is too far-fetched and does not at all agree with the spirit of their report to Duryodhana below. And then the same word occurs in the very last line of the Section. I take it that in both places the word has been used in the same sense.

SECTION XXVI

(*Go-harana Parva*)

"Vaisampayana said, 'Having listened to these words of his spies, king Duryodhana reflected inwardly for some time and then addressed his courtiers, saying, 'It is difficult to ascertain the course of events definitely. Discern ye all, therefore, whither the sons of Pandu have gone, of this thirteenth year which they are to pass undiscovered by us all, the greater part hath already expired. What remains is by much the smaller. If, indeed, the sons of Pandu can pass undiscovered what remains of this year, devoted to the vow of truth as they are, they will then have fulfilled their pledge. They will then return like mighty elephants with temporal juice trickling down, or like snakes of virulent poison. Filled with wrath, they will, without doubt, be inflicters of terrible chastisement on the Kurus. It behoveth ye, therefore, to make such efforts without loss of time as may induce the sons of Pandu, acquainted as they are with the proprieties of time, and staying as they now are in painful disguise, to re-enter the woods suppressing their rage. Indeed, adopt ye such means as may remove all causes of quarrel and anxiety from the kingdom, making it tranquil and foeless and incapable of sustaining a diminution of territory.' Hearing these words of Duryodhana, Karna said, 'Let other spies, abler and more cunning, and capable of accomplishing their object, quickly go hence, O Bharata. Let them, well-disguised, wander through swelling kingdoms and populous provinces, prying into assemblies of the learned and delightful retreats of provinces. In the inner apartments of palaces, in shrines and holy spots, in mines and diverse other regions, the sons of Pandu should be searched after with well-directed eagerness. Let the sons of Pandu who are living in disguise be searched after by well-skilled spies in large numbers, devoted to their work, themselves well-disguised, and all well-acquainted with the objects of their search. Let the search be made on the banks of rivers, in holy regions, in villages and towns, in retreats of ascetics, in delightful mountains and mountain-caves.' When Karna ceased, Duryodhana's second brother Dussasana, wedded to a sinful disposition, then addressed his eldest brother and said, 'O monarch, O lord of men, let those spies only in whom we have confidence, receiving their rewards in advance, once more go after the search. This and what else hath been said by Karna have our fullest approval. Let all the spies engage themselves in the search according to the directions already given. Let these and others engage in the search from province to province according to approved rules. It is my belief, however, that the track the Pandavas have followed or their present abode or occupation will not be discovered. Perhaps, they are closely concealed; perhaps, they have gone to the other side of the ocean. Or, perhaps, proud as they are of their strength and courage, they have been devoured by wild beasts; or perhaps, having been overtaken by

some unusual danger, they have perished for eternity. Therefore, O prince of the Kuru race, dispelling all anxieties from thy heart, achieve what thou wilt, always acting according to thy energy.' "

SECTION XXVII

"Vaisampayana said, "Endued with mighty energy and possessed of great discernment, Drona then said, 'Persons like the sons of Pandu never perish nor undergo discomfiture. Brave and skilled in every science, intelligent and with senses under control, virtuous and grateful and obedient to the virtuous Yudhishthira, ever following in the wake of their eldest brother who is conversant with the conclusions of policy and virtue and profit, who is attached to them as a father, and who strictly adhereth to virtue and is firm in truth,—persons like them that are thus devoted to their illustrious and royal brother, who gifted with great intelligence, never injureth any body and who in his turn himself obeyeth his younger brothers, never perish in this way. Why, then, should not (Yudhishthira) the son of Pritha possessing a knowledge of policy, be able to restore the prosperity of his brothers who are so obedient and devoted and high-souled? It is for this that they are carefully waiting for the arrival of their opportunity. Men such as these never perish. This is what I see by my intellect. Do, therefore, quickly and without loss of time, what should now be done, after proper reflection. And let also the abode which the sons of Pandu with souls under control as regards every purpose of life, are to occupy, be now settled. Heroic and sinless and possessed of ascetic merit, the Pandavas are difficult to be discovered (within the period of non-discovery). Intelligent and possessed of every virtue, devoted to truth and versed in the principles of policy, endued with purity and holiness, and the embodiment of immeasurable energy, the son of Pritha is capable of consuming (his foes) by a glance alone of his eyes. Knowing all this, do what is proper. Let us, therefore, once more search after them, sending Brahmanas and *Charanas*, ascetics crowned with success, and others of this kind who may have a knowledge of those heroes!' "

SECTION XXVIII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Then that grandsire of the Bharatas, Bhishma the son of Santanu, conversant with the *Vedas*, acquainted with the pro-

prieties of time and place, and possessing a knowledge of every duty of morality, after the conclusion of Drona's speech, applauded the words of the preceptor and spake unto the Bharatas for their benefit these words consistent with virtue, expressive of his attachment to the virtuous Yudhishthira, rarely spoken by men that are dishonest, and always meeting with the approbation of the honest. And the words that Bhishma spake were thoroughly impartial and worshipped by the wise. And the grandsire of the Kurus said, 'The words that the regenerate Drona acquainted with the truth of every affair hath uttered, are approved by me. I have no hesitation in saying so. Endued with every auspicious mark, observant of virtuous vows, possessed of Vedic lore, devoted to religious observances, conversant with various sciences, obedient to the counsels of the aged, adhering to the vow of truth, acquainted with the proprieties of time, observant of the pledge they have given (in respect of their exile), pure in their behaviour, ever adhering to the duties of the Kshatria order, always obedient to Kesava, high-souled, possessed of great strength, and ever-bearing the burthens of the wise, those heroic ones can never wither under misfortune. Aided by their own energy, sons of Pandu who are now leading a life of concealment in obedience to virtue, will surely never perish. It is even this that my mind surmiseth. Therefore, O Bharata, I am for employing the aid of honest counsel in our behaviour towards the sons of Pandu. It would not be the policy of any wise man to cause them to be discovered now by means of spies,[1] what we should do unto the sons of Pandu, I shall say, reflecting with the aid of the intellect. Know that I shall say nothing from ill will to thee. People like me should never give such counsels to him that is dishonest, for only counsels (like those I would give) should be offered unto them that are honest. Counsels, however, that are evil, should under no circumstances be offered. He, O child, that is devoted to truth and obedient to the aged, he, indeed, that is wise, while speaking in the midst of an assembly, should under all circumstances speak the truth, if the acquisition of virtue be an object with him. I should, therefore, say that I think differently from all those people here, in respect of the abode of Yudhishthira the just in this the thirteenth year of his exile. The ruler, O child, of the city or the province where king Yudhishthira resides cannot have any misfortune. Charitable and liberal and humble and modest must the people be of the country where king Yudhishthira resides. Agreeable in speech, with passions under control, observant of truth, cheerful, healthy, pure in conduct, and skilful in work must the people be

[1]This is a very difficult sloka. I am not sure that I have understood it alright. Both Nilakantha and Arjuna Misra are silent. Instead of depending, however, on my own intelligence, I have consulted several friends who have read the *Mahabharata* thoroughly. The grammatical structure is easy. The only difficulty consists in the second half of the sloka. The meaning, however, I have given is consistent with the tenor of Bhishma's advice.

of the country where king Yudhishthira resides. The people of the place, where Yudhishthira is, cannot be envious or malicious, or vain, or proud, but must all adhere to their respective duties. Indeed, in the place where Yudhishthira resides, Vedic hymns will be chanted all around, sacrifices will be performed, the last full libations will always be poured,[1] and gifts to Brahmanas will always be in profusion. There the clouds, without doubt, pour abundant rain, and furnished with good harvest the country will ever be without fear. There the paddy will not be without grain, fruits will not be bereft of juice, floral garlands will not be without fragrance, and the conversation of men will always be full of agreeable words. There where king Yudhishthira resides, the breezes will be delicious, the meetings of men will always be friendly, and cause of fear there will be none. There kine will be plentiful, without any of them being lean-fleshed or weak, and milk and curds and butter will all be savoury and nutritious. There where king Yudhishthira resides, every kind of corn will be full of nutrition and every edible full of flavour. There where king Yudhishthira resides, the objects of all the senses, *viz.*,— taste, touch, smell, and hearing, will be endued with excellent attributes. There where king Yudhishthira resides, the sights and scenes will be gladdening. And the regenerate ones of that place will be virtuous and steady in observing their respective duties. Indeed, in the country where the sons of Pandu may have taken up their abode during this thirteenth year of their exile, the people will be contented and cheerful, pure in conduct and without misery of any kind. Devoted to gods and guests and the worship of these with their whole soul, they will be fond of giving away, and filled with great energy, they will all be observant of eternal virtue. There where king Yudhishthira resides, the people, eschewing all that is evil, will be desirous of achieving only what is good. Always observant of sacrifices and pure vows, and hating untruth in speech, the people of the place where king Yudhishthira may reside will always be desirous of obtaining what is good, auspicious and beneficial. There where Yudhishthira resides, the people will certainly be desirous of achieving what is good, and their hearts will always incline towards virtue, and their vows being agreeable they themselves are ever-engaged in the acquisition of religious merit. O child, that son of Pritha in whom are intelligence and charity, the highest tranquillity and undoubted forgiveness, modesty and prosperity, and fame and great energy and a love for all creatures, is incapable of being found out (now that he hath concealed himself) even by Brahmanas, let alone ordinary persons. The wise Yudhishthira is living in close disguise in regions whose characteristics I have described. Regarding his excellent mode of life, I dare not say anything more. Reflecting well upon all this, do without loss of time what thou mayst think to be beneficial, O prince of the Kuru race, if indeed, thou hast any faith in me.' "

[1]Indicating the unobstructed completion of the sacrifice.

SECTION XXIX

"Vaisampayana said, 'Then Saradwata's son, Kripa said, 'What the aged Bhishma hath said concerning the Pandavas is reasonable, suited to the occasion, consistent with virtue and profit, agreeable to the ear, fraught with sound reason, and worthy of him. Listen also to what I would say on this subject. It behoveth thee to ascertain the track they have followed and their abode also by means of spies,[1] and to adopt that policy which may bring about thy welfare. O child, he that is solicitous of his welfare should not disregard even an ordinary foe. What shall I say, then, O child, of the Pandavas who are thorough masters of all weapons in battle. When, therefore, the time cometh for the reappearance of the high-souled Pandavas, who, having entered the forest,[2] are now passing their days in close disguise, thou shouldst ascertain thy strength both in thy own kingdom and in those of other kings. Without doubt, the return of the Pandavas is at hand. When their promised term of exile is over, the illustrious and mighty sons of Pritha, endued with immeasurable prowess, will come hither bursting with energy. Do thou, therefore, in order to conclude an advantageous treaty with them, have recourse to sound policy and address thyself to increase thy forces and improve the treasury. O child, ascertaining all these, reckon thou thy own strength in respect of all thy allies weak and strong.[3] Ascertaining the efficiency, and weakness, and indifference of thy forces, as also who amongst them are well-affected and who are disaffected, we should either fight the foe or make treaty with him. Having recourse to the arts of conciliation, disunion, chastisement, bribery, presents and fair behaviour, attack thy foes and subdue the weak by might, and win over thy allies and troops and by soft speeches. When thou hast (by these means) strengthened thy army and filled thy treasury, entire success will be thine. When thou hast done all this, thou wilt be able to fight with powerful enemies that may present themselves, let alone the sons of Pandu deficient in troops animals of their own. By adopting all these expedients according to the customs of thy order, thou wilt, O foremost of men, attain enduring happiness in due time!' "

[1]The word *tirtha* here means, as Nilakantha rightly explains spies and not holy spots.

[2]*Satram* is explained by Nilakantha to mean here 'false disguise.' I think, however, such an interpretation to be far-fetched. It evidently means 'forest',—the use of 'pravisteshu' in connection with it almost settles the point.

[3]This sloka is not correctly printed in any of the texts that I have seen. The reading that I adopt is that the second word is the participle of the root *budh* and not the instrumental of *budhi;* the last word again of the second line is a compound of *valavatsu* and *avaleshu* instead of (as printed in many books) *valavatswavaleshu.* Any other reading would certainly be incorrect. I have not consulted the Bombay text.

SECTION XXX

"Vaisampayana said, 'Discomfited before, O monarch, many a time and oft by Matsya's *Suta* Kichaka aided by the Matsyas and the Salyas, the mighty king of the Trigartas, Susarman, who owned innumerable cars, regarding the opportunity to be a favourable one, then spoke the following words without losing a moment. And, O monarch, forcibly vanquished along with his relatives by the mighty Kichaka, king Susarman, eyeing Karna in askance, spoke these words unto Duryodhana, 'My kingdom hath many a time been forcibly invaded by the king of the Matsyas. The mighty Kichaka was that king's generalissimo. Crooked and wrathful and of wicked soul, of prowess famed over all the world, sinful in deeds and highly cruel, that wretch, however, hath been slain by the Gandharvas, Kichaka being dead, king Virata, shorn of pride and his refuge gone, will, I imagine, lose all courage. I think, we ought now to invade that kingdom, if it pleases thee, O sinless one, as also the illustrious Karna and all the Kauravas. The accident that hath happened is, I imagine, a favourable one for us. Let us, therefore, repair to Virata's kingdom abounding in corn. We will appropriate his gems and other wealth of diverse kinds, and let us go to share with each other as regards his villages and kingdom. Or, invading his city by force, let us carry off by thousands his excellent kine of various species. Uniting, O king, the forces of the Kauravas and the Trigartas, let us lift his cattle in droves. Or, uniting our forces well, we will check his power by forcing him to sue for peace. Or, destroying his entire host, we will bring Matsya under subjection. Having brought him under subjection by just means, we will live in our kingdom happily, while thy power also will, without doubt, be enhanced.' Hearing these words of Susarman, Karna addressed the king, saying, 'Susarman hath spoken well; the opportunity is favourable and promises to be profitable to us. Therefore, if it pleases thee, O sinless one, let us, drawing up our forces in battle array and marshalling them in divisions, speedily set out. Or, let the expedition be managed as Saradwata's son Kripa, the preceptor Drona, and the wise and aged grandsire of the Kurus may think. Consulting with each other, let us, O lord of earth, speedily set out to attain our end. What business have we with the sons of Pandu, destitute as they are of wealth, might, and prowess? They have either disappeared for good or have gone to the abode of *Yama*? We will, O king, repair without anxiety to Virata's city, and plunder his cattle and other wealth of diverse kinds.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Accepting these words of Karna, the son of Surya, king Duryodhana speedily commanded his brother Dussasana, born immediately after him and always obedient to his wishes, saying. 'Consulting with the elders, array without delay, our forces. We will, with all the Kauravas go to the appointed place. Let also the mighty

warrior, king Susarman, accompanied by a sufficient force with vehicles and animals, set out with the Trigartas for the dominions of Matsyas. And let Susarman proceed first, carefully concealing his intention. Following in their wake, we will set out the day after in close array, for the prosperous dominions of king Matsya. Let the Trigartas, however, suddenly repair to the city of Virata, and coming upon the cowherds. seize that immense wealth (of kine). We also marching in two divisions, will seize thousands of excellent kine furnished with auspicious marks.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Then, O Lord of earth, those warriors. the Trigartas, accompanied by their infantry of terrible prowess, marched towards the south-eastern direction, intending to wage hostilities with Virata from the desire of seizing his kine. And Susarman set out on the seventh day of the dark fortnight for seizing the kine. And then, O king, on the eighth day following of the dark fortnight, the Kauravas also accompanied by all their troops, began to seize the kine by thousands."

SECTION XXXI

"Vaisampayana said, 'O mighty king, entering into king Virata's service, and dwelling in disguise in his excellent city, the high-souled Pandavas of immeasurable prowess, completed the promised period of non-discovery. And after Kichaka had been slain, that slayer of hostile heroes, the mighty king Virata began to rest his hopes on the sons of Kunti. And it was on the expiry of the thirteenth year of their exile, O Bharata, that Susarman seized Virata's cattle by thousands. And when the cattle had been seized, the herdsman of Virata came with great speed to the city, and saw his sovereign, the king of Matsyas, seated on the throne in the midst of wise councillors, and those bulls among men, the sons of Pandu, and surrounded by brave warriors decked with ear-rings and bracelets. And appearing before that enhancer of his dominion—King Virata seated in court—the herdsman bowed down unto him, and addressed him, saying, 'O foremost of kings, defeating and humiliating us in battle along with our friends the Trigartas are seizing thy cattle by hundreds and by thousands. Do thou, therefore, speedily rescue them. Oh, see that they are not lost to thee.' Hearing these words, the king arrayed for battle the Matsya force abounding in cars and elephants and horses and infantry and standards. And kings and princes speedily put on, each in its proper place,[1] their shining and beautiful armour worthy of being worn by heroes. And Virata's beloved brother, Satanika, put

[1] *Bhagasas* lit., each in its proper place. It may also mean, 'according to their respective division.'

on a coat of mail made of adamantine steel, adorned with burnished gold. And Madirakshya, next in birth to Satanika, put on a strong coat of mail plated with gold[1] and capable of resisting every weapon. And the coat of mail that the king himself of the Matsyas put on was invulnerable and decked with a hundred suns, a hundred circles, a hundred spots, and a hundred eyes. And the coat of mail that Suryadatta[2] put on was bright as the sun, plated with gold, and broad as a hundred lotuses of the fragrant (*Kahlara*) species. And the coat of mail that Virata's eldest son, the heroic Sanksha, put on was impenetrable and made of burnished steel, and decked with a hundred eyes of gold. And it was thus that those god-like and mighty warriors by hundreds, furnished with weapons, and eager for battle, each donned his corselet. And then they yoked unto their excellent cars of white-hue steeds equipped in mail. And then was hoisted—Matsya's glorious standard on his excellent car decked with gold and resembling the sun or the moon in its effulgence. And other Kshatriya warriors also raised on their respective cars gold-decked standards of various shapes and devices. And king Matsya then addressed his brother Satanika born immediately after him, saying, 'Kanka and Vallava and Tantripala and Damagranthi of great energy will, as it appears to me fight, without doubt. Give thou unto them cars furnished with banners and let them case their persons in beautiful coats of mail that should be both invulnerable and easy to wear. And let them also have weapons. Bearing such martial forms and possessed of arms resembling the trunk of mighty elephants, I can never persuade myself that they cannot fight.' Hearing these words of the king, Satanika, O monarch, immediately ordered cars for those sons of Pritha, *viz.*, the royal Yudhishthira, and Bhima, and Nakula, and Sahadeva, and commanded by the king, the charioteers, with cheerful hearts and keeping loyalty in view, very soon got cars ready (for the Pandavas). And those repressors of foes then donned those beautiful coats of mail, invulnerable and easy to wear, that Virata had ordered for those heroes of spotless fame. And mounted on cars yoked with good steeds, those smiters of hostile ranks, those foremost of men, the sons of Pritha, set out with cheerful hearts. Indeed, those mighty warriors skilled in fight, those bulls of the Kuru race and sons of Pandu, those four heroic brothers possessed of prowess incapable of being baffled, mounting on cars decked with gold, together set out, following Virata's wake. And infuriate elephants of terrible mien, full sixty years of age, with shapely tusks and rent temples and juice trickling down and looking (on that account) like cloud pouring rain and mounted by trained warriors skilled in fight, followed the king like unto moving hills. And the principal warriors of Matsya who cheerfully followed the king had eight thousand cars, a thousand elephants and

[1]*Kalyana-patalam* is explained by Nilakantha to mean *suvarna pattachchaditam*.
[2]One of the generals of Virata.

sixty thousand horses. And, O bull among the Bharatas, that force of Virata, O king, as it marched forth marking the footprints of the cattle looked exceedingly beautiful. And on its march that foremost of armies owned by Virata, crowded with soldiers armed with strong weapons, and abounding in elephants, horses and cars, looked really splendid.' "

SECTION XXXII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Marching out of the city, those heroic smiters the Matsyas, arrayed in order of battle, overtook the Trigartas when the sun had passed the meridian. And both excited to fury and both desirous of having the king, the mighty Trigartas and the Matsyas, irrepressible in battle, sent up loud roars. And then the terrible and infuriate elephants ridden over by the skilful combatants of both sides were urged on with spiked clubs and hooks. And the encounter, O king, that took place when the sun was low in the horizon, between the infantry and cavalry and chariots and elephants of both parties, was like unto that of old between the gods and the *Asuras*, terrible and fierce and sufficient for making one's hair stand on end and calculated to increase the population of Yama's kingdom. And as the combatants rushed against one another, smiting and slashing, thick clouds of dust began to rise, so that nothing could be discovered. And covered with the dust raised by the contending armies, birds began to drop down on the earth. And the sun himself disappeared behind the thick cloud of arrows shot, and the firmament looked bright as if with myriads of the fireflies. And shifting their bows, the staves of which were decked with gold, from one hand to another, those heroes began to strike each other down, discharging their arrows right and left. And cars encountered cars, and foot-soldiers fought with foot-soldiers, and horse-men with horsemen, and elephants with mighty elephants. And they furiously encountered one another with swords and axes, bearded darts and javelins, and iron clubs. And although, O king, those mighty-armed warriors furiously assailed one another in that conflict, yet neither party succeeded in prevailing over the other. And severed heads, some with beautiful noses, some with upper lips deeply gashed, some decked with ear-rings, and some divided with wounds about the well-trimmed hair were seen rolling on the ground covered with dust. And soon the field of battle was overspread with the limbs of Kshatriya warriors, cut off by means of arrows and lying like trunks of *Sala* trees. And scattered over with heads decked in ear-rings, and sandal-besmeared arms looking like the bodies of snakes, the field of battle became exceedingly beautiful. And as cars encountered cars, and horsemen encountered horsemen, and foot-soldiers fought with

foot-soldiers, and elephants met with elephants, the frightful dust soon became drenched with torrents of blood. And some amongst the combatants began to swoon away, and the warriors began to fight reckless of consideration of humanity, friendship and relationship. And both their course and sight obstructed by the arrowy shower, vultures began to alight on the ground. But although those strong-armed combatants furiously fought with one another, yet the heroes of neither party succeeded in routing their antagonists. And Satanika having slain a full hundred of the enemy and Visalaksha full four hundred, both those mighty warriors penetrated into the heart of the great Trigarta host. And having entered into the thick of the Trigarta host, those famous and mighty heroes began to deprive their antagonists of their senses by causing a closer conflict to set in—a conflict, in which the combotants seized one another by the hair and tore one another with their nails.[1] And eyeing the point where the cars of the Trigartas had been mustered in strong numbers, those heroes at last directed their attack towards it. And that foremost of car-warriors, king Virata also, with Suryadatta in his van and Madiraksha in his rear, having destroyed in that conflict five hundred cars, eight hundred horses, and five warriors on great cars, displayed various skilful manoeuvres on his car on that field of battle. And at last the king came upon the ruler of the Trigartas mounted on a golden chariot. And those high-souled and powerful warriors, desirous of fighting, rushed roaring against each like two bulls in a cow-pen. Then that bull among men, irrepressible in battle, Susarman, the king of the Trigartas, challenged Matsya to a single combat on car. Then those warriors excited to fury rushed against each other on their cars and began to shower their arrows upon each other like clouds pouring torrents of rain.[2] And enraged with each other, those fierce warriors, both skilled in weapons, both wielding swords and darts and maces, then moved about (on the field of battle) assailing each other with whetted arrows. Then king Virata pierced Susarman with ten shafts and each of his four horses also with five shafts. And Susarman also, irresistible in battle and conversant with fatal weapons, pierced king of Matsya with fifty whetted shafts. And then, O mighty monarch, in consequence of the dust on the field of battle, the soldiers of both Susarman and Matsya's king could not distinguish one another.' "

[1]Some differences of reading are noticeable here, for *Yasaswinau* some texts read *Manaswinau*, and for Vahusamravdhau-Vahusanrambhat; and for Nakha-naki—Ratha-rathi.

[2]Some texts read Ghanabiva for Ghanarva. The latter is unquestionably better in form.

SECTION XXXIII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Then, O Bharata, when the world was enveloped in dust and the gloom of night, the warriors of both sides, without breaking the order of battle, desisted for a while.[1] And then, dispelling the darkness the moon arose illumining the night and gladdening the hearts of the Kshatriya warriors. And when everything became visible, the battle once more began. And it raged on so furiously that the combatants could not distinguish one another. And then Trigarta's lord, Susarman with his younger brother, and accompanied by all his cars, rushed towards the king of Matsya. And descending from their cars, those bulls among Kshatriyas, the (royal) brothers, mace in hand, rushed furiously towards the cars of the foe. And the hostile hosts fiercely assailed each other with maces and swords and scimitars, battle-axes and bearded darts with keen edges and points of excellent temper. And king Susarman, the lord of the Trigartas having by his energy oppressed and defeated the whole army of the Matsyas, impetuously rushed towards Virata himself endued with great energy. And the two brothers having severally slain Virata's two steeds and his charioteer, as also those soldiers that protected his rear, took him captive alive, when deprived of his car. Then afflicting him sorely, like a lustful man afflicting a defenceless damsel, Susarman placed Virata on his own car, and speedily rushed out of the field. And when the powerful Virata, deprived of his car, was taken captive, the Matsyas, harrassed solely by the Trigartas, began to flee in fear in all directions. And beholding them panic-stricken, Kunti's son, Yudhishthira, addressed that subduer of foes, the mighty-armed Bhima, saying, 'The king of the Matsyas hath been taken by the Trigartas. Do thou, O mighty-armed one, rescue him, so that he may not fall under the power of the enemy. As we have lived happily in Virata's city, having every desire of ours gratified, it behoveth thee, O Bhimasena, to discharge that debt (by liberating the king).' Thereat Bhimasena replied, 'I will liberate him, O king, at thy command. Mark the feat I achieve (today) in battling with the foe, relying solely on the might of my arms. Do thou, O king, stay aside, along with our brothers and witness my prowess today. Uprooting this mighty tree of huge trunk looking like a mace, I will rout the enemy.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Beholding Bhima casting his eyes on that tree like a mad elephant, the heroic king Yudhishthira the just spake unto his brother, saying, 'Do not, O Bhima, commit such a rash act. Let the tree stand there. Thou must not achieve such feats in a super-human

[1]The word in the original is Muhurta equal to 48 minutes. Nilakantha points out very ingeniously that the night being the seventh of the dark fortnight, the moon would not rise till after 14 Dandas from the hour of sunset, a Danda being equal to 24 minutes. A Muhurta, therefore implies not 48 minutes exactly, but some time.

manner by means of that tree, for if thou dost, the people, O Bharata, will recognise thee and say, *This is Bhima.* Take thou, therefore, some human weapon such as a bow (and arrows), or a dart, or a sword, or a battle-axe. And taking therefore, O Bhima, some weapon that is human, liberate thou the king without giving anybody the means of knowing thee truly. The twins endued with great strength will defend thy wheels. Fighting together, O child, liberate the king of the Matsyas!'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Thus addressed, the mighty Bhimasena endued with great speed, quickly took up an excellent bow and impetuously shot from it a shower of arrows, thick as the downpour of a rain-charged cloud. And Bhima then rushed furiously towards Susarman of terrible deeds, and assuring Virata with the words—*O good king!*[1] said unto the lord of the Trigartas,—*Stay! Stay!* Seeing Bhima like unto Yama himself in his rear, saying, *Stay! Stay! Do thou witness this mighty feat,—this combat that is at hand!*—the bull among warriors, Susarman, seriously considered (the situation), and taking up his bow turned back, along with his brothers. Within the twinkling of an eye, Bhima destroyed those cars that sought to oppose him. And soon again hundreds of thousands of cars and elephants and horses and horsemen and brave and fierce bowmen were overthrown by Bhima in the very sight of Virata. And the hostile infantry also began to be slaughtered by the illustrious Bhima, mace in hand. And beholding that terrible onslaught, Susarman, irrepressible in fight, thought within himself, 'My brother seems to have already succumbed in the midst of his mighty host. Is my army going to be annihilated?' And drawing his bow-string to his ear Susarman then turned back and began to shoot keen-edged shafts incessantly. And seeing the Pandavas return to the charge on their car, the Matsya warriors of mighty host, urging on their steeds, shot excellent weapons for grinding the Trigarta soldiers. And Virata's son also, exceedingly exasperated began to perform prodigious fears of valour. And Kunti's son Yudhishthira slew a thousand (of the foe), and Bhima showed the abode of Yama unto seven thousand. And Nakula sent seven hundred (to their last account) by means of his shafts. And powerful Sahadeva also, commanded by Yudhishthira, slew three hundred brave warriors. And having slain such numbers, that fierce and mighty warrior, Yudhishthira, with weapons upraised, rushed against Susarman. And rushing impetuously at Susarman, that foremost of car-warriors, king Yudhishthira, assailed him with vollies of shafts. And Susarman also, in great rage, quickly pierced Yudhishthira with nine arrows, and each of his four steeds with four arrows. Then, O king, Kunti's son Bhima of quick movements, approaching Susarman crushed his steeds. And having slain also those soldiers that protected his rear, he dragged from the car his

[1]Some Vikshyainam, Nilakantha explains Sama as a word spoken by Bhima for assuring the captive Virata, and Vikshya as 'assuring' or 'consoling by a glance.' Perhaps this is right.

antagonist's charioteer to the ground. And seeing the king of Trigarta's car without a driver, the defender of his car-wheels, the famous and brave Madiraksha speedily came to his aid. And thereat, leaping down from Susarman's car, and securing the latter's mace the powerful Virata ran in pursuit of him. And though old, he moved on the field, mace in hand, even like a lusty youth. And beholding Susarman flee Bhima addressed him, saying, 'Desist, O Prince! This flight of thine is not proper! With this prowess of thine, how couldst thou wish to carry off the cattle by force? How also, forsaking thy follower, dost thou droop so amidst foes? Thus addressed by Pritha's son, the mighty Susarman, that lord of countless cars saying unto Bhima, *Stay! Stay!*—suddenly turned round and rushed at him. Then Bhima, the son of Pandu, leaping down from his car, as he alone could do,[1] rushed forward with great coolness, desirous of taking Susarman's life. And desirous of seizing Trigarta's king advancing towards him, the mighty Bhimasena rushed impetuously towards him, even like a lion rushing at a small deer. And advancing impetuously, the mighty-armed Bhima seized Susarman by the hair, and lifting him up in wrath, dashed him down on the ground. And as he lay crying in agony, the mighty-armed Bhima kicked him at the head, and placing his knee on his breast dealt him severe blows. And sorely afflicted with that kicking, the king of Trigartas became senseless. And when the king of the Trigartas deprived of his car, had been seized thus, the whole Trigarta army stricken with panic, broke and fled in all directions, and the mighty sons of Pandu, endued with modesty and observant of vows and relying on the might of their own arms, after having vanquished Susarman, and rescued the kine as well as other kinds of wealth and having thus dispelled Virata's anxiety, stood together before that monarch. And Bhimasena then said, 'This wretch given to wicked deeds doth not deserve to escape me with life. But what can I do? The king is so lenient!' And then taking Susarman by the neck as he was lying on the ground insensible and covered with dust, and binding him fast, Pritha's son Vrikodara placed him on his car, and went to where Yudhishthira was staying in the midst of the field. And Bhima then showed Susarman unto the monarch. And beholding Susarman in that plight, that tiger among men king Yudhishthira smilingly addressed Bhima—that ornament of battle,—saying, 'Let this worst of men be set free.' Thus addressed, Bhima spoke unto the mighty Susarman, saying, 'If, O wretch, thou wishest to live, listen to those words of mine. Thou must say in every court and assembly of men,—*I am a slave.* On this condition only I will grant thee thy life. Verily, this is the law about the vanquished.' Thereupon his elder brother affectionately addressed Bhima, saying, 'If thou regardest us as an authority, liberate this wicked wight. He hath already become king Virata's slave. And turning then

[1]The adjective Bhima-sankasas as explained by Nilakantha is in this sense, quoting the celebrated simile of Valmiki.

to Susarman, he said, 'Thou art freed. Go thou a free man, and never act again in this way.' "

SECTION XXXIV

"Vaisampayana said, 'Thus addressed by Yudhishthira Susarman was overwhelmed with shame and hung down his head. And liberated (from slavery), he went to king Virata, and having saluted the monarch, took his departure. And the Pandavas also replying on the might of their own arms, and endued with modesty and observant of vows, having slain their enemies and liberated Susarman, passed that night happily on the field of battle. And Virata gratified those mighty warriors, the sons of Kunti, possessed of super-human prowess with wealth and honour. And Virata said, "All these gems of mine are now as much mine as yours. Do ye according to your pleasure live here happily. And ye smiter of foes in battle, I will bestow on you damsels decked with ornaments, wealth in plenty, and other things that ye may like. Delivered from perils today by your prowess, I am now crowned with victory. Do ye all become the lords of the Matsyas.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'And when the king of the Matsyas had addressed them thus, those descendants of the Kurus with Yudhishthira at their head, joining their hands, severally replied unto him saying, 'We are well-pleased with all that thou sayest, O monarch. We, however, have been much gratified that thou hast today been freed from thy foes.' Thus answered, that foremost of kings, Virata the lord of the Matsyas, again addressed Yudhishthira, saying, 'Come, we will install thee in sovereignty of the Matsyas. And we will also bestow on thee things that are rare on earth and are objects of desire, for thou deservest everything at our hands. O foremost of Brahmanas of the *Vaiyaghra* order I will bestow on thee gems and kine and gold and rubies and pearls. I bow unto thee. It is owing to thee that I once more behold today my sons and kingdom. Afflicted and threatened as I had been with disaster and danger, it is through thy prowess that I have not succumbed to the foe.' Then Yudhishthira again addressed the Matsyas, saying, 'Well-pleased are we with the delightful words that thou hast spoken. Mayst thou be ever happy, always practising humanity towards all creatures. Let messengers now, at thy command, speedily repair into the city, in order to communicate the glad tidings to our friends, and proclaim thy victory. Hearing these words of him, king Matsya ordered the messengers, saying,' 'Do ye repair to the city and proclaim my victory in battle. And let damsels and courtesons, decked in ornaments, come out of the city with every kind of musical instruments.' Hearing

this command utterred by the king of the Matsyas, the men, laying the mandate on their head, all departed with cheerful hearts. And having repaired to the city that very night, they proclaimed at the hour of sunrise the victory of the king about the city-gates.' "

SECTION XXXV

"Vaisampayana said, 'When the king of the Matsyas, anxious of recovering the kine, had set out in pursuit of the Trigartas, Duryodhana with his counsellors invaded the dominions of Virata. And Bhishma and Drona, and Karna, and Kripa acquainted with the best of weapons, Aswatthaman, and Suvala's son, and Dussasana, O lord of men, and Vivingsati and Vikarna and Chitrasena endued with great energy, and Ḍurmukha and Dussaha,—these and many other great warriors, coming upon the Matsya dominion speedily drove off the cowherds of king Virata and forcibly took away the kine. And the Kauravas, surrounding all sides with a multitude of cars, seized sixty thousands of kine. And loud was the yell of woe set up by the cowherds smitten by those warriors in that terrible conflict. And the chief of the cowherds, greatly affrighted speedily mounted on a chariot and set out for the city, bewailing in affliction. And entering the city of the king, he proceeded to the place, and speedily alighting from the chariot, got in for relating (what had happened). And beholding the proud son of Matsya, named Bhuminjaya, he told him everything about the seizure of the royal kine. And he said, the Kauravas are taking away sixty thousand kine. Rise, therefore, O enhancer of the kingdom's glory, for brining back thy cattle. O prince, if thou art desirous of achieving (the kingdom's) good set out thyself without loss of time. Indeed, the king of the Matsyas left thee in the empty city. The king (thy father) boasteth of thee in court, saying, 'My son, equal unto me, is a hero and is the supporter of (the glory of) my race. My son is a warrior skilled in arrows and weapons and is always possessed of great courage.'—Oh, let the words of that lord of men be true! O chief of herd-owners, bring thou back the kine after vanquishing the Kurus, and consume thou their troops with the terrific energy of thy arrows. Do thou like a leader of elephants rushing at a herd, pierce the ranks of the foe with straight arrows of golden wings, discharged from thy bow. Thy bow is even like a *Vina*. Its two ends represent the ivory pillows; its string, the main chord; its staff, the finger-board; and the arrows shot from it musical notes. Do thou strike in the midst of the foe that *Vina* of musical sound.[1] Let thy

[1]To understand the comparison would require in the reader a knowledge of the mechanism of the Indian Vina. Briefly, the Vina consists of a bamboo of about 3

steeds, O lord, of silvery hue, be yoked unto thy car, and let thy standard be hoisted, bearing the emblem of the golden lion. Let thy keen-edged arrows endued with wings of gold, shot by thy strong arms, obstruct the path of those kings and eclipse the very sun. Vanquishing all the Kurus in battle like unto the wielder of the thunderbolt defeating the *Asuras*, return thou again to the city having achieved great renown. Son of Matsya's king, thou art the sole refuge of this kingdom, as that foremost of virtuous warriors, Arjuna is of the sons of Pandu. Even like Arjuna of his brothers, thou art, without doubt, the refuge of those dwelling within these dominions. Indeed, we, the subject of this realm, have our protector in thee.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Thus addressed by the cowherd in the presence of the females, in words breathing courage, the prince indulging in self-commendation within the female apartments, spoke these words.' "

SECTION XXXVI

"Uttara said, 'Firm as I am in the use of the bow, I would set out this very day in the track of the kine if only some one skilled in the management of horses becomes my charioteer. I do not, however, know the man who may be my charioteer. Look ye, therefore, without delay, for a charioteer for me that am prepared for starting. My own charioteer was slain in the great battle that was fought from day to day for a whole month or at least for eight and twenty nights. As soon as I get another person conversant with the management of the steeds. I will immediately set out, hoisting high my own standard. Penetrating into the midst of the hostile army abounding with elephants and horses and chariots, I will bring back the kine, having vanquished the Kurus who are feeble in strength and weak in weapons. Like a second wielder of the thunderbolt terrifying the Danavas, I will bring back the kine this very moment, affrighting in battle Duryodhana and Bhishma and Karna and Kripa and Drona with his son, and other mighty bowmen assembled for fight. Finding none (to oppose), the Kurus are taking away the kine. What can I do when I am not there? The assembled Kurus shall witness my prowess today. And they shall say unto one another, 'Is it Arjuna himself who is opposing us?'

cubits attached to two gourds towards its ends. Along the bamboo which serves the purpose of a finger-board, is the main chord and several thinner wires. All these pass over a number of frets, two and a half heptachords, representing the total compass of the instrument. The wires rest towards their ends on two pieces of ivory called Upadhanas in Sanskrit or Swaris in Urdu.

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Having heard these words spoken by the prince, Arjuna fully acquainted with the import of everything, after a little while cheerfully spake in private unto his dear wife of faultless beauty, Krishna, the princess of Panchala, Drupada's daughter of slender make, sprung from the (sacrificial) fire and endued with the virtues of truthfulness and honesty and ever attentive to the good of her husbands. And the hero said, 'Do thou, O beauteous one, at my request say unto Uttara without delay, 'This Vrihannala was formerly the accomplished resolute charioteer of Pandu's son (Arjuna). Tried in many a great battle, even he will be thy charioteer.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Hearing these words uttered by the prince over and over again in the midst of the women, Panchali could not quietly bear those allusions to Vibhatsu. And bashfully stepping out from among the women, the poor princess of Panchala gently spake unto him these words, 'The handsome youth, looking like a mighty elephant and known by the name of Vrihannala, was formerly the charioteer of Arjuna. A disciple of that illustrious warrior, and inferior to none in use of the bow, he was known to me while I was living with the Pandavas. It was by him that the reins were held of Arjuna's excellent steeds when Agni consumed the forest of Khandava. It was with him as charioteer that Partha conquered all creatures at Khandava-prastha. In fact, there is no charioteer equal unto him.'

"Uttara said, 'Thou knowest, O *Sairindhri*, this youth. Thou knowest, what this one of the neuter sex may or may not be, I cannot, however, O blessed one, myself request Vrihannala to hold the reins of my horses.'

"Draupadi said, 'Vrihannala, O hero, will without doubt, obey the words of thy younger sister[1]—that damsel of graceful hips. If he consents to be thy charioteer, thou wilt, without doubt, return, having vanquished the Kurus and rescued thy kine.'

"Thus addressed by the *Sairindhri*, Uttara spake unto his sister, 'Go thyself, O thou of faultless beauty, and bring Vrihannala hither?' And despatched by her brother, she hastily repaired to the dancing-hall where that strong-armed son of Pandu was staying in disguise.' "

SECTION XXXVII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Thus despatched by her elder brother, the far-famed daughter of king Matsya, adorned with a golden necklace, ever obedient to her brother and possessed of a waist slender as that of the

[1]Some read *kaniasi* for *vaviasi*. Both words are the same, and mean the same thing.

wasp,[1] endued with the splendour of Lakshmi herself,[2] decked with the plumes of the peacock of slender make and graceful limbs, her hips encircled by a zone of pearls, her eye-lashes slightly curved, and her form endued with every grace, hastily repaired to the dancing-hall like a flash of lightning rushing towards a mass of dark clouds.[3] And the faultless and auspicious daughter of Virata, of fine teeth and slender-waist, of thighs close unto each other and each like the trunk of an elephant, her person embellished with an excellent garland, sought the son of Pritha like a she-elephant seeking her mate. And like unto a precious gem or the very embodiment of prosperity of Indra, of exceeding beauty and large eyes, that charming and adored and celebrated damsel saluted Arjuna. And saluted by her, Partha asked that maiden of close thighs and golden complexion, saying 'What brings thee hither, a damsel decked in a necklace of gold? Why art thou in such a hurry, O gazelle-eyed maiden? Why is thy face, O beauteous lady, so cheerless? Tell me all this without delay!'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Beholding, O king, his friend, the princess of large-eyes (in that plight), her friend (Arjuna) cheerfully enquired of her (in these words) the cause of her arrival there and then. And having approached that bull among men, the princess, standing in the midst of her female attendants, the displaying proper modesty[4], addressed him, saying, 'The kine of this realm, O Vrihannala, are being driven away by the Kurus, and it is to conquer them that my brother will set out bow in hand. Not long ago his own charioteer was slain in battle, and there is none equal unto the one slain that can act as my brother's charioteer. And unto him striving to obtain a charioteer, *Sairindhri*, O Vrihannala, hath spoken about thy skill in the management of steeds. Thou wert formerly the favourite charioteer of Arjuna, and it was with thee that that bull among the sons of Pandu had alone subjugated the whole earth. Do thou, therefore, O Vrihannala, act as the charioteer of my brother. (By this time) our kine have surely been driven away by the Kurus to a great distance. Requested by me if thou dost not

[1]*Vedi-Vilagna madhya*—Vedi in this connection means a wasp and not, as explained by Mallinatha in his commentary of the *Kumarasambhava*, a sacrificial platform. I would remark in passing that many of the most poetic and striking adjectives in both the Raghu and the *Kumarasambhava* of Kalidasa are borrowed unblushingly from the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*.

[2]*Padma patrabha-nibha* may also mean 'of the splendour of the gem called Marakata.' Nilakantha, however, shows that this would militate against the adjective *Kankojwalatwacham* below.

[3]The princess being of the complexion of burnished gold and Arjuna dark as a mass of clouds, the comparison is exceedingly appropriate. The Vaishnava poets of Bengal never tire of this simile in speaking of Radha and Krishna in the groves of Vrindavana.

[4]The words in the original is *pranayam*, lit., love. Nilakantha, however, explains it as meaning modesty, humility. I think, Nilakantha is right. The relations between Arjuna and the princess were like those between father and daughter.

act up to my words, I who am asking this service of thee out of affection, will give up my life!' Thus addressed by this friend of graceful hips, that oppressor of foes, endued with immeasurable prowess, went into the prince's presence. And like unto a she-elephant running after her young one, the princess possessed of large eyes followed that hero advancing with hasty steps like unto an elephant with rent temples. And beholding him from a distance, the prince himself said, 'With thee as his charioteer, Dhananjaya the son of Kunti had gratified *Agni* at the Khandava forest and subjugated the whole world! The *Sairindhri* hath spoken of thee to me. She knoweth the Pandavas. Do thou, therefore, O Vrihannala, hold, as thou didst, the reins of my steeds, desirous as I am of fighting with the Kurus and rescuing my bovine wealth. Thou wert formerly the beloved charioteer of Arjuna and it was with thee that that bull among the sons of Pandu had alone subjugated the whole earth!' Thus addressed, Vrihannala replied unto the prince, saying, 'What ability have I to act as a charioteer in the field of battle? If it is song or dance of musical instruments or such other things, I can entertain thee therewith, but where is my skill for becoming a charioteer?'

"Uttara said, 'O Vrihannala, be thou a singer or a dancer, hold thou (for the present), without loss of time, the reins of my excellent steeds, mounting upon my car!'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Although that oppressor of foes, the son of Pandu, was acquainted with everything, yet in the presence of Uttara, he began to make many mistakes for the sake of fun. And when he sought to put the coat of mail on his body by raising it upwards, the large-eyed maidens, beholding it, burst out into a loud laughter. And seeing him quite ignorant of putting on armour, Uttara himself equipped Vrihannala with a costly coat of mail. And casing his own person in an excellent armour of solar effulgence, and hoisting his standard bearing the figure of a lion, the prince caused Vrihannala to become his charioteer. And with Vrihannala to hold his reins, the hero set out, taking with him many costly bows and a large number of beautiful arrows. And his friend, Uttara and her maidens then said unto Vrihannala, 'Do thou, O Vrihannala, bring for our dolls (when thou comest back) various kinds of good and fine cloths after vanquishing the Kurus assembled for battle of whom Bhishma and Drona are foremost!' Thus addressed, Partha the son of Pandu, in a voice deep as the roar of the clouds, smilingly said unto that bevy of fair maidens. If, thus 'Uttara can vanquish those mighty warriors in battle, I will certainly bring excellent and beautiful cloths.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Having said these words, the heroic Arjuna urged the steeds towards the Kuru army over which floated innumerable flags. Just, however, as they were starting elderly dames and maidens, and Brahmanas of rigid vows, beholding Uttara seated on his excellent car with Vrihannala as charioteer and under that great banner hoisted on high, walked round the car to bless the hero. And

the women said, 'Let the victory that Arjuna treading like a bull had achieved of old on the occasion of burning the forest of Khandava, be thine, O Vrihannala, when thou encounterest the Kurus today with prince Uttara.' "

SECTION XXXVIII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Having issued forth from the city, the dauntless son of Virata addressed his charioteer, saying, 'Proceed whither the Kurus are. Defeating the assembled Kurus who have come hither from desire of victory, and quickly rescuing my kine from them. I will return to the capital.' At these words of the prince, the son of Pandu urged those excellent steeds. And endued with the speed of the wind and decked with necklaces of gold, those steeds, urged by that lion among men, seemed to fly through the air. And they had not proceeded far when those smiters of foes, Dhananjaya and the son of Matsya, sighted the army of the powerful Kurus. And proceeding towards the cemetary, they came upon the Kurus and beheld their army arrayed in order of battle.[1] And that large army of theirs looked like the vast sea or a forest of innumerable trees moving through the sky. And then was seen, O best among the Kurus, the dust raised by that moving army which reached the sky and obstructed the sight of all creatures. And beholding that mighty host abounding in elephants, horses and chariots, and protected by Karna and Duryodhana and Kripa and Santanu's son, and that intelligent and great bowman Drona, with his son (Aswatthaman), the son of Virata, agitated with fear and the bristles on his body standing on their ends, thus spake unto Partha, 'I dare not fight with the Kurus. See, the bristles on my body have stood on their ends. I am incapable of battling with this countless host of the Kurus, abounding in the heroic warriors, that are extremely fierce and difficult of being vanquished even by the celestials. I do not venture to penetrate into the army of the Bharatas consisting of terrible bowmen and abounding in horses and elephants and cars and footsoldiers and banners. My mind is too much perturbed by the very sight of the foe on the field of battle on which stand Drona and Bhishma, and Kripa, and Karna, and Vivingsati, and Aswatthaman and Vikarna, and Saumadatti, and Vahlika, and the heroic king Duryodhana also—that

[1]This sloka is not correctly printed in any of the texts that I have seen. The Burdwan Pandits read *tat-samim*. This I think, is correct, but then *asasada* in the singular when the other verbs are all dual seems to be correct. The poet must have used some other verb in the dual for *asasada*.

foremost of car-warriors, and many other splendid bowmen, all skilled in battle. My hairs have stood on their ends, and I am fainting with fear at the very sight of these smiters, the Kurus arrayed in order of battle.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'And the low-minded and foolish Uttara out of folly alone, began to bewail (his fate) in the presence of the high-spirited (Arjuna) disguised (as his charioteer) in these words, 'My father hath gone out to meet the Trigartas taking with him his whole army, leaving me in the empty city. There are no troops to assist me. Alone and a mere boy who has not undergone much exercise in arms, I am unable to encounter these innumerable warriors and all skilled in weapons. Do thou, therefore, O Vrihannala, cease to advance!'

"Vrihannala said, 'Why dost thou look so pale through fear and enhance the joy of thy foes? As yet thou hast done nothing on the field of battle with the enemy. It was thou that hadst ordered me, saying, *Take me towards the Kauravas.* I will, therefore, take thee, thither where those innumerable flags are. I will certainly take thee, O mighty-armed one, into the midst of the hostile Kurus, prepared to fight as they are for the kine like hawks for meat. I would do this, even if I regarded them to have come hither for battling for a much higher stake such as the sovereignty of the earth. Having, at the time of setting out, talked before both men and women so highly of thy manliness, why wouldst thou desist from the fight? If thou shouldst return home without recapturing the kine, brave men and even women, when they meet together, will laugh at thee (in derision). As regards myself, I cannot return to the city without having rescued the kine, applauded as I have been so highly by the *Sairindhri* in respect of my skill in driving cars. It is for those praises by the *Sairindhri* and for those words of thine also (that I have come). Why should I not, therefore, give battle to the Kurus? (As regards thyself). be thou still.'

"Uttara said, 'Let the Kurus rob the Matsyas off all their wealth. Let men and women, O Vrihannala, laugh at me. Let my kine perish, let the city be a desert. Let me stand exposed before my father. Still there is no need of battle.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Saying this, that much affrighted prince decked in ear-ring jumped down from his car, and throwing down his bow and arrows began to flee, sacrificing honour and pride. Vrihannala, however, exclaimed, 'This is not the practice of the brave, this flight of a Kshatriya from the field of battle. Even death in battle is better than flight from fear.' Having said this, Dhananjaya, the son of Kunti, coming down from that excellent car ran after that prince thus running away, his own long braid and pure red garments fluttering in the air. And some soldiers, not knowing that it was Arjuna who was thus running with his braid fluttering in the air, burst out into laughter at the sight. And beholding him thus running, the Kurus began to argue, 'Who is this person, thus disguised like fire concealed in ashes?

He is partly a man and partly a woman. Although bearing a neuter form, he yet resembleth Arjuna. His are the same head and neck, and his the same arms like unto a couple of maces. And this one's gait also is like unto his. He can be none else than Dhananjaya. As *Indra* is among the celestials, so Dhananjaya is among men. Who else in this world than Dhananjaya, would alone come against us? Virata left a single son of his in the empty city. He hath come out from childishness and not from true heroism. It is Uttara who must have come out of the city, having, without doubt, made as a charioteer Arjuna, the son of Pritha, now living in disguise. It seems that he is now flying away in panic at sight of our army. And without doubt Dhananjaya runneth after him to bring him back.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Beholding the disguised son of Pandu, the Kauravas, O Bharata, began to indulge in these surmises, but they could not come to any definite conclusion. Meanwhile, Dhananjaya, hastily pursuing the retreating Uttara, seized him by the hair within a hundred steps. And seized by Arjuna, the son of Virata began to lament most woefully like one in great affliction, and said, 'Listen, O good Vrihannala, O thou of handsome waist. Turn thou quickly the course of the car. He that liveth meeteth with prosperity. I will give thee a hundred coins of pure gold and eight *lapis lazuli* of great brightness set with gold, and one chariot furnished with a golden flag-staff and drawn by excellent steeds, and also ten elephants of infuriate prowess. Do thou, O Vrihannala, set me free.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Thus addressed, that tiger among men laughingly dragged Uttara who was almost deprived of his senses and who was uttering these words of lamentation towards the car. And the son of Pritha then addressed the affrighted prince who had nearly lost his senses, saying, 'If, O chastiser of foes, thou dost not venture to fight with enemy, come thou and hold the reins of the steeds as I fight with the foe. Protected by the might of my arms, penetrate thou yon formidable and invincible array of cars guarded by heroic and mighty warriors. Fear not, O chastiser of foes, thou art a *Kshatriya* and the foremost of royal princess. Why dost thou, O tiger among men, succumb in the midst of the foe? I shall surely fight with the Kurus and recover the kine, penetrating into this formidable and inaccessible array of cars. Be thou my charioteer, O best of men, I will fight with the Kurus.' Thus speaking unto Uttara, the son of Virata, Vibhatsu, heretofore unconquered in battle, for a while comforted him. And then the son of Pritha, that foremost of smiters, raised on the car that fainting and reluctant prince stricken with fear!' "

SECTION XXXIX

"Vaisampayana said, 'Beholding that bull among men seated on the car in the habit of a person of the third sex, driving toward the *Sami* tree, having taken (the flying) Uttara up, all the great car-warriors of the Kurus with Bhishma and Drona at their head, became affrighted at heart, suspecting the comer to be Dhananjaya. And seeing them so dispirited and marking also the many wonderful portents, that foremost of all wielders of arms, the preceptor Drona, son of Bharadwaja, said, 'Violent and hot are the winds that below, showering gravels in profusion. The sky also is overcast with a gloom of ashy hue. The clouds present the strange sight of being dry and waterless. Our weapons also of various kinds are coming out of their cases. The jackals are yelling hideously affrighted at the congflagrations on all sides.[1] The horses too are shedding tears, and our banners are trembling though moved by none. Such being the inauspicious indications seen, a great danger is at hand. Stay ye with vigilance, Protect ye your own selves and array the troops in order of battle. Stand ye, expecting a terrible slaughter, and guard ye well the kine. This mighty bowman, this foremost of all wielders of weapons, this hero that hath come in the habit of a person of the third sex, is the son of Pritha. There is no doubt of this.' Then addressing Bhishma, the preceptor continued, 'O offspring of the Ganges, apparelled as a woman, this is *Kiriti* called after a tree, the son of the enemy of the mountains, and having on his banner the sign of devastator of the gardens of Lanka's lord. Vanquishing us he will surely take away the kine today![2] This chastiser of foes is the valiant son of Pritha surnamed *Savyasachin*. He doth not desist from conflict even with the gods and demons combined. Put to great hardship in the forest he cometh in wrath. Taught by even Indra himself, he is like unto Indra in battle. Therefore, ye Kauravas, I do not see any hero who can withstand him. It is said that the lord *Mahadeva* himself, disguised in the attire of a hunter, was gratified by this son of Pritha in battle on the mountains of Himavat.' Hearing these words, Karna said, 'You always censure us by speaking on the virtues of *Falguna*. Arjuna, however, is

[1]Some texts read *Diptasya* for *Diptayam*.

[2]This sloka does not occur in every text. This is a typical illustration of the round about way, frequently adopted by Sanskrit writers, of expressing a simple truth. The excuse in the present instance consists in Drona's unwillingness to identify the solitary hero with Arjuna, in the midst of all his hearers. Nadiji is an exclamation referring to Bhishma, the son of the river Ganga. *Lankesa-vanari-ketu* is simply 'ape-bannered,' or as rendered in the text, having the devastator of the gardens of Lanka's lord for the sign of his banner. Nagahvaya is 'named after tree' for Arjuna is the name of an Indian tree. Nagri-sunu is 'Indra's son',—Indra being the foe of mountain, for formerly it was he who cut off the wings of all mountains and compelled them to be stationary. He failed only in the case of Mainaka, the son of Himavat.

not equal to even a full sixteenth part of myself or Duryodhana!' And Duryodhana said, 'If this be Partha, O Radheya, then my purpose hath already been fulfilled, for then, O king, if traced out, the Pandavas shall have to wander for twelve years again. Or, if this one be any other person in a eunuch's garb, I will soon prostrate him on the earth with keen-edged arrows.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'The son of Dhritarashtra, O chastiser of foes, having said this, Bhishma and Drona and Kripa and Drona's son all applauded his manliness!' "

SECTION XL

"Vaisampayana said, 'Having reached that *Sami* tree, and having ascertained Virata's son to be exceedingly delicate and inexperienced in battle, Partha addressed him, saying, 'Enjoined by me, O Uttara, quickly take down (from this tree) some bows that are there. For these bows of thine are unable to bear my strength, my heavy weight when I shall grind down horses and elephants, and the stretch of my arms when I seek to vanquish the foe. Therefore, O Bhuminjaya, climb thou up this tree of thick foliage, for in this tree are tied the bows and arrows and banners and excellent coats of mail of the heroic sons of Pandu, *viz.*, Yudhishthira and Bhima and Vibhatsu and the twins. There also is that bow of great energy, the *Gandiva* of Arjuna, which singly is equal to many thousands of other bows and which is capable of extending the limits of a kingdom. Large like a palmyra tree, able to bear the greatest stress, the largest of all weapons, capable of obstructing the foe, handsome, and smooth, and broad, without a knot, and adorned with gold, it is stiff and beautiful in make and beareth the heaviest weight. And the other bows also that are there, of Yudhishthira and Bhima and Vibhatsu and the twins, are equally mighty and tough.' "

SECTION XLI

"Uttara said, 'It hath been heard by us that a corpse is tied in this tree. How can I, therefore, being a prince by birth, touch it with my hands? Born in the *Kshatriya* order, and the son of a great king, and always observant of *mantras* and vows, it is not becoming of me to touch it. Why shouldst thou, O Vrihannala, make me a polluted and

unclean bearer of corpses, by compelling me to come in contact with a corpse?'

"Vrihannala said, 'Thou shalt, O king of kings, remain clean and unpolluted. Do not fear, there are only bows in this tree and not corpses. Heir to the king of the Matsyas, and born in a noble family, why should I, O prince, make thee do such a reproachable deed?'

"Vaisampayana said, 'Thus addressed by Partha, Virata's son, decked in ear-rings, alighted from the car, and climbed up that *Sami* tree reluctantly. And staying on the car, Dhananjaya, that slayer of enemies, said, unto him, 'Speedily bring thou down those bows from the top of the tree. And cutting off their wrappings first and then the ropes with which they were tied, the prince beheld the *Gandiva* there along with four other bows. And as they were united, the splendour of those bows radiant as the sun, began to shine with great effulgence like unto that of the planets about the time of their rising. And beholding the forms of those bows, so like unto sighing snakes, he become afflicted with fear and in a moment the bristles of his body stood on their ends. And touching those large bows of great splendour, Virata's son, O king, thus spake unto Arjuna!' "

SECTION XLII

"Uttara said, 'To what warrior of fame doth this excellent bow belong, on which are a hundred golden bosses and which hath such radiant ends? Whose is this excellent bow of good sides and easy hold, on the staff of which shine golden elephants of such brightness? Whose is this excellent bow, adorned with three scores of *Indragoapkas*[1] of pure gold, placed on the back of the staff at proper intervals? Whose is this excellent bow, furnished with three golden suns of great effulgence, blazing forth with such brilliancy? Whose is this beautiful bow which is variegated with gold and gems, and on which are golden insects set with beautiful stones? Whose are these arrows furnished with wing around, numbering a thousand, having golden heads, and cased in golden quivers? Who owneth these large shafts, so thick, furnished with vulturine wings whetted on stone, yellowish in hue, sharp-pointed, well-tempered, and entirely made of iron? Whose is this sable quiver,[2] bearing five images of tigers, which holdeth shafts intermined with boar-eared arrows altogether numbering ten? Whose are these seven hundred arrows, long and thick,

[1]Indian insects of a particular kind.

[2]Most editions read *chapas* which is evidently wrong. The correct reading is *avapas*, meaning quiver. The Burdwan Pandits give this latter reading.

capable of drinking (the enemy's) blood, and looking like the crescent-shaped moon?[1] Whose are these gold-crested arrows whetted on stones, the lower halves of which are well-furnished with wings of the hue of parrots' feather and the upper halves, of well-tempered steels?[2] Whose is this excellent sword irresistible, and terrible to adversaries, with the mark of a toad on it, and pointed like a toad's head?[3] Cased in variegated sheath of tiger-skin, whose is this large sword of excellent blade and variegated with gold and furnished with tinkling bells? Whose is this handsome scimitar of polished blade and golden hilt? Manufactured in the country of the *Nishadas*, irresistible, incapable of being broken, whose is this sword of polished blade in a scabbard of cow-skin? Whose is this beautiful and long sword, sable in hue as the sky, mounted with gold, well-tempered, and cased in a sheath of goat-skin? Who owneth this heavy, well-tempered, and broad sword, just longer than the breadth of thirty fingers, polished by constant clash with other's weapons and kept in a case of gold, bright as fire? Whose is this beautiful scimitar of sable blade covered with golden bosses, capable of cutting through the bodies of adversaries, whose touch is as fatal as that of a venomous snake which is irresistible and exciteth the terror of foes? Asked by me, O Vrihannala, do thou answer me truly. Great is my wonder at the sight of all these excellent objects.' "

SECTION XLIII

"Vrihannala said, 'That about which thou hath first enquired is Arjuna's bow, of world-wide fame, called *Gandiva*, capable of devastating hostile hosts. Embellished with gold, this *Gandiva*, the highest and largest of all weapons belonged to Arjuna. Álone equal unto a hundred thousand weapons, and always capable of extending the confines of kingdoms, it is with this that Partha vanquisheth in battle both men and celestials. Worshipped ever by the gods, the *Danavas* and the *Gandharvas* and variegated with excellent colours, this large and smooth bow is without a knot or stain anywhere. Shiva held it first for a thousand years. Afterwards Prajapati held it for five hundred and three years. After that Sakra, for five and eighty years. And then Soma held it for five hundred years. And after that *Varuna* held it for a hundred years. And finally Partha,

[1]Some read *chandrargha-darsanas*. The correct reading is *chandrardha-darsanas*.

[2]Most editions read *hema-punkha* and *silasita* in the instrumental plural; the correct reading is their nominative plural forms.

[3]*Sayaka* means here, as explained by Nilakantha, a sword, and not a shaft.

surnamed *Swetavahana*,[1] hath held it for five and sixty years.[2] Endued with great energy and of high celestial origin, this is the best of all bows. Adored among gods and men, it hath a handsome form. Partha obtained this beautiful bow from Varuna. This other bow of handsome sides and golden handle is Bhima's with which that son of Pritha, that chastiser of foes, had conquered the whole of the eastern regions. This other excellent bow of beautiful shape, adorned with images of *Indragopakas*, belongeth, O Virata's son, to king Yudhishthira. This other weapon with golden suns of blazing splendour shedding a dazzling effulegence around, belongeth to Nakula. And this bow adorned with golden images of insects and set also with gems and stones, belongeth to that son of Madri who is called Sahadeva. These winged arrows, thousand in number, sharp as razors and destructive as the poison of snakes, belong, O Virata's son, to Arjuna. When shooting them in battle against foes, these swift arrows blaze forth more brilliantly and become inexhaustible. And these long and thick shafts resembling the lunar crescent in shape, keen-edged and capable of thinning the enemy's ranks, belong to Bhima. And this quiver bearing five images of tigers, full of yellowish shafts whetted on stone and furnished with golden wings belong to Nakula. This is the quiver of the intelligent son of Madri, with which he had conquered in battle the whole of the western regions. And these arrows, all effulgent as the sun, painted all over with various colours, and capable of destroying enemies by thousands are those of Sahadeva. And these short and well-tempered and thick shafts, furnished with long feathers and golden heads, and consisting of three knots, belong to king Yudhishthira. And this sword with blade long and carved with the image of a toad and head shaped as a toad's mouth, strong and irresistible belongeth to Arjuna. Cased in a sheath of tiger-skin, of long blade, handsome and irresistible, and terrible to adversaries, this sword belongeth to Bhimasena. Of excellent blade and cased in a well-painted sheath, and furnished with a golden hilt, this handsome sword belongeth to the wise Kaurava—Yudhishthira the just. And this sword of strong blade, irresistible and intended for various excellent modes of fight and cased in a sheath of goat-skin, belongeth to Nakula. And this huge scimitar, cased in a sheath of cow-skin, strong and irresistible belongeth to Sahadeva.' "

[1]From the colour of his steeds.

[2]Nilakantha spends much learning and ingenuity in making out that sixty-five years in this connection means thirty-two years of ordinary human computation.

SECTION XLIV

"Uttara said, 'Indeed, these weapons adorned with gold, belonging to the light-handed and high-souled Partha, look exceedingly beautiful. But where are that Arjuna, the son of Pritha, and Yudhishthira of the Kuru race, and Nakula, and Sahadeva, and Bhimasena, the sons of Pandu? Having lost their kingdom at dice, the high-souled Pandavas, capable of destroying all foes, are no longer heard of. Where also is Draupadi, the princess of *Panchala*, famed as the gem among women, who followed the sons of Pandu after their defeat at dice to the forest?'

"Arjuna said, 'I am Arjuna, called also Partha. Thy father's courtier is Yudhishthira and thy father's cook Vallava is Bhimasena, the groom of horses is Nakula, and Sahadeva is in the cow-pen. And know thou that the *Sairindhri* is Draupadi, for whose sake the Kichakas have been slain.'

"Uttara said, 'I would believe all this if thou canst enumerate the ten names of Partha, previously heard by me!'

"Arjuna said, 'I will, O son of Virata, tell thee my ten names. Listen thou and compare them with what thou hadst heard before. Listen to them with close attention and concentrated mind. They are *Arjuna*, *Falguna*, *Jishnu*, *Kiritin*, *Swetavahana*, *Vibhatsu*, *Vijaya*, *Krishna*, *Savyasachin* and *Dhananjaya*.'

"Uttara said, 'Tell me truly why art thou called Vijaya, and why Swetavahana. Why art thou named Krishna and why Arjuna and Falguna and Jishnu and Kiritin and Vibhatsu, and for what art thou Dhananjaya and Savyasachin? I have heard before about the origin of the several names of that hero, and can put faith in thy words if thou canst tell me all about them.'

"Arjuna said, 'They called me Dhananjaya because I lived in the midst of wealth, having subjugated all the countries and taking away their treasures. They called me Vijaya because when I go out to battle with invincible kings, I never return (from the field) without vanquishing them. I am called Swetavahana because when battling with the foe, white horses decked in golden armour are always yoked unto my car. They call me Falguna because I was born on the breast of the Himavat on a day when the constellation *Uttara Falguna* was on the ascendent. I am named Kiritin from a diadem, resplendent like the sun, having been placed of old on my head by Indra during my encounter with the powerful *Danavas*. I am known as Vibhatsu among gods and men, for my never having committed a detestable deed on the battle-field. And since both of my hands are capable of drawing the *Gandiva*, I am known as Savyasachin among gods and men. They call me Arjuna because my complexion is very rare within the four boundaries of the earth and because also my acts are always stainless. I am known among human beings and celestials by the name of Jishnu, because I am unapproach-

able and incapable of being kept down, and a tamer of adversaries and son of the slayer of Paka. And Krishna, my tenth appellation, was given to me by my father out of affection towards his black-skinned boy of great purity.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'The son of Virata then, approaching nearer saluted Partha and said, 'My name is Bhuminjaya, and I am also called Uttara. It is by good luck, O Partha, that I behold thee. Thou art welcome, O Dhananjaya. O thou with red eyes, and arms that are mighty and each like unto the trunk of an elephant, it behoveth thee to pardon what I said unto thee from ignorance. And as woderful and difficult have been the feats achieved by thee before, my fears have been dispelled, and indeed the love I bear to thee is great.' "

SECTION XLV

"Uttara said, 'O hero, mounting on this large car with myself as driver, which division of the (hostile) army wouldst thou penetrate? Commanded by thee, I would drive thee thither?'

"Arjuna said, 'I am pleased with thee, O tiger among men. Thou hast no cause of fear. I will rout all thy foes in battle, O great warrior, And, O thou of mighty arms, be at thy ease. Accomplishing great and terrible feats in the melee, I will fight with thy foes. Tie quickly all those quivers to my car, and take (from among those) a sword of polished blade and adorned with gold.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Hearing these words of Arjuna, Uttara cast off all inactivity. And he speedily alighted from the tree, bringing with him Arjuna's weapons. Then Arjuna addressed him, saying, 'Yes, I will fight with the Kurus and recover thy kine. Protected by me, the top of this car will be to thee as a citadel. The passages and alleys and other divisions of this car will be the streets and edifices of that fortified city. These my arms will be its ramparts and gateways. This treble pole and my quiver will constitute defensive works inaccessible to the foe. This my banner—single and grand—will it not alone be equal unto those of thy city? This my bow-string will constitute the catapults and cannons for vomiting forth missiles on the besiezing ghost. My excited wrath will make that fortress formidable, and the clatter of my car-wheels—will it not resemble the kettle-drums of thy capital? Ridden by myself wielding the *Gandiva*, this car will be incapable of being vanquished by the hostile host, O son of Virata, let thy fear be dispelled.'

"Uttara said, 'I am no longer afraid of these. I know thy steadiness in battle, which is even like unto that of Kesava or Indra himself. But reflecting on this, I am continually bewildered. Foolish as I am, I am

incapable of arriving at certain conclusion. By what distressful circumstances could *a person of such handsome limbs and auspicious signs become deprived of manhood!* Indeed, thou seemest to me to be Mahadeva, or Indra, or the chief of the Gandharvas, dwelling in the guise only of one of the third sex.'

"Arjuna said, 'I tell thee truly that I am only observing this vow for a whole year agreeable to the behest of my elder brother. O thou of mighty arms, I am not truly one of the neuter sex, but I have adopted this vow of eunuchism from subservience to another's will and from desire of religious merit. O prince, know me now to have completed my vow.'

"Uttara said, 'Thou hast conferred a great favour on me today, for I now find that my suspicion was not altogether unfounded. Indeed, such a person as thou, O best of men, cannot be of the neuter sex. I have now an ally in battle. I can now fight with the celestials themselves. My fears have been dispelled. What shall I do? Command me now. Trained in driving cars by a learned preceptor I will, O bull among men, hold the reins of thy horses that are capable of breaking the ranks of hostile cars. Know me, O bull among men, to be as competent a charioteer as Daruka of Vasudeva, or Matali of Sakra. The horse that is yoked unto the right-hand pole (of thy car) and whose hoofs as they light on the ground are scarcely visible when running, is like unto *Sugriva* of Krishna. This other handsome horse, the foremost of his race, that is yoked unto the left pole, is, I regard, equal in speed to *Meghapushpa*. This (third) beautiful horse, clad in golden mail, yoked unto the rear-pole on the left, is, I regard, *Sivya* equal in speed to but superior in strength. And this (fourth) horse, yoked to the rear-pole on the right, is regarded as superior to *Valahaka* in speed and strength. This car is worthy of bearing on the field of battle a bowman like thee, and thou also art worthy of fighting on this car. This is what I think!'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Then Arjuna, endued with great energy, took off the bracelets from his arms and wore on his hands a pair of beautiful gloves embroidered with gold. And he then tied his black and curling locks with a piece of white cloth. And seated on that excellent car with face turned to the east, the mighty-armed hero, purifying his body and concentrating his soul, recalled to his mind all his weapons. And all the weapons came, and addressing the royal son of Partha, said, 'We are here, O illustrious one. We are thy servants, O son of Indra.' And bowing unto them, Partha received them unto his hands and replied unto them, saying, 'Dwell ye all in my memory.' And obtaining all his weapons, the hero looked cheerful. And quickly stringing his bow, the *Gandiva*, he twanged it. And the twang of that bow was as loud as the collision of two mighty bulls. And dreadful was the sound that filled the earth, and violent was the wind that blew on all sides. And thick was

the shower of fallen meteors[1] and all sides were enveloped in gloom. And the birds began to totter in the skies and large trees began to shake.[2] And loud as the burst of the thunder, the Kurus knew from that sound that it was Arjuna that drew with his hands the string of his best of bows from his car. And Uttara said, 'Thou, O best of Pandavas, art alone. These mighty car-warriors are many. How wilt thou vanquish in battle all these that are skilled in every kind of weapon? Thou, O son of Kunti, art without a follower, while the Kauravas have many. It is for this, O thou of mighty arms, that I stay beside thee, stricken with fear.' Bursting out into loud laughter, Partha said unto him, 'Be not afraid, O hero, what friendly follower had I while fighting with the mighty *Gandharvas* on the occasion of the *Ghoshayatra?* Who was my ally while engaged in the terrific conflict at *Khandava* against so many celestials and *Danavas?* Who was may ally when I fought, on behalf of the lord of the celestials against the mighty *Nivatakavachas* and the *Paulomas!* And who was my ally, O child, while I encountered in battle innumerable kings at the *Swayamvara* to the princess of Panchala? Trained in arms by the preceptor Drona, by Sakra, and Vaisravana, and Yama, and Varuna, and Agni, and Kripa, and Krishna of Madhu's race, and by the wielder of the *Pinaka* (Siva), why shall I not fight with these? Drive thou my car speedily, and let thy heart's fever be dispelled.' "

SECTION XLVI

"Vaisampayana said, 'Making Uttara his charioteer, and circumambulating the *Sami* tree, the son of Pandu set out taking all his weapons with him. And that mighty car-warrior set out with Uttara as the driver of his car, having taken down that banner with the lion's figure and deposited it at the foot of the *Sami* tree. And he hoisted on that car his own golden banner bearing the figure of an ape with a lion's tail, which was a celestial illusion contrived by Viswakarman himself. For, as soon, indeed, as he had thought of that gift of Agni, than the latter, knowing his wish, ordered those superhuman creatures (that usually sat there) to take their place in that banner. And furnished with a beautiful flag of handsome make, with quivers attached to it, and adored with gold, that excellent flag-staff of celestial beauty than quickly

[1]Some texts read,—'One large meteor fell.'

[2]In some editions read,—*Bharata dwijam*, and *Maha-hardam* for *maha-drumam*. The meaning would then be,—'The banners (of the hostile army) began to tremble in the sky, and large lakes were agitated.'

fell from the firmament on his car.[1] And beholding that banner arrived on his car, the hero circumambulated it (respectively). And then the ape-bannered Vibhatsu, the son of Kunti, called also Swetavahana, with fingers cased in leathern fences of the *Iguana* skin, and taking up his bow and arrows set out in a northernly direction. And that grinder of foes, possessed of great strength, then forcibly blew his large conch-shell, of thundering sound, capable of making the bristles of foes to stand on their ends. And at the sound of that conch, those steeds endued with swiftness dropped down on the ground on their knees. And Uttara also, greatly affrighted, sat down on the car. And thereupon the son of Kunti took the reins himself and raising the steeds, placed them in their proper positions. And embracing Uttara, he encouraged him also, saying, 'Fear not, O foremost of princes, thou art, O chastiser of foes, a *Kshatriya* by birth. Why, O tiger among men, dost thou become so dispirited in the midst of foes? Thou must have heard before the blare of many conchs and the note of many trumpets, and the roar also of many elephants in the midst of ranks arrayed for battled. Why art thou, therefore, so dispirited and agitated and terrified by the blare of this conch, as if thou wert an ordinary person?'

"Uttara said, 'Heard have I the blare of many a conch and many a trumpet and the roar of many an elephant stationed in the battle-array, but never have I heard before the blare of such conch. Nor have I ever seen a banner like this. Never before have I heard also the twang of a bow such as this. Truly, sir, with the blare of this conch, the twang of this bow, the superhuman cries of the creatures stationed on this banner, and the battle of this car, my mind is greatly bewildered. My perception of the directions also is confused, and my heart is painfully afflicted. The whole firmament seemeth to me to have been covered by this banner, and everything seemeth to be hidden from my view! My ears also have been deafened by the twang of the *Gandiva!*[1]

"Arjuna said, 'Firmly stand thou on the car, pressing thy feet on it, and tightly catch hold of the bridles, for I will blow the conch again.'

"Vaisampayana said, 'Arjuna then blew his conch again, that conch which filled foes with grief and enhanced the joy of friends. And the sound was so loud that it seemed to split hills and mountains, and pierce mountain-caves and the cardinal points. And Uttara once again sat down on the car, clinging to it in fear. And with the blare of the conch and the rattle of the car-wheels, and the twang of the Gandiva, the earth itself seemed to tremble. And beholding Uttara's fight, Dhananjaya began to comfort him again.'

[1]Some texts read *Maharatham* (incorrectly) for *hiranmayan*. Indeed, *Maharatham* would give no meaning in this connection. The incomplete edition of the Roy Press under the auspices of the Principal of the Calcutta Sanskrit College abounds with such incorrect readings and misprints.

[2]The Roy Press edition adds here a line which looks very much like an interpolation.

"Meanwhile, Drona said, 'From the rattle of the car, and from the manner in which the clouds have enveloped the sky and the earth itself trembles, this warrior can be none else than *Savyasachin*. Our weapons do not shine, our steeds are dispirited, and our fires, though fed with fuel, do not blare up. All this is ominous. All our animals are setting up a frightful howl, gazing towards the sun. The crows are perching on our banners. All this is ominous. Yon vultures and kites on our right portend a great danger. That jackal also, running through our ranks, waileth dismally. Lo, it hath escaped unstruck. All this portends a heavy calamity. The bristles also of ye all are on their ends. Surely, this forebodes a great destruction of Kshatriyas in battle. Things endued with light are all pale; beasts and birds look fierce; and there are to be witnessed many terrific portents indicative of the destruction of Kshatriyas. And these omens forebode great havoc among ourselves. O king, thy ranks seem to be confounded by these blazing meteors, and thy animals look dispirited and seem to be weeping. Vultures and kites are wheeling all around thy troops. Thou shalt have to repent upon beholding thy army afflicted by Partha's arrows. Indeed, our ranks seem to have been already vanquished, for none is eager to go to fight. All our warriors are of pale face, and almost deprived of their senses. Sending the kine ahead we should stand here, ready to strike, with all our warriors arrayed in order of battle."

SECTION XLVII

"Vaisampayana said, 'King Duryodhana then, on the field of battle said unto Bhishma, and unto Drona—that tiger among warriors, and unto Kripa—that mighty car-warrior, these words, 'Both myself and Karna had said this unto the preceptors.[1] I refer to the subject again, for I am not satisfied with having said it once. Even this was the pledge of the sons of Pandu that if defeated (at dice) they would reside to our knowledge in countries and woods for twelve years, and one more year unknown to us. That thirteenth year, instead of being over, is yet running. Vibhatsu, therefore, who is still to live undiscovered hath appeared before us. And if Vibhatsu hath come before the term of exile is at end, the Pandavas shall have to pass another twelve years in the woods. Whether it is due to forgetfulness (on their part) induced by desire of dominion, or whether it is a mistake of ours, it behoveth

[1]The true reading is *Acharya* in the dual number, meaning Drona and Kripa. Some texts read the word in the singular form. Nilakantha notices both these reading, but prefers the dual to the singular.

Bhishma to calculate the shortness or excess (of the promised period). When an object of desire may or may not be attained, a doubt necessarily attaches to one of the alternatives, and what is decided in one way often ends differently.[1] Even moralists are puzzled in judging of their own acts.[2] As regards ourselves, we have come hither to fight with the Matsyas and to seize their kine stationed towards the north. If, meanwhile, it is Arjuna that hath come, what fault can attach to us? We have come hither to fight against the Matsyas on behalf of the Trigartas; and as numerous were the acts represented unto us of the oppressions committed by the Matsyas, it was for this that we promised aid to the Trigartas who were overcome with fear. And it was agreed between us that they should first seize, on the afternoon of the seventh lunar day, the enormous wealth of kine that the Matsyas have, and that we should, at sunrise of the eighteen day of the moon, seize these kine when the king of the Matsyas would be pursuing those first seized. It may be that the Trigartas are now bringing a way the kine, or being defeated, are coming towards us for negotiating with the king of the Matsyas. Or, it may be, that having driven the Trigartas off, the king of the Matsyas, at the head of this people and his whole army of fierce warriors, appeareth on the scene and advanceth to make night-attacks upon us. It may be that some one leader among them, endued with mighty energy, is advancing for vanquishing us, or, it may be that the king himself of the Matsyas is come. But be it the king of the Matsyas or Vibhatsu, we must all fight him. Even this hath been our pledge. Why are all these of foremost car-warriors,—Bhishma and Drona and Kripa and Vikarna and Drona's son,—now sitting on their cars, panic-stricken? At present there is nothing better than fighting. Therefore, make up your minds. If, for the cattle we have seized, an encounter takes place with the divine wielder himself of the thunderbolt or even with Yama, who is there that will be liable to reach Hastinapura? Pierced by the shafts (of the foe), how will the foot-soldiers, in flying through the deep forest with their backs on the field, escape with life, when escape for the cavalry is doubtful? Hearing these words of Duryodhana, Karna said, 'Disregarding the preceptor, make all arrangements. He knoweth well

[1]The meaning is rather doubtful. Duryodhana seems to say that 'the hostile appearance of Arjuna has been an act of imprudence on his part. The Pandavas, after the expiry of the thirteenth year, would claim their kingdom. I, Duryodhana, may or may not accede to their demand. When, therefore, it was not certain that Arjuna would be refused by me, his hostile appearance is unwise. He has come sure of victory, but he may yet be defeated.'

[2]The sense seems to be that when moralists even are puzzled in judging of the propeirty or otherwise of their acts, it can easily be imagined that the Pandavas, however virtuous, have, in the matter of this their appearance, acted wrongly, for, after all, the thirteenth year may not have really been over as believed by them. Or, it may mean, that as regards our presence here, we have not acted imprudently when even moralists cannot always arrive at right conclusion. It seems that for this Duryodhana proceeds to justify that presence in the following sentences.

the intentions of the Pandavas and striketh terror in our hearts. I see that his affection for Arjuna is very great. Seeing him only coming, he chanteth his praises. Make ye such arrangements that our troops may not break. Everything is in confusion for Drona's having only heard the neigh of (Arjuna's) steeds. Make ye such arrangements that these troops, come to a distant land in this hot season and in the midst of this mighty forest, may not fall into confusion and be subjugated by the foe. The Pandavas are always the special favourites of the preceptor. The selfish Pandavas have stationed Drona amongst us. Indeed, he betrayeth himself by his speech. Who would ever extol a person upon hearing the neigh only of his steeds? Horses always neigh, whether walking or standing, the winds blow at all times; and Indra also always showereth rain. The roar of the clouds may frequently be heard. What hath Partha to do with these, and why is he to be praised for these? All this (on Drona's part), therefore, is due only to either the desire of doing good to Arjuna or to his wrath and hatred towards us. Preceptors are wise, and sinless, and very kind to all creatures. They, however, should never be consulted at times of peril. It is in luxurious palaces, and assemblies and pleasure-gardens, that learned men, capable of making speeches, seem to be in their place. Performing many wonderful things, in the assembly, it is there that learned men find their place, or even there where sacrificial utensils and their proper placing and washing are needed. In a knowledge of the lapses of others, in studying the characters of men, in the science of horses and elephants and cars, in treating the diseases of asses and camels and goats and sheeps and kine, in planning buildings and gateways, and in pointing out the defects of food and drink, the learned are truly in their own sphere. Disregarding learned men that extol the heroism of the foe, make ye such arrangements that the foe may be destroyed. Placing the kine securely, array the troops in order of battle. Place guards in proper places so that we may fight the foe.'"

SECTION XLVIII

"Karna said, 'I behold all these blessed ones, looking as if alarmed and panic-struck and unresolved and unwilling to fight. If he that is come is the king of the Matsyas or Vibhatsu, even I will resist him as the banks resist the swelling sea. Shot from my bow these straight and flying arrows, like gliding snakes, are all sure of aim. Discharged by my light hands, these keen-edged arrows furnished with golden wings shall cover Partha all over, like locusts shrouding a tree. Strongly pressed by these winged arrows, the bow-string will cause these my leathern fences

to produce sounds that will be heard to resemble those of a couple of kettle-drums. Having been engaged in ascetic austerities for the (last) eight and five years, Vibhatsu will strike me but mildly in this conflict, and the son of Kunti having become a Brahmana endued with good qualities, hath thus become a fit person to quietly receive shafts by thousands shot by me. This mighty bowman is indeed, celebrated over the three worlds. I, too, am, by no means, inferior to Arjuna, that foremost of human beings. With golden arrows furnished with vulturine wings shot on all sides, let the firmament seem today to swarm with fire-flies. Slaying Arjuna in battle, I will discharge today that debt, difficult of repayments, but promised of old by me unto Dhritarashtra's son. When man is there, even amongst all the gods and the *Asuras*, that will endure to stand in the teeth of the straight arrows shot from my bow? Let my flying arrows, winged and depressed at the middle, present the spectacle of the coursing of the fire-flies through the welkin. Hard though he be as Indra's thunderbolt and possessed of the energy of the chief of the celestials, I will surely grind Partha, even as one afflicts an elephant by means of burning brands. A heroic and mighty car-warrior as he is, and the foremost of all wielders of weapons I shall seize the unresisting Partha, even like Gadura seizing a snake. Irresistible like fire, and fed by the fuel of swords, darts, and arrows, the blazing Pandava-fire that consumeth foes, will be extinguished even by myself who am like unto a mighty cloud incessantly dropping an arrowy shower,—the multitude of cars (I will lead) constituting its thunder, and the speed of my horses, the wind in advance. Discharged from my bow, my arrows like venomous snakes will pierce Partha's body, like serpent penetrating through an ant-hill. Pierced with well-tempered and straight shafts endued with golden wings and great energy, behold ye today the son of Kunti decked like a hill covered with *Karnikara* flowers. Having obtained weapons from that best of ascetics—the son of Jamadagni, I would, relying on their energy, fight with even the celestials. Struck with my javelin, the ape stationed on his banner-top shall fall down today on the ground, uttering terrible cries. The firmament will today be filled with the cries of the (super-human) creatures stationed in the flagstaff of the foe, and afflicted by me, they will fly away in all directions. I shall today pluck up by the roots the long-existing dart in Duryodhan's heart by throwing Arjuna down from his car. The Kauravas will today behold Partha with his car broken, his horses killed, his valour gone, and himself sighing like a snake. Let the Kauravas, following their own will go away taking this wealth of kine, or, if they wish, let them stay on their cars and witness my combat.' "

SECTION XLIX

"Kripa said, 'O Radheya, thy crooked heart always inclineth to war. Thou knowest not the true nature of things; nor dost thou take into account their after-consequences. There are various kinds of expedients inferrable from the scriptures. Of these, a battle hath been regarded by those acquainted with the past, as the most sinful. It is only when time and place are favourable that military operations can lead to success. In the present instance, however, the time being unfavourable, no good results will be deprived. A display of prowess in proper time and place becometh beneficial. It is by the favourableness or otherwise (of time and place) that the opportuneness of an act is determined. Learned men can never act according to the ideas of a car-maker. Considering all this, an encounter with Partha is not advisible for us. Alone he saved the Kurus (from the *Gandharvas*), and alone he satiated Agni. Alone he led the life of a *Brahmacharin* for five years (on the breast of Himavat). Taking up Subhadra on his car, alone he challenged Krishna to single combat. Alone he fought with Rudra who stood before him as a forester. It was in this very forest that Partha rescued Krishna while she was being taken away (by Jayadratha). It is he alone that hath, for five years, studied the science of weapons under Indra. Alone vanquishing all foes he hath spread the fame of the Kurus. Alone that chastiser of foes vanquished in battle Chitrasena, the king of the *Gandharvas* and in a moment his invincible troops also. Alone he overthrew in battle the fierce *Nivatakavachas* and the *Kalakhanchas*, that were both incapable of being slain by the gods themselves. What, however, O Karna, hath been achieved by thee single-handed like any of the sons of Pandu, each of whom had alone subjugated many lords of earth? Even Indra himself is unfit to encounter Partha in battle. He, therefore, that desireth to fight with Arjuna should take a sedative. As to thyself, thou desirest to take out the fangs of an angry snake of virulent poison by stretching forth thy right hand and extending thy forefinger. Or, wandering alone in the forest thou desirest to ride an infuriate elephant and go to a boar without a hook in hand. Or, rubbed over with clarified butter and dressed in silken robes, thou desirest to pass through the midst of a blazing fire fed with fat and tallow and clarified butter. Who is there that would, binding his own hands and feet and tying a huge stone unto his neck, cross the ocean swimming with his bare arms? What manliness is there in such an act? O Karna, he is a fool that would, without, skill in weapons and without strength, desire to fight with Partha who is so mighty and skilled in weapons? Dishonestly deceived by us and liberated from thirteen years' exile, will not the illustrious hero annihilate us? Having ignorantly come to a place where Partha lay concealed like fire hidden in a well, we have, indeed, exposed to a great danger. But irresistible though he be

in battle, we should fight against him. Let, therefore, our troops, clad in mail, stand here arrayed in ranks and ready to strike. Let Drona and Duryodhana and Bhishma and thyself and Drona's son and ourselves, all fight with the son of Pritha. Do not O Karna, act so rashly as to fight alone. If we six car-warriors be united, we can then be a match for and fight with that son of Pritha who is resolved to fight and who is as fierce as the wielder of the thunderbolt. Aided by our troops arrayed in ranks, ourselves—great bowmen—standing carefully will fight with Arjuna even as the *Danavas* encounter Vasava in battle.' "

SECTION L

"Aswatthaman said, 'The kine, O Karna, have not yet been won, nor have they yet crossed the boundary (of their owner's dominions), nor have they yet reached Hastinapura. Why dost thou, therefore, boast of thyself? Having won numerous battles, and acquired enormous wealth, and vanquished hostile hosts, men of true heroism speak not a word of their prowess. Fire burneth mutely and mutely doth the sun shine. Mutely also doth the Earth bear creatures, both mobile and immobile. The Self-existent hath sanctioned such offices for the four orders that having recourse to them each may acquire wealth without being censurable. A Brahmana, having studied the *Vedas*, should perform sacrifices himself, and officiate at the scrifices of others. And a Kshatriya, depending upon the bow, should perform sacrifices himself but should never officiate at the sacrifices of others. And of Vaisya, having earned wealth, should cause the rites enjoined in the *Vedas* to be performed for himself. A Sudra should always wait upon and serve the other three orders. As regards those that live by practising the profession of flowers and vendors of meat, they may earn wealth by expedients fraught with deceit and fraud. Always acting according to the dictates of the scriptures, the exalted sons of Pandu acquired the sovereignty of the whole earth, and they always act respectfully towards their superiors, even if the latter prove hostile to them. What Kshatriya is there that expressed delight at having obtained a kingdom by means of dice, like this wicked and shameless son of Dhritarashtra? Having acquired wealth in this way by deceit and fraud like a vendor of meat, who that is wise boast of it? In what single combat didst thou vanquish Dhananjaya, or Nakula, or Sahadeva, although thou hast robbed them of their wealth? In what battle didst thou defeat Yudhishthira, or Bhima that foremost of strong men? In what battle was Indraprastha conquered by thee? What thou hast done, however, O thou of wicked deeds, is to drag that princess to court while she was

ill and had but one raiment on? Thou hast cut the mighty root, delicate as the sandal, of the Pandava tree. Actuated by desire of wealth, when thou madest the Pandavas act as slaves, rememberest thou what Vidura said! We see that men and others, even insects and ants, show forgiveness according to their power of endurance. The son of Pandu, however, is incapable of forgiving the sufferings of Draupadi. Surely, Dhananjaya cometh here for the destruction of the sons of Dhritarashtra. It is true, affecting great wisdom, thou art for making speeches but will not Vibhatsu, that slayer of foes, exterminate us all! If it be gods, or *Gandharvas* or *Asuras*, or *Rakshasas*, will Dhananjaya the son of Kunti, desist to fight from panic? Inflamed with wrath upon whomsoever he will fall, even him he will overthrow like a tree under the weight of Garuda! Superior to thee in prowess, in bowmanship equal unto the lord himself of the celestials, and in battle equal unto Vasudeva himself, who is there that would not praise Partha? Counteracting celestial weapons with celestial, and human weapons with human, what man is a match for Arjuna? Those acquainted with the scriptures declare that a disciple is no way inferior to a son, and it is for this that the son of Pandu is a favourite of Drona. Employ thou the means now which thou hadst adopted in the match at dice,—the same means, *viz.*, by which thou hadst subjugated Indraprastha, and the same means by which thou hadst dragged Krishna to the assembly! This thy wise uncle, fully conversant with the duties of the *Kshatriya* order—this deceitful gambler Sakuni, the prince of Gandhara, let *him* fight now! The *Gandiva*, however, doth not cast dice such as the *Krita* or the *Dwapara*, but it shooteth upon foes blazing and keen-edged shafts by myriads. The fierce arrows shot from the *Gandiva*, endued with great energy and furnished with vulturine wings, car, pierce even mountains. The destroyer of all, named Yama, and Vayu, and the horse-faced Agni, leave some remnant behind, but Dhananjaya inflamed with wrath never doth so. As thou hadst, aided by thy uncle, played a dice in the assembly so do fight in this battle protected by Suvala's son. Let the preceptor, if he chooses fight; I shall not, however, fight with Dhananjaya. We are to fight with the king of the Matsyas, if indeed, he cometh in the track of the kine.' "

SECTION LI

"Bhishma said, 'Drona's son observeth well, and Kripa, too observeth rightly. As for Karna, it is only out of regard for the duties of the Kshatriya order that he desireth to fight. No man of wisdom can blame the preceptor. I, however, am of opinion that fight we must, considering both the time and the place. Why should not that man be bewildered

who hath five adversaries effulgent as five suns, who are heroic combatants and who have just emerged from adversity? Even those conversant with morality are bewildered in respect of their own interests. It is for this, O king, that I tell thee this, whether my words be acceptable to you or not. What Karna said unto thee was only for raising our (drooping) courage. As regards thyself, O preceptor's son, forgive everything. The business at hand is very grave. When the son of Kunti hath come, this is not the time for quarrel. Everything should now be forgiven by thyself and the preceptor Kripa. Like light in the sun, the mastery of all weapons doth reside in you. As beauty is never separated from *Chandramas*, so are the *Vedas* and the *Brahma* weapon both established in you. It is often seen that the four *Vedas* dwell in one object and *Kshatriya* attributes in another. We have never heard of these two dwelling together in any other person than the preceptor of the Bharata race and his son. Even this is what I think. In the *Vedantas*, in the *Puranas*, and in old histories, who save Jamadagni, O king, would be Drona's superior? A combination of the *Brahma* weapon with the *Vedas*, —this is never to be seen anywhere else. O preceptor's son, do thou forgive. This is not the time for disunion. Let all of us, uniting, fight with Indra's son who hath come. Of all the calamities that may befall an army that have been enumerated by men of wisdom, the worst is disunion among the leaders. Aswatthaman said, 'O bull among men, these thy just observations, need not be uttered in our presence; the preceptor, however, filled with wrath, had spoken of Arjuna's virtues. The virtues of even an enemy should be admitted, while the faults of even one's preceptor may be pointed out; therefore one should, to the best of his power, declare the merits of a son or a disciple.'

"Duryodhana said, 'Let the preceptor grant his forgiveness and let peace be restored. If the preceptor be at one with us, whatever should be done (in view of the present emergency) would seem to have been already done.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Then, O Bharata, Duryodhana assisted by Karna and Kripa, and the high-souled Bhishma pacified Drona.'

"Drona said, 'Appeased I have already been at the words first spoken by Bhishma, the son of Santanu. Let such arrangements be made that Partha may not be able to approach Duryodhana in battle. And let such arrangements be made that king Duryodhana may not be captured by the foe, in consequence either of his rashness or want of judgment. Arjuna hath not, to be sure, revealed himself before the expiry of the term of exile. Nor will he pardon this act (of ours) today, having only recovered the kine. Let such arrangements, therefore, be made that he may not succeed in attacking Dhritarashtra's son and defeating our troops. Like myself (who am doubtful of the completion of period of exile) Duryodhana also had said so before. Bearing it in mind, it behoveth the son of Ganga to say what is true.' "

SECTION LII

"Bhishma said, 'The wheel of time revolves with its divisions, *viz.*, with *Kalas* and *Kasthas* and *Muhurtas* and days and fortnights and months and constellations and planets and seasons and years. In consequence of their fractional excesses and the deviations of also of the heavenly bodies, there is an increase of two months in every five years. It seems to me that calculating this wise, there would be an excess of five months and twelve nights in thirteen years. Everything, therefore, that the sons of Pandu had promised, hath been exactly fulfilled by them. Knowing this to be certain, Vibhatsu hath made his appearance. All of them are high-souled and fully conversant with the meanings of the scriptures. How would they deviate from virtue that have Yudhishthira for their guide? The sons of Kunti do not yield to temptation. They have achieved a difficult feat. If they had coveted the possession of their kingdom by unfair means, then those descendants of the Kuru race would have sought to display their prowess at the time of the match at dice. Bound in bonds of virtue, they did not deviate from the duties of the Kshatriya order. He that will regard them to have behaved falsely will surely meet with defeat. The sons of Pritha would prefer death to falsehood. When the time, however, comes, those bulls among men—the Pandava's -endued with energy like that of Sikra, would not give up what is theirs even if it is defended by the wielder himself of the thunderbolt. We shall have to oppose in battle the foremost of all wielders of weapons. Therefore, let such advantageous arrangements as have the sanction of the good and the honest be now made without loss of time so that our possessions may not be appropriated by the foe. O king of kings, O Kaurava, I have never seen a battle in which one of the parties could say,—*we are sure to win.* When a battle occurs, there must be victory or defeat, prosperity or adversity. Without doubt, a party to a battle must have either of the two. Therefore, O king of kings, whether a battle be now proper or not consistent with virue or not, make thy arrangements soon, for Dhananjaya is at hand.'

"Duryodhana said, 'I will not, O grandsire, give back the Pandavas their kingdom. Let every preparation, therefore, for battle be made without delay.'

"Bhishma said, 'Listen to what I regard as proper, if it pleases thee. I should always say what is for thy good, O Kaurava. Proceed thou towards the capital, without loss of time, taking with thee a fourth part of the army. And let another fourth march, escorting the kine. With half the troops we will fight the Pandava. Myself and Drona, and Karna and Aswatthaman and Kripa will resolutely withstand Vibhatsu, or the king of the Matsyas, or Indra himself, if he approaches. Indeed, we will withstand any of these like the bank withstanding the surging sea.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'These words spoken by the high-souled

Bhishma were acceptable to them, and the king of the Kauravas acted accordingly without delay. And having sent away the king and then the kine, Bhishma began to array the soldiers in order of battle. And addressing the preceptor, he said, 'O preceptor, stand thou in the centre, and let Aswatthaman stand on the left, and let the wise Kripa, son of Saradwata, defend the right wing, and let Karna of the *Suta* caste, clad in mail, stand in the van. I will stand in the rear of the whole army, protecting it from that point.' "

SECTION LIII

"Vaisampayana said, 'After the Kauravas, O Bharata, had taken their stand in this order, Arjuna, filling the air with the rattle and din of his car, advanced quickly towards them. And the Kurus beheld his banner-top and heard the rattle and din of his car as also the twang of the *Gandiva* stretched repeatedly by him. And noting all this, and seeing that great car-warrior—the wielder of the *Gandiva*—come, Drona spoke thus, 'That is the banner-top of Partha which shineth at a distance, and this is the noise of his car, and that is the ape that roareth frightfully. Indeed, the ape striketh terror in the troops. And there stationed on that excellent car, the foremost of car-warriors draweth that best of bows, the *Gandiva*, whose twang is as loud as the thunder. Behold, these two shafts coming together fall at my feet, and two others pass off barely touching my ears. Completing the period of exile and having achieved many wonderful feats, Partha saluteth me and whispereth in my ears. Endued with wisdom and beloved of his relatives, this Dhananjaya, the son of Pandu, is, indeed, beheld by us after a long time, blazing with beauty and grace. Possessed of car and arrows, furnished with handsome fences and quiver and conch and banner and coat of mail, decked with diadem and scimitar and bow, the son of Pritha shineth like the blazing (*Homa*) fire surrounded with sacrificial ladles and fed with sacrificial butter.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Beholding the Kurus ready for battle, Arjuna addressing Matsya's son in words suitable to the occasion, said, 'O charioteer, restrain thou the steeds at such a point whence my arrows may reach the enemy. Meanwhile, let me see, where, in the midst of this army, is that vile wretch of the Kuru race. Disregarding all these, and singling out that vainest of princes I will fall upon his head, for upon the defeat of that wretch the others will regard themselves as defeated. There standeth Drona, and thereafter him his son. And there are those great bowmen---Bhishma and Kripa and Karna. I do not see, however, the king there. I suspect that anxious to save his life, he re-

treateth by the southern road, taking away with him the kine. Leaving this array of car-warriors, proceed to the spot where Suyodhana is. There will I fight, O son of Virata, for there the battle will not be fruitless. Defeating him I will come back, taking away the kine.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Thus addressed, the son of Virata restrained the steeds with an effort and turned them by a pull at the bridle from the spot where those bulls of the Kuru race were, and urged them on towards the place where Duryodhana was. And as Arjuna went away leaving that thick array of cars, Kripa, guessing his intention, addressed his own comrades, saying, 'This Vibhatsu desireth not to take up his stand at a spot remote from the king. Let us quickly fall upon the flanks of the advancing hero. When inflamed with wrath, none else, unassisted, can encounter him in battle save the deity of a thousand eyes, or Krishna the son of Devaki. Of what use to us would the kine be or this vast wealth also, if Duryodhana were to sink, like a boat, in the ocean of *Partha*?' Meanwhile, Vibhatsu, having proceeded towards that division of the army, announced himself speedily by name, and covered the troops with his arrows thick as locusts. And covered with those countless shafts shot by Partha, the hostile warriors could not see anything, the earth itself and the sky becoming overwhelmed therewith. And the soldiers who had been ready for the fight were so confounded that none could even the flee from the field. And beholding the light-handedness of Partha they all applauded it mentally. And Arjuna then blew his conch which always made the bristles of the foe stand erect. And twanging his best of bows, he urged the creatures on his flagstaff to roar more frightfully. And at the blare of his conch and the rattle of his car-wheels, and the twang of the *Gandiva*, and the roar of the superhuman creatures stationed on his flagstaff, the earth itself began to tremble. And shaking their upraised tails and lowing together, the kine turned back, proceeding along the southern road.' "

SECTION LIV

"Vaisampayana said, 'Having disorganised the hostile host by force and having recovered the kine, that foremost of bowmen, desirous of fighting again, proceeded towards Duryodhana. And beholding the kine running wild towards the city of the Matsyas, the foremost warriors of the Kurus regarded Kiritin to have already achieved success. And all of a sudden they fell upon Arjuna who was advancing towards Duryodhana. And beholding their countless divisions firmly arrayed in order of battle with countless banners waving over them, that slayer of foes, addressing the son of the king of the Matsyas, said, 'Urge on, to the best of their

speed by this road, these white steeds decked with golden bridles. Strive thou well, for I would approach this crowd of Kuru lions. Like an elephant desiring an encounter with another, the *Suta's* son of wicked soul eagerly desireth a battle with me. Take me, O prince, to him who hath grown so proud under the patronage of Duryodhana. Thus addressed, the son of Virata by means of those large steeds endued with the speed of the wind and furnished with golden armour, broke that array of cars and took the Pandava into the midst of the battle-field. And seeing this those mighty car-warriors, Chitrasena and Sangramajit and Satrusaha and Jaya, desirous of aiding Karna, rushed with arrows and long shafts, towards the advancing hero of Bharata's race. Then that foremost of men, inflamed with wrath, began to consume by means of fiery arrows shot from his bow, that array of cars belonging to those bulls among the Kurus, like a tremendous conflagration consuming a forest. Then, when the battle began to rage furiously, the Kuru hero, Vikarna, mounted on his car, approached that foremost of car-warriors, Partha, the younger brother of Bhima,—showering upon him terrible shafts thick and long. Then cutting Vikarna's bow furnished with a tough string and horns overlaid with gold, Arjuna cut off his flagstaff. And Vikarna, beholding his flagstaff cut off, speedily took to flight. And after Vikarna's flight, Satruntapa, unable to repress his ire, began to afflict Partha, that obstructer of foes and achiever of super-human feats, by means of a perfect shower of arrows. And drowned, as it were, in the midst of the Kuru-array, Arjuna, pierced by that mighty car-warrior,—king Satruntapa—pierced the latter in return with five and then slew his car-driver with ten shafts, and pierced by that bull of the Bharata race with an arrow capable of cleaving the thickest coat of mail, Satruntapa fell dead on the field of battle, like a tree from a mountain-top torn up by the wind. And those brave bulls among men, mangled in battle by that braver bull among men, began to waver and tremble like mighty forests shaken by the violence of the wind that blows at the time of the universal dissolution. And struck in battle by Partha, the son of Vasava, those well-dressed heroes among men—those givers of wealth endued with the energy of Vasava—defeated and deprived of life, began to measure their lengths on the ground, like full-grown Himalayan elephants clad in mails of black steel decked with gold. And like unto a raging fire consuming a forest at the close of summer, that foremost of men, wielding the *Gandiva*, ranged the field in all directions, slaying his foes in battle thus. And as the wind rangeth at will, scattering masses of clouds and fallen leaves in the season of spring, so did that foremost of car-warriors—Kiritin—ranged in that battle, scattering all his foes before him. And soon slaying the red steeds yoked unto the car of Sangramajit, the brother of Vikatana's son, that hero decked in diadem and endued with great vigour then cut off his antagonist's head by a crescent-shaped arrow. And when his brother was slain, Vikartana's son of the *Suta* caste, mustering all his prowess, rushed at Arjuna, like a huge elephant with out-stretched tusks,

or like a tiger at a mighty bull. And the son of Vikarna quickly pierced the son of Pandu with twelve shafts and all his steeds also in every part of their bodies and Virata's son too in his hand. And rushing impetuously against Vikarna's son who was suddenly advancing against him, Kiritin attacked him fiercely like Garuda of variegated plumage swooping down upon a snake. And both of them were foremost of bowmen, and both were endued with great strength, and both were capable of slaying foes. And seeing that an encounter was imminent between them, the Kauravas, anxious to witness it, stood aloof as lookers on. And beholding the offender Karna, the son of Pandu, excited to fury, and glad also at having him, soon made him, his horses, his car, and car-driver invisible by means of a frightful shower of countless arrows. And the warriors of the Bharatas headed by Bhishma, with their horses, elephants, and cars, pierced by Kiritin and rendered invisible by means of his shafts, their ranks also scattered and broken, began to wail aloud in grief. The illustrious and heroic Karna, however counteracting with numberless arrows of his own those shafts by Arjuna's hand, soon burst forth in view with bow and arrows like a blazing fire. And then there arose the sound of loud clapping of hands, with the blare of conchs and trumpets and kettle-drums made by the Kurus while they applauded Vikartana's son who filled the atmosphere with the sound of his bow-string flapping against his fence. And beholding Kiritin filling the air with the twang of *Gandiva*, and the upraised tail of the monkey that constituted his flag and that terrible creature yelling furiously from the top of his flagstaff, Karna sent forth a loud roar. And afflicting by means of his shafts, Vikartana's son along with his steeds, car and car-driver, Kiritin impetuously poured an arrowy shower on him, casting his eyes on the grandsire and Drona and Kripa. And Vikartana's son also poured upon Partha a heavy shower of arrows like a rain-charged cloud. And the diadem-decked Arjuna also covered Karna with a thick down-pour of keen-edged shafts. And the two heroes stationed on their cars, creating clouds of keen-edged arrows in a combat carried on by means of countless shafts and weapons, appeared to the spectators like the sun and the moon covered by clouds, and the light-handed Karna, unable to bear the sight of the foe, pierced the four horses of the diadem-decked hero with whetted arrows, and then struck his car-driver with three shafts, and his flagstaff also with three. Thus struck, that grinder of all adversaries in battle, that bull of the Kuru race, Jishnu wielding the *Gandiva*, like a lion awaked from slumber, furiously attacked Karna by means of straight-going arrows. And afflicted by the arrowy shower (of Karna), that illustrious achiever of super-human deeds soon displayed a thick shower of arrows in return. And he covered Karna's car with countless shafts like the sun covering the different worlds with rays. And like a lion attacked by an elephant, Arjuna, taking some keen crescent-shaped arrows from out of his quiver and drawing his bow to his ear, pierced the *Suta's* son on every part of his body. And that grinder of foes pierced Karna's arms and thighs and head and forehead

and neck and other principal parts of his body with whetted shafts endued with the impetuosity of the thunderbolt and shot from the *Gandiva* in battle. And mangled and afflicted by the arrows shot by Partha the son of Pandu, Vikartana's son, quitted the van of battle, and quickly took to flight, like one elephant vanquished by another.' "

SECTION LV

"Vaisampayana said, 'After the son of Radha had fled from the field, other warriors headed by Duryodhana, one after another, fell upon the son of Pandu with their respective divisions. And like the shore withstanding the fury of the surging sea, that warrior withstood the rage of that countless host rushing towards him, arrayed in order of battle and showering clouds of arrows. And that foremost of car-warriors, Kunti's son Vibhatsu of white steeds, rushed towards the foe, discharging celestial weapons all the while. Partha soon covered all the points of the horizon with countless arrows shot from the *Gandiva*, like the sun covering the whole earth with his rays. And amongst those that fought on cars and horses and elephants, and amongst the mail-clad foot-soldiers, there was none that had on his body a space of even two finger's breadth unwounded with sharp arrows. And for his dexterity in applying celestial weapons, and for the training of the steeds and the skill of Uttara, and for the coursing of his weapons, and his prowess and light-handedness, people began to regard Arjuna as the fire that blazeth forth during the time of the universal dissolution for consuming all created things. And none amongst the foe could cast his eyes on Arjuna who shone like a blazing fire of great effulgence. And mangled by the arrows of Arjuna, the hostile ranks looked like newly-risen clouds on the breast of a hill reflecting the solar rays, or like groves of *Asoka* trees resplendent with clusters of flowers. Indeed, afflicted by the arrows of Partha, the soldiers looked like these, or like a beautiful garland whose flowers gradually wither and drop away: And the all-pervading wind bore on its wings in the sky the torn flags and umbrellas of the hostile host. And affrighted at the havoc amongst their own ranks, the steeds fled in all directions, freed from their yokes by means of Partha's arrows and dragging after them broken portions of cars and elephants, struck on their ears and ribs and tusks and nether lips and other delicate parts of the body, began to drop down on the battle-field. And the earth, bestrewn in a short time with the corpses of elephants belonging to the Kauravas, looked like the sky overcast with masses of black clouds. And as that fire of blazing flames at the end of the *yuga* consumeth all perishable things of the world, both mobile and immobile, so did Partha,

O king, consumeth all foes in battle. And by the energy of his weapons and the twang of his bow, and the preter-natural yells of the creatures stationed on his flagstaff, and the terrible roar of the monkey, and by the blast of his conch, that mighty grinder of foes, Vibhatsu, struck terror into the hearts of all the troops of Duryodhana. And the strength of every hostile warrior seemed, as it were, to be levelled to the dust at the very sight of Arjuna. And unwilling to commit the daring act of sin of slaying them that were defenceless, Arjuna suddenly fell back and attacked the army from behind by means of clouds of keen-edged arrows proceeding towards their aims like hawks let off by fowlers. And he soon covered the entire welkin with clusters of blood-drinking arrows. And as the (infinite) rays of the powerful sun, entering a small vessel, are contracted within it for want of space, so the countless shafts of Arjuna could not find space for their expansion even within the vast welkin. Foes were able to behold Arjuna's car, when near, only once, for immediately after, they were with their horses, sent to the other world. And as his arrows unobstructed by the bodies of foes always passed through them, so his car, unimpeded by hostile ranks, always passed through the latter. And, indeed, he began to toss about and agitate the hostile troops with great voilence like the thousand-headed Vasuki sporting in the great ocean. And as Kiritin incessantly shot his shafts, the noise of the bow-string, transcending every sound, was so loud that the like of it had never been heard before by created beings. And the elephants crowding the field, their bodies pierced with (blazing) arrows with small intervals between looked like black clouds coruscated with solar rays. And ranging in all directions and shooting (arrows) right and left, Arjuna's bow was always to be seen drawn to a perfect circle. And the arrows of the wielder of the *Gandiva* never fell upon anything except the aim, even as the eye never dwelleth on anything that is not beautiful. And as the track of a herd of elephants marching through the forest is made of itself, so was the track was made of itself for the car of Kiritin. And struck and mangled by Partha, the hostile warriors thought that,—*Verily, Indra himself, desirous of Partha's victory, accompanied by all the immortals is slaying us!* And they also regarded Vijaya, who was making a terrible slaughter around, to be none else than Death himself who having assumed the form of Arjuna, was slaying all creatures. And the troops of the Kurus, struck by Partha, were so mangled and shattered that the scene looked like the achievement of Partha himself and could be compared with nothing else save what was observable in Partha's combats. And he severed the heads of foes, even as reapers cut off the tops of deciduous herbs. And the Kurus all lost their energy owing to the terror begot of Arjuna. And tossed and mangled by the Arjuna-gale, the forest of Arjuna's foes reddened the earth with purple secretions. And the dust mixed with blood, uplifted by the wind, made the very rays of the sun redder still. And soon the sun-decked sky became so red that it looked very much like the evening. Indeed, the sun ceaseth to

shed his rays as soon as he sets, but the son of Pandu ceased not to shoot his shafts. And that hero of inconceivable energy overwhelmed, by means of all celestial weapons, all the great bowmen of the enemy, although they were possessed of great prowess. And Arjuna then shot three and seventy arrows of sharp points at Drona, and ten at Dussaha and eight at Drona's son, and twelve at Dussasana, and three at Kripa, the son of Saradwat. And that slayer of foes pierced Bhishma, the son of Santanu, with arrows, and king Duryodhana with a hundred. And, lastly, he pierced Karna in the ear with a bearded shaft. And when that great bowmen Karna, skilled in all weapons, was thus pierced, and his horses and car and car-driver were all destroyed, the troops that supported him began to break. And beholding those soldiers break and give way the son of Virata desirous of knowing Partha's purpose, addressed him on the field of battle, and said, 'O Partha, standing on this beautiful car, with myself as charioteer, towards which division shall I go? For, commanded by thee, I would soon take thee thither.'

"Arjuna replied, 'O Uttara, yonder auspicious warrior whom thou seest cased in coat of tiger-skin and stationed on his car furnished with a blue-flag and drawn by red steeds, is Kripa. There is to be seen the van of Kripa's division. Take me thither. I shall show that great bowman my swift-handedness in archery. And that warrior whose flag beareth the device of an elegant water-pot worked in gold, is the preceptor Drona—that foremost of all wielders of weapons. He is always an object of regard with me, as also with all bearers of arms. Do thou, therefore, circumambulate that great hero cheerfully. Let us bend our heads there, for that is the eternal virtue. If Drona strikes my body first, then I shall strike him, for then he will not be able to resent it. There, close to Drona, that warrior whose flag beareth the device of a bow, is the preceptor's son, the great car-warrior Aswatthaman, who is always an object of regard with me as also with every bearer of arms. Do thou, therefore, stop again and again, while thou comest by his car. There, that warrior who stayeth on his car, cased in golden mail and surrounded by a third part of the army consisting of the most efficient troops, and whose flag beareth the device of an elephant in a ground of gold, is the illustrious king Duryodhana, the son of Dhritarashtra. O hero, take before him this thy car that is capable of grinding hostile cars. This king is difficult of being vanquished in battle and is capable of grinding all foes. He is regarded as the first of all Drona's disciples in lightness of hand. I shall, in battle, show him my superior swiftness in archery. There, that warrior whose flag beareth the device of a stout chord for binding elephants, is Karna, the son of Vikartana, already known to thee. When thou comest before that wicked son of Radha, be thou very careful, for he always challengeth me to an encounter. And that warrior whose flag is blue and beareth the device of five stars with a sun (in the centre), and who endued with great energy stayeth on his car holding a huge bow in hand and wearing excellent fences, and over whose head is an umbrella of pure

white, who standeth at the head of a multitudinous array of cars with various flags and banners like the sun in advance of masses of black clouds, and whose mail of gold looks bright as the sun or the moon, and who with his helmet of gold striketh terror into my heart, is Bhishma, the son of Santanu and the grandsire of us all. Entertained with regal splendour by Duryodhana, he is very partial and well-affected towards that prince. Let him be approached last of all, for he may, even now, be an obstacle to me. While fighting with me, do thou carefully guide the steeds. Thus addressed by him, Virata's son, O king, guided Savyasachin's car with great alacrity towards the spot where Kripa stood anxious to fight.' "

SECTION LVI

"Vaisampayana said, 'And the ranks of those fierce bowmen, the Kurus, looked like masses of clouds in the rainy season drifting before a gentle wind. And close (to those ranks of foot-soldiers) stood the enemy's horses ridden by terrible warriors. And there were also elephants of terrible mien, looking resplendent in beautiful armour, ridden by skilled combatants and urged on with iron crows and hooks. And, O king, mounted on a beautiful car, Sakra came there accompanied by the celestials,—the *Viswas* and *Maruts*. And crowded with gods, *Yakshas*, *Gandharvas* and *Nagas*, the firmament looked as resplendent as it does when bespangled with the planetary constellation in a cloudless night. And the celestials came there, each on his own car, desirous of beholding the efficacy of their weapons in human warfare, and for witnessing also the fierce and mighty combat that would take place when Bhishma and Arjuna would meet. And embellished with gems of every kind and capable of going everywhere at the will of the rider, the heavenly car of the lord of the celestials, whose roof was upheld by a hundred thousand pillars of gold with (a central) one made entirely of jewels and gems, was conspicuous in the clear sky. And there appeared on the scene three and thirty gods with Vasava (at their head), and (many) *Gandharvas* and *Rakshasas* and *Nagas* and *Pitris*, together with the great *Rishis*. And seated on the car of the lord of the celestials, appeared the effulgent persons of king, Vasumanas and Valakshas and Supratarddana, and Ashtaka and Sivi and Yayati and Nahusha and Gaya and Manu and Puru and Raghu and Bhanu and Krisaswa and Sagara and Nala. And there shone in a splendid array, each in its proper place the cars of Agni and Isa and Soma and Varuna and Prajapati and Dhatri and Vidhatri and Kuvera and Yama, and Alamvusha and Ugrasena and others, and of the *Gandharva* Tumburu. And all the celestials and the *Siddhas*, and

all the foremost of sages came there to behold that encounter between Arjuna and the Kurus. And the sacred fragrance of celestial garlands filled the air like that of blossoming woods at the advent of spring. And the red and reddish umbrellas and robes and garlands and *chamaras* of the gods, as they were stationed there, looked exceedingly beautiful. And the dust of the earth soon disappeared and (celestial) effulgence lit up everything. And redolent of divine perfumes, the breeze began to soothe the combatants. And the firmament seemed ablaze and exceedingly beautiful, decked with already arrived and arriving cars of handsome and various make, all illumined with diverse sorts of jewels, and brought thither by the foremost of the celestials. And surrounded by the celestials, and wearing a garland of lotuses and lilies the powerful wielder of the thunderbolt looked exceedingly beautiful on his car. And the slayer of Vala, although he steadfastly gazed at his son on the field of battle, was not satiated with such gazing,' "

SECTION LVII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Beholding the army of the Kurus arrayed in order of battle, that descendant of the Kuru race, Partha, addressing Virata's son, said, 'Do thou proceed to the spot where Kripa, the son of Saradwat, is going by the southern side of that car whose flag is seen to bear the device of a golden altar.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Hearing these words of Dhananjaya, the son of Virata urged, without a moment's delay, those steeds of silvery hue decked in golden armour. And making them adopt, one after another, every kind of the swifter paces, he urged those fiery steeds resembling the moon in colour. And versed in horse-lore, Uttara, having approached the Kuru host, turned back those steeds endued with the speed of the wind. And skilled in guiding vehicles, the prince of Matsya, sometimes wheeling about, and sometimes proceeding in circular mazes, and sometimes turning to the left, began to be wilder the Kurus. And wheeling round, the intrepid and mighty son of Virata at last approached the car of Kripa, and stood confronting him. Then announcing his own name, Arjuna powerfully blew that best of conchs called *Devadatta*, of loud blare. And blown on the field of battle by the mighty Jishnu, the blare of that conch was heard like the splitting of a mountain. And seeing that the conch did not break into a hundred fragments when blown by Arjuna, the Kurus with all their warriors began to applaud it highly. And having reached the very heavens, that sound coming back was heard even like the crash of the thunderbolt hurled by Maghavat on the mountain breast. Thereupon that heroic and intrepid and mighty

car-warrior, Saradwat's son Kripa, endued with strength and prowess, waxing wroth at Arjuna, and unable to bear that sound and eager for fight, took up his own sea-begotten conch and blew it vehemently. And filling the three worlds with that sound, that foremost of car-warriors took up a large bow and twanged the bow-string powerfully. And those mighty car-warriors, equal unto two suns, standing opposed to each other, shone like two masses of autumnal clouds. Then Saradwat's son quickly pierced Partha, that slayer of hostile heroes, with ten swift and whetted arrows capable of entering into the very vitals. And Pritha's son also, on his part, drawing that foremost of weapons, the *Gandiva*, celebrated over the world, shot innumerable iron-arrows, all capable of penetrating into the very core of the body. Thereupon Kripa, by means of whetted shafts, cut into hundreds and thousands of fragments, those blood-drinking arrows of Partha before they could come up. Then that mighty car-warrior, Partha also, in wrath displaying various manoeuvres, covered all sides with a shower of arrows. And covering the entire welkin with his shafts, that mighty warrior of immeasurable soul, the son of Pritha, enveloped Kripa with hundred of shafts. And sorely afflicted by those whetted arrows resembling flames of fire, Kripa waxed wroth and quickly afflicting the high-souled Partha of immeasurable prowess with ten thousand shafts, set up on the field of battle a loud roar. Then the heroic Arjuna quickly pierced the four steeds of his adversary with four fatal arrows shot from the *Gandiva*, sharp and straight, and furnished with golden wings. And pierced by means of those whetted arrows resembling flames of fire those steeds suddenly reared themselves, and in consequence Kripa reeled off his place. And seeing Gautama thrown off his place, the slayer of hostile heroes, the descendant of the Kuru race, out of regard for his opponent's dignity, ceased to discharge his shafts at him. Then regaining his proper place, Gautama quickly pierced Savyasachin with ten arrows furnished with feathers of the *Kanka* bird. Then with a crescent-shaped arrow of keen edge, Partha cut off Kripa's bow and leathern fences. And soon Partha cut off Kripa's coat of mail also by means of arrows capable of penetrating the very vitals, but he did not wound his person. And divested of his coat of mail, his body resembled that of a serpent which hath in season cast off its slough. And as soon as his bow had been cut off by Partha, Gautama took up another and stringed it in a trice. And strange to say, that bow of him was also cut off by Kunti's son, by means of straight shafts. And in this way that slayer of hostile heroes, the son of Pandu, cut off other bows as soon as they were taken up, one after another, by Saradwat's son. And when all his bows were thus cut off, that mighty hero hurled, from his car, at Pandu's son, a javelin like unto the blazing thunderbolt. Thereupon, as the gold-decked javelin came whizzing through the air with the flash of a meteor, Arjuna cut it off by means of ten arrows. And beholding his dart thus cut off by the intelligent Arjuna, Kripa quickly took up another bow and almost

simultaneously shot a number of crescent-shaped arrows. Partha, however, quickly cut them into fragments by means of ten keen-edged shafts, and endued with great energy, the son of Pritha then, inflamed with wrath on the field of battle, discharged three and ten arrows whetted on stone and resembling flames of fire. And with one of these he cut off the yoke of his adversary's car, and with four pierced his four steeds, and with the sixth he severed the head of his antagonist's car-driver from off his body. And with three that mighty car-warrior pierced, in that encounter, the triple bamboo-pole of Kripa's car and with two, its wheels. And with the twelfth arrow he cut off Kripa's flagstaff. And with the thirteenth Falguni, who was like Indra himself as if smiling in derision, pierced Kripa in the breast. Then with his bow cut off, his car broken, his steeds slain, his car-driver killed, Kripa leapt down and taking up a mace quickly hurled it at Arjuna. But that heavy and polished mace hurled by Kripa was sent back along its course, struck by means of Arjuna's arrows. And then the warriors (of Kripa's division), desirous of rescuing wrathful son of Saradwat encountered Partha from all sides and covered him with their arrows. Then the son of Virata, turning the steed to the left began to perform circuitous evolution called *Yamaka* and thus withstood all those warriors. And those illustrious bulls among men, taking Kripa with them who had been deprived of his car, led him away from the vicinity of Dhananjaya, the son of Kunti.' "

SECTION LVIII

"Vaisampayana said, 'After Kripa had thus been takan away, the invincible Drona of red steeds, taking up his bow to which he had already stringed an arrow, rushed towards Arjuna of white steeds. And beholding at no great distance from him the preceptor advancing on his golden car, Arjuna that foremost of victorious warriors, addressing Uttara, said, 'Blessed be thou, O friend, carry me before that warrior on whose high banner-top is seen a golden altar resembling a long flame of fire and decked with numerous flags placed around, and whose car is drawn by steeds that are red and large, exceedingly handsome and highly-trained, of face pleasant and of quiet mien, and like unto corals in colour and with faces of coppery hue, for that warrior is Drona with whom I desire to fight. Of long arms and endued with mighty energy possessed of strength and beauty of person, celebrated over all the worlds for his prowess, resembling Usanas himself in intelligence and Vrihaspati in knowledge of morality, he is conversant with the four *Vedas* and devoted to the practice of *Brahmacharya* virtues. O friend, the use of the celestial

weapons together with the mysteries of their withdrawal and the entire science of weapons, always reside in him. Forgiveness, self-control, truth, abstention from injury, rectitude of conduct,—these and countless other virtues always dwell in that regenerate one. I desire to fight with that highly-blessed one on the field. Therefore, take me before the preceptor and carry me thither, O Uttara.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Thus addressed by Arjuna, Virata's son urged his steeds decked with gold towards the car of Bharadwaja's son. And Drona also rushed towards the impetuously advancing Partha, the son of Pandu,—that foremost of car-warriors,—like an infuriate elephant rushing towards an infuriate compeer. And the son of Bharadwaja then blew his conch whose blare resembled that of a hundred trumpets. And at that sound the whole army become agitated like the sea in a tempest. And beholding those excellent steeds red in hue mingling in battle with Arjuna's steeds of swan-like whiteness endued with the speed of the mind, all the spectators were filled with wonder. And seeing on the field of battle those car-warriors—the preceptor Drona and his disciple Partha —both endued with prowess, both invincible, both well-trained, both possessed of great energy and great strength, engaged with each other, that mighty host of the Bharatas began to tremble frequently. And that mighty car-warrior Partha, possessed of great prowess and filled with joy upon reaching Drona's car on his own, saluted the preceptor. And that slayer of hostile heroes, the mighty armed son of Kunti, then addressed Drona in an humble and sweet tone, saying, 'Having completed our exile in the woods, we are now desirous of avenging our wrongs. Even invincible in battle, it doth not behove thee to be angry with us. O sinless one, I will not strike thee unless thou strikest me first. Even this is my intention. It behoveth thee to act as thou choosest.' Thus addressed Drona discharged at him more than twenty arrows. But the light-handed Partha cut them off before they could reach him. And at this, the mighty Drona, displaying his lightness of hand in the use of weapons, covered Partha's car with a thousand arrows. And desirous of angering, Partha, that hero of immeasurable soul, then covered his steeds of silvery whiteness with arrows whetted on stone and winged with the feathers of the *Kanka* bird. And when the battle between Drona and Kiritin thus commenced, both of them discharging in the encounter arrows of blazing splendour, both well-known for their achievements, both equal to the wind itself in speed, both conversant with celestial weapons, and both endued with mighty energy, began shooting clouds of arrows to bewilder the royal Kshatriyas. And all the warriors that were assembled there were filled with wonder at sight of all this. And they all admired Drona who quickly shot clouds of arrows exclaiming,—*Well done! Well done!* Indeed, *who else save Falguna, is worthy of fighting with Drona in battle? Surely the duties of a Kshatriya are stern, for Arjuna fighteth with even his own preceptor!*—And it was thus that they who stood on the field of battle said unto one another. And inflamed with

fire, those mighty-armed heroes standing before other, and each incapable of overcoming the other, covered each other with arrowy showers. And Bharadwaja's son, waxing worth, drew his large and unconquerable bow plated on the back with gold, and pierced Falguna with his arrows. And discharging at Arjuna's car innumerable whetted arrows possessed of solar effulgence, he entirely shrouded the light of the sun. And that great car-warrior of mighty arms, violently pierced Pritha's son with keen-edged shafts even as the clouds shower upon a mountain. Then taking up that foremost of bows, the *Gandiva*, destructive of foes and capable of withstanding the greatest strain, the impetuous son of Pandu cheerfully discharged countless shafts of various kinds adorned with gold, and that powerful warrior also baffled in a moment Drona's arrowy shower by means of those shafts shot from his own bow. And at this the spectators wondered greatly. And the handsome Dhananjaya, the son of Pritha, ranging on his car, displayed his weapons on all sides at the same time. And the entire welkin covered with his arrows, became one wide expanse of shade. And at this Drona become invisible like the sun enveloped in mist. And shrouded by those excellent arrows on all sides, Drona looked like a mountain on fire. And beholding his own car completely enveloped by the arrows ef Pritha's son, Drona that ornament of battle, bent his terrible and foremost of bows whose noise was as loud as that of the clouds. And drawing that first of weapons, which was like unto a circle of fire, he discharged a cloud of keen-edged shafts. And then there were heard on the field loud sounds like the splitting of bamboos set on fire. And that warrior of immeasurable soul, shooting from his bow arrows furnished with golden wings, covered all sides, shrouding the very light of the sun. And those arrows with knots well-peeled off, and furnished with golden wings, looked like flocks of birds in the sky. And the arrows discharged by Drona from his bow, touching one another at the wings, appeared like one endless line in the sky. And those heroes, thus discharging their arrows decked with gold, seemed to cover the sky with showers of meteors. And furnished with feathers of the *Kanka* bird, those arrows looked like rows of cranes ranging in the autumnal sky. And the fierce and terrible encounter that took place between the illustrious Drona and Arjuna resembled that between Virata and Vasava of old. And discharging arrows at each other from bows drawn at their fullest stretch, they resembled two elephants assailing each other with their tusks. And those wrathful warriors—those ornaments of battle—fighting strictly according to established usage, displayed in that conflict various celestial weapons in due order. Then that foremost of victorious men, Arjuna, by means of his keen shafts resisted the whetted arrows shot by that best of preceptors. And displaying before the spectators various weapons, that hero of terrible prowess covered the sky with various kinds of arrows. And beholding that tiger among men, Arjuna, endued with fierce energy and intent upon striking him, that foremost of warriors and best of preceptors (from affection) began to

fight with him playfully by means of smooth and straight arrows. And Bharadwaja's son fought on with Falguna, resisting with his own the celestial weapons shot by the former. And the fight that took place between those enraged lions among men, incapable of bearing each other, was like unto encounter between the gods and the *Danavas*. And the son of Pandu repeatedly baffled with his own, the *Aindra*, the *Vayavya*, and the *Agneya* weapons that were shot by Drona. And discharging keen shafts, those mighty bowmen, by their arrowy showers completely covered the sky and made a wide expanse of shade. And then the arrows shot by Arjuna, falling on the bodies of hostile warriors, produced the crash of thunderbolt. O king, elephants, cars, and horses, bathed in blood, looked like *Kinsuka* trees crowned with flowers. And in that encounter between Drona and Arjuna, beholding the field covered with arms decked with bangles, and gorgeously-attired car-warriors, and coats of mail variegated with gold, and with banners lying scattered all about, and with warriors slain by means of Partha's arrows, the Kuru host became panic-stricken. And shaking their bows capable of bearing much strain, those combatants began to shroud and weaken each other with their shafts. And, O bull of the Bharata race, the encounter that took place between Drona and Kunti's son was dreadful in the extreme and resembled that between Vali and Vasava. And staking their very lives, they began to pierce each other straight arrows shot from their fully-stretched bow-strings. And a voice was heard in the sky applauding Drona, and saying, 'Difficult is the feat performed by Drona, inasmuch as he fighteth with Arjuna,—that grinder of foes, that warrior endued with mighty energy, of firm grasp, and invincible in battle,—that conqueror of both celestials and *Daityas*, that foremost of all car-warriors.' And beholding Partha's infallibility, training, fleetness of hand, and the range also of Arjuna's, arrows, Drona became amazed. And, O bull of the Bharata race, lifting up his excellent bow, the *Gandiva* the unforbearing Partha drew it now with one hand and now with another shot an arrowy shower. And beholding that shower resembling a flight of locusts, the spectators wondering applauded him exclaiming, 'Excellent'! 'Excellent'! And so ceaselessly did he shoot his arrows that the very air was unable to penetrate the thick array. And the spectators could not perceive any interval between the taking up of the arrows and letting them off. And in that fierce encounter characterised by lightness of hand in the discharge of weapons, Partha began to shoot his arrows more quickly than before. And then all at once hundreds and thousands of straight arrows fell upon Drona's car. And, O bull of the Bharata race, beholding Drona completely covered by the wielder of the *Gandiva* with his arrows, the Kuru army set up exclamation of '*Oh*'! and '*Alas*'! And Maghavat, together with those *Gandharvas* and *Apsaras* that have come there, applauded the fleetness of Partha's hand. And that mighty car-warrior, the preceptor's son, then resisted the Pandva with a mighty array of cars. And although enraged with Arjuna, yet Aswatthaman

mentally admired that feat of the high-souled son of Pritha. And waxing wroth, he rushed towards Partha, and discharged at him an arrowy shower like a heavy down-pour by the cloud. And turning his steeds towards Drona's son, Partha gave Drona an opportunity to leave the field. And thereupon the latter, wounded in that terrible encounter, and his mail and banner gone sped away by the aid of swift horses.'"

SECTION LIX

"Vaisampayana said, 'Then, O mighty king, Drona's son rushed to an encounter with Arjuna in battle. And beholding his rush to the conflict like a hurricane, showering shafts like a rain charged cloud Pritha's son received him with a cloud of arrows. And terrible was the encounter between them, like that between the gods and the *Danavas*. And they shot arrows at each other like Virata and Vasava. And the welkin being enveloped on all sides with arrows, the sun was completely hidden, and the air itself was hushed. And, O conqueror of hostile cities, as they assailed and struck each other, loud sounds arose as of bamboos on fire. And, O king, Aswatthaman's horses being sorely afflicted by Arjuna, they became bewildered and could not ascertain which way to go. And as Pritha's son ranged on the field, the powerful son of Drona finding an opportunity, cut off the string of the *Gandiva* with an arrow furnished with a horse-shoe head And beholding that extraordinary feat of his, the celestials applauded him highly. And exclaiming—'Well done'!—'Well done'! Drona and Bhishma, and Karna, and the mighty warrior Kripa, all applauded that feat of his greatly. And the son of Drona, drawing his excellent bow, pierced with his shafts, furnished with the feathers of the *Kanka* bird, the breast of Partha, that bull among warriors. Thereupon, with a loud laughter, the mighty-armed son of Pritha attached a strong and fresh string to *Gandiva*. And moistening his bow-string with the sweat that stood on his forehead resembling the crescent moon, Pritha's son advanced towards his adversary, even as an infuriated leader of a herd of elephants rusheth at another elephant. And the encounter that took place between those two matchless heroes on the field of battle was exceedingly fierce and made the bristles of the spectators stand on their ends. And as those heroes endued with mighty energy fought on, the two mighty elephants, the Kurus beheld them with wonder. And those brave bulls among men assailed each other with arrows of snaky forms and resembling blazing fires. And as the couple of quivers belonging to the Pandava was inexhaustible, that hero was able to remain on the field immovable as a mountain. And as Aswatthaman's arrows, in consequence of his ceaseless discharge in that con-

flict, were quickly exhausted, it was for this that Arjuna prevailed over his adversary. Then Karna, drawing his large bow with great force twanged the bow-string. And thereupon arose loud exclamation of '*Oh*'! and '*Alas*'! And Pritha's son, casting his eyes towards the spot where that bow was twanged, beheld before him the son of Radha. And at that sight his wrath was greatly excited. And inflamed with ire and desirous of slaying Karna, that bull of the Kuru race stared at him with rolling eyes. And, O king, beholding Partha turn away from Aswatthaman's side, the Kuru warriors discharged thousands of arrows on Arjuna. And the mighty-armed Dhananjaya, that conqueror of foes, leaving Drona's son, all on a sudden rushed towards Karna. And rushing towards Karna, with eyes reddened in anger the son of Kunti, desirous of a single combat with him, said these words.'

SECTION LX

"Arjuna said, 'The time, O Karna, hath now come for making good thy loquacious boast in the midst of the assembly, *viz*., that there is none equal to thee in fight. Today, O Karna, contending with me in terrible conflict, thou shalt know thy own strength, and shalt no longer disregard others. Abandoning good breeding, thou hadst uttered many harsh words, but this that thou endeavourest to do, is, I think, exceedingly difficult. Do thou now, O Radha's son, contending with me in the sight of the Kurus, make good what thou hadst said before in disregard of myself. Thou who hadst witnessed Panchala's princess outraged by villains in the midst of the court, do thou now reap the fruit of that act of thine. Fettered by the bonds of morality before, I desisted from vengeance then. Behold now, O son of Radha, the fruit of that wrath in conflict at hand. O wicked wight, we have suffered much misery in that forest for full twelve years. Reap thou today the fruits of our concentrated vengeance. Come, O Karna, cope with me in battle. Let these thy Kaurava warrios witness the conflict. Hearing these words, Karna replied, 'Do thou, O Partha, accomplish in deed what thou sayst in words. The world knows that thy words verily exceed thy deed. That thou hadst foreborne formerly was owing to thy inability to do anything. If we witness thy prowess even now, we may acknowledge its truth. If thy past forbearance was due to thy having been bound by the bonds of morality, truly thou art equally bound now although thou regardest thyself free. Having as thou sayst, passed thy exile in the woods in strict accordance with thy pledge and being therefore weakened by practising an ascetic course of life, how canst thou desire a combat with me now! O Pritha's son, if Sakra himself fight on thy side, still I would feel no

anxiety in putting forth my prowess. Thy wish, O son of Kunti, is about to be gratified. Do thou fight with me now, and behold my strength.' Hearing this, Arjuna said, 'Even now, O Radha's son, thou hadst fled from battle with me, and it is for this that thou livest although thy younger brother hath been slain. What other person, save thee, having beheld his younger brother slain in battle would himself fly from the field, and boast as thou dost, amid good and true men?'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Having said these words unto Karna, the invincible Vibhatsu rushed at him and charged a volley of shafts capable of penetrating through a coat of mail. But that mighty car-warrior, Karna, received with great alacrity that discharge with an arrowy shower of his own, heavy as the downpour of the clouds. And that fierce volley of arrows covered all sides and severally pierced the steeds and arms and leathern fences of the combatants. And incapable of putting up with that assault, Arjuna cut off the strings of Karna's quiver by means of a straight and sharp arrow. Thereupon, taking out from his quiver another arrow, Karna pierced the Pandava in the hand at which the latter's hold of the bow was loosened. And then the mighty-armed Partha cut off Karna's bow into fragments. And Karna replied by hurling a dart at his adversary, but Arjuna cut it off by means of his arrows. And then the warriors that followed the son of Radha rushed in crowds at Arjuna, but Partha sent them all to the abode of Yama by means of arrows shot from the *Gandiva*. And Vibhatsu slew the steeds of Karna by means of sharp and tough arrows shot from the bow-string drawn to the ear, and deprived of life they dropped down on the ground. And taking another sharp and blazing arrow endued with great energy, the mighty son of Kunti pierced the breast of Karna. And that arrow, cleaving through his mail, penetrated into his body. And at this, Karna's vision was obscured and his senses left him. And regaining consciousness, he felt a great pain, and leaving the combat fled in a northernly direction. And at this, the mighty car-warrior Arjuna and Uttara, both began to address him contumely.' "

SECTION LXI

"Vaisampayana said, 'Having defeated Vikartana's son, Arjuna said unto the son of Virata, 'Take me towards that division where yonder device of a golden palmyra is seen. There our grandfather, Santanu's son, like unto a celestial, waiteth, desirous of an encounter with me.' Thereupon, beholding that mighty host thronged with cars and horses and elephants, Uttara, sorely pierced with arrows, said, 'O hero, I am no longer able to guide thy excellent steeds. My spirits droop and my mind is exceedingly

bewildered. All the directions seem to be whirling before my eyes in consequence of the energy of the celestial weapons used by thee and the Kurus. I have been deprived of my senses by the stench of fat and blood and flesh. Beholding all this, from terror my mind is, as it were, cleft in twain. Never before had I beheld such a muster of horses in battle. And at the flapping of fences, and the blare of conchs, the leonine roars made by the warriors and the shrieks of elephants, and the twang of the *Gandiva* resembling the thunder, I have, O hero, been so stupefied that I have been deprived of both hearing and memory. And, O hero, beholding thee incessantly drawing to a circle, in course of the conflict, the *Gandiva* which resembleth a circle of fire, my sight faileth me and my heart is rent asunder. And seeing thy fierce form in battle, like that of the wielder of the *Pinaka* while inflamed with wrath, and looking also at the terrible arrows shot by thee, I am filled with fear. I fail to see when thou takest up thy excellent arrows, when thou fixest them on the bow-string, and when thou lettest them off. And though all this is done before my eyes, yet, deprived of my senses, I do not see it. My spirits are drooping and earth itself seems to be swimming before me. I have no strength to hold the whip and the reins.' Hearing these words, Arjuna said, 'Do thou not fear. Assure thyself. Thou also hast, on the field of battle performed, O bull among men, wonderful feats. Blessed be thou, thou art a prince and born in the illustrious line of Matsyas. It behoveth thee not to feel dispirited in chastising thy foes. Therefore, O prince, stationed on my car, muster all thy fortitude and hold the reins of my steeds, O slayer of foes, when I once more become engaged in battle.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Having said this unto Virata's son, that best of men and foremost of car-warriors, the mighty-armed Arjuna, again addressed the son of Virata, saying. 'Take me without delay to the van of Bhishma's division. I will cut off his very bow-string in the battle. Thou shalt behold today the celestial weapons of blazing beauty, shot by me, look like flashes of lightning disporting amid the clouds in the sky. The Kauravas shall behold the gold decked back of my *Gandiva* today, and assembled together the foe shall dispute, saying,—*By which hand of his, the right or the left, doth he should?* And I shall cause a dreadful river (of death) to flow today towards the other world with blood for its waters and cars for its eddies, and elephants for its crocodiles. I shall today, with my straight arrows, extirpate the *Kuru* forest having hands and feet and heads and backs and arms for the branches of its trees. Alone, bow in hand, vanquishing the Kuru host, a hundred paths shall open before me like those of a forest in conflagration. Struck by me thou shalt today behold the Kuru army moving round and round like a wheel (unable to fly off the field). I shall show thee today my excellent training in arrows and weapons. Stay thou on my car firmly, whether the ground be smooth or uneven. I can pierce with my winged arrows even the mountain of *Sumeru* that stands touching the very heavens. I slew of old, at Indra's command, hundreds and thousands

of *Paulomas* and *Kalakhanjas* in battle. I have obtained my firmness of grasp from Indra, and my lightness of hand from *Brahman*, and I have learnt various modes of fierce attack and defence amid crowds of foes from *Prajapati*. I vanquished, on the other side of the great ocean, sixty thousands of car-warriors—all fierce archers—residing in *Hiranyapura*. Behold, now I defeat the multitudinous host of the Kurus like a tempest scattering a heap of cotton. With my fiery arrows I shall today set the *Kuru*-forest to fire; having banners for its trees, the foot-soldiers for its shrubs, and the car-warriors for its beasts of prey. Like unto the weilder of the thunderbolt overthrowing the Danavas, alone I shall, with my straight arrows, bring down from the chambers of their cars the mighty warrior of the Kuru army stationed therein and struggling in the conflict to the best of their power. I have obtained from *Rudra* the *Raudra*, from *Varuna* the *Varuna* from *Agni* the *Agneya*, from the god of Wind the *Vayava*, and from Sakra the thunderbolt and other weapons. I shall certainly exterminate the fierce *Dhartarashtra*-forest though protected by many leonine warriors. Therefore, O Virata's son, let thy fears be dispelled.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Thus assured by Savyasachin, the son of Virata penetrated into that fierce array of cars protected by Bhishma. The son of Ganga, however, of fierce deeds, cheerfully withstood the mighty-armed hero advancing from desire of vanquishing the heroes in battle. Jishnu, then, confronting Bhishma, cut off his standard clean off at the roots by shooting a gold-decked arrow pierced by which it fell to the ground. And at this, four mighty warriors, Dussasana and Vikarna and Dussaha and Vivingsati, skilled in weapons and endued with great energy, and all decked with handsome garlands and ornaments, rushed towards that terrible bowman. And advancing towards Vibhatsu—that fierce archer, these all encompassed him around. Then the heroic Dussasana pierced the son of Virata with a crescent-shaped arrow and he pierced Arjuna with another arrow in the breast. And Jishnu, confronting Dussasana, cut off by means of a sharp-edged arrow furnished with vulturine wings his adversary's bow plaited with gold, and then pierced his person in the breast by means of five arrows. And afflicted by the arrows of Partha. Dussasana fled, leaving the combat. Then Vikarna, the son of Dhritarashtra, pierced Arjuna—that slayer of hostile heroes, by means of sharp and straight arrows furnished with vulturine wings. But the son of Kunti within a moment hit him also in the forehead with straight shafts. And pierced by Arjuna, he fell down from his car. And at this, Dussaha, supported by Vivingsati, covered Arjuna with a cloud of sharp arrows, impelled by the desire of rescuing his brother. Dhananjaya, however, without the least anxiety, pierced both of them almost at the same instant by means of couple of keen-edged arrows and then slew the steeds of both. And there upon, both those sons of Dhritarashtra, deprived of their steeds and their bodies mangled were taken away by the warrior behind them who had rushed forward with

other cars. Then the unvanquished Vibhatsu, the mighty son of Kunti, decked with diadem and sure of aim, simultaneously attacked all sides with his arrows.' "

SECTION LXII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Then, O thou of the Bharata race, all the great car-warriors of the Kurus, united together, began to assail Arjuna to the best of their might from all sides. But that hero of immeasurable soul completely covered all those mighty car-warriors with clouds of arrows, even as the mist covereth the mountains. And the roars of huge elephants and conchs, mingling together, produced a loud up roar. And penetrating through the bodies of elephants and horses as also through steel coats of mail, the arrows shot by Partha fell by thousands. And shooting shafts with the utmost celerity, the son of Pandu seemed in that contest to resemble the blazing sun of an autumnal midday. And afflicted with fear, the car-warriors began to leap down from their cars and the horse-soldiers from horse-back, while the foot-soldiers began to fly in all directions. And loud was the clatter made by Arjuna's shafts as they cleft the coats of mail belonging to mighty warriors, made of steel, silver, and copper. And the field was soon covered with the corpses of warriors mounted on elephants and horses, all mangled by the shafts of Partha of great impetuosity like unto sighing snakes. And then it seemed as if Dhananjaya, bow in hand, was dancing on the field of battle. And sorely affrighted at the twang of the *Gandiva* resembling the noise of the thunder, many were the combatants that fled from that terrible conflict. And the field of battle was bestrewn with severed heads decked with turbans, ear-rings and necklaces of gold, and the earth looked beautiful by being scattered all over with human trunks mangled by shafts, and arms having bows in their grasp and hands decked with ornaments. And, O bull of the Bharata race, in consequence of heads cut off by whetted shafts ceaselessly falling on the ground, it seemed as if a shower of stones fell from the sky. And that Partha of formidable prowess, displaying his fierceness, now ranged the field of battle, pouring the terrible fire of his warth upon the sons of Dhritarashtra. And beholding the fierce prowess of Arjuna who thus scorched the hostile host, the Kuru warriors, in the very presence of Duryodhana, became dispirited and ceased to fight. And, O Bharata, having struck terror into that host and routed those mighty car-warriors, that fore-most of victors, ranged on the field. And the son of Pandu then created on the field of battle a dreadful river of blood, with waving billows, like unto the river of death that is created by Time at the end of the *Yuga*, having the dishevelled

hair of the dead and the dying for its floating moss and straw, with bows and arrows for its boats, fierce in the extreme and having flesh and animal juices for its mire. And coats of mail and turbans floated thick on its surface. And elephants constituted its alligators and the cars its rafts. And marrow and fat and blood constituted its currents. And it was calculated to strike terror into the hearts of the spectators. And dreadful to behold, and fearful in the extreme, and resounding with the yells of ferocious beasts, keen edged weapons constituted its crocodiles. And *Rakshasas* and other cannibals haunted it from one end to the other. And strings of pearls constituted its ripples, and various excellent ornaments, its bubbles. And having swarms of arrows for its fierce eddies and steeds for its tortoises, it was incapable of being crossed. And the mighty car warrior constituted its large island, and it resounded with the blate of conchs and the sound of drums. And the river of blood that Partha created was incapable of being crossed. Indeed, so swift-handed was Arjuna that the spectators could not perceive any interval between his taking up an arrow, and fixing it on the bow-string, and letting it off by a stretch of the *Gandiva*.' "

SECTION LXIII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Then while a great havoc was being made among the Kurus, Santanu's son, Bhishma, and grandsire of the Bharatas rushed at Arjuna, taking up an excellent bow adorned with gold, and many arrows also of keen points and capable of piercing into the very vitals of the foe and afflicting him sorely. And in consequence of a white umbrella being held over his head, that tiger among men looked beautiful like unto a hill at sunrise. And the son of Ganga, blowing his conch cheered the sons of Dhritarashtra, and wheeling along his right came upon Vibhatsu and impeded his course. And that slayer of hostile heroes, the son of Kunti, beholding him approach, received him with a glad heart, like a hill receiving a rain-charged cloud. And Bhishma, endued with great energy, pierced Partha's flag-staff with eight arrows. The arrows reaching the flag-staff of Pandu's son, struck the blazing ape and those creatures also stationed in the banner-top. And then the son of Pandu, with a mighty javelin of sharp-edge cut of Bhishma's umbrella which instantly fell on the ground. And then the light-handed son of Kunti struck his adversary's flag-staff also with many shafts, and then his steeds and then the couple of drivers that protected Bhishma's flanks. And unable to bear this, Bhishma though cognisant of the Pandava's might, covered Dhananjaya with a powerful celestial weapon. And the son of Pandu, of immeasurable soul, hurling in return a celestial weapon at

Bhishma, received that from Bhishma like a hill receiving a deep mass of clouds. And the encounter that took place between Partha and Bhishma, was fierce and the Kaurava warriors with their troops stood as lookers on. And in the conflict between Bhishma and the son of Pandu, shafts striking against shafts shone in the air like fireflies in the season of rains. And, O king, in consequence of Partha's shooting arrows with both his right and left hands, the bent *Gandiva* seemed like a continuous circle of fire. And the son of Kunti then covered Bhishma with hundreds of sharp and keen-edged arrows, like a cloud covering the mountain-breast with its heavy downpour. And Bhishma baffled with the own arrows that arrowy shower, like the bank resisting the swelling sea, and covered the son of Pandu in return. And those warriors, cut into a thousand pieces in battle, fell fast in the vicinity of Falguna's car. And then there was a downpour, from the car of Pandu's son, of arrows furnished with golden wing, and raining through the sky like a flight of locusts. And Bhishma again repelled that arrowy shower with hundreds of whetted shafts shot by him. And then the Kauravas exclaimed.—Excellent! Excellent!—Indeed, Bhishma hath performed an exceedingly difficult feat inasmuch as he hath fought with Arjuna. Dhananjaya is mighty and youthful, and dexterous and swift of hand. Who else, save Bhishma, the son of Santanu, or Krishna, the son of Devaki, or the mighty son of Bharadwaja, the foremost of preceptors, is able to bear the impetus of Partha in battle? And repelling weapons with weapons, those two bulls of the Bharata race, both endued with great might, fought on playfully and infatuated the eyes of all created beings. And those illustrious warriors ranged on the field of battle, using the celestials weapons obtained from *Prajapati* and *Indra*, and *Agni* and the fierce *Rudra*, and *Kuvera*, and *Varuna*, and *Yama*, and *Vayu*. And all beings were greatly surprised, upon beholding those warriors engaged in combat. And they all exclaimed,—*Bravo Partha of long arms? Bravo Bhishma! Indeed, this application of celestial weapons that is being witnessed in the combat between Bhishma and Partha* is rare among human beings.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Thus raged that conflict with weapons between those warriors conversant with all weapons. And when that conflict of celestial weapons ceased, then commenced a conflict with arrows. And Jishnu approaching his opponent, cut of with an arrow sharp like a razor the gold-decked bow of Bhishma. Within the twinkling of the eye, however, Bhishma, that mighty-armed and great car-warrior, took up another bow and stringed it. And inflamed with wrath, he showered upon Dhananjaya a cloud of arrows. And Arjuna, too, endued with great energy, rained upon Bhishma innumerable sharp-pointed and keen-edged arrows. And Bhishma also shot clouds of arrows upon Pandu's son. And coversant with celestial weapons and engaged in shooting and each other, arrows of keen points, no distinction, O king, could then be perceived between those illustrious warriors. And that mighty car-warrior, Kunti's son, covered with a diadem, and the heroic son of

Santanu, obscured the ten directions with their arrows. And the Pandava covered Bhishma, and Bhishma also covered the Pandava, with clouds of shafts. And, O king, wonderful was this combat that took place in this world of men. And the heroic warriors that protected Bhishma's car, slain by the son of Pandu, fell prostrate, O monarch, beside the car of Kunti's son. And the feathery arrows of Setavahana, shot from the *Gandiva*, fell in all directions as if with the object of making a wholesale slaughter of the foe. And issuing forth from his car those blazing arrows furnished with golden wings looked like rows of swans in the sky. And all the celestials with Indra, stationed in the firmament, gazed with wonder upon another celestial weapon hurled with great force by that wonderful archer Arjuna. And beholding that wonderful weapon of great beauty, the mighty *Gandiva*, Chitrasena, highly pleased, addressed the lord of celestials, saying, 'Behold these arrows shot by Partha coursing through the sky in one continuous line. Wonderful is the dexterity of Jishnu in evolving this celestial weapon! Human beings are incapable of shooting such a weapon, for it does not exist among men. How wonderful again is this concourse of mighty weapons existing from days of old! No interval can be perceived between his taking up the arrows, fixing them on the bow-string, and letting them off by stretching the *Gandiva*. The soldiers are incapable of even looking at the son of Pandu, who is like unto the midday sun blazing in the sky. So also none ventures to look at Bhishma, the son of Ganga. Both are famous for their achievements, and both are of fierce prowess. Both are equal in feats of heroism, and both are difficult of being vanquished in battle.'

'Thus addressed by the *Gandharva* about that combat between Partha and Bhishma, the lord of the celestials, O Bharata, paid proper respect unto both by a shower of celestial flowers. Meanwhile, Bhishma, the son of Santanu, assailed Arjuna on the left side, while that drawer of the bow with either hands was on the point of piercing him. And at this, Vibhatsu, laughing aloud, cut off with an arrow of keen edge and furnished with vulturine wings, the bow of Bhishma, that hero of solar effulgence. And then Dhananjaya, the son of Kunti, pierced Bhishma in the breast with ten shafts although the latter was contending with all his prowess. And sorely afflicted with pain Ganga's son of mighty arms and irresistible in battle, stood for a long time leaning on the pole of his car. And beholding him deprived of consciousness the driver of his car-steeds, calling to mind the instructions about protecting the warriors when in a swoon, led him away for safety.' "

SECTION LXIV

"Vaisampayana said, 'After Bhishma had fled, leaving the van of battle, the illustrious son of Dhritarashtra hoisting high flag approached Arjuna, bow in hand and setting up a loud roar. And with a spear-headed shaft shot from his bow stretched to the ear, he pierced on the forehead of that terrible bowman of fierce prowess, Dhanajaya, ranging amidst the foes. And pierced with that keen shaft of golden point on the forehead, that hero of famous deeds looked resplendent, O king, like unto a beautiful hill with a single peak. And cut by that arrow, the warm life-blood gushed out profusely from the wound. And the blood trickling down his body shone beautifully like a wreath of golden flowers. And struck by Duryodhana with the shaft, the swift-handed Arjuna of unfailing strength, swelling with rage, pierced the king in return, taking up arrows that were endued with the enery of snakes of virulent poison. And Duryodhana of formidable energy attacked Partha, and Partha also, that foremost of heroes, attacked Duryodhana. And it was that those foremost of men, both born in the race of Ajamida, struck each other alike in the combat. And then (seated) on an infuriate elephant huge as a mountain and supported by four cars, Vikarna rushed against Jishnu, the son of Kunti. And beholding that huge elephant, advancing with speed, Dhananjaya struck him on the head between the temples with an iron arrow of great impetus shot from the bow-string stretched to the ear. And like the thunderbolt hurled by Indra splitting a mountain, that arrow furnished with vulturine wings, shot by Partha, penetrated, up to the very feathers, into the body of that elephant huge as hill. And sorely afflicted by the shaft, that lord of the elephant species began to tremble, and deprived of strength fell down on the ground in intense anguish, like the peak of mountain riven by thunder. And that best of elephants falling down on the earth, Vikarna suddenly alighting in great terror, ran back full eight hundred paces and ascended on the car of Vivingsati. And having slain with that thunder-like arrow that elephant huge as a mighty hill and looking like a mass of clouds, the son of Pritha smote Duryodhana in the breast with another arrow of the same kind. And both the elephant and the king having thus been wounded, and Vikarna having broken and fled along with the supporters of the king's car, the other warriors, smitten with the arrows shot from the *Gandiva*, fled from the field in panic. And beholding the elephant slain by Partha, and all the other warriors running away, Duryodhana, the foremost of the Kurus, turning away his car precipitately fled in that direction where Partha was not. And when Duryodhana was fast running away in alarm, pierced by that arrow and vomitting forth blood, Kiritin, still eager for battle and capable of enduring every enemy, thus censured him from wrath, 'Sacrificing thy great fame and glory, why dost thou fly away, turning the back? Why are not those trumpets sounded now, as they were when

thou hadst set out from thy kingdom? Lo, I am an obedient servant of Yudhishthira, myself being the third son of Pritha, standing here for battle. Turn back, show me thy face, O son of Dhritarashtra, and bear in thy mind the behaviour of kings. The name *Duryodhana* bestowed on thee before is hereby rendered meaningless. When thou runnest away, leaving the battle, where is thy persistence in battle? Neither do I behold thy body-guards. O Duryodhana, before nor behind. O foremost of men, fly thou away and save thy life which is dear from the hands of Pandu's son.' "

SECTION LXV

"Vaisampayana said, 'Thus summoned to battle by the illustrious hero, Dhritarashtra's son turned back stung by those censures, like an infuriate and mighty elephant pricked by a hook. And stung by those reproaches and unable to bear them, that mighty and brave car-warrior endued with great swiftness, turned back on his car, like a snake that is trampled under foot. And beholding Duryodhana turn back with his wounds, Karna, that hero among men, decked with a golden necklace, stopped the king on the way and soothing him, himself proceeded along the north of Duryodhana's car to meet Partha in battle. And the mighty-armed Bhishma also, the son of Santanu, turning back his steeds decked with gold, enormous in size, and of tawny hue, rushed bow in hand, for protecting Duryodhana from Partha's hand. And Drona and Kripa and Vivingsati and Dussasana and others also, quickly turning back, rushed forward with speed with drawn bows and arrows fixed on the bow-strings, for protecting Duryodhana. And beholding those divisions advance towards him like the swelling surges of the ocean, Dhananjaya, the son of Pritha, quickly rushed at them like a crane rushing at a descending cloud. And with celestial weapons in their hands, they completely surrounded the son of Pritha and rained on him from all sides a perfect shower of shafts, like clouds showering on the mountain breast a heavy downpour of rain, And warding off with weapons, all the weapons of those bulls among the Kurus, the wielder of the *Gandiva* who was capable of enduring all foes, evolved another irresistible weapon obtained from Indra, called *Sanmohana*. And entirely covering the cardinal and other directions with sharp and keen-edged arrows furnished with beautiful feathers, that mighty hero stupefied their senses with the twang of the *Gandiva*. And once more, taking up with both his hands that large conch of loud blare, Partha, that slayer of foes, blew it with force and filled the cardinal and other points, the whole earth, and sky, with that noise. And those foremost of the Kuru heroes were all deprived of their senses

by the sound of that conch blown by Partha. And all of them stood still, their bows, from which they were never separated, dropping down from their hands. And when the Kuru army became insensible, Partha calling to mind the words of Uttara, addressed the son of the Matsya king, saying, 'O best of men, go thou among the Kurus, so long as they remain insensible, and bring away the white garments of Drona and Kripa, and the yellow and handsome ones of Karna, as also the blue ones of the king and Drona's son. Methinks, Bhishma is not stupefied, for he knoweth how to counteract this weapon of mine. So, pass thou on, keeping his steeds to thy left; for those that are sensible should thus be avoided,' Hearing these words, the illustrious son of Matsya, giving up the reins of the steeds, jumped down from the car and taking off the garments of the warriors, came back to his place. And the son of Virata then urged the four handsome steeds with flanks adorned with golden armours. And those white steeds, urged on, took Arjuna away from the midst of battle-field and beyond the array of the infantry bearing standards in their hands. And, Bhishma, beholding that best of men thus going away, struck him with arrows. And Partha, too, having slain Bhishma's steeds, pierced him with ten shafts. And abandoning Bhishma on the field of battle, having first slain his car-driver, Arjuna with a good-looking bow in hand came out of that multitude of cars, like the sun emerging from the clouds. And Dhritarashtra's son, that foremost of heroes among the Kurus, recovering his senses, saw the son of Pritha standing like the lord of the celestials, alone on the battle-field. And he said in hurry (unto Bhishma), 'How hath this one escape from thee? Do thou afflict him in such a way that he may not escape.' And at this, Santanu's son, smiling, said unto him, 'Where had been this sense of thine, and where had been thy prowess too, when thou hadst been in a state of unconsciousness renouncing thy arrows and handsome bow? Vibhatsu is not addicted to the commission of atrocious deeds; nor is his soul inclined to sin. He renounceth not his principles even for the sake of the three worlds. It is for this only that all of us have not been slain in this battle. O thou foremost of Kuru heroes, go back to the city of the Kurus, and let Partha also go away, having conquered the kine. Do thou never foolishly throw away thy own good. Indeed, that which leadeth to one's welfare ought to be accomplished.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Having listened to the words of the grandsire that tended to his own welfare, the wrathful king Duryodhana no longer eager for battle, drew a deep sigh and became silent. And reflecting that the advice of Bhishma was beneficial and seeing that the Pandavas gaining in strength, the other warriors also, desirous of protecting Duryodhana, resolved to return. And beholding those foremost of Kuru heroes departing for their city, Dhananjaya, the son of Pritha, with a cheerful heart followed them for a while, desirous of addressing and worshipping them. And having worshipped the aged grandsire—the son of Santanu, as also the preceptor Drona, and having saluted with

beautiful arrows Drona's son and Kripa and other venerable ones among the Kurus, the son of Pritha broke into fragments Duryodhana's crown decked with precious gems, with another arrow. And having saluted all the venerable and brave warriors thus, he filled the three worlds with the twang of the *Gandiva*. And suddenly blowing his conch called *Devadatta*, the hero pierced the hearts of all his foes. And having humbled the hostile, he looked resplendent on his car decked with a handsome flag. And beholding the Kurus depart, Kiritin cheerfully said unto Matsya's son, 'Turn back thy steeds; thy kine have been recovered; the foe is going away and do thou also return to thy city with a cheerful heart.' And the celestials also, having witnessed that most wonderful encounter between Falguna and the Kurus, were highly delighted, and went to their respective abodes, reflecting upon Partha's feats.' "

SECTION LXVI

"Vaisampayana said, 'Having vanquished the Kurus in battle, that one with eyes like those of a bull brought back that profuse cattle wealth of Virata. And while the Dhritarashtra, after their rout, were going away, a large number of Kuru-soldiers issuing out of the deep forest appeared with slow steps before Partha, their hearts afflicted with fear. And they stood before him with joined palms and with hair dishevelled. And fatigued with hunger and thirst, arrived in a foreign land, insensible with terror, and confused in mind, they all bowed down unto the son of Pritha and said,—*We are thy slaves.*'

"Arjuna said, 'Welcome, blessed be ye. Go ye away. Ye have no cause of fear. I will not take the lives of them that are afflicted. Ye have my assurance of protection.

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Hearing these words of assurance, the assembled warriors greeted him with benedictions in praise of his achievements and fame and wishing him long life. And the Kauravas were unable to confront Arjuna while after routing the foe he proceeded towards the city of Virata, like an elephant with rent temples. And having routed the whole army of the Kuru like a violent wind scattering the clouds, that slayer of foes, Partha, regardfully addressing the prince of Matsya, said, 'It is known to thee alone, O child, that the sons of Pritha are all living with thy father. Do not eulogise them upon entering the city, for then the king of the Matsyas may hide himself in fear. On the other hand, entering the city, do thou proclaim in the presence of thy father that the deed is thy own, saying,—*By me hath the army of the Kurus been vanquished and by me have the kine been recovered from the foe!*'

"Uttara said, 'The feat thou hast achieved is beyond my power. I do not possess the ability to achieve it. I shall not, however, O Savyasachin, discover thee to my father, as long as thou wilt not tell me to do it.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Having vanquished the hostile army and wrested the whole of the cattle wealth from the Kurus, Jishnu returned again to the cemetery and having approached the same *Sami* tree stood there with body mangled by the arrows of the enemy. Then that terrible monkey blazing like fire ascended into the sky with those other creatures in the flag-staff. And the illusion created (by Viswakarma) melted away and Uttara's own banner bearing the device of a lion was set up on the car again. And having replaced the arrows and quivers of those foremost of the Kuru princes, and also that other weapon the (*Gandiva*) which enhances the fierceness of a battle, the illustrious prince of Matsya set out for the city with a glad heart, having Kiritin as his charioteer. And having achieved an exceedingly mighty feat and slain the foe, Partha also, that slayer of foes, binding his hair into a braid as before, took the reins from Uttara's hands. And that illustrious hero entered the city of Virata, with a cheerful heart rehabilitating himself as Vrihannala, the car-driver of Uttara.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'When all the Kauravas utterly routed and vanquished, set out in a dejected mood for Hastinapura, Falguna, on his way back, addressed Uttara, saying, 'O prince, O hero of mighty arms, seeing the kine escorted in advance of us by the cowherds, we shall enter Virata's metropolis in the afternoon, having tended the steeds with drink and a bath. Let the cowherds, despatched by thee, speedily repair to the city with the good news and proclaim thy victory.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Agreeable to Arjuna's words, Uttara speedily ordered the messengers, saying, 'Go ye and proclaim the king's victory. The foe hath been routed, and the kine have been recovered.' And the Matsya and the Bharata princes having thus consulted together re-approached the same *Sami* tree. And gratified with the victory they had won, and arrived at the foot of the *Sami* tree, they wore on their persons and took up on their car the ornaments and robes they had left there. And having vanquished the whole hostile army and recovered the whole of the wealth from the Kurus, the heroic son of Virata returned to the city with Vrihannala as his car-driver.' "

SECTION LXVII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Having speedily recovered his wealth Virata owning a large army entered his city with a cheerful heart, accompanied by the four Pandavas. And having vanquished the *Trigartas* in battle and

recovered all the kine, that mighty monarch, along with the sons of Pritha, looked resplendent and blazed forth in beauty. And as the brave king, that enhancer of the joys of friends, was seated on his throne, all his subjects headed by the Brahmanas stood before him. And worshipped by them, the king of the Matsyas, at the head of his army, saluted the Brahmanas and his subjects in return and dismissed them cheerfully. And Virata, the king of the Matsyas owning a large army, enquired after Uttara, saying, 'Where hath Uttara gone?' And the women and the maidens of the palace and the other females living in the inner apartments joyfully said unto him, 'Our kine having been seized by the Kurus, Bhuminjaya incensed at this and from excess of bravery hath issued forth alone with only Vrihannala as his second, for vanquishing the six mighty car-warriors, Bhishma the son of Santanu, and Kripa, and Karna, and Duryodhana, and Drona, and Drona's son who have all come with the Kuru army.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Then king Virata, hearing that his brave son had gone forth with only one car and with Vrihannala as his car-driver, became filled with grief, and addressing his chief counsellors, said, 'Without doubt, the Kauravas and other lords of earth, learning the defeat of the Trigartas, will never keep their ground. Therefore, let those of my warriors that have not been wounded by the *Trigartas* go out, accompanied by a mighty force, for the protection of Uttara.' And saying this, the king speedily despatched, for the sake of his son, horses and elephants and cars and a large number of foot-soldiers, equipped and decked with various kinds of weapons and ornaments. And it was thus that Virata, the king of the Matsyas, owning a large army, quickly ordered out a large division consisting of four kinds of troops. And having done this, he said, 'Learn ye, without loss of time whether the prince liveth still or not! I myself think that he who hath got a person of the neuter sex for his car-driver is not alive.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Then king Yudhishthira the just, smilingly said unto the afflicted king Virata, 'If, O monarch, Vrihannala hath been his charioteer, the foe will never be able to take away thy kine today. Protected by that charioteer, thy son will be able to vanquish in battle all the lords of earth allied with the Kurus, indeed, even the gods and the *Asuras* and the *Siddhas* and the *Yakshas* together.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Meanwhile, the swift-footed messengers despatched by Uttara, having reached Virata's city, gave tidings of the victory. And the minister-in-chief then informed the king of everything, *viz.*, the great victory that had been won, the defeat of the Kurus, and the expected arrival of Uttara. And he said, 'All the kine have been brought back, the Kurus have been defeated, and Uttara, that slayer of foes, is well with his car-driver.' Then Yudhishthira said, 'By good luck it is that the kine have been recovered and the Kurus routed. I do not, however, regard it strange that thy son should have vanquished the Kurus, for his victory is assured that hath Vrihannala for his charioteer.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Hearing of the victory of his son possessed of immeasurable might, king Virata became so glad that the bristles of his body stood erect. And having made presents of raiments unto the messengers, he ordered his ministers, saying, 'Let the highways be decorated with flags, and let all the gods and goddesses be worshipped with flowery offerings. And let princes and brave warriors, and musicians and harlots decked in ornaments, march out to receive my son. And let the bellman, speedily riding an intoxicated elephant, proclaim my victory at places where four roads meet. And let Uttara, too, in gorgeous attire and surrounded by virgins and chanters of eulogies, go forth to receive my son.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Having listened to these words of the king, all the citizens with auspicious things in hand, and many amongst them with cymbals and trumpets and conchs, and beautiful women attired in gorgeous robes, and reciters of auspicious and sacred hymns, accompanied by encomiasts and ministrels, and drummers and other kinds of musicians issued forth from the city of the mighty Virata to welcome Uttara of immmeasurable prowess. And having despatched troops and maidens and courtezens decked in ornaments, the wise king of the Matsyas cheerfully said these words, '*O Sairindhri*, fetch the dice. And, O Kanka, let the play commence.' The son of Pandu replied, saying, 'We have heard it said that one whose heart is filled with joy should not play with a cunning gambler. I do not therefore, dare gamble with thee that are so transported with joy. I am ever desirous of doing what is for thy good. Let the play, however, commence if it pleases thee.'

"Virata said, 'My female slaves and kine, my gold and whatsoever other wealth I have, nothing of all this shalt thou be able to protect today even if I do not gamble.' Kanka said in reply, 'O monarch, O bestower of honours, what business hast thou with gamble which is attended with numerous evils? Gambling is fraught with many evils; it should, therefore, be shunned. Thou mayst have seen or at least heard of Yudhishthira, the son of Pandu. He lost his extensive and prosperous kingdom and his god-like brothers at dice. For this, I am averse to gambling. But if thou likest, O king, I will play.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'While the play was going on, Matsya said unto the son of Pandu, 'Lo, the Kauravas that are so formidable have been vanquished in battle by my son.' Upon this, the illustrious king Yudhishthira said, 'Why should not he conquer that hath Vrihannala for his charioteer?'

'Thus addressed, King Matsya became angry and said unto Pandu's son, 'Thou wretch of a Brahmana, dost thou compare one of the neuter sex with my son! Hast thou no knowledge of what is proper and what improper for one to say? Without doubt, thou disregardest me. Why should not my son vanquish all those with Bhishma and Drona as their leaders? O Brahmana, for friendship only I pardon thee this thy offence.

Thou must not, however, say so again if thou wishest to live.'

"Yudhishthira said, 'There where Bhishma and Drona and Drona's son and the son of Vikartana and Kripa and king Duryodhana and other royal and mighty car-warriors are assembled or there where Indra himself is surrounded by the Maruts, what other person than Vrihannala can fight, encountering them all! None hath been, none will be, his equal in strength of arms! Indeed, it is Vrihannala only whose heart is filled with joy at sight of a terrible conflict. It is he who had vanquished the celestials and the *Asuras* and human beings fighting together. With such a one for his ally, why should not thy son conquer the foe? Virata said, 'Repeatedly forbidden by me, thou dost not yet restrain thy tongue. If there is none to punish, no one would practise virtue.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Saying this, the king inflamed with anger forcibly struck Yudhishthira in the face with a dice, and reproached him angrily, saying, 'Let it not occur again! And having been violently struck, blood began to flow from his nose. But the son of Pritha held it in his hands before it fell on the ground. And the virtuous Yudhishthira then glanced at Draupadi who was standing by his side. Ever obedient to the wishes of her lord, the faultless Draupadi, understanding his meaning, and bringing a golden vessel filled with water, received the blood that flowed from his nose. Meanwhile; Uttara, entertained with sweet perfumes of diverse kinds and decked with floral chaplets, slowly entered the city, received with respect by the citizens, the women, and the people of the provinces. And approaching the gate of the palace he sent the news of his arrival to his father. And the porter then, approaching the king, said, 'Thy son Uttara, waiteth at the gate with Vrihannala as his companion.' And the Matsya king, with a cheerful heart, said unto him, 'Do thou usher both, as I am very auxious to see them.' Then Yudhishthira, the king of the Kurus, gently whispered unto the ears of the warder, 'Let Uttara enter alone; Vrihannala must not come in. Such is the vow of that hero of mighty arms that whoever causeth a wound on my person or sheddeth my blood except in battle, shall not live. Inflamed with rage he will never bear patiently to see me bleeding, but will slay Virata even now with his counsellors and troops and steeds.' "

SECTION LXVIII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Then Bhuminjaya, the eldest son of the king, entered, and having worshipped the feet of his father approached Kanka. And he beheld Kanka covered with blood, and seated on the ground at one end of the court, and waited upon by the *Sairindhri*. And seeing

this, Uttara asked his father in a hurry, saying, 'By whom, O king, hath this one been struck? By whom hath this sinful act been perpetrated?'

"Virata said, 'This crooked Brahmana hath been struck by me. He deserveth even more than this. When I was praising thee, he praised that person of the third sex.'

"Uttara said, 'Thou hast, O king, committed an improper act. Do thou speedily propitiate him so that the virulent poison of a Brahmana's curse may not consume thee to thy roots!'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Having heard the words of his son, Virata, that enhancer of the limits of his kingdom, began to soothe Kunti's son, who was like unto a fire hid in ashes, for obtaining his forgiveness. And unto the king desirous of obtaining his pardon the Pandava replied, 'O king, I have long ago forgiven it. Anger I have none. Had this blood from my nostrils fallen on the ground, then, without doubt, thou, O monarch, wouldst have been destroyed with thy kingdom. I do not, however, blame thee, O king, for having struck an innocent person. For, O king, they that are powerful generally act with unreasoning severity.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'When the bleeding had stopped, Vrihannala entered (the council-room) and having saluted both Virata and Kanka, stood silent. And the king, having appeased the chief of the Kurus, began to praise, in Savyasachin's hearing, Uttara who had returned from the battle. And the king said, 'O enhancer of the joys of Kekaya's princess, in thee have I truly a son! I never had nor shall have, a son that is equal to thee! How, indeed, couldst thou, O Child, encounter that Karna who leaveth not a single mark unhit amongst even a thousand that he may aim at all at once? How couldst thou, O child, encounter that Bhishma who hath no equal in the whole world of men? How also couldst thou, O child, encounter Drona, that foremost of all wielders of weapons, that preceptor of the Vrishnis and Kauravas, twice-born one who may be regarded as the preceptor of all the Kshatriyas? How couldst thou meet in battle the celebrated Aswatthaman? How couldst thou, O child, encounter that Duryodhana, the prince who is capable of piercing even a mountain with his mighty arrows? My foes have all been thrashed. A delicious breeze seems to blow around me. And since thou hast recovered in battle the whole of my wealth that had been seized by the Kurus, it seems that all those mighty warriors were struck with panic. Without doubt, thou, O bull amongst men, has routed the foe and snatched away from them my wealth of kine, like his prey from a tiger.' "

SECTION LXIX

"Uttara said, 'The kine have not been recovered by me, nor have the foe been vanquished by me. All that hath been accomplished by the son of a deity. Capable of striking like a thunderbolt, that youth of celestial origin, beholding me running away in fear, stopped me and himself mounted on my car. It was by him that the kine have been recovered and the Kauravas vanquished. The deed, O father, is that hero's and not mine. It was he that repulsed with arrows Kripa and Drona and Drona's son of powerful energy, and the *Suta's* son and Bhishma. That mighty hero then spoke unto the affrighted prince Duryodhana who was running away like the leader of a head of elephants, these words, 'O prince of the Kuru race, I do not see that thou art safe by any means even at Hastinapura. Protect thy life by putting forth thy might. Thou shalt not escape me by flight. Therefore, make up thy mind for fight. If victorious, the sovereignty of the earth will be thine, or if slain, heaven itself will be thine.'

'Thus addressed, king Duryodhana—that tiger among men surrounded by his counsellors,—sighing on his car like a snake turned back, showered arrows endued with the speed and force of thunderbolts. Beholding all this, venerable sire, my thighs began to quake. Then that celestial youth pierced with arrows the Kuru army consisting of leonine warriors. And having pierced and afflicted that crowd of cars, that youth, stout as the lion, laughed at them and robbed them of their clothes and attires. Indeed, the six great car-warriors of the Kurus were vanquished by that hero alone, even like herds of animals ranging in the forest by a single tiger in rage.'

"Virata said, 'Where is that mighty-armed and famous youth of celestial origin, that hero who recovered in battle my wealth that had been seized by the Kurus? I am anxious to behold and worship that mighty warrior of celestial origin who hath saved thee and my kine also.'

"Uttara replied, 'The mighty son of a deity disappeared there and then. I think, however, that he will show himself either tomorrow or the day after.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Virata, that owner of a large army, remained ignorant of the son of Pandu who was thus described unto him by Uttara, and who was living in the palace in disguise. And permitted by the high-souled Virata, Partha presented with his own hands the garments he had brought, unto Virata's daughter. And the beautiful Uttara, obtaining those new and costly clothes of diverse kinds, became highly glad, along with the son of the Matsya king.' "

SECTION LXX

"Vaisampayana said, 'Then, on the third day, attired in white robes after a bath, and decked in ornaments of all kinds, those great car-warriors, the five Pandava brothers, having accomplished their row, and with Yudhishthira at their head, looked resplendent as they entered the palace-gate like five intoxicated elephants. And having entered the council-hall of Virata, they took their seats on the thrones reserved for kings, and shone brilliantly like fires on the sacrificial altar. And after Pandavas had taken their seats, Virata, that lord of earth, came there for holding his council and discharging other royal offices. And beholding the illustrious Pandavas blazing like fires, the king reflected for a moment. And them, filled with wrath, the Matsya king spoke unto Kanka seated there like a celestial and looking like the lord of celestials surrounded by the Martus. And he said, 'A player at dice thou wert employed by me as a courtier! How couldst thou occupy the royal seat thus attired in handsome robes and ornaments?"

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Hearing these words of Virata, O king, and desirous of jesting with him, Arjuna smilingly said in reply, 'This person, O king, deserveth to occupy the same seat with Indra himself. Devoted to the Brahmanas, acquainted with the *Vedas*, indifferent to luxury and carnal enjoyments, habitually performing sacrifies, steady in vows, this one, indeed, is the very embodiment of virtue, The foremost of all Persons endued with energy and superior to every body on earth in intelligence, devoted to asceticism, he is conversant with various weapons. No other person among the mobile and immobile creatures of the three worlds possesseth or will ever possess such knowledge of weapons. And there is none even amongst the gods, or *Asuras*, or men, or *Rakshasas*, or *Gandharvas*, or *Yaksha* chiefs, or *Kinnaras*—or mighty *Uragas*, who is like him. Endued with great foresight and energy, beloved by the citizens and inhabitants of the provinces, he is the mightiest of car-warriors amongst the sons of Pandu. A performer of sacrifices, devoted to morality, and of subdued passions, like unto a great *Rishi*, this royal sage is celebrated over all the worlds. Possessed of great strength and great intelligence, able and truthful, he hath all his senses under complete control. Equal unto Indra in wealth and Kuvera in hoarding, he is the protector of the worlds like unto *Manu* himself of mighty prowess. Endued with great might, he is even such. Kind unto all creatures he is no other than the bull of the Kuru race, king Yudhishthira the just. The achievements of this king resemble the sun himself of blazing effulgence. And his fame hath travelled in all directions like the rays of that luminary. And like the rays following the risen sun of blazing effulgence, ten thousand swift elephants followed him, O king, when he dwelt among the Kurus. And, O king, thirty thousand cars decked in gold and drawn by the best steeds, also used to follow him then. And

full eight hundred bards adorned with ear-rings set with shining gems, and accompanied by ministrels, recited his praises in those days, like the *Rishis* adorning Indra. And, O king, the Kauravas and other lords of earth always waited upon him like slaves, as the celestials upon Kuvera. This eminent king, resembling the bright-rayed sun, made all lords of earth pay tribute unto him like persons of the agricultural class. And eighty-eight thousands of high-souled *Snatakas* depended for their subsistence upon this king practising excellent vows. This illustrious lord protected the aged and the helpless, the maimed and the blind, as his sons, and he ruled over his subjects virtuously. Steady in morality and self-control, capable of restraining his anger, bountiful, devoted to the Brahmanas, and truthful, this one is the son of Pandu. The prosperity and prowess of this one afflict king Suyodhana with his followers including Karna and Suvala's son. And, O lord of men, the virtues of this one are incapable of being enumerated. This son of Pandu is devoted to morality and always abstains from injury. Possessed of such attributes, doth not this bull among kings, this son of Pandu, deserve, O monarch, to occupy a royal seat?' "

SECTION LXXI

"Virata said, 'If this one, indeed, be the Kuru king Yudhisthira the son of Kunti, which amongst these is his brother Arjuna, and which, the mighty Bhima. Which of these is Nakula, and which Sahadeva and where is the celebrated Draupadi? After their defeat at dice, the sons of Pritha have not been heard of by any one.'

"Arjuna said, 'Even this one, O king, who is called Vallava and is thy cook, is that Bhima of mighty arms and terrible prowess and furious impetus. It was he who slew the furious *Rakshasas* on the mountains of *Gandhamadana*, and procured for Krishna celestial flowers of great fragrance. Even he is that *Gandharva*, who slew the Kichaka of wicked soul and it was he who killed tigers and bears and boars in the inner apartment of thy palace. He who had been the keeper of thy horse is that slayer of foes called Nakula, and this one is Sahadeva, the keeper of thy kine. Both these sons of Madri are great car-warriors, possessed of great fame and beauty of person. These two bulls of the Bharata race, attired in handsome robes and decked in excellent ornaments, are a match for a thousand great car-warriors. And even this lady of eyes like lotus-petals and slender-waist and sweet smiles is Drupada's daughter, thy wife's *Sairindhri*, for whose sake, O king, the Kichakas were slain. I am, O king, Arjuna who, it is evident, thou hast heard, is that son of Pritha, who is Bhima's junior and the senior of

the twins! We have, O king, happily passed in thy abode the period of non-discovery, like infants in the womb!'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'After Arjuna had pointed out those heroes—the five Pandavas, the son of Virata then spoke of Arjuna's prowess. And Uttara once again identified the sons of Pritha. And the prince said, 'That one whose complexion is bright like that of pure gold. who is stout like a full-grown lion, whose nose is so prominent, whose eyes are large and expansive, and whose face is broad and of coppery hue, is the king of the Kurus. And behold, that one whose tread is like that of an infuriate elephant, whose complexion is like that of heated gold, whose shoulders are broad and expanded, and whose arms are long and thick, is Vrikodara. And he who stands by his side, that youth of darkish hue, who is like unto a leader of a herd of elephants, whose shoulders are broad like those of a lion, whose tread is like that of a mighty elephant, and whose eyes are large and expansive like lotus-leaves, is Arjuna that foremost of bowmen. All lo, close to the king, are those foremost of men, the twins, like unto Vishnu and Indra, and who have no equals, in the world of men, in beauty, might, and behaviour. And close by them, behold, standeth Krishna, beautiful as gold, like unto the very embodiment of light, possessing the complexion of the blue lotus, like unto a celestial damsel, and resembling the living embodiment of *Lakshmi* herself.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Then Virata's son began to describe the prowess of Arjuna, saying, 'Even this one is he that slew the foe, like unto a lion devastating a flock of deer. Even he ranged through, crowds of hostile cars, slaying their best of car-warriors. By him was slain a huge, infuriate elephant by means of a single arrow. Pierced by him, that huge beast having its flanks adorned with an armour of gold, fell down piercing the earth with his tusks. By him have the kine been recovered and the Kauravas vanquished in battle. My ears have been deafened by the blare of his conch. It was by this hero of fierce deeds that Bhishma and Drona, along with Duryodhana, were vanquished. That achievement is his and not mine.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Hearing these words of his, the mighty king of the Matsyas, considering himself guilty of having offended Yudhishthira, said unto Uttara in reply, 'I think the time hath come for me to propitiate the sons of Pandu. And, if thou likest, I shall bestow my daughter Uttara upon Arjuna.'

"Uttara said, 'Worthy of our adorations and worship and respect, the time hath come for worshipping the illustrious sons of Pandu who deserve to be worshipped by us.'

"Virata said, 'When brought under the foe's subjection in battle, it was Bhimasena that rescued me. My kine also have been recovered by Arjuna. It is through the might of their arms that we have obtained victory in battle. Such being the case, all of us, with our counsellors, shall propitiate Yudhishthira the son of Kunti. Blessed be thou, with

all thy brothers, O bull among the sons of Pandu. If, O king, we have ever said or done anything in ignorance to offend thee, it behoveth thee to forgive us. The son of Pandu is virtuous.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Then the high-souled Virata, delighted greatly, approached king Yudhishthira and made an alliance with him, and offered him his whole kingdom togeather with the sceptre and treasury and metropolis. And addressing all the Pandavas, and especially Dhananjaya, the mighty king of the Matsyas repeatedly said, 'By good luck it is that I see you.' And having again and again embraced Yudhishthira and Bhima and the sons of Madri, and smelt their heads, Virata, that owner of a large army, was not satiated with gazing at them. And being highly pleased, he said unto king Yudhishthira, 'By good luck it is that I see you safe from woods. By good luck it is that ye have accomplished with difficulty the period of exile, undiscovered by those wicked wights. I make over my entire kingdom to the sons of Pritha, and what else I have. Let the sons of Pandu accept these without the slightest hesitation. And let Dhananjaya, called also Savyasachin, accept the the hand of Uttara: for that best of men is fit to be her lord.' Thus addressed, king Yudhishthira the just cast a look upon Dhananjaya, the son of Pritha. And looked at by his brother, Arjuna said unto the Matsya king, 'O monarch, I accept thy daughter as my daughter-in-law. And alliance of this kind between the Matsya and the Bharatas is, indeed, desirable.' "

SECTION LXXII

"Virata said, 'Why, O best among the Pandavas, dost thou not wish to accept as wife this my daughter that I bestow upon thee?'

"Arjuna said, 'Residing in thy inner apartments, I had occasion always to behold thy daughter, and she too, alone or in company trusted me as her father. Well-versed in singing and dancing, I was liked and regarded by her, and, indeed, thy daughter always regardeth me as her protector. O king, I lived for one whole year with her though she had attained the age of puberty. Under these circumstances, thyself or other men may not without reason, entertain suspicions against her or me. Therefore, O king, myself who am pure, and have my senses under control, beg to thee, O monarch, thy daughter as my daughter-in-law. Thus do I attest her purity. There is no difference between a daughter-in-law and a daughter, as also between a son and son's own-self. By adopting this course, therefore, her purity will be proved. I am afraid of slanderous and false accusations. I accept, therefore, O king, thy daughter Uttara as my daughter-in-law. Surpassing all in

knowledge of weapons, resembling a celestial youth in beauty, my son, the mighty-armed Abhimanyu is the favourite nephew of Vasudeva, the wielder of the discus. He, O king, is fit to be thy son-in-law and the husband of thy daughter.'

"Virata said, 'It behoveth the best of the Kurus, Dhananjaya, the son of Kunti, who is so virtuous and wise, to say this. O son of Pritha, do thou carry out what thou thinkest should be done after this. He that hath Arjuna for the father of his son-in-law, hath all his desires gratified.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'The monarch having said this, Yudhishthira, the son of Kunti, gave his assent to what was thus agreed upon between the Matsya king and Arjuna. And, O Bharata, the son of Kunti sent invitations to Vasudeva and to all his friends and relatives, and Virata also did the same. And then, after the expiry of the thirteenth year, the five Pandavas took up their abode in one of Virata's towns called *Upaplavya*, and Vibhatsu, the son of Pandu, brought over Abhimanyu and Janardana, and also many people of the Dasarha race from the Anarta country. And the king of Kasi, and also Saivya, being very friendly to Yudhishthira, arrived there, each accompanied by an *Akshauhini* of troops. And the mighty Drupada, also with the heroic sons of Draupadi and the unvanquished Sikhandin, and that foremost of wielder of weapons, the invincible Dhrishtadyumna came there with another *Akshauhini* of troops. And all the kings that came were not only lords of *Akshauhini*, but performers of sacrifices with gifts in profusion to Brahmanas, conversant with the *Vedas* endued with heroism, and ready to die in battle. And beholding them arrived, that foremost of virtuous men, the king of the Matsyas, adored them duly, and entertained their troops and servants and carriers of burdens. And he was highly pleased to bestow his daughter upon Abhimanyu. And after the kings had come there from different parts of the country, there came Vasudeva decked in floral garlands, and Halayudha, and Kritavarman, the son of Hridika, and Yuyudhana, the son of Satyaki, and Anadhristi and Akrura, and Samva and Nisatha. And these repressors of foes came there bringing with them Abhimanyu and his mother. And Indrasena and others, having lived at Dwaraka for one whole year, came there, bringing with them the well adorned cars of the Pandavas. And there came also ten thousand elephants and ten thousand cars, and hundred millions of horses and hundred billions of foot-soldiers, and innumerable Vrishni and Andhaka and Bhoja warriors of great energy, in the train of that tiger among the Vrishnis, Vasudeva of great effulgence. And Krishna gave unto each of the illustrious sons of Pandu numerous female slaves, and gems and robes. And then the nuptial festival set in between the families of the Matsya king and the Pandavas. And then conchs and cymbals and horns and drums and other musical instruments appointed by the Pandavas, began to play in the palace of Virata. And deer of various kinds and clean animals by hundreds were

slain. And wines of various kinds and intoxicating juices of trees were profusely collected. And mimes and bards and encomiasts, versed in singing and legendary lore, waited upon the kings, and chanted their praises and genealogies. And the matrons of the Matsyas of symmetrical bodies and limbs, and wearing ear-rings of pearls and gems, headed by Sudeshna, came to the place where the marriage knot was to be tied. And amongst those beautiful females of fair complexion and excellent ornaments, Krishna was the foremost in beauty and fame and splendour. And they all came there, leading forth the princess Uttara decked in every ornament and resembling the daughter of the great Indra himself. And then Dhananjaya, the son of Kunti, accepted Virata's daughter of faultless limbs on behalf of his son by Subhadra. And that great king, Yudhishthira, the son of Kunti, who stood there like Indra, also accepted her as his daughter-in-law. And having accepted her, the son of Pritha, with Janardana before him, caused the nuptial ceremonies to be performed of the illustrious son of Subhadra. And Virata then gave him (as dowry) seven thousand steeds endued with the speed of the wind and two hundred elephants of the best kind and much wealth also. And having duly poured libations of clarified butter on the blazing fire, and paid homage unto the twice-born ones, Virata offered to the Pandavas his kingdom, army, treasury, and his own self. And after the marriage had taken place, Yudhishthira, the son of Dharma, gave away unto the Brahmanas all the wealth that had been brought by Krishna of unfading glory. And he also gave away thousands of kine, and diverse kinds of robes, and various excellent ornaments, and vehicles, and beds, delicious viands of various kinds, and cardinal drinks of diverse species. And the king also made gifts of land unto the Brahmanas with due rites, and also cattle by thousands. And he also gave away thousands of steeds and much gold and much wealth of other kinds, unto persons of all ages. And, O bull of the Bharata race, the city of the Matsya king, thronged with men cheerful and well-fed, shone brightly like a great festival.' "

The end of Virata Parva

THE MAHABHARATA

UDYOGA PARAVA

SECTION I

OM ! HAVING BOWED down to Narayana, and Nara the most exalted of male beings, and also to the goddess Saraswati, must the word Jaya be uttered.

"Vaisampayana said, 'Then those valiant descendants of Kuru, who belonged to the same party (with Virata), having joyfully celebrated the nuptials of Abhimanyu and rested themselves that night, presented themselves at dawn, well pleased, in the court of Virata, And the chamber of the king of the Matsya was full of riches, and variegated with choice gems and precious stones, with seats methodically arranged, adorned with garlands, and filled with fragrance. And those mighty monarchs of men all came to that place, And on the seats in front sat the two kings Virata and Drupada. And the revered and aged rulers of the earth, and Valarama and Krishna along with their father, all sat there. And close to the king of Panchala was seated the great hero of the race of Sini, together with the son of Rohini. And side by side with the king of the Matsya sat Krishna and Yudhishthira, and all the sons of king Drupada, and Bhima and Arjuna, and the two sons of Madri, and Pradyumna and Samva, both valiant in battle, and Abhimanyu with Virata's sons. And those princes, the sons of Draupadi, rivalling their fathers in valour, strength, grace, and prowess, sat upon excellent seats inlaid with gold. And when those mighty heroes wearing shining ornaments and robes had set themselves down, that gorgeous assembly of kings looked beautiful like the firmament spangled with resplendent stars. And those valiant men, assembled together, having conversed with one another upon various topics, remained for some time in a pensive mood, with their eyes fixed upon Krishna. And at the end of their talk, Krishna drew their attention to the affairs of the Pandavas. And those powerful kings together listened to Krishna's speech, pregnant and lofty. And Krishna said, 'It is known to you all, how this Yudhishthira was deceitfully defeated at dice by the son of Suvala, and how he was robbed of his kingdom and how a stipulation was made by him concerning his exile in the forest. And capable as they were of conquering the earth by force, the sons of Pandu remained firm in their plighted faith. And

accordingly for six and seven years these incomparable men accomplished the cruel task imposed upon them. And this last, the thirteenth year, was exceedingly hard for them to pass. Yet unrecognised by any one they have passed it, as known to you, suffering unendurable hardships of various kinds. This is known to you all. These illustrious men have spent the thirteenth year, employed in menial service of others. This being so, it is for you to consider what will be for the good of both Yudhishthira and Duryodhana, and what, as regards the Kurus and the Pandavas, will be consistent with the rules of righteousness and propriety and what will meet with the approbation of all. The virtuous king Yudhishthira would not unrighteously covet even the celestial kingdom. But righteously he would accept the rule even of a single village. How the sons of Dhritarashtra fraudulently robbed him of his paternal kingdom, and how he hath passed a life of unendurable hardships, are known to all the kings assembled here. The sons of Dhritarashtra are incapable of overcoming by strength Arjuna, the son of Pritha. Nevertheless, king Yudhishthira and his friends have no other desire than the good of Dhritarashtra's son. These brave sons of Kunti, and the two sons of Madri, ask for only what they themselves, achieving victory in battle, had won from the defeated kings. You, no doubt, know full well how those enemies of the Pandavas—with the object of possessing themselves of the kingdom, endeavoured by various means to destroy them, when they were yet mere boys. So wicked and rancorous they were. Consider, how grasping they are and how virtuous Yudhishthira is. Consider also the relationship that exists between them. I beseech you all to consult together and also think separately. The Pandavas have always had a regard for truth. They have fulfilled their promise to the very letter. If now treated wrongfully by the sons of Dhritarashtra, they would slay them all though banded together. They have friends, who, on being informed of their unworthy treatment at the hands of others, would stand by them. engaged in fight with their persecutors, and willingly slay them even if they should lose their own lives for it. If you suppose them to be too few to be capable of winning a victory over their enemies, you must know that united together and followed by their friends, they would, no doubt, try their utmost to destroy those enemies. What Duryodhana thinks is not exactly known, nor what he may do. When the mind of the other side is not known, what opinion can be formed by you as to what is best to be done? Therefore, let a person, virtuous and honest and of respectable birth, and wary,—an able ambassador, set out to beseech them mildly for inducing them to give half the kingdom to Yudhishthira. Having listened to the speech of Krishna, marked by prudence and a regard for virtue and showing a pacific and impartial spirit, his elder brother then addressed the assembly bestowing high encomiums on the words of the younger brother.' "

SECTION II

"Baladeva said, 'You have all listened to the speech of him who is the elder brother of Gada, characterised as it is by a sense of virtue and prudence, and salutary alike to Yudhishthira and king Duryodhana. These valiant sons of Kunti are ready to give up half their kingdom, and they make this sacrifice for the sake of Duryodhana. The sons of Dhritarashtra, therefore, should give up half of the kingdom, and should rejoice and be exceedingly happy with us that the quarrel can be so satisfactorily settled. These mighty persons having obtained the kingdom would, no doubt, be pacified and happy, provided the opposite party behave well. For them to be pacified will redound to the welfare of men. And I should be well-pleased if somebody from here, with the view of pacifying both the Kurus and the Pandavas, should undertake a journey and ascertain what is the mind of Duryodhana and explain the views of Yudhishthira. Let him respectfully salute Bhishma the heroic scion of Kuru's race, and the magnanimous son of Vichitravirya, and Drona along with his son, and Vidura and Kripa, and the king of Gandhara, along with the *Suta's* son. Let him also pay his respects to all the other sons of Dhritarashtra, to all who are renowned for strength and learning, devoted to their proper duties, heroic, and conversant with signs of the times. When all these persons are gathered together and when also the elderly citizens are assembled, let him speak words full of humility and likely to serve the interests of Yudhishthira, At all events, let them not be provoked, for they have taken possession of the kingdom with a strong hand. When Yudhishthira had his throne, he forgot himself by being engaged in gambling and was dispossessed by them of his kingdom. This valiant Kuru, this descendant of Ajamida, Yudhishthira, though not skilled in dice and though dissuaded by all his friends, challenged the son of the king of Gandhara, an adept at dice, to the match. There were then at that place thousands of dice-players whom Yudhishthira could defeat in a match. Taking however, no notice of any of them, he challenged Suvala's son of all men to the game, and so he lost. And although the dice constantly went against him, he would still have Sakuni alone for his opponent. Competing with Sakuni in the play, he sustained a crushing defeat. For this, no blame can attach to Sakuni. Let the messenger make use of words characterised by humility, words intended to conciliate Vichitravirya's son. The messenger may thus bring round Dhritarashtra's son to his own views. Do not seek war with the Kurus; address Duryodhana in only a conciliatory tone, The object may possibly fail to be gained by war, but it may be gained by conciliation, and by this means also it may be gained enduringly.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'While that valiant scion of Madhu's race was even continuing his speech, the gallant son of the race of Sini sud-

denly rose up and indignantly condemned the words of the former by these words of his.' "

SECTION III

"Satyaki said, 'Even as a man's heart is, so doth he speak! Thou art speaking in strict conformity with the nature of thy heart. There are brave men, and likewise those that are cowards. Men may be divided into these two well defined classes. As upon a single large tree there may be two boughs one of which beareth fruits while the other doth not, so from the self-same line of progenitors may spring persons that are imbecile as well as those that are endowed with great strength O thou bearing the sign of a plough on thy banner, I do not, in sooth, condemn the words thou hast spoken, but I simply condemn those, O son of Madhu, who are listening to thy words! How, indeed, can he, who unblushingly dares attach even the slightest blame in the virtuous king Yudhishthira be permitted to speak at all in the midst of the assembly? Persons clever in the game of dice challenged the magnanimous Yudhishthira unskilled as he is in play, and confiding in them he was defeated! Can such persons be said to have virtuously won the game? If they had come to Yudhishthira while playing in this house with his brothers and defeated him there, then what they would have won would have been righteously won. But they challenged Yudhishthira who was bound in conscience to follow the rules observed by the military caste, and they won by a trick. What is there in this conduct of theirs that is righteous? And how can this Yudhishthira here, having performed to the utmost the stipulations entered into by way of stakes in the play, freed from the promise of a sojourn in the forest, and therefore entitled to his ancestral throne, humble himself? Even if Yudhishthira coveted other people's possessions, still it would not behove him to beg! How can they be said to be righteous and not intent on usurping the throne when, although the Pandavas have lived out their sojourn of concealment unrecognised, they still say that the latter had been recognised? They were besought by Bhishma and the magnanimous Drona, but they would not yet consent to give back to the Pandavas the throne that belongeth to them by right of birth. The means with which I would beseech them would be sharp arrows. I shall fight and with a strong hand force them to prostrate themselves at the feet of the illustrious son of Kunti. If, however, they do not bow at the feet of the wise Yudhishthira, then they and their partisans must go to the regions of Yama. When Yuyudhana (myself) is enraged and resolved to fight, they, to be sure, are unequal to withstand his impetus, as mountains are unable to resist that of the thunderbolt. Who can withstand Arjuna in fight, or him who hath the discus for his

weapon in battle, or myself as well? Who can withstand the unapproachable Bhima? And who, having regard for his life, would come near the twin brothers who firmly grasp their bows and resemble the death-dealing Yama in intelligence? Who would approach Dhrishtadyumna, the son of Drupada, or these five sons of the Pandavas who have added lustre to Draupadi's name, rivalling their fathers in valour, equal to them in every respect and full of martial pride, or him of the powerful bow, Subhadra's son, irresistible by even the gods themselves; or Gada, or Pradyumna, or Samva, resembling Yama or the thunderbolt or fire? We shall slay Dhritarashtra's son and Sakuni and Karna in battle, and place the Pandava on the throne. There is no sin in slaying them that are bent on slaying us: but to be a beggar before foes is both impious and infamous. I ask you to be diligent in doing that which is heartily desired by Yudhishthira. Let Pandu's son get back the kingdom resigned by Dhritarashtra! Either Yudhishthira should get back his kingdom this very day or all our enemies shall lie down on the earth slain by me!' "

SECTION IV

"Drupada said, 'O mighty-armed one, it will, without doubt, be even as thou hast said! Never will Duryodhana give up the kingdom by peaceful means, and Dhritarashtra, who dotes on his son, will follow him in his wish. And so will Bhishma and Drona from imbecility, and Karna and Sakuni from folly. The words of Valadeva command themselves to my judgment; the course pointed out by him should, indeed, be followed by a man who desires peaceful settlement. But Duryodhana should never be addressed in mild words. Vicious by nature, he, I believe cannot be brought to reason by mildness. In respect of an ass, mildness is in place; but in respect of animals of the bovine species, severity should be resorted to. If any one were to speak mild words to Duryodhana, vicious by nature that wicked wight would consider the speaker to be an imbecile person. If a mild course is adopted towards him, the fool will think that he has won. Let us do even this, let us make preparations; let us send word to our friends that they may collect an army for us. Let speedy messengers go to Salya, and Dhrishtaketu, and Jayatsena, and the prince of the Kekayas. Duryodhana also, on his part, will send word to all the kings, Rightminded persons, however, respond to the request of those that first beseech them. Therefore, I ask you to make haste in first preferring your suit to these rulers of men. Meseems that a great undertaking is awaiting us. Quickly send word to Salya, and to the kings under him, and to king Bhagadatta of immeasurable valour residing on the eastern sea-coast, and to fierce Hardikya, and Ahuka,

and the king of the Mallas of powerful understanding, and Rochamana. Let Vrihanta be summoned and king Senavindu, and Vahlika and Mudjakesa and the ruler of the Chedis, and Suparsva, Suvahu; and that great hero. Paurava; and also the kings of the Sakas, the Pahlavas, and the Daradas, and Surari, and Nadija, and king Karnavest, and Nila, and the valiant king Viradharman; and Durjaya, and Dantavakra, and Rukmi, and Janamejaya; and Ashada and Vayuvega, and king Purvapali; and Bhuritejas, and Devaka, and Ekalaya with his sons; and also the kings of the Krausha race, and the valiant Kshemamurti, and the kings of the Kamboja and the Richika tribes, and of the western sea-coast; and Jayatsena and the king of Kashi, and the rulers of the land of the five rivers, and the proud son of Kratha, and the rulers of the mountain regions, and Janaki, and Susarman and Maniman, and Potimatsyaka, and the valiant Dhrishtaketu, and the ruler of the kingdom of Pansu; and Paundra, and Dandadhara, and the brave Vrihatsena; and Aparajita, and Nishada and Srenimat and Vasumat; and Vrihadvala of great strength, and Vahu the conqueror of hostile cities; and the warlike king Samudrasena with his son; and Uddhava, and Kshemaka and king Vatadhana; and Srutayus, and Dridhayus, and the gallant son of Salwa; and the king of the Kalingas, and Kumara, unconquerable in battle. Speedily send word to these. This is what recommends itself to me. And let this my priest, learned Brahmana, be sent, O king, to Dhritarashtra. Tell him the words he is to say and what Duryodhana should be told; and how Bhishma is to be addressed, and how Drona, that best of car-warriors!"

SECTION V

"Krishna said, 'These worlds are worthy of the chief of the Somaka tribe, and are calculated to promote the interests of Pandu's son of immeasurable strength. As we are desirous of adopting a politic course, this is, no doubt, our first duty; a man acting otherwise would be a great fool. But our relationship to both the Kurus and the Pandus is equal, howsoever these two parties may behave with each other. Both you and we have been invited here on the occasion of a marriage. The marriage having now been celebrated, let us go home well-pleased. You are the foremost of kings, both in years and learning; and here we all, no doubt are as if your pupils. Dhritarashtra has always entertained a great respect for you; and you are also a friend of the preceptors Drona and Kripa. I, therefore, ask you to send a message (to the Kurus) in the interests of the Pandavas. We all resolve even upon this that you should send a message unto them. If that chief of the Kuru race should make peace on equitable terms, then the brotherly feelings between the Kurus and

the Pandus will sustain no injury. If on the other hand, the son of Dhritarashtra should wax haughty and from folly refuse to make peace, then, having summoned others, summon us too. The holder of *Gadiva* then will be fired with wrath and the dull-headed and wicked Duryodhana, with his partisans and friends, will meet his fate.'

"Vaisampayana said, 'King Virata, then having honoured Krishna, sent him home with his followers and relatives. And after Krishna had set out for Dwaraka, Yudhishthria and his followers, with king Virata, began to make preparations for war. And Virata and his relatives sent word to all the monarchs, and king Drupada also did the same. And at the request of those lions of the Kuru race, as also of the two kings of the Matsyas and the Panchalas, many lords of the earth possessed of great strength, came to the place with cheerful hearts. And when the sons of Dhritarashtra heard that the Pandavas had collected a large army, they also assembled many rulers of the earth. And, O king, at that time the whole land became thronged with the rulers of the earth who were marching to espouse the cause of either the Kurus or the Pandavas. And the land was full of military bands composed of four kinds of forces. And from all sides the forces began to pour in. And the goddess Earth with her mountains and forests seemed to tremble beneath their tread. And the king of the Panchalas, having consulted the wishes of Yudhishthira, despatched to the Kurus his own priest, who was old both in years and understanding.' "

SECTION VI

"Drupada said, 'Of beings those that are endowed with life are superior. Of living beings those that are endowed with intelligence are superior. Of intelligent creatures men are superior. Of men the twice-born are superior. Of the twice-born, students of the *Veda* are superior. Of students of the *Veda* those of cultured understanding are superior. Of cultured men practical persons are superior. And finally, of practical men those knowing the Supreme Being are superior. You, it seems to me, are at the very top of those that are of cultured understanding. You are distinguished both for age and learning. You are equal in intellect to either Sukra or Vrihaspati, the son of Angiras. You know what kind of man the chief of the Kuru race is, and what kind of man also is Yudhishthira, the son of Kunti. It was with Dhritarashtra's knowledge that the Pandavas were deceived by their opponents. Though instructed by Vidura he yet follows his son! Sakuni advisedly challenged Yudhishthira to a gambling match although the latter was unskilled in gambling while the former was an adept in it. Unskilled in play, Yudhishthira was guileless

and firm in following the rules of the military order. Having thus cheated the virtuous king Yudhishthira, they will, by no means, voluntarily yield up the kingdom. If you speak words of righteousness unto Dhritarashtra, you will certainly gain the hearts of his fighting men. Vidura also will make use of those words of yours and will thus alienate the hearts of Bhishma, and Drona, and Kirpa, and others. When the officers of state are alienated and fighting men are backward, the task of the enemy will be to gain back their hearts. In the meantime, the Pandavas will, with ease and with their whole hearts, address themselves in preparing the army and in collecting stores. And when the enemy's adherents are estranged, and while you are hanging about them, they will surely not be able to make adequate preparations for war. This course seems expedient in this wise. On your meeting with Dhritarashtra it is possible that Dhritarashtra may do what you say. And as you are virtuous, you must therefore act virtuously towards them. And to the compassionate, you must descant upon the various hardships that the Pandavas have endured. And you must estrange the hearts of the aged persons by discoursing upon the family usages which were followed by their forefathers. I do not entertain the slightest doubt in this matter. Nor need you be apprehensive of any danger from them, for you are a Brahmana, versed in the *Vedas*; and you are going thither as an ambassador, and more specially, you are an aged man. Therefore, I ask you to set out without delay towards the Kauravas with the object of promoting the interests of the Pandavas, timing your departure under the (astrological) combination called *Pushya* and at that part of the day called *Jaya*.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Thus instructed by the magnanimous Drupada, the virtuous priest set out for Hastinapura (the city called after the elephant). And that learned man, well-versed in the principles of the science of politics, started with a following of disciples towards the Kurus for the sake of promoting the welfare of Pandu's sons.' "

SECTION VII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Having despatched the priest to the city called after the elephant they sent messengers to the kings of various countries. And having sent messengers to other places, the Kuru hero Dhananjaya, that bull among men and son of Kunti, himself set out for Dwaraka. And after Krishna and Valadeva, the descendants of Madhu, had both departed for Dwaraka with all the Vrishnis, the Andhakas and the Bhojas, by hundreds, the royal son of Dhritarashtra had, by sending secret emissaries, furnished himself with information of all the doings of

the Pandavas. And learning that Krishna was on his way, the prince went to the city of Dwaraka by means of fine horses possessing the speed of the wind, and taking with him a small number of troops. And on that very day the son of Kunti and Pandu, Dhananjaya, also speedily arrived at the beautiful city of the Anarta land. And the two scions of the Kuru race, those tigers among men, on arriving there saw that Krishna was asleep, and drew near him as he lay down. And as Krishna was sleeping, Duryodhana entered the room, and sat down on a fine seat at the head of the bed. And after him entered that wearer of the diadem the magnanimous Arjuna. And stood at the back of the bed, bowing and joining his hands. And when the descendant of Vrishni, Krishna awoke, he first cast his eyes on Arjuna. And having asked them as to the safety of their journey, and having fitly bestowed his greetings upon them, the slayer of Madhu questioned them as to the occasion of their visit. Then Duryodhana addressed Krishna, with a cheerful countenance, saying, 'It behoveth you to lend me your help in the impending war. Arjuna and myself are both equally your friends. And, O descendant of Madhu, you also bear the same relationship to both of us. And today, O slayer of Madhu, I have been the first to come to you. Right-minded persons take up the cause of him who comes first to them. This is how the ancients acted. And, O Krishna, you stand at the very top of all right-minded persons in the world, and are always respected. I ask you to follow the rule of conduct observed by right-minded men.' Thereat Krishna replied, 'That you have come first, O king, I do not in the least doubt. But, O king, the son of Kunti, Dhananjaya, has been first *beheld* by me. On account of your first arrival, and on account of my having beheld Arjuna first, I shall, no doubt, lend my assistance, O Suyodhana, to both. But it is said that those who are junior in years should have the first choice. Therefore, Dhananjaya, the son of Kunti, is entitled to first choice. There is a large body of cowherds numbering ten crores, rivalling me in strength and known as the Narayanas, all of whom are able to fight in the thick of battle. These soldiers, irresistible in battle, shall be sent to one of you and I alone, resolved not to fight on the field, and laying down my arms, will go to the other. You may, O son of Kunti, first select whichever of these two commends itself to you. For, according to law, you have the right to the first choice.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Thus addressed by Krishna, Dhananjaya the son of Kunti selected Kesava who was not to fight on the battle-field, even Narayana himself, the slayer of foes, increate, born among men at his own will,—the foremost of all Kshatriyas and above all the gods and the *Danavas*. And Duryodhana selected for himself that entire army (composed of the Narayanas). And, O descendant of Bharata, having obtained those troops numbering thousands upon thousands, he was exceedingly delighted, although he knew that Krishna was not on his side. And having secured that army possessed of terrible prowess,

Duryodhana went to the son of Rohini of great strength, and explained to him, the object of his visit. The descendant of Sura in reply addressed the following words to Dhritarashtra's son, 'Thou shouldst remember, O tiger among men, all that I said at the marriage ceremony celebrated by Vitrata. O thou delighter of the race of Kuru, for thy sake I then contradicted Krishna and spoke against his opinions. And again and again I alluded to the equality of our relationship to both the parties. But Krishna did not adopt the views I then expressed; nor can I separate myself from Krishna for even a single moment. And seeing that I cannot act against Krishna even this is resolution formed by me, *viz.*, that I will fight neither for Kunti's sons nor for you. And, O bull of the Bharatas, born as thou art in Bharata's race that is honoured by all the kings, go and fight in accordance with the rules of propriety.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Thus addressed, Duryodhana embraced that hero wielding a plough for his weapon of battle, and although knowing that Krishna had been taken away from his side, he yet regarded Arjuna as already vanquished. And the royal son of Dhritarashtra then went to Kritavarman. And Kritavarman gave him a body of troops numbering an *Akshauhini*. And surrounded by that military host, terrible to behold, the Kaurava marched forth delighting his friends. And after Duryodhana had departed, Krishna, the Creator of the world, clad in yellow attire, addressed Kiritin, saying, 'For what reason is it that you have selected me who will not fight at all?'

"Thereupon Arjuna answered, 'I question not that you are able to slay them all. I also am alone capable of slaying them, O best of men. But you are an illustrious person in the world; and this renown will accompany you. I also am a suitor for fame; therefore, you have been selected by me. It hath been always my desire to have you for driving my car. I, therefore, ask you to fulfil my desire cherished for a long time.'

"Vasudeva's son thereupon said, 'It beseems thee well, O Kunti's son, that thou measurest thyself with me. I will act as thy charioteer; let thy wish be fulfilled.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Then with a glad heart, Kunti's son, accompanied by Krishna as well as by the flower of the Dasarha race, came back to Yudhishthira.' "

SECTION VIII

"Vaisampayana said, 'O king, having learnt the news from the messengers, Salya, accompanied by a large body of troops and by his sons, all of whom were mighty in battle, was coming to the Pandavas. His encampment covered an area of one and a half *yojana*, so large was the

force owned by that best of men. He was the master, O king, of an *Akshauhini* and had great prowess and valour. And there were in his army heroes bearing armour of various colours, with diverse kinds of banners and bows and ornaments and cars and animals, all wearing excellent garlands, and various robes and ornaments. And hundreds and thousands of foremost of Kshatriyas were the leaders of his troops, dressed and decorated in the manner of their native land. And he proceeded by slow marches, giving rest to his troops, towards the place where the Pandava was. And the creatures of the earth felt oppressed and the earth trembled under the tread of his troops. And king Duryodhana, hearing that magnanimous and mighty hero was on his way, hastened towards him and paid him honours, O best of the Bharata race and caused finely decorated places of entertainment to be constructed at different spots for his reception, on beautiful sites, and whither many artists were directed to entertain the guests. And those pavilions contained garlands and meat and the choicest viands and drinks, and wells of various forms, capable of refreshing the heart, and tanks of various forms, and edibles, and roomy apartments. And arriving at those pavilions, and waited upon like a very god by the servants of Duryodhana located at different spots, Salya reached another house of entertainment resplendent as a retreat of the celestials. And there, greeted with choice creature-comforts fit for beings superior to man, he deemed himself superior even to the lord himself of the gods and thought meanly of Indra as compared with himself. And that foremost of Kshatriyas, well-pleased, asked the servants, saying, 'Where are those men of Yudhishthira, who have prepared these places of refreshment? Let those men who made these be brought to me. I deem them worthy of being rewarded by me. I must reward them, let it so please the son of Kunti!' The servants, surprised, submitted the whole matter to Duryodhana. And when Salya was exceedingly pleased and ready to grant even his life, Duryodhana, who had remained concealed, came forward and showed himself to his maternal uncle. And the kind of the Madras saw him and understood that it was Duryodhana who had taken all the trouble to receive him. And Salya embraced Duryodhana and said, 'Accept something that you may desire.'

"Duryodhana thereupon said, 'O thou auspicious one, let thy word be true, grant me a boon. I ask thee to be the leader of all my army.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'And hearing this, Salya said, 'Be it so! What else is to be done?' And the son of Gandhari repeated again and again, 'It is done.' And Salya said, 'O Duryodhana, O best of men, go to thy own city. I shall proceed to pay a visit to Yudhishthira, the subduer of foes. O king, I shall speedily come back, O ruler of men. That best of men, Pandu's son Yudhishthira, must, by all means, be visited by me.' And hearing this Duryodhana said, 'O king, O ruler of the earth, having seen the Pandava, come speedily back. I depend entirely upon thee, O king of kings. Remember the boon that thou hast granted

me.' And Salya answered, 'Good betide thee! I shall come speedily back. Repair to thy own city, O protector of men.' And then those two kings Salya and Duryodhana embraced each other. And having thus greeted Salya, Duryodhana came back to his own city. And Salya went to inform the sons of Kunti of that proceeding of his. And having reached Upaplavya, and entered the encampment, Salya saw there all the sons of Pandu. And the mighty-armed Salya having met the sons of Pandu, accepted as usual water for washing his feet, and the customary gifts of honour including a cow. And the king of the Madras, that slayer of foes, first asked them how they were, and then with great delight embraced Yudhishthira, and Bhima, and Arjuna, and the sons of his sister the two twin-brothers. And when all had sat down, Salya spoke to Yudhishthira, the son of Kunti, saying, 'O tiger among kings, O thou delighter of the race of Kuru, is it all well with thee? O best of victors, how fortunately hast thou spent the term of thy residence in the wilderness, O king, O lord of monarchs, it was an exceedingly hard task that thou hast performed by dwelling in the wilderness together with thy brothers and this noble lady here. And awfully difficult task again was that sojourn of thine,—the period of concealment,—which task also thou hast performed, O descendant of Bharata; for one pulled down from a throne it is nothing but hardship that awaits him. O king, where is there any happiness for him! O afflicter of thy foes, in compensation for all this vast misery wrought by Dhritarashtra's son, thou wilt attain to proportional happiness after having killed thy foes, O great king, O lord of men, the ways of the world are known to thee. Therefore, O my son, thou art never guided by avarice in any of thy dealings. O descendant of Bharata, do thou treat on the foot-prints of ancient saintly kings. My son, Yudhishthira, be steady in the path of liberality, and self-abnegation, and truth. And, O royal Yudhishthira, mercy and self control, and truth and universal sympathy, and everything wonderful in this world, are to be found in thee. Thou art mild, munificent, religious, and liberal, and thou regardest virtue as the highest good. O king, many are the rules of virtue that prevail amongst men, and all those are known to thee. O my son, O afflicter of foes, thou knowest in fact everything relating to this world. O king, O best of Bharata's race, how lucky it is that thou hast come out of this difficulty of thine. How lucky, O king, O foremost of monarchs, O lord, it is that I see thee, so virtuous a soul, a treasure-house of righteousness, freed with thy followers from this.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Then, O descendant of Bharata, the king spoke of his meeting with Duryodhana and gave a detailed account regarding that promise of his and that boon granted by himself. And Yudhishthira said, 'O valiant king, it has been well-done by thee that being pleased at heart thou hast plighted thy truth to Duryodhana. But good betide thee, O ruler of the earth, I ask thee to do one thing only. O king, O best of men, thou wilt have to do it solely for my sake, though it may not be proper to be done. O valiant one, hear what I submit to

thee. O great king, thou art equal to Krishna on the field of battle. When, O best of kings, the single combat between Karna and Arjuna will take place, I have no doubt thou wilt have to drive Karna's car. On that occasion, if thou art inclined to do good to me, thou must protect Arjuna. O king, thou must likewise so act that the *Suta's* son Karna may be dispirited and the victory may be ours. Improper it no doubt is; but, O my uncle, for all that thou must do it. Salya said, 'Good betide thee. Listen, O son of Pandu. Thou tellest me to so act that the vile son of the *Suta* may be dispirited in fight. To be sure, I shall be his charioteer on the field, for he always considers me equal to Krishna. O tiger like descendant of Kuru, I shall certainly speak to him, when desirous of fighting on the field of battle, words contradictory and fraught with harm to him, so that bereft of pride and valour, he may be easily slain by his antagonist. This I tell thee truly. Asked by thee to do it, this I am determined to do, O my son. Whatever else I may be able to bring about, I shall do for thy good. Whatever troubles were suffered by thee together with Draupadi on the occasion of the game at dice, the rude inhuman words uttered by the *Suta's* son, the misery inflicted by the *Asura* Jata and by Kichaka, O illustrious one, all the miseries experienced by Draupadi, like those formerly experienced by Damayanti,—will all, O hero, end in joy. Thou shouldst not be aggrieved at this; for Destiny is all powerful in this world; and, O Yudhishthira, high-minded persons have to endure miseries of various kinds, nay, even the gods themselves, O king, have suffered misfortunes. O king, O descendant of Bharata, it is narrated that the high-minded Indra, the chief of the celestials, had to endure together with his wife very great misery, indeed.' "

SECTION IX

"Yudhishthira said, 'O foremost of monarchs, I wish to know how it was that great and unparalleled misery had to be endured by the illustrious Indra together with his queen.'

"Salya said, 'Listen, O king, to me as I relate this ancient story of the events of former days,—how, O descendant of Bharata, misery befell Indra and his wife. Once Twashtri, the lord of creatures and the foremost of celestials, was engaged in practising rigid austerities. And it is said that from antipathy to Indra he created a son having three heads. And that being of universal form possessed of great lustre hankered after Indra's seat. And possessed of those three awful faces resembling the sun, the moon, and the fire, he read the *Vedas* with one mouth, drank wine with another, and looked with the third as if he would absorb

all the cardinal points. And given to the practice of austerities, and mild being and self-controlled, he was intent upon a life of religious practices and austerities. And his practice of austeritie , O subduer of foes, was rigid and terrible and of an exceedingly severe character. And beholding the austerities, courage, and truthfulness of this one possessed of immeasurable energy, Indra became anxious, fearing lest that being should take his place. And Indra reflected, 'How may he be made to addict himself to sensual enjoyments; how may he be made to cease his practice of such rigid austerities? For were the three-headed being to wax strong, he would absorb the whole universe.' And it was thus that Indra pondered in his mind; and, O best of Bharata's race, endued with intelligence, he ordered the celestial nymphs to tempt the son of Twashtri. And he commanded them, saying, 'Be quick, and go without delay, and so tempt him that the three-headed being may plunge himself into sensual enjoyment to the utmost extent. Furnished with captivating hips, array yourselves in voluptuous attires, and decking yourselves in charming necklaces, do ye display gestures and blandishments of love. Endued with loveliness, do ye tempt him and alleviate my dread. I feel restless in my heart, O lovely damsels. Avert ye, ladies, this awful peril that hangs over me. Good betide you.'

"Then the nymphs said, 'O Indra, O slayer of Vala, we shall so endeavour to allure him that thou wilt have nothing to fear at his hands. That very receptacle of austerities, sitting now as if scorching everything with his eyes, O god, we are going together to tempt. We shall try to bring him under our control, and to put an end to your fears.'

"Salya continued, 'Commanded by Indra, they then went to the three-headed being. And arriving there, those lovely damsels tempted him with various gestures of love, displaying their fine figures. But engaged in the practice of exceedingly severe austerities, although he looked at them, yet he was not influenced by desire. Of subdued senses he was like the ocean, full to the brim, in gravity. And the nymphs, after having tried their best, came back to Indra. And they all with joined hands spoke to the lord of the celestials, saying, 'O, that unapproachable being is incapable of being disturbed by us. O highly gifted being, thou mayst do what now may seem proper to thee.' The high-minded Indra honoured the nymphs and then dismissed them reflecting, O Yudhishthira, solely upon other means of destroying his foe. And endued with intelligence, he fixed upon a contrivance for destroying the three-headed being. And he said, 'Let me today hurl my thunderbolt at him. By this means he will speedily be killed. Even a strong person should not overlook a rising foe, contemptible though he may be.' And thus reflecting upon the lessons inculcated in treatises of learning, he was firmly resolved upon slaying that being. Then Indra, enraged, hurled at the three-headed being his thunderbolt which looked like fire and was terrible to behold, and which inspired dread. And forcibly struck by that thunderbolt, he was slain and fell down, as falls

on the earth the loosened summit of a hill. And beholding him slain by the thunderbolt, and lying down huge as a hill, the chief of the celestials found no peace, and felt as if scorched by the effulgent appearance of the dead; for though slain, he had a blazing and effulgent appearance and looked like one alive. And, strange to say, though lifeless, his heads seemed to be alive as they were beheld lying low on the field. And exceedingly afraid of that lustre, Indra remained plunged in thought. And at that time, O great king, bearing an axe on his shoulder, a carpenter came to the forest and approached the spot where lay that being. And Indra, the lord of Sachi, who was afraid, saw the carpenter come there by chance. And the chastiser of Paka said unto him immediately, 'Do this my behest. Quickly cut off this one's heads.' The carpenter thereupon said, 'His shoulders are broad: this axe will not be able to cut them off. Nor shall I be able to do what is condemned by righteous persons.' And Indra said, 'Do not fear, quickly do what I say. At my command thy axe shall equal the thunderbolt.' The carpenter said, 'Whom am I to take thee to be who hast done this frightful deed today? This I wish to learn, tell me the exact truth.' And Indra said, 'O carpenter, I am Indra, the chief of the gods. Let this be known to thee. Do thou act just as I have told thee. Do not hesitate, O carpenter.' The carpenter said, 'O Indra, how is it that thou art not ashamed of this thy inhuman act? How it is that thou hast no dread of the sin of slaying a Brahmana, after having slain this son of a saint?' Indra said, 'I shall afterwards perform some religious ceremony of a rigorous kind to purify myself from this taint. This was a powerful enemy of mine whom I have killed with my thunderbolt. Even now I am uneasy, O carpenter; I, indeed, dread him even now. Do thou quickly cut off his heads, I shall bestow my favour upon thee. In sacrifices, men will give thee the head of the sacrificial beast as thy share. This is the favour I confer on thee. Do thou quickly perform what I desire.'

"Salya said, 'Hearing this, the carpenter, at the request of the great Indra, immediately severed the heads of the three-headed one with his axe. And when the heads were cut off, out flew therefrom a number of birds, *viz.*, partridges, quails and sparrows. And from the mouth wherewith he used to recite the *Vedas* and to drink the *Soma*-juice, came out partridges in quick succession. And, O king, O son of Pandu, from the mouth with which he used to look at the cardinal points as if absorbing them all, a number of quails came forth. And from that mouth of the three-headed being which used to drink wine, out flew a number of sparrows and hawks. And the heads having been cut off Indra was freed from his trepidation, and went to heaven, glad at heart. And the carpenter also went back to his house. And the slayer of *Asuras*, having killed his foe, considered his object gained. Now when the lord of creatures, Twashtri, heard that his son had been slain by Indra, his eyes became red with ire, and he spoke the following words, 'Since Indra hath killed my son who had committed no offence at all, who was

constantly engaged in the practice of austerities, who was merciful, possessed of self-control, and of subdued passions, therefore, for the destruction of Indra, I will create Vritra. Let the worlds behold what power I possess, and how mighty is the practice of austerities! Let that inhuman, wicked-minded lord of the gods also witness the same!' And saying this, that enraged one, famous for his austerities, washed his mouth with water, made offerings on the fire, created the terrible Vritra, and spoke to him, saying, 'O destined slayer of Indra, grow in might even from the strength of my austere rites.' And that *Asura* grew in might, towering towards the firmament, and resembling the son of fire. And he asked, 'Risen like the doomsday sun, what am I to do?' 'Kill Indra,' was the reply. And then he departed towards the celestial regions. And next ensued a great fight between Vritra and Indra, both fired with wrath. And there took place a terrible combat, O best of Kuru's race. And the heroic Vritra seized the celestial lord who had performed a hundred sacrifices. And filled with wrath, he whirled Indra and threw him into his mouth. And when Indra was swallowed up by Vritra, the terrified senior gods, possessed of great might, created *Jrimbhika* to kill Vritra. And as Vritra yawned and his mouth opened the slayer of the *Asura*, Vala contracted the different parts of his body, and came out from within Vritra's mouth. And thenceforth the yawn attaches itself to the living breath of animated beings in three worlds. And the gods rejoiced at the egress of Indra. And once again commenced the terrible fight between Vritra and Indra, both full of ire. And it was waged for a long while, O best of Bharata's race. And when Vritra, inspired with the mighty spirit of Twashtri and himself endowed with strength, got the upper hand in fight, Indra turned back. And on his retreat, the gods became exceedingly distressed. And all of them together with Indra were overpowered by the might of Twashtri. And they all consulted with the saints, O descendant of Bharata. And they deliberated as to what was proper to be done, and were overwhelmed with dread. And seated on the top of the Mandara mountain, and bent on killing Vritra, they only bethought themselves of Vishnu, the indestructible one.' "

SECTION X

"Indra said, 'This whole indestructible universe, O gods, hath been pervaded by Vritra. There is nothing that can be equal to the task of opposing him. I was capable of yore, but now I am incapable. What good betide you, can I do? I believe him to be unapproachable. Powerful and magnanimous, possessing immeasurable strength in fight, he

would be able to swallow up all the three worlds with the gods, the *Asuras*, and the men. Therefore, hear ye dwellers of heaven, this is my resolution. Proceeding to the abode of Vishnu, in company with that high-souled Being must we consult, and ascertain the means of slaying this ruthless wretch.'

"Salya continued, 'Indra having thus spoken, the gods with that host of *Rishis* repaired to the mighty god Vishnu to place themselves under the protection of that protector of all. And afflicted with the dread of Vritra, they said unto the Supreme Lord of the deities. Thou hadst in former times covered the three worlds with three steps. Thou hadst procured the ambrosial food, O Vishnu, and destroyed the *Asuras* in battle. Thou didst bind the great *Asura* Vali and hadst raised Indra to the throne of heaven. Thou art the lord of the gods, and this entire universe is pervaded by thee. Thou art the God, the mighty Deity, saluted by all persons. Be thou the refuge of all the celestials together with Indra, O best of gods. The whole universe, O slayer of *Asuras*, hath been pervaded by Vritra. And Vishnu said, 'I am no doubt bound to do what is for your good. I shall, therefore, tell you of a contrivance whereby he may be annihilated. Do ye with the *Rishis* and the *Gandharvas* repair to the place where Vritra that bearer of a universal form is and adopt towards him a conciliatory policy. You will thus succeed in overthrowing him. By virtue of my power, victory, ye gods, will be won by Indra, for, remaining invisible, I shall enter into his thunderbolt, that best of weapons. O foremost of gods, depart ye with the *Rishis* and the *Gandharvas*. Let there be no delay in effecting a peace between Indra and Vritra.'

"Salya continued, 'When he had thus spoken, the *Rishis* and the celestials placed Indra at their head, and uniting together, went away. Approaching Indra they behold Vritra glowing and resplendent as if scorching the ten points, and swallowing all the three worlds, and resembling the sun or the moon. And then the *Rishis*, came up to Vritra and spoke to him in conciliatory terms, saying, 'O thou unconquerable being, the whole of this universe hath been pervaded by thy energy. Thou art not able however to overpower Indra, O best of mighty beings. A long period hath now elapsed since you began to fight. All beings, with the gods and the *Asuras* and men, are suffering from the effects of the fight. Let there be eternal friendship between thee and Indra. Thou shalt be happy and shall dwell eternally in Indra's regions.' And the mighty Vritra having heard the words of the saints, bowed his head unto them. And the *Asura* (thus) spoke, 'What you, O highly-gifted beings, and also all these *Gandharvas* are saying, I have heard. Ye stainless beings, hear also what I have got to say. How can there be peace between us two, Indra and myself? How can there be friendship, ye gods, between two hostile powers?' The *Rishis* said, 'Friendship among righteous persons happens at a single meeting. It is a desirable object. Thereafter will happen what is fated to be. The opportunity of forming

friendship with a righteous person should not be sacrificed. Therefore, the friendship of the righteous should be sought. The friendship of the righteous is (like) excellent wealth, for he that is wise would give advice when it is needed. The friendship of a good person is of great use; therefore, a wise person should not desire to kill a righteous one. Indra is honoured by the righteous, and is the refuge of magnanimous persons, being veracious and unblamable, and knows what virtue is, and is possessed of a refined judgment. Let there be eternal friendship between thee and Indra, as described above. In this way, have faith (in him); let not thy heart be differently inclined.'

"Salya said, 'Hearing these words of the great *Rishis*, the illustrious *Asura* spoke to them, 'No doubt, the *Rishis*, endued with supernatural powers, are to be respected by me. Let what I am going to say, ye gods, be performed in its entirety; then I shall do everything that (these) best of Brahmanas have said to me. Ye lords of the Brahmana race, ordain so that Indra himself or the gods do not kill me by what is dry, or wet; by stone, or by wood; by a weapon fit for close fight, or by a missile; in the day time, or at night. On those terms eternal peace with Indra would be acceptable to me,—Very good ! was what the *Rishis* told him, O best of Bharata race.' Thus peace having been concluded, Vritra was very much pleased. And Indra also became pleased though constantly occupied with the thought of killing Vritra. And the chief of the deities passed his time in search of a loophole, uneasy (in mind). And on a certain day when it was evening and the hour awful, Indra caught sight of the mighty *Asura* on the coast of the sea. And he bethought himself of the boon that was granted to the illustrious *Asura*, saying, 'This is the awful evening time; it is neither day, nor night; and this Vritra, my enemy, who hath stripped me of my all, must undoubtedly be killed by me. If I do not kill Vritra, this great and mighty *Asura* of gigantic frame, even by deceit, it will not go well with me.' And as Indra thought of all this, bearing Vishnu in mind he beheld at that instant in the sea a mass of froth as large as a hill. And he said, 'This is neither dry, nor wet, nor is it a weapon; let me hurl it at Vritra. Without doubt, he will die immediately.' And he threw at Vritra that mass of froth blended with the thunderbolt. And Vishnu, having entered within that froth, put an end to the life of Vritra. And when Vritra was killed, the cardinal points were free from gloom; and there also blew a pleasant breeze; and all beings were much pleased. And the deities with the *Gandharvas* and *Yakshas* and *Rakshasas*, with the great snakes and saints, glorified the mighty Indra with various laudatory hymns. And saluted by all beings, Indra spoke words of encouragement to all. And his heart was glad as also that of everyone of the gods for having killed the foe. And knowing the nature of virtue, he worshipped Vishnu, the most praiseworthy of all objects in the world. Now when the mighty Vritra, terrible to the gods, was killed, Indra became overpowered by falsehood, and he became exceedingly sad; and he was also overpowered by the sin of Brahmanicide

on account of having killed the three-headed son of Twashtri. And he betook himself to the confines of the worlds, and became bereft of his senses and consciousness. And overpowered by his own sins, he could not be recognised. And he lay concealed in water, just like a writhing snake. And when the lord of celestials, oppressed with the dread of Brahmanicide, had vanished from sight, the earth looked as if a havoc had passed over it. And it became treeless, and its woods withered; and the course of rivers was interrupted; and the reservoirs lost all their water; and there was distress among animals on account of cessation of rains. And the deities and all the great *Rishis* were in exceeding fear; and the world had no king, and was overtaken by disasters. Then the deities and the divine saints in heaven, separated from the chief of the gods, became terrified, and wondered who was to be their king. And nobody had any inclination to act as the king of the gods.' "

SECTION XI

"Salya said, 'Then all the *Rishis* and the superior gods said, "Let the handsome Nahusha be crowned as king of the gods. He is powerful and renowned, and devoted to virtue ever more.' And they all went and said to him, 'O lord of the earth, be thou our king.' And Nahusha intent on his welfare, spoke to those gods and saints accompanied by the progenitors (of mankind), 'I am feeble; I am not capable of protecting you; it is a powerful person who should be your king; it is Indra who hath always been possessed of strength.' And all the gods, led by the saints, spoke again to him, 'Aided by the virtue of our austerities, rule thou the kingdom of heaven. There is no doubt that we have all our respective fears. Be crowned, O lord of monarchs, as the king of heaven. Whatever being may stand within thy sight, whether he be a god, an *Asura*, a *Yaksha*, a saint, a *Pitri*, or a *Gandharva*, thou shalt absorb his power and (thereby) wax strong. Always placing virtue before (all other things), be thou the ruler of the worlds. Protect also the Brahmarsis (Brahmana saints) and the gods in heaven.' Then, O lord of monarchs, Nahusha was crowned king in heaven. And placing virtue before (everything else), he became the ruler of all the worlds. And though always of a virtuous disposition, yet when he obtained that precious boon and the kingdom of heaven, Nahusha assumed a sensual turn of mind. And when Nahusha became the king of the gods, he surrounded himself with celestial nymphs, and with damsels of celestial birth, and took to enjoyments of various kinds, in the *Nandana* groves, on mount Kailasa, on the crest of Himavat, on Mandara, the White hill Sahya, Mahendra and Malaya, as also upon

seas and rivers. And he listened to various divine narratives that captivated both the ear and the heart, and to the play of musical instruments of different sorts, and to sweet vocal strains. And Viswavasu and Narada and bevies of celestial nymphs and bands of Gandharvas and the six seasons in living shapes, attended upon the king of the gods. And fragrant breezes, refreshingly cool, blew round him. And while that wretch was thus enjoying himself, on one occasion the goddess who was the favourite queen of Indra came in his sight. And that vicious soul, having looked at her, said to the courtiers, 'Why doth not this goddess, the queen of Indra, attend upon me? I am the monarch of the gods, and also the ruler of the worlds. Let Sachi make haste and visit me at my house.' Saddened at hearing this, the goddess said to Vrihaspati, 'Protect me, O Brahmana, from this Nahusha. I come to you as my refuge. You always say, O Brahmana, that I have got on my person all the auspicious marks, being the favourite of the divine king; that I am chaste, devoted to my lord, and destined never to become a widow. All this about me you have said before. Let your words be made true. O possessor of great powers, O lord, you never spoke words that were vain. Therefore, O best of Brahmanas, this that you have said ought to be true.' Then Vrihaspati said to the queen of Indra who was beside herself through fear, 'What thou hast been told by me will come to be true, be sure, O goddess. Thou shalt see Indra, the lord of the gods, who will soon come back here. I tell thee truly, thou hast no fear from Nahusha; I shall soon unite thee with Indra.' Now Nahusha came to hear that Indra's queen had taken refuge with Vrihaspati, the son of Angiras. And at this, the king became highly enraged.' "

SECTION XII

"Salya said, 'Seeing Nahusha enraged, the gods led by the saints spoke unto him, 'Who was now their king of awful mien? O king of gods, quit thy wrath. When thou art in wrath, O lord, the Universe, with its *Asuras* and *Gandharvas*, its *Kinnaras*, and great snakes, quaketh. Quit this wrath, thou righteous being. Persons like thee do not put themselves out. That goddess is another person's wife. Be pacified, O lord of gods! Turn back thy inclination from the sin of outraging another's wife. Thou art the king of gods, prosperity to thee! Protect thy subjects in all righteousness?' So addressed, he heeded not the saying rendered senseless by lust. And the king spoke to the gods, in allusion to Indra, 'Ahalya of spotless fame, the wife of a saint, was outraged by Indra while her husband was alive. Why did ye not prevent him? Many were the deeds of inhumanity, of unrighteousness, of deceit, committed by

Indra in former times. Why did ye not prevent him? Let the goddess do my pleasure; that would be her permanent good. And so the same will ever more rebound to your safety, ye gods!'

"The gods said, 'We shall bring to thee the queen of Indra even as thou hast laid the command, 'O lord of heaven! Quit this wrath, thou valiant soul! Be pacified, O lord of gods!'

"Salya continued, 'Thus having spoken to him, the gods with the saint went to inform Vrihaspati and the queen of Indra of the said news. And they said, 'We know, O foremost of Brahmanas, that the queen of Indra hath betaken herself to thy house, for protection, and that thou hast promised her protection, O best of divine saints! But we, the gods and *Gandharvas* and saints, beseech thee, O thou of great lustre, to give up the queen of Indra to Nahusha. Nahusha, the king of gods, of great effulgence, is superior to Indra. Let her, that lady of choice figure and complexion, choose him as her lord!' Thus addressed, the goddess gave vent to tears; and sobbing audibly, she mourned in piteous accents. And she spoke to Vrihaspati, 'O best of divine saints, I do not desire Nahusha to be my lord. I have betaken myself to thy protection, O Brahmana! Deliver me from this great peril!'

"Vrihaspati said, 'My resolution is this, I shall not abandon one that hath sought my protection. O thou of unblamable life, I shall not abandon thee, virtuous as thou art and of a truthful disposition! I do not desire to do an improper act, specially as I am a Brahmana knowing what righteousness is, having a regard for truth, and aware also of the precepts of virtue. I shall never do it. Go your ways, ye best of gods. Hear what hath formerly been sung by Brahma with regard to the matter at hand. He that delivereth up to a foe of a person terrified and asking for protection obtaineth no protection when he himself is in need of it. His seed doth not grow at seed-time and rain doth not come to him in the season of rains. He that delivereth up to a foe a person terrified and asking for protection never succeedeth in anything that he undertaketh; senseless as he is, he droppeth paralysed from heaven; the god refuse offerings made by him. His progeny die an untimely death and his forefathers always quarrel (among themselves). The gods with Indra and their head dart the thunderbolt at him. Know it to be so, I shall not deliver up this Sachi here, the queen of Indra, famous in the world as his favourite consort. O ye best of gods, what may be for both her good and mine I ask you to do. Sachi I shall never deliver up!'

"Salya continued, 'Then the gods and the Gandharvas said these words to the preceptor of the gods, 'O Vrihaspati, deliberate upon something that may be conformable to sound policy!' Vrihaspati said, 'Let this goddess of auspicious looks ask for time from Nahusha in order to make up her mind to his proposal. This will be for the good of Indra's queen, and of us as well. Time, ye gods, may give rise to many impediments. Time will send time onward. Nahusha is proud and powerful by virtue of the boon granted to him!'

"Salya continued, 'Vrihaspati having spoken so, the gods, delighted then said, 'Well hast thou said, O Brahmana. This is for the good of all the gods. It is no doubt so. Only, let this goddess be propitiated.' Then the assembled gods led by *Agni*, with a view to the welfare of all the worlds, spoke to Indra's queen in a quiet way. And the gods said, 'Thou art supporting the whole universe of things mobile and immobile. Thou art chaste and true: go thou to Nahusha. That vicious being, lustful after thee, will shortly fall: and Indra, O goddess, will get the sovereignty of the gods!' Ascertaining this to be the result of that deliberation, Indra's queen, for attaining her end, went bashfully to Nahusha of awful mien. The vicious Nahusha also, rendered senseless by lust, saw how youthful and lovely she was, and became highly pleased.' "

SECTION XIII

"Salya said, 'Now then Nahusha, the king of the gods, looked at her and said, 'O thou of sweet smiles, I am the Indra of all the three worlds. O thou of beautiful thighs and fair complexion, accept me as thy lord!' That chaste goddess, thus addressed by Nahusha, was terrified and quaked like a plantain-stalk at a breezy spot. She bowed her head to Brahma, and joining her hands spoke to Nahusha, the king of the gods, of awful mien, said, 'O lord of the deities, I desire to obtain time. It is not known what hath become of Indra, or where he is. Having enquired into the truth regarding him, if, O lord, I obtain no news of him, then I shall visit thee; this tell I thee for truth.' Thus addressed by Indra's queen, Nahusha was pleased. And Nahusha said, 'Let it be so, O lady of lovely hips, even as thou art telling me. Thou wilt come, after having ascertained the news. I hope thou wilt remember thy plighted truth.' Dismissed by Nahusha, she of auspicious looks stepped out; and that famous lady went to the abode of Vrihaspati. And, O best of kings, the gods with Agni at their head, when they heard her words, deliberated, intent upon what would promote the interests of Indra. And they then joined the powerful Vishnu, the God of gods. And skilled in making speeches, the uneasy gods spoke the following words to him, 'Indra, the lord of all the gods, hath been overpowered by the sin of Brahmanicide. Thou, O lord of the gods, art the first-born, the ruler of the universe, and our refuge. Thou hadst assumed the form of Vishnu for the protection of all beings. When Vritra was killed through thy energy, Indra was overwhelmed by the sin of Brahmanicide. O best of all the gods, prescribe the means of setting him free.' Having heard these words of the gods, Vishnu said, 'Let Indra offer sacrifice to me. Even I shall purify the holder of the thunderbolt. The chastiser of Paka, having performed the

holy horse-sacrifice, will fearlessly regain his dignity as lord of the gods. And the wicked-minded Nahusha will be led to destruction by his evil deeds. For a certain period, ye gods, ye must be patient, being vigilant at the same time.' Having heard these words of Vishnu, words that were true, and pleasant like ambrosia to their ears, the gods, with their preceptor, and with the Rishis proceeded to that spot where Indra was uneasy with fear. And there, O king, was performed a great horse-sacrifice, capable of removing the sin of Brahmanicide, for the purification of the high-minded and great Indra. And the lord of the gods, O Yudhishthira, divided the sin of Brahmanicide among trees and rivers and mountains and the earth and women. And having distributed it thus among those beings and parted with it, Indra was free from fever. And rid of his sin, he came to himself. And at that place, the slayer of the Asura Vala, quaked when he looked at Nahusha, before whom all animated beings felt cowed, and who was unapproachable by virtue of the boon the Rishis had granted to him. And the divine husband of Sachi vanished from sight once again. And invisible to all beings, he wandered biding his time. And Indra having disappeared, Sachi fell into grief. And exceedingly miserable, she bewailed, 'Alas! O Indra, if ever I have made a gift, or made offering to the gods, or have propitiated my spiritual guides, if there is any truth in me, then I pray that my chastity may remain inviolate. I bow myself to this goddess Night,—holy, pure, running her course during this the northern journey of the sun,[1] let my desire be fulfilled.' Saying this, she, in a purified condition of body and soul, worshipped the goddess Night. And in the name of her chastity and truth she had recourse to divination.[2] And she asked, 'Show me the place where the king of the gods is. Let truth be verified by truth.' And it was thus that she addressed the goddess of Divination.' "

SECTION XIV

"Salya said, 'Then the goddess of Divination stood near that chaste and beautiful lady. And having beheld that goddess, youthful and lovely, standing before her, Indra's queen, glad at heart, paid respects to them and said, 'I desire to know who thou art, O thou of lovely face.' And Divination said, 'I am Divination, O goddess, come near thee. Since thou art truthful, therefore, O high-minded lady, do I appear in thy sight. Since thou art devoted to thy lord, employed in controlling thy-

[1] *i.e.*, passage of the sun from the winter to the summer solstice.
[2] Divination was practised by reference to the stars in the night.

self, and engaged in the practice of religious rites, I shall show thee the god Indra, the slayer of Vritra. Quickly come after me, so may good betide thee! Thou shalt see that best of gods.' Then Divination proceeded and the divine queen of Indra went after her. And she crossed the heavenly groves, and many mountains; and then having crossed the Himavat mountains, she came to its northern side. And having reached the sea, extending over many *yojanas*, she came upon a large island covered with various trees and plants. And there she saw a beautiful lake, of heavenly appearance, covered with birds, eight hundred miles in length, and as many in breadth. And upon it, O descendant of Bharata, were full-blown lotuses of heavenly appearance, of five colours, hummed round by bees, and counting by thousands. And in the middle of that lake, there was a large and beautiful assemblage of lotuses having in its midst a large white lotus standing on a lofty stalk. And penetrating into the lotus-stalk, along with Sachi, she saw Indra there who had entered into its fibres. And seeing her lord lying there in a minute form, Sachi also assumed a minute form, so did the goddess of divination too. And Indra's queen began to glorify him by reciting his celebrated deeds of yore. And thus glorified, the divine Purandara spoke to Sachi, 'For what purpose hast thou come? How also have I been found out?' Then the goddess spoke of the acts of Nahusha. And she said, 'O performer of a hundred sacrifices, having obtained the sovereignty of the three worlds, powerful and haughty and of a vicious soul, he hath commanded me to visit him, and the cruel wretch hath even assigned me a definite time. If thou wilt not protect me, O lord, he will bring me under his power. For this reason, O Indra, have I come to thee in alarm. O thou of powerful arms, slay the terrible Nahusha of vicious soul. Discover thyself, O slayer of *Daityas* and *Danavas*. O lord, assume thy own strength and rule the celestial kingdom.' "

SECTION XV

"Salya said, 'Thus addressed by Sachi, the illustrious god said to her again, 'This is not the time for putting forth valour. Nahusha is stronger than I am. O beautiful lady, he hath been strengthened by the *Rishis* with the merits of offerings to the gods and the *Pitris*. I shall have recourse to policy now. Thou wilt have to carry it out, O goddess. O lady, thou must do it secretly and must not disclose it to any person. O lady of a beautiful waist, going to Nahusha in private, tell him, O lord of the Universe, thou must visit me mounted on a nice vehicle borne by *Rishis*. In that case I shall be pleased and shall place myself at thy disposal. This shouldst thou tell him.' And thus addressed by the

king of the gods, his lotus-eyed consort expressed her consent and went to Nahusha. And Nahusha, having seen her, smilingly addressed her, saying, 'I welcome thee, O lady of lovely thighs. What is thy pleasure, O thou of sweet smiles. Accept me, O lady of propitious looks, who am devoted to thee. What is thy will, O spirited dame. I shall do thy wish, O lady of propitious looks and slender waist. Nor needst thou be bashful, O thou of lovely hips. Have trust in me. In the name of truth I swear, O goddess, that I shall do thy bidding.'

"Sachi said, 'O lord of Universe, I wanted the time that thou hast assigned to me. Thereafter, O lord of the gods, thou shalt be my husband. I have a wish. Attend and hear, O king of the gods. What it is I shall say, O king, so that thou mayst do what I like. This is an indulgence that I ask from thy love for me. If thou grantest it, I shall be at thy disposal. Indra had horses for carrying him, and elephants, and cars. I want thee to have, O king of the gods, a novel vehicle, such as never belonged to Vishnu, or Rudra, or the *Asuras*, or the *Rakshasas*, O lord. Let a number of highly dignified *Rishis*, united together, bear thee in a palanquin. This is what commends itself to me. Thou shouldst not liken thyself to the *Asuras* or the gods. Thou absorbest the strength of all by thy own strength as soon as they look at thee. There is none so strong as to be able to stand before thee.'

"Salya continued, 'Thus addressed, Nahusha was very much pleased. And the lord of the deities said to that lady of faultless features, 'O lady of the fairest complexion, thou hast spoken of a vehicle never heard of before. I like it exceedingly, O goddess. I am in thy power, O thou of lovely face. He cannot be a feeble person who employeth *Rishis* for bearing him. I have practised austerities, and am mighty. I am the lord of the past, the present, and the future. The Universe would be no more if I were in rage. The whole Universe is established in me. O thou of sweet smiles, the gods, the *Asuras* and *Gandharvas*, and snakes, and *Rakshasas* are together unable to cope with me when I am in rage. Whomsoever I gaze upon I divest him of his energy. Therefore, thy request I shall no doubt fulfil, O goddess. The seven *Rishis*, and also the regenerate *Rishis*, shall carry me. See our greatness and splendour, O lady of lovely complexion.'

"Salya continued, 'Having thus addressed that goddess of lovely face, and having dismissed her thus, he harnessed to his heavenly car a number of saints devoted to the practice of austerities. A disregarder of Brahmanas, endued with power and intoxicated with pride, capricious, and of vicious soul, he employed those saints to carry him. Meanwhile, dismissed by Nahusha, Sachi went to Vrihaspati and said, 'But little remaineth of the term assigned by Nahusha to me. But compassionate unto me who respect thee so, and quickly find out Indra.'

"The illustrious Vrihaspati then said to her, 'Very good, thou needst not, O goddess, fear, Nahusha of vicious soul. Surely, he shall not long retain his power. The wretch, in fact, is already gone, being regardless

of virtue and because, O lovely dame, of his employing the great saints to carry him. And I shall perform a sacrifice for the destruction of this vicious wretch, and I shall find out Indra. Thou needst not fear. Fare thee well.' And Vrihaspati of great power then kindled a fire in the prescribed form, and put the very best offerings upon it in order to ascertain where the king of the gods was. And having put his offerings, O king, he said to the Fire, 'Search out Indra.' And there upon that revered god, the eater of burnt offerings, assumed of his own accord a wonderful feminine form and vanished from sight at that very spot. And endued with speed of the mind, he searched everywhere, mountains and forests, earth and sky, and came back to Vrihaspati within the twinkling of the eye. And Agni said, 'Vrihaspati, nowhere in these places do I find the king of the gods. The waters alone remain to be searched. I am always backward in entering the waters. I have no ingress therein. O Brahmana, what I am to do for thee.' The preceptor of the gods then said to him, 'O illustrious god, do thou enter the water.'

"Agni said, 'I cannot enter the water. Therein it is extinction that awaits me. I place myself in thy hand, O thou of great effulgence. Mayst thou fare well! Fire rose from water, the military caste rose from the priestly caste; and iron had its origin in stone. The power of these which can penetrate all other things, hath no operation upon the sources from which they spring.' "

SECTION XVI

"Vrihaspati said, 'Thou art the mouth, O Agni, of all the gods. Thou art the carrier of sacred offerings. Thou, like a witness, hast access to the inner souls of all creatures. The poets call thee single, and again three-fold. O eater of burnt offerings, abandoned by thee the Universe would forthwith cease to be. The Brahmanas by bowing to thee, win with their wives and sons an eternal region, the reward of their own meritorious deeds. O Agni, it is thou who art the bearer of sacred offerings. Thou, O Agni, art thyself the best offering. In a sacrificial ceremony of the supreme order, it is thee that they worship with incessant gifts and offerings. O bearer of offerings, having created the three worlds, thou when the hour cometh, consumeth them in thy unkindled form. Thou art the mother of the whole Universe; and thou again, O Agni, art its termination. The wise call thee identical with the clouds and with the lightning; flames issuing from thee, support all creatures. All the waters are deposited in thee; so is this entire world. To thee, O purifier, nothing is unknown in the three worlds. Every body taketh kindly to his progenitor; do thou enter the waters without fear. I shall

render thee strong with the eternal hymns of the *Veda*. Thus glorified, the bearer of burnt offerings, that best of poets, well-pleased, spoke laudable words to Vrihaspati. And he said, 'I shall show Indra to thee. This I tell thee for truth.'

"Salya continued, 'Then Agni entered the waters including seas and tiny ponds, and came to that reservoir, where, O best of Bharata's race, while searching the lotus flowers, he saw the king of the gods lying within the fibres of a lotus-stalk. And soon coming back, he informed Vrihaspati how Indra had taken refuge in the fibres of a lotus-stalk, assuming a minute form. Then Vrihaspati, accompanied by the gods, the saints and the *Gandharvas*, went and glorified the slayer of Vala by referring to his former deeds. And he said, 'O Indra, the great *Asura* Namuchi was killed by thee; and those two *Asuras* also of terrible strength, *viz.*, Samvara and Vala. Wax strong, O performer of a hundred sacrifices, and slay all thy foes. Rise, O Indra! Behold, here are assembled the gods and the saints. O Indra, O great lord, by slaying *Asuras*, thou hast delivered the worlds. Having got the froth of waters, strengthened with Vishnu's energy, thou formerly slew Vritra. Thou art the refuge of all creatures and art adorable. There is no being equal to thee. All the creatures, O Indra, are supported by thee, Thou didst build the greatness of the gods. Deliver all, together with the worlds by assuming thy strength, O great Indra.' And thus glorified, Indra increased little by little; and having assumed his own form, he waxed strong and spoke to the preceptor Vrihaspati standing before. And he said, 'What business of yours yet remaineth; the great *Asuras*, son of Twashtri, hath been killed; and Vritra also, whose form was exceedingly big and who destroyed the worlds.'

"Vrihaspati said, 'The human Nahusha, a king, having, obtained the throne of heaven by virtue of the power of the divine saints, is giving us exceeding trouble.'

"Indra said, 'How hath Nahusha obtained the throne of heaven, difficult to get? What austerities did he practise? How great is his power, O Vrihaspati!'

"Vrihaspati said, 'The gods having been frightened, wished for a king of heaven, for thou hadst given up the high dignity of heaven's ruler. Then the gods, the *Pitris* of the universe, the saints, and the principal *Gandharvas*, all met together, O Indra, and went to Nahusha and said, 'Be thou our king, and the defender of the Universe!' To them said Nahusha, 'I am not able; fill me with your power and with the virtue of your austerities!' So told, the deities strengthened him, O king of the gods! And thereupon Nahusha became a person of terrible strength, and becoming thus the ruler of the three worlds, he hath put the great saints in harness, and the wretch is thus journeying from world to world. Mayst thou never see Nahusha who is terrible. He emitteth poison from his eyes, and absorbeth the energy of all. All the gods

are exceedingly frightened; they go about concealed and do not cast a glance at him!'

"Salya continued, While that best of Angira's race was thus speaking, there came that guardian of the world, Kuvera, and also Yama the son of Surya, and the old god Soma, and Varuna. And arrived there they said to the great Indra, 'How lucky that the son of Twashtri hath been killed, and Vritra also! How lucky, O Indra, that we are beholding thee safe and sound, while all thy enemies have been killed!' Indra received all those guardians of the worlds, and with a glad heart greeted them in proper form with a view to requesting them in connection with Nahusha. And he said, 'Nahusha of terrible mien is the king of the gods; therein lend me your assistance.' They replied, 'Nahusha is of awful mien; his sight is poison; we are afraid of him, O God. If thou overthrowest Nahusha, then we shall be entitled to our shares of sacrificial offerings, O Indra.' Indra said, 'Let it be so. You and the ruler of the waters, and Yama, and Kuvera shall this day be crowned along with me. Aided by all the gods, let us overthrow the foe Nahusha of terrible gaze.' Then Agni also said to Indra, 'Give me a share in sacrificial offerings. I also shall lend you my assistance.' Indra said to him, 'O Agni, thou also shalt get a share in great sacrifices,—there will be a single share (in such) for both Indra and Agni.'

"Salya continued, 'Thus did the illustrious lord Indra, the chastiser of Paka, the giver of boons, bestow, after deliberation upon Kuvera the sovereignty over the Yakshas, and all the wealth of the world; upon Yama, the sovereignty over the Pitris; and upon Varuna, that over the waters.' "

SECTION XVII

"Salya said, 'Now when the great Indra, the intelligent chief of the gods, was deliberating with the guardians of the world and other deities upon the means of slaying Nahusha, there appeared at that spot the venerable ascetic Agastya. And Agastya honoured the lord of the gods and said, 'How fortunate that thou art flourishing after the destruction of that being of universal form, as also that of Vritra. And how fortunate. O Purandara, Nahusha hath been hurled from the throne of heaven. How fortunate, O slayer of Vala, that I behold thee with all thy enemies killed.'

"Indra said, 'Hath thy journey hither been pleasant, O great saint, I am delighted to see thee. Accept from me water for washing thy feet and face, as also the Arghya and the cow.'

"Salya continued, 'Indra, well-pleased, began to question that best

of saints and greatest of Brahmanas when he was seated on a seat after receiving due honours, thus, O revered saint, O best of Brahmanas, I wish to have it recited by thee how Nahusha of vicious soul was hurled from heaven.'

"Agastya said, 'Listen, O Indra, to the pleasant narrative how the wicked and vicious Nahusha, intoxicated with pride of strength, had been hurled from heaven. The pure-spirited Brahmanas and celestial saints, while carrying him, weary with toil, questioned that vicious one, O best of victors, saying, 'O Indra, there are certain hymns in the *Vedas*, directed to be recited while sprinkling the cows. Are they authentic or not? Nahusha, who had lost his senses by the operation of the Tamas, told them that they were not authentic.' The saints then said, 'Thou art tending towards unrighteousness; thou takest not to the righteous path. The greatest saints have formerly said they are authentic, O Indra.' And incited by Untruth, he touched me on my head with his foot. At this, O lord of Sachi, he became divested of power and of good looks. Then, as he was agitated and overpowered with fear, I spoke to him, 'Since thou hast pronounced as spurious the unexceptionable hymns of the *Veda* which have been recited by Brahmarsis (Brahmana saints), and since thou hast touched my head with thy foot, and since thou, O ignorant wretch, hast turned these unapproachable saints, equal to Brahma, into animals for carrying thee, therefore, O wretch, be divested of thy lustre, and being hurled headlong, fall thou from heaven, the effect of all thy good deeds being exhausted. For ten thousand years, thou shalt, in the form of an enormous snake, roam over the earth. When that period is full, thou mayst come back to heaven. Thus hath that wretch been hurled from the throne of heaven, O repressor of foes.' How fortunate, O Indra, that we are flourishing now. That thorn of the Brahmanas hath been killed. O lord of Sachi, repair thou to heaven, protect the worlds, subdue thy senses, subdue thy foes, and be glorified by the great saints.'

"Salya continued, 'Then, O ruler of men, the gods, and the bands of great saints were exceedingly pleased. And so also were the *Pitris*, the *Yakshas*, the Snakes, the *Rakshasas*, the *Gandharvas*, and all the bands of celestial nymphs. And the tanks, the rivers, the mountains, and the seas also were highly pleased. And all came up and said, 'How fortunate, O slayer of foes, that thou art flourishing! How fortunate, that the intelligent Agastya hath killed the vicious Nahusha! How fortunate that the vile individual hath been turned into a snake to roam over the earth!' "

SECTION XVIII

"Salya said, "Then Indra, glorified by the bands of *Gandharvas* and celestial nymphs, mounted on Airavata, the king of elephants, characterised by auspicious marks. And the illustrious Agni, and the great saint Vrihaspati, and Yama, and Varuna, and Kuvera, the lord of riches, accompanied him. And the lord Sakra, the slayer of Vritra, then went to the three worlds surrounded by the gods together with the *Gandharvas* and the celestial nymphs. And the performer of a hundred sacrifices, the king of the deities, was thus united with his queen. And he began to protect the worlds with exceeding gladness. Then the illustrious divine saint Angiras arrived in the assembly of Indra and worshipped him duly by reciting the hymns of the Atharva. And the great lord Indra became satisfied and granted a boon to the Atharvangiras. And Indra said, 'Thou wilt be known as a Rishi of the name *Atharvangiras* in the Atharva *Veda*, and thou wilt also get a share in sacrifices.' And having honoured Atharvangiras thus, the great lord Indra, the performer of a hundred sacrifices, parted with him, O great king. And he honoured all the deities and all the saints endued with wealth of asceticism. And, O king, Indra, well-pleased, governed the people virtuously. Thus was misery endured by Indra with his wife. And with the view of slaying his foes, even he had to pass a period in concealment. Thou shouldst not take it to heart that thou, O king of kings, hast suffered with Draupadi as also with thy high-minded brothers in the great forest. O king of kings, O descendant of Bharata, O delighter of Kuru's race, thou wilt get back thy kingdom in the same way as Indra got his, after having killed Vritra. The vicious Nahusha, that enemy of Brahmanas, of evil mind, was overthrown by the curse of Agastya, and reduced to nothing for endless years. Similarly, O slayer of foes, thy enemies, Karna and Duryodhana and others of vicious souls will quickly be destroyed. Then, O hero, thou wilt enjoy the whole of this earth, as far as the sea, with thy brothers and this Draupadi. This story of the victory of Indra, equal to the *Veda* in its sacred character, should be listened to by a king desirous of victory and when his forces have been arrayed in order of battle. Therefore, O best of victors, I am reciting it to thee for thy victory, O Yudhishthira. High-souled persons attain prosperity when they are glorified. O Yudhishthira, the destruction of high-souled *Kshatriyas* is at hand by reason of the crimes of Duryodhana, and through the might also of Bhima and Arjuna. He who readeth this story of Indra's victory with a heart full of religious faith, is cleansed of his sins, attaineth a region of bliss, and obtaineth joy both in this world and in the next. He hath no fear of his foes; he never becometh a sonless man, never encountereth any peril whatever, and enjoyeth long life. Everywhere victory declareth for him, and he knoweth not what defeat is.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'O best of Bharata's race, the king, that best of righteous men, thus encouraged by Salya, honoured him in proper form. And Yudhishthira, the son of Kunti, of powerful arms, having heard the words of Salya, spoke to the king of the Madras the following words, 'There is no doubt that thou wilt act as the charioteer of Karna. Thou must damp the spirits of Karna then by recounting the praises of Arjuna.'

"Salya said, 'Let it be so. I shall do just as thou tellest me. And I shall do for thee anything else that I may be able to do.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Then Salya, the king of the Madras, bade farewell to the sons of Kunti. And that handsome man then went with his army to Duryodhana, O repressor of foes.' "

SECTION XIX

"Vaisampayana said, 'Then Yuyudhana, the great hero of the Satwata race, came to Yudhishthira with a large army of foot, and horses and cars and elephants. And his soldiers of great valour come from various lands, bore various weapons of war, and heroic in look they beautified the Pandava army. And that army looked splendid by reason of battle-axes, and missiles and spears, and lances, and mallets, and clubs, and staves, and cords, and stainless swords, and daggers, and arrows of various kinds, all of the best temper. And the army, beautified by those weapons, and resembling in colour the cloudy sky, assumed an appearance like to a mass of clouds with lightning-flashes in its midst. And the army counted an *Akshauhini* of troops. And when absorbed in the troops of Yudhishthira it entirely disappeared, as doth a small river when it enters the sea. And similarly, the powerful chief of the Chedis, Dhrishtaketu, accompanied by an *Akshauhini*, came to the sons of Pandu of immeasurable strength. And the king of Magadha, Jayatsena of great strength, brought with him for Yudhishthira an *Akshauhini* of troops. And similarly, Pandya, who dwelt on the coast-land near the sea, came accompanied by troops of various kinds to Yudhishthira, the king of kings. And, O king, when all these troops had assembled, his army, finely dressed and exceedingly strong, assumed an appearance pleasant to the eye. And the army of Drupada, also was beautified by valiant soldiers who had come from various lands, and also by his mighty sons. And similarly, Virata, the king of the Matsyas, a leader of troops, accompanied by the king of the hilly regions, came to Pandu's sons. And for the high-souled sons of Pandu there were thus assembled from various directions, seven *Akshauhini* of troops, bristling with banners of various fomrs. And eager to fight with the Kurus, they gladdened the hearts of

the Pandavas. And in the same way king Bhagadatta, gladdening the heart of Dhritarashtra's son, gave an *Akshauhini* of troops to him. And the unassailable mass of his troops, crowded with Chins and Kiratas, all looking like figures of gold, assumed a beauty like to that of a forest of *Karnikara* trees. And so the valiant Bhurisravas, and Salya, O son of Kuru, came to Duryodhana, with an *Akshauhini* of troops each. And Kritavarman, the son of Hridika, accompanied by the Bhojas, the Andhas, and the Kukuras, came to Duryodhana with an *Akshauhini* of troops And the body of his troops composed of those mighty soldiers, who wore on their persons garlands of many-coloured flowers, looked as graceful as a number of sportive elephants that have passed through a wood. And others led by Jayadratha, the dwellers of the land of Sindhusauvira, came in such force that the hills seemed to tremble under their tread. And their force, counting an *Akshauhini*, looked like a mass of clouds moved by the wind. And Sudakshina, the king of the Kambhojas, O ruler of men, accompanied by the Yavanas and Sakas, came to the Kuru chief with an *Akshauhini* of troops. And the body of his troops that looked like a flight of locusts, meeting with the Kuru force, was absorbed and disappeared in it. And similarly came king Nila, the resident of the city of the Mahishmati, with mighty soldiers from the southern country who carried weapons of pretty make. And the two kings of Avanti, accompanied by a mighty force, brought to Duryodhana, each a separate *Akshauhini* of troops. And those tigers among men, the five royal brothers, the princes of Kekaya, hastened to Duryodhana with an *Akshauhini* of troops, and gladdened his heart. And from the illustrious king, of other quarters there came, O best of Bharata's race, three large divisions of troops. And thus Duryodhana had a force which numbered elevent *Akshauhinis* all eager to fight with the sons of Kunti, and bristling with banners of various forms. And, O descendant of Bharata, there was no space in the city of Hastinapura even for the principal leaders of Duryodhana's army. And for this reason the land of the five rivers, and the whole of the region called *Kurujangala*, and the forest of *Rohitaka* which was uniformly wild, and *Ahichatra* and *Kalakuta*, and the banks of the Ganga, and Varana, and Vatadhana, and the hill tracts on the border of the Yamuna—the whole of this extensive tract—full of abundant corn and wealth, was entirely overspread with the army of the Kauravas. And that army, so arranged, was beheld by the priest who had been sent by the king of the Panchalas to the Kurus.' "

SECTION XX

"Vaisampayana said, 'Then Drupada's priest, having approached the Kaurava chief, was honoured by Dhritarashtra as also by Bhishma and

Vidura. And having first told the news of the welfare of the Pandavas, he enquired about the welfare of the Kauravas. And he spoke the following words in the midst of all the leaders of Duryodhana's army, 'The eternal duties of kings are known to you all. But though known, I shall yet recite them as an introduction to what I am going to say. Both Dhritarashtra and Pandu are known to be sons of the same father. There is no doubt that the share of each to the paternal wealth should be equal. The sons of Dhritarashtra obtained the paternal wealth. Why did not the sons of Pandu at all receive their paternal portion? Ye are aware how formerly the sons of Pandu did not receive their paternal property which was all usurped by Dhritarashtra's sons. The latter endeavoured in various ways to remove the sons of Pandu from their path by employment even of murderous contrivances; but as their destined terms of life had not wholly run out, the sons of Pandu could not be sent to the abode of Yama. Then again, when those high-souled princes had carved out a kingdom by their own strength, the mean-minded sons of Dhritarashtra, aided by Suvala's son, robbed them of it by deceit. This Dhritarashtra gave his sanction even to that act as hath been usual with him. And for thirteen years they were then sent to sojourn in the great wilderness. In the council-hall, they had also been subjected to indignities of various kinds, along with their wife, valiant though they were. And great also were the sufferings that they had to endure in the woods. Those virtuous princes had also to endure unspeakable woes in the city of Virata,—such as are endured only by vicious men when their souls transmigrate into the forms of inferior beings, Ye best of Kuru's race, overlooking all these injuries of yore they desire nothing but a peaceful settlement with the Kurus! Remembering their behaviour, and that of Duryodhana also, the latter's friends should entreat him to consent to peace! The heroic sons of Pandu are not eager for war with the Kurus. They desire to get back their own share without involving the world in ruin. If Dhritarashtra's son assigns a reason in favour of war, that can never be a proper reason. The sons of Pandu are more powerful. Seven *Akshauhinis* of troops have been collected on behalf of Yudhishthira, all eager to fight with the Kurus, and they are now awaiting his word of command. Others there are tigers among men, equal in might to a thousand *Akshauhinis*, such as Satyaki and Bhimasena, and the twin brothers of mighty strength. It is true that these eleven divisions of troops are arrayed on one side, but these are balanced on the other by the mighty-armed Dhananjaya of manifold form. And as Kiritin exceeds in strength even all these troops together, so also doth Vasudeva's son of great effulgence and powerful intellect. Who is there that would fight, in view of the magnitude of the opposing force, the valour of Arjuna, and the wisdom of Krishna? Therefore, I ask you to give back what should be given, as dictated by morality and compact. Do not let the opportunity pass!' "

SECTION XXI

"Vaisampayana said, 'Having heard his words, Bhishma, senior in wisdom, and endued with great effulgence, paid honours to him, and then spoke words suitable to the occasion. And he said, 'How fortunate that they are all well, with Krishna! How fortunate that they have procured aid, and that they are inclined to a virtuous course! How fortunate that those scions of Kuru's race desire peace with their cousins! There is no doubt that what thou hast said is true. Thy words, however, are exceedingly sharp,—the reason, I suppose, being that thou art a Brahmana. No doubt, the sons of Pandu were much harassed both here and in woods. No doubt, by law they are entitled to get all the property of their father. Arjuna, the son of Pritha, is strong trained in weapons, and is a great car-warrior. Who, in sooth, can withstand in battle Dhananjaya the son of Pandu. Even the wielder himself of the thunderbolt cannot,—other bowmen are hardly worth mention. My belief is that he is a match for all the three worlds!' And while Bhishma was thus speaking, Karna wrathfully and insolently interrupted his words, and looking at Duryodhana said, 'There is no creature in the world, O Brahmana, who is not informed of all these facts. What is the good of repeating them again and again? On behalf of Duryodhana, Sakuni formerly won in game of dice. Yudhishthira, the son of Pandu went to the woods according to a stipulation. He is now paying no regard to that stipulation, but confident of aid from the Matsyas and Panchalas, he wisheth to get back his ancestral throne. O learned man, Duryodhana would not yield even a single foot of land if thou appealest to his fears, but if justice requires, he would give up the whole earth even to a foe. If they wish to get back their ancestral throne, they should pass the specified period of time in the forest as had been stipulated. Afterwards let them live as the dependants of Duryodhana, safe and sound. From dull-headedness, however, let them not turn their mind towards an absolutely unrighteous course. If, nevertheless, abandoning the path of virtue, they desire war, then when they encounter in battle these praise-worthy Kurus, they will remember these my words.'

"Bhishma said, 'What is the use of thy talking, O Radha's son ? Thou shouldst remember that occasion when Pritha's son, single-handed, over-powered in battle six car-warriors. If we do not act as this Brahmana hath said, to be sure, we shall be all slain by him in battle!"

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Then Dhritarashtra pacified Bhishma with words of entreaty, rebuked the son of Radha, and spoke the following words, 'What Bhishma, Santanu's son, hath said is salutary for us, as also for the Pandavas, and likewise for the whole universe. I shall, however, after deliberation, send Sanjaya to the sons of Pandu. So thou needst not wait. Go thou to the son of Pandu this very day.' The Kaurava chief then honoured Drupada's priest and sent him back to the

Pandavas. And summoning Sanjaya to the council-hall, he addressed him in the following words."

SECTION XXII

"Dhritarashtra said, 'They say, O Sanjaya, that the Pandavas have arrived at Upaplavya. Go thou and enquire after them. Thou must greet Ajatasatru in the following words, 'By good luck it is that (emerged from the woods) thou hast reached such a city. And to all of them thou must say, O Sanjaya, these words. Are ye well, having spent that harassing period of sojourn, ye who were unworthy of such harassment?' In no time will they be appeased towards us, for though treated treacherously (by foes), yet they are righteous and good. In no case, O Sanjaya, have I ever met with any untruthfulness on the part of the Pandavas. It was by their own valour that they had won all their prosperity, and (yet) they were ever dutiful to me. Though I scrutinized their conduct, I could never find fault with them,—no, not even a single fault for which we might blame them. They always act mindful of virtue and wealth; they never give way to love of sensual enjoyments, or cold, or hunger, or thirst; they subdue sleep and laziness and wrath and joy and heedlessness. The sons of Pritha, mindful of both virtue and wealth, are ever pleasant to all. On proper occasions they part with their wealth to friends. Friendship with them never loses its ardour on account of length of time; for they bestow honours and wealth on every one according to his deserts. Not a soul in the race of Ajamida ever entertains hatred for them excepting this vile, capricious, dull-headed Duryodhana, and excepting also the still more mean-minded Karna. These two always enhance the energy of those high-souled ones who have been divested of both friends and happiness. Enterprising and brought up in every indulgence, Duryodhana reckons all that to be well-done. It is childish on Duryodhana's part to think that it is possible to rob the Pandavas of their just share so long as they are alive. It is wise to yield to Yudhishthira his due share before the war,—to him whose steps are followed by Arjuna and Krishna and Bhima and Satyaki and the two sons of Madri and the warriors of the Srinjaya race. That wielder of the *Gandiva*, Savyasachin, seated on his car, would alone be able to devastate the whole world. And likewise the victorious and high-souled Krishna, the lord of the three worlds, incapable of defeat is able to do the same. What mortal would stand before him who is the one worthiest person in all the worlds and who discharges his multitude of arrows that roar like the clouds, covering all sides, like flights of swiftly-coursing locusts? Alone on his car, holding the *Gandiva*, he had conquered

the northern regions as also the Kurus of the north and brought away with him all their wealth. He converted the people of the Dravida land to be a portion of his own army. It was Falguna, the wielder of the *Gandiva*, who defeating in the *Khandava* woods all the gods together with Indra, made offerings to Agni, enhancing the honour and fame of the Pandavas. Of all wielders again of the mace, there is none equal to Bhima; and there is none also who is so skilful a rider of elephants. On car, they say, he yields not to even Arjuna; and as to might of arms, he is equal to ten thousand elephants. Well-trained and active, he who hath again been rendered bitterly hostile, would in anger consume the Dhartarashtras in no time. Always wrathful, and strong of arms, he is not capable of being subdued in battle by even Indra himself. Of great heart, and strong, and endued with great lightness of hand, the two (twin) brothers, sons of Madri, carefully trained by Arjuna, would leave not a foe alive, like to a pair of hawks preying upon large flocks of birds. This our army, so full, to tell thee the truth, will be nowhere when it will encounter them. In their side will be Dhrishtadyumna, endued with great activity,—one who is regarded as one of the Pandavas themselves. The chief of the Somaka tribe, with his followers, is, I have heard, so devoted to the cause of the Pandavas that he is ready to lay down his very life for them. Who would be able to withstand Yudhishthira who hath the best of the Vrishni tribe (Krishna) for his leader? I have heard that Virata, the chief of the Matsyas, with whom the Pandavas had lived for some time and whose wishes were fulfilled by them, old in years, is devoted, along with his sons to the Pandava cause, and hath become an adherent of Yudhishthira. Deposed from the throne of the Kekaya land, and desirous of being reinstated thereon, the five mighty brothers from that land, wielding mighty bows, are now following the sons of Pritha ready to fight. All who are valiant among the lords of the earth have been brought together and are devoted to the Pandava cause. I hear that they are bold, worthy, and respectful,—they who have allied themselves to the virtuous king Yudhishthira from feelings of attachment to him. And many warriors dwelling on the hills and inaccessible fastnesses, and many that are high in lineage and old in years, and many *Mlechcha* tribes also wielding weapons of various kinds, have been assembled together and are devoted to the cause of the Pandavas. And there hath come Pandya also, who, hardly inferior to Indra on the field of battle, is followed when he fights by numberless warriors of great courage. Remarkably heroic and endued with prowess and energy that have no parallel, he is devoted to the Pandava cause. That same Satyaki who, I have heard, obtained weapons from Drona and Arjuna and Krishna and Kripa and Bhishma, and who is said to be equal to the son of Krishna, is devotedly attached to the Pandava cause. And the assembled kings of the Chedi and the Karusha tribes have all taken the part of the Pandavas with all their resources. That one in their midst, who, having been endued with blazing beauty, shone like

the sun, whom all persons deemed unassailable in battle and the very best of all drawers of the bow on earth, was slain by Krishna in a trice, by help of his own great might, and counting for naught the bold spirit of all the Kshatriya kings. Kesava cast his eyes on that Sishupala and smote him, enhancing the fame and honour of the sons of Pandu. It was the same Sishupala who was highly honoured by those kings at whose head stood the king of the Karusha tribe. Then the other kings, deeming Krishna unassailable when seated on his car drawn by *Sugriva* and other steeds, left the chief of the Chedis and ran away like small animals at the sight of a lion. And it was thus that he, who, from audacity had sought to oppose and encounter Krishna in a combat hand to hand, was slain by Krishna and lay down lifeless, resembling a *Karnikara* tree uprooted by a gale. O Sanjaya, O son of Gavalgana, what they have told me of the activity of Krishna in cause of Pandu's sons, and what I remember of his past achievements, leave me no peace of mind. No foe whatsoever is capable of withstanding them, who are under the lead of that lion of the Vrishni tribe. My heart is trembling with fear upon learning that the two Krishnas, are seated on the self-same car. If my dull-headed son forbear to fight with those two, then may he fare well,—else those two will consume the race of Kuru as Indra and Upendra consume the *Daitya* hosts. Dhananjaya is, I conceive, equal to Indra, and the greatest of the Vrishni race, Krishna, is the Eternal Vishnu himself. The son of Kunti and Pandu, Yudhishthira, is virtuous and brave and eschews deeds that bring on shame. Endued with great energy, he hath been wronged by Duryodhana. If he were not high-minded, he would in wrath burn the Dhritarashtras. I do not so much dread Arjuna or Bhima or Krishna or the twin brothers as I dread the wrath of the king, O Suta, when his wrath is excited. His austerities are great; he is devoted to *Brahmacharya* practices. His heart's wishes will certainly be fulfilled. When I think of his wrath, O Sanjaya, and consider how just it is, I am filled with alarm. Go thou speedily on a car, despatched by me, where the troops of the king of the Panchalas are encamped. Thou wilt ask Yudhishthira about his welfare. Thou wilt repeatedly address him in affectionate terms. Thou wilt also meet Krishna, O child, who is the chief of all brave men and who is endued with a magnanimous soul. Him also thou wilt ask on my part as to his welfare, and tell him that Dhritarashtra is desirous of peace with Pandu's sons. O *Suta*, there is nothing that Yudhishthira, the son of Kunti, would not do at the bidding of Krishna. Kesava is as dear to them as their own selves. Possessed of great learning, he is ever devoted to their cause. Thou wilt also enquire about the welfare of all the assembled sons of Pandu and the Srinjayas and Satyaki and Virata and all the five sons of Draupadi, professing to be a messenger from me. And whatsoever also thou mayst deem to be opportune, and beneficial for the Bharata race, all that, O Sanjaya, thou must say in the midst of

those kings,—everything, in sooth, that may not be unpalatable or provocative of war.' "

SECTION XXIII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Having heard these words of king Dhritarashtra Sanjaya went to Upaplavya to see the Pandavas of immeasurable strength. And having approached king Yudhishthira, the son of Kunti, he made obeisance to him first and then spoke. And the son of Gavalgana, by name Sanjaya and by caste a *Suta*, cheerfully spoke unto Ajatasatru, 'How lucky, O king, that I see you hale, attended by friends and little inferior to the great Indra. The aged and wise king Dhritarashtra, the son of Ambika, hath enquired about your welfare. I hope Bhimasena is well, and that Dhananjaya, that foremost of the Pandavas, and these two sons of Madri, are well. I hope princess Krishna also, the daughter of Drupada, is well,—she who never swerves from the path of truth, that lady of great energy, that wife of heroes. I hope she is wel with her sons,—she in whom are centred all your dearest joys and whose welfare you constantly pray for.'

"Yudhishthira said, 'O Sanjaya, the son of Gavalgana, hath thy journey here been safe? We are pleased with thy sight. I ask thee in return how thou art. I am, O learned man, in excellent health with my younger brothers. O *Suta*, after a long while do I now receive news of the aged king of the Kurus, that descendant of Bharata. Having seen thee, O Sanjaya, I feel as if I have seen the king himself, so pleased I am! Is our aged grandsire Bhishma, the descendant of Kuru, endued with great energy and the highest wisdom and always devoted to the practices of his own order, O sire, in health? I hope he still retains all his former habits. I hope the high-souled king Dhritarashtra, the son of Vichitravirya, is in health with his sons. I hope the great king Vahlika, the son of Pratipa, endued with great learning, is also in health. I hope, O sire, that Somadatta is in health, and Bhurisravas, and Satyasandha, and Sala, and Drona with his son, and the Brahmana Kripa are also well. I hope all those mighty bowmen are free from disease. O Sanjaya, all those greatest and best of bowmen, endued with the highest intelligence and versed in letters, and occupying the very top of those who wield weapons, have attached themselves to the Kurus. I hope those bowmen receive their honours due. I hope they are free from disease. How happy are they in whose kingdom dwells the mighty and handsome bowman, the well-behaved son of Drona! I hope Yuyutsu, the highly intelligent son of Dhritarashtra by his *Vaisya* wife is in health. I hope, O sire, the adviser Karna, whose counsels are followed by the dull-

headed Suyodhana, is in health. I hope, the aged ladies, the mothers of the Bharata race, and the kitchen-maidens, the bond-maids, the daughters-in-law, the boys, the sister's sons, and the sisters, and the daughters' sons of Dhritarashtra's house are all free from trouble. O sire, I hope the king still allows their former subsistence to the Brahmanas. I hope, O Sanjaya, Dhritarashtra's son hath not seized those gifts to the Brahmanas that I made. I hope Dhritarashtra with his sons meets in a spirit of forbearance any over-bearing conduct on the part of the Brahmanas. I hope he never neglects to make provision for them, *that* being the sole highway to heaven. For this is the excellent and clear light that hath been provided by the Creator in this world of living beings. If like dull-headed persons, the sons of Kuru do not treat the Brahmanas in a forbearing spirit, wholesale destruction will overtake them. I hope king Dhritarashtra and his son try to provide for the functionaries of state. I hope there are no enemies for theirs, who, disguised as friends, are conspiring for their ruin. O sire, I hope none of these Kurus talk of our having committed any crimes. I hope Drona and his son and the heroic Kripa do not talk of our having been guilty in any way. I hope all the Kurus look up to king Dhritarashtra and his sons as the protectors of their tribe. I hope when they see a horde of robbers, they remember the deeds of Arjuna, the leader in all fields of battle. I hope they remember the arrows shot from the *Gandiva*, which course through the air in a straight path, impelled onwards by the stretched bow-string in contact with the fingers of his hand, and making a noise loud as that of the thunder. I have not seen the warrior that excels or even rivals Arjuna who can shoot by a single effort of his hand sixty-one whetted and keen-edged shafts furnished with excellent feathers. Do they remember Bhima also, who, endued with great activity causeth hostile hosts arrayed in battle to tremble in dread, like an elephant with rent temples agitating a forest of reeds? Do they remember the mighty Sahadeva, the son of Madri, who in Dantakura conquered the Kalingas, shooting arrows by both the left and right hand? Do they remember Nakula, who, O Sanjaya, was sent, under your eye, to conquer the Sivis and the Trigartas, and who brought the western region under my power? Do they remember the disgrace that was theirs when under evil counsels they came to the woods of *Dwaitavana* on pretence of taking away their cattle? Those wicked ones having been over-powered by their enemies were afterwards liberated by Bhimasena and Arjuna, myself protecting the rear of Arjuna (in the fight that ensued) and Bhima protecting the rear of the sons of Madri, and the wielder of the *Gandiva* coming out unharmed from the press of battle having made a great slaughter of the hostile host,—do they remember that? It is not by a single good deed, O Sanjaya, that happiness can here be attained, when by all our endeavours we are unable to win over the son of Dhritarashtra! "

SECTION XXIV

"Sanjaya said, 'It is even so as thou hast said, O son of Pandu! Dost thou enquire about the welfare of the Kurus and of the foremost ones among them? Free from illness of every kind and in the possession of excellent spirit are those foremost ones among the Kurus about whom, O son of Pritha, thou enquirest. Know, O son of Pandu, that there are certainly righteous and aged men, as also men that are sinful and wicked about Dhritarashtra's son. Dhritarashtra's son would make gifts even to his enemies; it is not likely, therefore, that he should withdraw the donations made to the Brahmanas. It is customary with you, Kshatriyas, to follow a rule fit for butchers, that leads you to do harm to those that bear no ill-will to you; but the practice is not good. Dhritarashtra with his sons would be guilty of the sin of intestine dissension, where he, like a bad man, to bear ill-will towards you who are righteous. He does not approve of this injury (done to you); he is exceedingly sorry for it; he grieves at his heart—the old man—O Yudhishthira,—for, having communicated with the Brahmanas, he hath learnt that provoking intestine dissensions is the greatest of all sins. O king of men, they remember thy prowess on the field, and that of Arjuna, who taketh the lead in the field of battle. They remember Bhima wielding his mace when the sound of the conch-shell and the drum rises to the highest pitch. They remember those mighty car-warriors, the two sons of Madri, who on the field of battle career in all directions, shooting incessant showers of shafts on hostile hosts, and who know not what it is to tremble in fight. I believe, O king, that which Futurity hath in store for a particular person cannot be known, since thou, O son of Pandu, who art endowed with all the virtues, hast had to suffer trouble of such unendurable kind All this, no doubt, O Yudhishthira, thou wilt again make up by help of your intelligence. The sons of Pandu, all equal to Indra would never abandon virtue for the sake of pleasure. Thou, O Yudhishthira, wilt so make up thy intelligence that they all, *viz.*, the sons of Dhritarashtra and Pandu and the Srinjayas, and all the kings who have been assembled here, will attain peace. O Yudhishthira, hear what thy sire Dhritarashtra having consulted with his ministers and sons, hath spoken to me. Be attentive to the same.' "

SECTION XXV

"Yudhishthira said, 'Here are met the Pandavas and the Srinjayas, and Krishna, and Yuyudhana and Virata, O son of the *Suta* Gavalgana, tell us all that Dhritarashtra hath directed thee to say.'

"Sanjaya said, 'I greet Yudhishthira, and Vrikodara and Dhananjaya, and the two sons of Madri, and Vasudeva the descendant of Sura, and Satyaki, and the aged ruler of the Panchalas, and Dhrishtadyumna, the son of Prishata. Let all listen to the words I say from a desire for the welfare of the Kurus. King Dhritarashtra, eagerly welcoming the chance of peace, hastened the preparation of my car for this journey here. Let it be acceptable to king Yudhishthira with his brothers and sons and relations. Let the son of Pandu prefer peace. The sons of Pritha are endowed with every virtue with steadiness and mildness and candour. Born in a high family, they are humane, liberal, and loath to do any act which would bring on shame. They know what is proper to be done. A base deed is not befitting you, for you are so high-minded, and have such a terrible following of troops. If you committed a sinful act, it would be a blot on your fair name, as a drop of collyrium on a white cloth. Who could knowingly be ever guilty of an act, which would result in universal slaughter, which would be sinful and lead to hell,—an act consisting in the destruction (of men), an act the result of which, whether it be victory or defeat, is or the self-same value? Blessed are they that have served their relative's cause. They are the true sons and friends and relatives (of Kuru's race) who would lay down life, life which is liable to be abused by misdeeds, in order to ensure the welfare of the Kurus. If you, ye sons of Pritha, chastise the Kurus, by defeating and slaying all your foes,—that subsequent life of yours would be equivalent to death, for what, in sooth, is life after having killed all your kinsfolk? Who, even if he were Indra himself with all the gods on his side, would be able to defeat you who are aided by Kesava and Chekitanas, and Satyaki, and are protected by Dhrishtadyumna's arms? Who again, O king, can defeat in battle the Kurus who are protected by Drona and Bhishma, and Aswatthaman, and Salya, and Kripa and Karna with a host of Kshatriya kings? Who, without loss to himself, is able to slay the vast force assembled by Dhritarashtra's son? Therefore it is, that I do not see any good either in victory or in defeat. How can the sons of Pritha, like base persons of low lineage, commit an act of unrighteousness? Therefore, I appease, I prostrate myself before Krishna and the aged king of the Panchalas. I betake myself to you as my refuge, with joined hands, so that both the Kurus and the Srinjayas may be benefited. It is not likely that either Krishna or Dhananjaya will not act up to these my words. Either of them would lay down his life, if besought (to do so). Therefore, I say this for the success of my mission. This is the desire of the king and his counsellor Bhishma, that there may be confirmed peace between you (and the Kurus).' "

SECTION XXVI

"Yudhishthira said, 'What words from me, O Sanjaya, hast thou heard, indicative of war, that thou apprehendest war? O sire, peace is preferable to war. Who, O charioteer, having got the other alternative would wish to fight? It is known to me, O Sanjaya, that if a man can have every wish of his heart without having to do anything, he would hardly like to do anything even though it might be of the least troublesome kind, far less would he engage in war. Why should a man ever go to war? Who is so cursed by the gods that he would select war? The sons of Pritha, no doubt, desire their own happiness but their conduct is ever marked by righteousness and conducive to the good of the world. They desire only that happiness which results from righteousness. He that fondly followeth the lead of his senses, and is desirous of obtaining happiness and avoiding misery, betaketh himself to action which in its essence is nothing but misery. He that hankers after pleasure causeth his body to suffer; one free from such hankering knoweth not what misery is. As an enkindled fire, if more fuel be put upon it, blazeth forth again with augmented force, so desire is never satiated with the acquisition of its object but gaineth force like unkindled fire when clarified butter is poured upon it. Compare all this abundant fund of enjoyment which king Dhritarashtra hath with what we possess. He that is unfortunate never winneth victories. He that is unfortunate enjoyeth not the voice of music. He that is unfortunate doth not enjoy garlands and scents! nor can one that is unfortunate enjoy cool and fragrant unguents! and finally he that is unfortunate weareth not fine clothes. If this were not so, we would never have been driven from the Kurus. Although, however, all this is true, yet none cherished torments of the heart. The king being himself in trouble seeketh protection in the might of others. This is not wise. Let him, however, receive from others the same behaviour that he displays towards them. The man who casteth a burning fire at midday in the season of spring in a forest of dense underwood, hath certainly, when that fire blazeth forth by aid of the wind, to grieve for his lot if he wisheth to escape. O Sanjaya, why doth king Dhritarashtra now bewail, although he hath all this prosperity? It is because he had followed at first the counsels of his wicked son of vicious soul, addicted to crooked ways and confirmed in folly. Duryodhana disregarded the words of Vidura, the best of his well-wishers, as if the latter were hostile to him. King Dhritarashtra, desirous solely of satisfying his sons, would knowingly enter upon an unrighteous course. Indeed, on account of his fondness for his son, he would not pay heed to Vidura, who, out of all the Kurus, is the wisest and best of all his well-wishers, possessing vast learning, clever in speech, and righteous in act. King Dhritarashtra is desirous of satisfying his son, who, while himself seeking honours from others, is envious and wrathful, who transgresses the rules for the acquisi-

tion of virtue and wealth, whose tongue is foul, who always follows the dictates of his wrath, whose soul is absorbed in sensual pleasures, and who, full of unfriendly feelings to many, obeys no law, and whose life is evil, heart implacable, and understanding vicious. For such a son as this, king Dhritarashtra knowingly abandoned virtue and pleasure. Even then, O Sanjaya, when I was engaged in that game of dice I thought that the destruction of the Kurus was at hand, for when speaking those wise and excellent words Vidura obtained no praise from Dhritarashtra. Then, O charioteer, did trouble overtake the Kurus when they disregarded the words of Vidura. So long as they had placed themselves under the lead of his wisdom, their kingdom was in a flourishing state. Hear from me, O charioteer, who are the counsellors now of the covetous Duryodhana. They are Dussasana, and Sakuni the son of Suvala, and Karna the *Suta's* son! O son of Gavalgana, look at this folly of his! So I do not see, though I think about it, how there can be prosperity for the Kurus and the Srinjayas when Dhritarashtra hath taken the throne from others, and the far seeing Vidura hath been banished elsewhere. Dhritarashtra with his sons is now looking for an extensive and undisputed sovereignty over the whole world. Absolute peace is, therefore, unattainable. He regardeth what he hath already got to be his own. When Arjuna taketh up his weapon in fight, Karna believeth him capable of being withstood. Formerly there took place many great battles. Why could not Karna then be of any avail to them. It is known to Karna and Drona and the grandsire Bhishma, as also to many other Kurus, that there is no wielder of the bow, comparable to Arjuna. It is known to all the assembled rulers of the earth, how the sovereignty was obtained by Duryodhana although that repressor of foes, Arjuna, was alive. Pertinaciously doth Dhritarashtra's son believe that it is possible to rob the sons of Pandu of what is their own, although he knoweth having himself gone to the place of fight, how Arjuna comforted himself when he had nothing but a bow four cubits long for his weapon of battle. Dhritarashtra's sons are alive simply because they have not as yet heard that twang of the stretch *Gandiva*. Duryodhana believeth his object already gained, as long as he beholdeth not the wrathful Bhima. O sire, even Indra would forbear to rob us of our sovereignty as long as Bhima and Arjuna and the heroic Nakula and the patient Sahadeva are alive! O charioteer, the old king with his son still entertains the notion that his sons will not be perished, O Sanjaya, on the field of battle, consumed by the fiery wrath of Pandu's sons. Thou knowest, O Sanjaya, what misery we have suffered! For my respect to thee, I would forgive them all. Thou knowest what transpired between ourselves and those sons of Kuru. Thou knowest how we comforted ourselves towards Dhritarashtra's son. Let the same state of things still continue, I shall seek peace, as thou counsellest me to do. Let me have Indraprastha for my kingdom, Let this be given to me by Duryodhana, the chief of Bharata's race.' "

SECTION XXVII

"Sanjaya said, 'O Pandava, the world hath heard thy conduct being righteous. I see it also to be so, O son of Pritha. Life is transient, that may end in great infamy; considering this, thou shouldst not perish. O Ajatasatru, if without war, the Kurus will not yield thy share, I think, it is far better for thee to live upon alms in the kingdom of the Andhakas and the Vrishnis than obtain sovereignty by war. Since this mortal existence is for only a short period, and greatly liable to blame, subject to constant suffering, and unstable, and since it is never comparable to a good name, therefore, O Pandava, never perpetrate a sin. It is the desires, O ruler of men, which adhere to mortal men and are an obstruction to a virtuous life. Therefore, a wise man should beforehand kill them all and thereby gain a stainless fame in the world, O son of Pritha. The thirst after wealth is but like fetter in this world; the virtue of those that seek it is sure to suffer. He is wise who seeketh virtue alone; desires being increased, a man must suffer in his temporal concerns, O sire. Placing virtue before all other concerns of life, a man shineth like the sun when its splendour is great. A man devoid of virtue, and of vicious soul, is overtaken by ruin, although he may obtain the whole of this earth. Thou hast studied the *Vedas*, lived the life of a saintly Brahman, hast performed sacrificial rites, made charities to Brahmanas. Even remembering the highest position (attainable by beings), thou hast also devoted thy soul for years and years to the pursuit of pleasure. He who, devoting himself excessively to the pleasures and joys of life, never employeth himself in the practice of religious meditation, must be exceedingly miserable. His joys forsake him after his wealth is gone and his strong instincts goad him on towards his wonted pursuit of pleasure. Similarly, he who, never having lived a continent life, forsaketh the path of virtue and commiteth sin, hath no faith in existence of a world to come. Dull as he is after death he hath torment (for his lot). In the world to come, whether one's deeds be good or evil these deeds are in no case, annihilated. Deeds, good and evil, precede the agent (in his journey to the world to come); the agent is sure to follow in their path. Your work (in this life) is celebrated by all as comparable to that food, savoury and dainty, which is proper to be offered with reverence to the Brahmanas—the food which is offered in religious ceremonies with large donations (to the officiating priests). All acts are done, so long as this body lasts, O son of Pritha. After death there is nothing to be done. And thou hast done mighty deeds that will do good to thee in the world to come, and they are admired by righteous men. There (in the next world) one is free from death and decrepitude and fear, and from hunger and thirst, and from all that is disagreeable to the mind; there is nothing to be done in that place, unless it be to delight one's senses. Of this kind, O ruler of men, is the result of our deeds. Therefore, do not

from desire act any longer in this world. Do not, O Pandu's son, betake to action in this world and thereby thus take leave of truth and sobriety and candour and humanity. Thou mayst perform the *Rajasuya* and the *Aswamedha* sacrifices, but do not even come near an action which in itself is sin! If after such a length of time, ye sons of Pritha, you now give way to hate, and commit the sinful deed, in vain, for virtue's sake, did ye dwell for years and years in the woods in such misery! It was in vain that you went to exile, after parting with all your army; for this army was entirely in your control then. And these persons who are now assisting you, have been always obedient to you,—this Krishna, and Satyaki, and Virata of the golden car, of Matsya land, with his son at the head of martial warriors. All the kings, formerly vanquished by you would have espoused your cause at first. Possessed of mighty resources, dreaded by all, having an army, and followed behind by Krishna and Arjuna, you might have slain your foremost of foes on the field of battle. You might have (then) brought low Duryodhana's pride. O Pandava, why have you allowed your foes to grow so powerful? Why have you weakened your friends? Why have you sojourned in the woods for years and years? Why are you now desirous of fighting, having let the proper opportunity slip? An unwise or an unrighteous man may win prosperity by means of fighting; but a wise and a righteous man, were he free from pride to betake to fight (against better instinct), doth only fall away from a prosperous path. O Pritha's son, your understanding inclines not to an unrighteous course. From wrath you ever committed a sinful act. Then what is the cause, and what is the reason, for which you are now intent to do this deed, against the dictates of wisdom? Wrath, O mighty king, is a bitter drug, though it has nothing to do with disease; it brings on a disease of the head, robs one of his fair fame, and leads to sinful acts. It is drunk up (controlled) by those that are righteous and not by those that are unrighteous. I ask you to swallow it and to desist from war. Who would incline himself to wrath which leads to sin? Forbearance would be more beneficial to you than love of enjoyments where Bhishma would be slain, and Drona with his son, and Kripa, and Somadatta's son, and Vikarna and Vivingsati, and Karna and Duryodhana. Having slain all these, what bliss may that be, O Pritha's son, which you will get? Tell me *that*! Even having won the entire sea-girt earth, you will never be free from decrepitude and death, pleasure and pain, bliss and misery. Knowing all this, do *not* be engaged in war. If you are desirous of taking this course, because your counsellors desire the same, then give up (everything) to them, and run away. You should not fall away from this path which leads to the region of the gods!' "

SECTION XXVIII

"Yudhishthira said, 'Without doubt, O Sanjaya, it is true that righteous deeds are the foremost of all our acts, as thou sayest. Thou shouldst, however, ensure me having first ascertained whether it is virtue or vice that I practise. When vice assumes the aspects of virtue and virtue itself wholly seems as vice, and virtue, again, appears in its native form, they that are learned should discriminate it by means of their reason. So, again, virtue and vice, which are both eternal and absolute, exchange their aspects during seasons of distress. One should follow without deviation the duties prescribed for the order to which he belongs by birth. Know, O Sanjaya, that duties in seasons of distress are otherwise. When his means of living are totally gone, the man, that is destitute should certainly desire those other means by which he may be able to discharge the sanctioned duties of his order. One that is not destitute of his means of living, as also one that is in distress, are, O Sanjaya, both to be blamed. if they act as if the state of each were otherwise. When the Creator hath ordained expiation for those Brahmanas, who, without wishing for self-destruction, betake themselves to acts not sanctioned for them, this proves that people may, in season of distress, betake to acts not ordained for the orders to which they belong. And, O Sanjaya, thou shouldst regard them as worthy that adhere to the practices of their own order in usual times as also those that do not adhere to them in season of distress; thou shouldst censure them that act otherwise in usual times while adhering to their ordained practices during times of distress. As regards men desiring to bring their minds under control, when they endeavour to acquire a knowledge of self, the practices that are ordained for the best, *viz.*, the Brahmanas, are equally ordained for them. As regards those, however, that are not Brahmanas and that do not endeavour to acquire knowledge of self, those practices should be followed by them that are ordained for their respective orders in seasons of distress or otherwise. Even that is the path followed by our fathers and grandfathers before us and those also that had lived before them. As regards those that are desirous of knowledge and avoiding to act, even these also hold the same view and regard themselves as orthodox. I do not, therefore, think that there is any other path. Whatsoever wealth there may be in this earth, whatsoever there may be among the gods, or whatsoever there may be unattainable by them,—the region of the Prajapati, or heaven or the region of Brahma himself, I would not, O Sanjaya, seek it by unrighteous means. Here is Krishna, the giver of virtue's fruits, who is clever, politic, intelligent, who has waited upon the Brahmanas, who knows everything, and counsels various mighty kings. Let the celebrated Krishna say whether I would be censurable if I dismiss all idea of peace, of whether if I fight, I should be abandoning the duties of my caste, for Krishna seeketh the welfare of both sides. This Satyaki, these Chedis, the Andhakas, the

Vrishnis, the Bhojas, the Kukuras, the Srinjayas, adopting the counsels of Krishna, slay their foes and delight their friends. The Vrishnis and the Andhakas, at whose head stands Ugrasena, led by Krishna, have become like Indra, high-spirited, devoted to truth, mighty, and happy. Vabhru, the king of Kasi, having obtained Krishna, that fructifier of wishes, as his brother, and upon whom Krishna showers all the blessings of life, as the clouds upon all earthly creatures, when the hot season is over, hath attained the highest prosperity, O sire, so great is this Krishna! Him you must know as the great judge of the propriety or otherwise of all acts. Krishna is dear to us, and is the most illustrious of men. I never disregard what Krishna sayeth.' "

SECTION XXIX

"Krishna said, 'I desire, O Sanjaya, that the sons of Pandu may not be ruined; that they may prosper, and attain their wishes. Similarly, I pray for the prosperity of king Dhritarashtra whose sons are many. For evermore, O Sanjaya, my desire hath been that I should tell them nothing else than that peace would be acceptable to king Dhritarashtra. I also deem it proper for the sons of Pandu. A peaceful disposition of an exceedingly rare character hath been displayed by Pandu's son in this matter. When Dhritarashtra and his sons, however, are so covetous, I do not see why hostility should not run high? Thou canst not pretend, O Sanjaya, to be more versed than I am or Yudhishthira is, in the niceties of right and wrong. Then why dost thou speak words of reproach with reference to the conduct of Yudhishthira who is enterprising, mindful of his own duty, and thoughtful, from the very beginning, of the welfare of his family, agreeably to the injunctions (of treatises of morality)? With regard to the topic at hand, the Brahmanas have held opinions of various kinds. Some say that success in the world to come depends upon work. Some declare that action should be shunned and that salvation is attainable by knowledge. The Brahmanas say—that though one may have a knowledge of eatable things, yet his hunger will not be appeased unless he actually eats. Those branches of knowledge that help the doing of work, bear fruit, but not other kinds, for the fruit of work is of ocular demonstration. A thirsty person drinks water, and by that act his thirst is allayed. This result proceeds, no doubt, from work. Therein lies the efficacy of work. If anyone thinks that something else is better than work, I deem, his work and his words are meaningless. In the other world, it is by virtue of work that the gods flourish. It is by work that the wind blows. It is by virtue of work that the sleepless Surya rises every day and becomes the cause of day and

night, and Soma passes through the months and the fortnights and the combinations of constellations. Fire is kindled of itself and burns by virtue of work, doing good to mankind. The sleepless goddess Earth, sustains by force this very great burden. The sleepless rivers, giving satisfaction to all (organised) beings, carry their waters with speed. The sleepless Indra, possessed of a mighty force, pours down rain, resounding the heaven and the cardinal points. Desirous of being the greatest of the gods, he led a life of austerities such as a holy Brahmana leads. Indra gave up pleasure, and all things agreeable to the heart. He sedulously cherished virtue and truth and self-control, and forbearance, and impartiality, and humanity. It was by work that he attained a position the highest (of all). Following the above course of life, Indra attained the high sovereignty over the gods. Vrihaspati, intently and with self-control, led in a proper manner that life of austerities which a Brahmana leads. He gave up pleasure and controlled his senses and thereby attained the position of the preceptor of the celestials. Similarly, the constellations in the other world, by virtue of work, and the *Rudras*, the *Adityas*, the *Vasus*, king Yama, and Kuvera, and the *Gandharvas*, the *Yakshas*, and the celestial nymphs, all attained their present position by work. In the other world, the saints shine, following a life of study, austerity and work (combined). Knowing, O Sanjaya, that this is the rule followed by the best of Brahmanas, and Kshatriyas, and Vaisyas, and thou being one of the wisest men,—why art thou making this endeavour on behalf of those sons of Kurus? Thou must know that Yudhishthira is constantly engaged in the study of the *Vedas*. He is inclined to the horse-sacrifice and the *Rajasuya*. Again, he rides horses and elephants, is arrayed in armour, mounts a car, and takes up the bow and all kinds of weapons. Now, if the sons of Pritha can see a course of action not involving the slaughter of the sons of Kuru, they would adopt it. Their virtue would then be saved, and an act of religious merit also would be achieved by them, even if they would have then to force Bhima to follow a conduct marked by humanity. On the other hand, if in doing what their forefathers did, they should meet with death under inevitable destiny, then in trying their utmost to discharge their duty, such death would even be worthy of praise. Supposing thou approvest of peace alone I should like to hear what thou mayst have to say to this question,—which way doth the injunction of religious law lie, *viz.*, whether it is proper for the king to fight or not?—Thou must, O Sanjaya, take into thy consideration the division of the four castes, and the scheme of respective duties allotted to each. Thou must hear that course of action the Pandavas are going to adopt. Then mayst thou praise or censure, just as it may please thee. A Brahmana should study, offer sacrifices, make charities, and sojourn to the best of all holy places on the earth; he should teach, minister as a priest in sacrifices offered by others worthy of such help, and accept gifts from persons who are known. Similarly, a Kshatriya should protect the people in accordance

with the injunctions of the law, diligently practise the virtue of charity, offer sacrifices, study the whole *Veda*, take a wife, and lead a virtuous householder's life. If he be possessed of a virtuous soul, and if he practise the holy virtues, he may easily attain the religion of the Supreme Being. A Vaisya should study and diligently earn and accumulate wealth by means of commerce, agriculture, and the tending of cattle. He should so act as to please the Brahmanas and the Kshatriyas, be virtuous, do good works, and be a householder. The following are the duties declared for a Sudra from the olden times. He should serve the Brahmanas and submit to them; should not study; sacrifices are forbidden to him; he should be diligent and be constantly enterprising in doing all that is for his good. The king protects all these with (proper) care, and sets all the castes to perform their respective duties. He should not be given to sensual enjoyments. He should be impartial, and treat all his subjects on an equal footing. The king should never obey the dictates of such desires as are opposed to righteousness. If there be any body who is more praise-worthy than he, who is well-known and gifted with all the virtues, the king should instruct his subjects to see him. A bad (king), however, would not understand this. Growing strong, and inhuman and becoming a mark for destiny's wrath, he would cast covetous eye on the riches of others. Then comes war, for which purpose came into being weapons, and armour, and bows. Indra invented these contrivances, for putting the plunderers to death. He also contrived armours, and weapons, and bows. Religious merit is acquired by putting the robbers to death. Many awful evils have manifested themselves on account of the Kurus having been unrighteous, and unmindful of law and religion. This is not right, O Sanjaya. Now, king Dhritarashtra with his sons, hath unreasonably seized what lawfully belonged to Pandu's son. He minds not the immemorial law observable by kings. All the Kurus are following in the wake. A thief who steals wealth unseen and one who forcibly seizes the same, in open day-light, are both to be condemned, O Sanjaya. What is the difference between them and Dhritarashtra's sons? From avarice he regards that to be righteous which he intends to do, following the dictates of his wrath. The shares of the Pandavas is, no doubt, fixed. Why should that share of theirs be seized by that fool? This being the state of things, it would be praiseworthy for us to be even killed in fight. A paternal kingdom is preferable to sovereignty received from a stranger. These time-honoured rules of law, O Sanjaya, thou must propound to the Kurus, in the midst of the assembled kings,—I mean those dull-headed fools who have been assembled together by Dhritarashtra's son, and who are already under the clutches of death. Look once more at that vilest of all their acts, —the conduct of the Kurus in the council-hall. That those Kurus, at whose head stood Bhishma did not interfere when the beloved wife of the sons of Pandu, daughter of Drupada, of fare fame, pure life, and conduct worthy of praise, was seized, while weeping, by that slave of

lust. The Kurus all, including young and old, were present there. If they had then prevented that indignity offered to her, then I should have been pleased with Dhritarashtra's behaviour. It would have been for the final good of his sons also. Dussasana forcibly took Krishna into the midst of the public hall wherein were seated her fathers-in-law. Carried there, expecting sympathy, she found none to take her part, except Vidura. The kings uttered not a word of protest, solely because they were a set of imbeciles. Vidura alone spoke words of opposition, from a sense of duty,—words conceived in righteousness addressed to that man (Duryodhana) of little sense. Thou didst not, O Sanjaya, then say what law and morality were, but now thou comest to instruct the son of Pandu! Krishna, however, having repaired to the hall at that time made everything right, for like a vessel in the sea, she rescued the Pandavas as also herself, from that gathering ocean (of misfortunes)! Then in that hall, while Krishna stood, the charioteer's son addressed her in the presence of her fathers-in-law saying, 'O Daughter of Drupada thou hast no refuge. Better betake thyself as a bond-woman to the house of Dhritarashtra's son. Thy husbands, being defeated, no longer exist. Thou hast a loving soul, choose some one else for thy lord.' This speech, proceeding from Karna, was a wordy arrow, sharp, cutting all hopes, hitting the tenderest parts of the organisation, and frightful. It buried itself deep in Arjuna's heart. When the sons of Pandu were about to adopt the garments made of the skins of black deer, Dussasana spoke the following pungent words, 'These all are mean eunuchs, ruined, and damned for a lengthened time.' And Sakuni, the king of the Gandhara land, spoke to Yudhishthira at the time of the game of dice the following words by way of a wily trick, 'Nakula hath been won by me from you, what else have you got? Now you should better stake your wife Draupadi'. You know, O Sanjaya, all these words of an approbrious kind which were spoken at the time of the game of dice. I desire to go personally to the Kurus, in order to settle this difficult matter. If without injury to the Pandava cause I succeed in bringing about this peace with the Kurus, an act of religious merit, resulting in very great blessings, will then have been done by me; and the Kurus also will have been extricated from the meshes of death. I hope that when I shall speak to the Kurus words of wisdom, resting on rules of righteousness, words fraught with sense and free from all tendency to inhumanity, Dhritarashtra's son will, in my presence, pay heed to them. I hope that when I arrive, the Kurus will pay me due respect. Else thou mayst rest assured that those vicious sons of Dhritarashtra, already scorched by their own vicious acts, will be burnt up by Arjuna and Bhima ready for battle. When Pandu's sons were defeated (at the play), Dhritarashtra's sons spoke to them words that were harsh and rude. But when the time will come, Bhima will, no doubt, take care to remind Duryodhana of those words. Duryodhana is a big tree of evil passions; Karna is its trunk; Sakuni is its branches; Dussasana forms its abundant blossoms

and fruits; (while) the wise king Dhritarashtra is its roots. Yudhishthira is a big tree of righteousness; Arjuna is its trunk; and Bhima is its branches; the sons of Madri are its abundant flowers and fruits; and its roots are myself and religion and religious men. King Dhritarashtra with his sons constitutes a forest, while, O Sanjaya, the sons of Pandu are its tigers. Do not, oh, cut down the forest with its tigers, and let not the tigers be driven away from the forest. The tiger, out of the woods, is easily slain; the wood also, that is without a tiger, is easily cut down. Therefore, it is the tiger that protects the forest and the forest that shelters the tiger. The Dhritarashtras are as creepers, while, O Sanjaya, the Pandavas are *Sala* trees. A creeper can never flourish unless it hath a large tree to twine round. The sons of Pritha are ready to wait upon Dhritarashtra as, indeed, those repressors of foes are ready for war. Let king Dhritarashtra now do what may be proper for him to do. The virtuous and the high-souled sons of Pandu, though competent to be engaged in fight, are yet now in peace (with their cousins). O learned man, represent all this truly (to Dhritarashtra).' "

SECTION XXX

"Sanjaya said, 'I did thee farewell, O divine ruler of men. I will now depart, O son of Pandu. Let prosperity be thine. I hope, I have not carried away by the feelings of my heart, given utterance to anything offensive. I would also bid farewell to Janardana, to Bhima and Arjuna, to the son of Madri, to Satyaki, and to Chekitana, and take my departure. Let peace and happiness be yours. Let all the kings look at me with eyes of affection.'

"Yudhishthira said, 'Permitted by us, O Sanjaya, take your leave. Peace to thee! O learned man, thou never thinkest ill of us. Both they and we know thee to be a person of pure heart in the midst of all in the court (of the Kurus). Besides, being an ambassador now, O Sanjaya, thou art faithful, beloved by us, of agreeable speech and excellent conduct, and well-affected towards us. Thy mind is never clouded, and even if addressed harshly thou art never moved to wrath. O *Suta*, thou never utterest harsh and cutting words, or those that are false or bitter. We know that thy words, free from malice, are always fraught with morality and grave import. Amongst envoys thou art the most dear to us. Beside thee, there is another, who may come here, and that is Vidura. Formerly, we always used to see thee. Thou art, indeed, a friend to us as dear as Dhananjaya. Proceeding hence, O Sanjaya, with all speed, thou shouldst wait upon those Brahmanas of pure energy and devoted to study according to the *Brahmacharya* mode,—those, namely, that are

devoted to the study of the *Vedas* while leading lives of mendicancy, those ascetics that habitually dwell in the woods, as also the aged ones of other classes, should all be addressed by thee in my name, O Sanjaya, and then their welfare should be enquired into by thee. O *Suta*, repairing unto the priest of king Dhritarashtra as also unto his preceptors and *Ritwijas*, thou shouldst address them and enquire after their welfare. Even amongst them that are. though not well-born at least aged, endued with energy, and possessed of good behaviour and strength, who remembering speak of us and practise according to their might even the least virtue, should first be informed of my peace, O Sanjaya, and then shouldst thou enquire after their welfare. Thou shouldst also enquire after the welfare of those that live in the kingdom carrying on trade, and those that live there filling important offices of state. Our beloved preceptor Drona, who is fully versed in morality, who is our counsellor, who had practised the *Brahmacharya* vow for mastering the *Vedas*, who once again hath made the science of weapons full and complete, and who is always graciously inclined towards us, should be greeted by thee in our name. Thou shouldst also enquire into the welfare of Aswatthaman, endued with great learning, devoted to the study of the *Vedas*, leading the *Brahmacharya* mode of life, possessed of great activity, and like unto a youth of the *Gandharva* race, and who, besides, hath once again made the science of weapons full and complete. Thou must also, O Sanjaya, repair to the abode of Kripa, the son of Saradwat, that mighty car-warrior and foremost of all persons having a knowledge of self, and repeatedly saluting him in my name touch his feet with thy hand. Thou shouldst also, touching his feet, represent me as hale unto that foremost of the Kurus, Bhishma, in whom are combined bravery, and abstention from injury, and asceticism, and wisdom and good behaviour, and Vedic learning, and great excellence, and firmness. Saluting unto also the wise, venerable, and blind king (Dhritarashtra), who possessed of great learning and reverential to the old, is the leader of the Kurus. Thou shouldst also, O Sanjaya, enquire, O sire, about the welfare of the eldest of Dhritarashtra's sons, Suyodhana, who is wicked and ignorant and deceitful and vicious, and who now governs the entire world. Thou shouldst also enquire about the welfare of even the wicked Dussasana, that mighty bowman and hero among the Kurus, who is the younger of Duryodhana and who possesses a character like that of his elder brother. Thou shouldst, O Sanjaya, also salute the wise chief of the Vahlikas, who always cherishes no other wish save that there should be peace among the Bharatas. I think, thou shouldst also worship that Somadatta who is endued with numerous excellent qualities, who is wise and possesses a merciful heart, and who from his affection for the Kurus always controls his anger towards them. The son of Somadatta is worthy of the greatest reverence among the Kurus. He is my friend and is a brother to us. A mighty bowman and the foremost of car-warriors, he is worthy in all respects. Thou shouldst, O Sanjaya, enquire after his welfare along with

that of his friends and counsellors. Others there are of youthful age and of consideration amongst the Kurus, who bear a relationship to us like that of sons, grandsons, and brothers. Unto each of these thou must speak words which thou mayst consider suitable, enquiring, O *Suta*, after his welfare. Thou must also enquire about the welfare of those kings that have been assembled by Dhritarashtra's son for fighting with the Pandavas, *viz.*, the Kekayas, the Vasatis, the Salwakas, the Amvashthas, and the leading Trigartas, and of those endued with great bravery that have come from the east, the north, the south, and the west, and of those that have come from hilly countries, in fact, of all amongst them that are not cruel and that lead good lives. Thou shouldst also represent unto all those persons who ride on elephants, and horses and cars, and who fight on foot,—that mighty host composed of honourable men,—that I am well, and then thou must enquire about their own welfare. Thou must also enquire about the welfare of those that serve the king in the matter of his revenue or as his door-keepers, or as the leaders of his troops, or as the accountants of his income and outlay, or as officers constantly occupied in looking after other important concerns. Thou must, O sire, also enquire about the welfare of Dhritarashtra's son by his Vaisya wife,—that youth who is one of the best of the Kuru race,—who never falls into error, who possesseth vast wisdom, who is endued with every virtue, and who never cherishes a liking for this war! Thou shouldst also ask about the welfare of Chitrasena who is unrivalled in the tricks of dice, whose tricks are never detected by others, who plays well, who is well-versed in the art of handling the dice, and who is unconquerable in play but not in fight. Thou must also, O sire, enquire about the welfare of Sakuni, the king of the Gandharas, that native of the hilly country, who is unrivalled in deceitful games at dice, who enhances the pride of Dhritarashtra's son, and whose understanding naturally leads to falsehood. Thou must also enquire about the welfare of Karna, the son of Vikartana, that hero who is ready to vanquish, alone and unassisted, mounted on his car, the Pandavas whom no one dares assail in battle, that Karna who is unparalleled in deluding those that are already deluded. Thou must also enquire about the welfare of Vidura, O sire, who alone is devoted to us, who is our instructor, who reared us, who is our father and mother and friend, whose understanding finds obstruction in nought, whose ken reaches far, and who is our counsellor. Thou must also salute all the aged dames and those who are known to be possessed of merit, and those who are like mothers to us, meeting them gathered together in one place. Thou must tell them, O Sanjaya, these words at first,—Ye mothers of living sons, I hope, your sons comfort themselves towards you in a kindly, considerate, and worthy way.—Thou must then tell them that Yudhishthira is doing well with his sons. Those ladies, O Sanjaya, who are in the rank of our wives, thou must ask as to their welfare also addressing them in these words,—I hope, you are well-protected. I hope, your fair fame hath

suffered no injury. I hope, you are dwelling within your abodes blamelessly and carefully. I hope, you are comforting yourselves towards your fathers-in-law in a kindly, praise-worthy and considerate way. You must steadily adopt such a conduct for yourselves as will help you to win your husband's favour! Those young ladies, O Sanjaya, who bear a relationship to us like that of your daughters-in-law, who have been brought from high families, who are possessed of merit and who are mothers of children,—thou must meet them all and tell them that Yudhishthira send his kindly greetings to them. Thou must, O Sanjaya, embrace the daughters of your house, and must ask them about their welfare on my behalf. Thou must tell them,—May your husbands be kindly and agreeable; may you be agreeable to your husbands; may you have ornaments and clothes and perfumery and cleanliness; may you be happy and have at your command the joys of life; may your looks be pretty and words pleasant; Thou must ask, O sire, the women of the house as to their welfare. Thou must also represent unto the maid-servants and man-servants there, may be of the Kurus, and also the many hump-backed and lame ones among them, that I am doing well, and thou must then ask them about their welfare. Thou must tell them,—I hope, Dhritarashtra's son still vouchsafes the same kindly treatment to you. I hope, he gives you the comforts of life.—Thou must also represent unto those that are defective in limb, those that are imbecile, the dwarfs to whom Dhritarashtra gives food and raiment from motives of humanity, those that are blind, and all those that are aged, as also to the many that have the use only of their hands being destitute of legs, that I am doing well, and that I ask them regarding their welfare, addressing them in the following words,—Fear not, nor be dispirited on account of your unhappy lives so full of sufferings; no doubt, sins must have been committed by you in your former lives. When I shall check my foes, and delight my friends, I shall satisfy you by gifts of food and clothes.—Thou shouldst also, O sire, at our request, enquire after the welfare of those that are masterless and weak, and of those that vainly strive to earn a living, and of those that are ignorant, in fact, of all those persons that are in pitiable circumstances. O charioteer, meeting those others, that coming from different quarters, have sought the protection of the Dhritarashtras, and in fact, all who deserve our greetings, thou shouldst also enquire about their welfare and peace. Thou shouldst also enquire about the welfare of those who have come to the Kurus of their own accord or who have been invited, as also of all the ambassadors arrived from all sides and then represent unto them that I am well. As regards the warriors that have been obtained by Dhritarashtra's son, there are none equal to them on earth. Virtue, however, is eternal, and virtue is my power for the destruction of my enemies. Thou shouldst, O Sanjaya, also represent unto Suyodhana, the son of Dhritarashtra, the following,—*That desire of thine which torments thy heart, viz., the desire of ruling the Kurus without a rival, is very unreasonable. It had no justification. As*

for ourselves, we will never act in such a way as to do anything that may be disagreeable to thee! O foremost of heroes among the Bharatas, either give me back my own Indraprastha or fight with me!' "

SECTION XXXI

"Yudhishthira said, 'O Sanjaya, the righteous and the unrighteous, the young and the old, the weak and the strong, are all under the control of the Creator, It is that Supreme Lord who imparteth knowledge to the child and childishness to the learned, according to his own will. If Dhritarashtra ask thee about our strength, tell him everything truly, having cheerfully consulted with everyone here and ascertained the truth. O son of Gavalgana, repairing unto the Kurus, thou wilt salute the mighty Dhritarashtra, and touching his feet enquire after his welfare speaking in our name. And when seated in the midst of the Kurus, tell him from us.—The sons of Pandu, O king, are living happily in consequence of thy prowess. It was through thy grace, O repressor of foes, that those children of tender years had obtained a kingdom. Having first betowed a kingdom on them, thou shouldst not now be indifferent to them, for destruction then would overtake them! The whole of this kingdom, O Sanjaya, is not fit to be owned by one person. Tell him again, from us.—O sire, we wish to live united. Do not suffer thyself to be vanquished by foes.—Thou shouldst again, O Sanjaya, bending thy head, in my name salute the grandsire of the Bharatas, Bhishma, the son of Santanu. Having saluted our grandsire, he should then be told.—By thee, when Santanu's race was about to be extinct, it was revived. Therefore, O sire, do that according to thy own judgment by which thy grandsons may all live in amity with one another. Thou shouldst then address Vidura also, that adviser of the Kurus, saying.—Counseleth peace, O amiable one, from desire of doing good unto Yudhishthira.—Thou shouldst address the unforbearing prince Duryodhana also, when seated in the midst of the Kurus, beseeching him again and again, saying, —The insults thou hadst offered to innocent and helpless Draupadi in the midst of the assembly, we will quietly bear, simply because we have no mind to see the Kurus slain. The other injuries also, both before and after that, the sons of Pandu are quietly bearing, although they are possessed of might to avenge them. All this, indeed, the Kauravas know. O amiable one, thou hadst even exiled us dressed in deer-skins. We are bearing that also because we do not want to see the Kurus slain. Dussasana, in obedience to thee, had dragged Krishna, disregarding Kunti. That act also will be forgiven by us. But, O chastiser of foes, we must have our proper share of the kingdom. O bull among men, turn thy

coveting heart from what belongeth to others. Peace then, O king, will be amongst our gladdened selves. We are desirous of peace; give us even a single province of the empire. Give us even Kusasthala, Vrikasthala, Makandi, Varanavata, and for the fifth any other that thou likest. Even this will end the quarrel. O Suyodhana, give unto thy five brothers at least five villages,—O Sanjaya, O thou of great wisdom, let there be peace between us and our cousins. Tell him also,—Let brothers follow brothers, let sires unite with sons. Let the Panchalas mingle with the Kurus in merry laughter. That I may see the Kurus and the Panchalas whole and sound, is what I desire. O bull of the Bharata race, with cheerful hearts let us make peace. O Sanjaya, I am equally capable of war and peace. I am prepared to acquire wealth as well as to earn virtue. I am fit enough for severity as for softness.' "

SECTION XXXII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Dismissed with salutation by the Pandavas, Sanjaya set out for (Hastinapura) having executed all the commands of the illustrious Dhritarashtra. Reaching Hastinapura he quickly entered it, and presented himself at the gate of the inner apartments of the palace. Addressing the porter, he said, 'O gate-keeper, say unto Dhritarashtra that I, Sanjaya, have just arrived, coming from the sons of Pandu. Do not delay. If the king be awake, then only shouldst thou say so, O keeper, for I like to enter having first apprised him of my arrival. In the present instance I have something of very great importance to communicate.' Hearing this, the gate-keeper went to the king and addressed him, saying, 'O lord of earth, I bow to thee. Sanjaya is at thy gates, desirous of seeing thee. He cometh, bearing a message from the Pandavas. Issue your commands, O king, as to what he should do.'

"The king said, 'Tell Sanjaya that I am happy and hale. Let him enter. Welcome to Sanjaya. I am always ready to receive him. Why should he stay outside whose admission is never forbidden?"

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Then, with the king's permission, having entered that spacious apartment, the *Suta's* son, with joined hands, approached the royal son of Vichitravirya who was protected by many wise, valiant, and righteous persons, and who was then seated on his throne. And Sanjaya addressed him, saying, 'I am Sanjaya, O king. I bow unto thee. O chief of men, proceeding hence I found the sons of Pandu. After having paid his salutations to thee, Pandu's son, the intelligent Yudhishthira, enquired of thy welfare. And well-pleased, he also enquireth after thy sons, and asketh thee whether thou art happy with thy sons and grandsons and friends and counsellors, and, O king, all those that depend upon thee.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'O child, giving my blessings to Ajatasatru, I ask thee, O Sanjaya, whether that king of the Kauravas, Pritha's son, is well with his sons and brothers and counsellors.'

"Sanjaya said, 'Pandu's son is well with his counsellors. He desires possessions of that which he formerly had as his own. He seeketh virtue and wealth without doing anything that is censurable, possesseth intelligence and vast learning, and is, besides, far-sighted and of excellent disposition. With that son of Pandu, abstention from injury is even superior to virtue, and virtue superior to the accumulation of wealth. His mind, O Bharata, is always inclined to happiness and joy, and to such course of action as are virtuous and conducive to the higher ends of life. Even like doll pulled this way and that by threads, man (in this world) moveth, swayed by a force not his own. Beholding the sufferings of Yudhishthira, I regard the force of destiny to be Superior to the effect of human exertion. Beholding again thy unworthy deeds, which, besides, being highly sinful and unspeakable, are sure to terminate in misery, it seemeth to me that one of thy nature winneth praise only so long as his able foe bideth his time. Renouncing all sin, even as a serpent casteth off its worn out slough which it cannot any longer retain, the heroic Ajatasatru shineth in his natural perfection, leaving his load of sins to be borne by thee. Consider, O king, thy own acts which are contrary to both religion and profit, and to the behaviour of those that are righteous. Thou hast, O king, earned a bad repute in this world, and wilt reap misery in the next. Obeying the counsels of thy son thou hopest to enjoy this doubtful property, keeping them aloof. This unrighteous deed is loudly bruited about in the world, Therefore, O foremost of the Bharatas, this deed is unworthy of thee. Calamity overtaketh him who is deficient in wisdom, or who is of low birth, or who is cruel, or who cherisheth hostility for a long time, or who is not steady in Kshatriya virtues, or is devoid of energy, or is of a bad disposition, in fact, him who hath such marks. It is by virtue of luck that a person taketh his birth in good race, or becometh strong, or famous, or versed in various lore, or possesseth the comforts of life, or becometh capable of subduing his senses, or discriminating virtue and vice that are always linked together. What person is there, who, attended upon by foremost of counsellors, possessed of intelligence, capable of discriminating between virtue and vice in times of distress, not destitute of the rituals of religion, and retaining the use of all his faculties, would commit cruel deeds. These counsellors, ever devoted to thy work, wait here united together. Even this is their firm determination (*viz.*, that the Pandavas are not to get back their share). The destruction of the Kurus, therefore, is certain to be brought about by the force of circumstances. If, provoked by the offences, Yudhishthira wisheth for misery to thee, then Kurus will be destroyed prematurely, while, imparting all his sins to thee, the blame of that deed will be thine in this world. Indeed, what else is there save the will of the Gods, for Arjuna, the son of Pritha,

leaving this world ascended to the very heavens and was honoured there very greatly. This proves that individual exertion is nothing. There is, no doubt, as to this. Seeing that the attributes of high birth, bravery, *etc.*, depended for their development or otherwise on acts, and beholding also prosperity and adversity and stability and instability (in persons and their possessions), king Vali, in his search after causes, having failed to discover a beginning (in the chain of acts of former lives one before another), regarded the eternal Essence to be the cause of everything. The eye, the ear, the nose, the touch, and the tongue, these are the doors of a person's knowledge. If desire be curbed, these would be gratified by themselves. Therefore, cheerfully and without repining one should control the senses. Others there are that think differently. They hold that if a person's acts are well-applied, these must produce the desired result. Thus the child begot by the act of the mother and the father grows when duly tended with food and drink. Men in this world become subject to love and hate, pleasure and pain, praise and blame. A man is praised when he behaves honestly. Thee I blame, since these dissensions of the Bharatas (whose root thou art) will surely bring about the destruction of innumerable lives. If peace be not concluded, then through thy fault Arjuna will consume the Kurus like a blazing fire consuming a heap of dried grass. O ruler of men, thou alone of all the world, yielding to thy son whom no restraints can blind, hadst regarded thyself as crowned with success and abstained from avoiding dispute at the time of the match at dice. Behold now the fruit of that (weakness of thine) ! O monarch, by rejecting advisers that are faithful and accepting those that deserve no confidence, this extensive and prosperous empire, O son of Kuru, thou art unable to retain owing to thy weakness. Wearied by my fast journey and very much fatigued, I solicit thy permission to go to bed now, O lion of men, for tomorrow morning will the Kurus, assembled together in the council-hall, hear the words of Ajatasatru.' "

SECTION XXXIII

"Vaisampayana said, 'King Dhritarashtra endued with great wisdom (then) said to the orderly-in-waiting, 'I desire to see Vidura. Bring him here without delay.' Despatched by Dhritarashtra, the messenger went to *Kshatri* and said, 'O thou of great wisdom, our lord the mighty king desireth to see thee.' Thus addressed, Vidura (set out and) coming to the palace, spoke unto the orderly, 'Apprise Dhritarashtra of my arrival.' Thereupon the orderly went to Dhritarashtra, and said, O, foremost of kings, Vidura is here at thy command. He wisheth to behold thy feet.

Command me as to what he is to do.' Thereupon Dhritarashtra said, 'Let Vidura of great wisdom and foresight enter. I am never unwilling or unprepared to see Vidura.' The orderly then went out and spoke unto Vidura, 'O *Kshatri*, enter the inner apartments of the wise king. The king says that he is never unwilling to see thee.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Having entered Dhritarashtra's chamber, Vidura said with joined hands unto that ruler of men who was then plunged in thought, 'O thou of great wisdom, I am Vidura, arrived here at thy command. If there is anything to be done, here I am, command me!'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'O Vidura, Sanjaya hath come back. He hath gone away after rebuking me. Tomorrow he will deliver, in the midst of the court, Ajatasatru's message. I have not been able today to ascertain what the message is of the Kuru hero. Therefore, my body is burning, and that hath produced sleeplessness. Tell us what may be good for a person that is sleepless and burning. Thou art, O child, versed in both religion and profit. Ever since, Sanjaya hath returned from the Pandavas, my heart knoweth no peace. Filled with anxiety about what he may deliver, all my senses have been disordered'.

"Vidura said, 'Sleeplessness overtaketh thief, a lustful person, him that hath lost all his wealth, him that hath failed to achieve success, and him also that is weak and hath been attacked by a strong person. I hope, O king, that none of these grave calamities have overtaken thee. I hope, thou dost not grieve, coveting the wealth of others.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'I desire to hear from thee words that are beneficial and fraught with high morality. Int this race of royal *Rishis* thou alone art reverenced by the wise.' Vidura replied, 'King (Yudhishthira), graced with every virtue, is worthy of being the sovereign of the three worlds; yet, O Dhritarashtra, however worthy of being kept by thy side, he was exiled by thee. Thou art, however, possessed of qualities which are thy very reverse of those possessed by him. Although virtuous and versed in morality, thou hast yet no right to a share in the kingdom owing to thy loss of sight. In consequence of his inoffensiveness and kindness, his righteousness, love of truth and energy, and his remembering the reverence that is due to thee, Yudhishthira patiently bears innumerable wrongs. Having bestowed on Duryodhana and Suvala's son and Karna, and Dussasana the management of the empire, how canst thou hope for prosperity? He that is not served from the high ends of life by the aid of self-knowledge, exertion, forbearance and steadiness in virtue, is called wise. These again are the marks of a wise man, *viz.*, adherence to acts, worthy of praise and rejection of what is blamable, faith, and reverence. He whom neither anger nor joy, nor pride, nor false modesty, nor stupefaction, nor vanity, can draw away from the high ends of life, is considered as wise. He whose intended acts, and proposed counsels remain concealed from foes, and whose acts become known only after they have been done, is considered wise. He whose

proposed actions are never obstructed by heat or cold, fear of attachment, prosperity or adversity, is considered wise. He whose judgment dissociated from desire, followeth both virtue and profit, and who disregarding pleasure chooseth such ends as are serviceable in both worlds, is considered wise. They that exert to the best of their might, and act also to the best of their might, and disregard nothing as insignificant, are called wise. He that understandeth quickly, listeneth patiently, pursueth his objects with judgment and not from desire and spendeth not his breath on the affairs of others without being asked, is said to possess the foremost mark of wisdom. They that do not strive for objects that are unattainable, that do not grieve for what is lost and gone, that do not suffer their minds to be clouded amid calamities, are regarded to possess intellects endued with wisdom. He who striveth, having commenced anything, till it is completed, who never wasteth his time, and who hath his soul under control, is regarded wise. They that are wise, O bull of the Bharata race, always delight in honest deeds, do what tendeth to their happiness and prosperity, and never sneer at what is good. He who exulteth not at honours, and grieveth not at slights, and remaineth cool and unagitated like a lake in the course of *Ganga*, is reckoned as wise. That man who knoweth the nature of all creatures (*viz.*, that everything is subject to destruction), who is cognisant also of the connections of all acts, and who is proficient in the knowledge of the means that men may resort to (for attaining their objects), is reckoned as wise. He who speaketh boldly, can converse on various subjects, knoweth the science of argumentation, possesseth genius, and can interpret the meaning of what is writ in books, is reckoned as wise. He whose studies are regulated by reason, and whose reason followeth the scriptures, and who never abstaineth from paying respect to those that are good, is called a wise man. He, on the other hand, who is ignorant of scripture yet vain, poor yet proud, and who resorteth to unfair means for the acquisition of his objects, is a fool. He who, forsaking his own, concerneth himself with the objects of others, and who practiseth deceitful means for serving his friends, is called a fool. He who wisheth for those things that should not be desired, and forsaketh those that may legitimately be desired, and who beareth malice to those that are powerful, is regarded to be a foolish soul. He who regardeth his foe as his friend, who hateth and beareth malice to his friend, and who committeth wicked deeds, is said to be a person of foolish soul. O bull of the Bharata race, he who divulgeth his projects, doubteth in all things, and spendeth a long time in doing what requireth a short time, is a fool. He who doth not perform the *Sraddha* for the *Pitris*, nor worshippeth the deities, nor acquireth noble-minded friends, is said to be a person of foolish soul. That worst of men who entereth a place uninvited, and talketh much without being asked, and reposeth trust on untrustworthy wights, is a fool. That man who being himself guilty casteth the blame on others, and who though impotent giveth vent to anger, is the most

foolish of men. That man, who, without knowing his own strength and dissociated from both virtue and profit, desireth an object difficult of acquisition, without again adopting adequate means, is said to be destitute of intelligence. O king, he who punisheth one that is undeserving of punishment, payeth homage to persons without their knowledge, and waiteth upon misers, is said to be of little sense. But he that, having attained immense wealth and prosperity or acquired (vast) learning, doth not bear himself haughtily, is reckoned as wise. Who, again, is more heartless than he, who, though possessed of affluence, eateth himself and weareth excellent robes himself without distributing his wealth among his dependents? While one person committeth sins, many reap the advantage resulting therefrom; (yet in the end) it is the doer alone to whom the sin attacheth while those that enjoy the fruit escape unhurt. When a bowman shooteth an arrow, he may or may not succeed in slaying even a single person, but when an intelligent individual applieth his intelligence (viciously); it may destroy an entire kingdom with the king. Discriminating the *two* by means of the *one*, bring under thy subjection the *three* by means of *four*, and also conquering the *five* and knowing the *six*, and abstaining from the *seven*, be happy. Poison slayeth but one person, and a weapon also but one; wicked counsels, however, destroy an entire kingdom with king and subject. Alone one should not partake of any savoury viand, nor alone reflect on concerns of profit, nor alone go upon a journey, nor alone remain awake among sleeping companions. That Being who is One without a second, and whom, O king, thou hast not been able to comprehend, is Truth's self, and the Way to heaven, even like a boat in the ocean. There is one only defect in forgiving persons, and not another; that defect is that people take a forgiving person to be weak. That defect, however, should not be taken into consideration, for forgiveness is a great power. Forgiveness is a virtue of the weak, and an ornament of the strong. Forgiveness subdueth (all) in this world; what is there that forgiveness cannot achieve? What can a wicked person do unto him who carrieth the sabre of forgiveness in his hand? Fire falling on a grassless ground is extinguished of itself. And unforgiving individual defileth himself with many enormities. Righteousness is the one highest good; and forgiveness is the one supreme peace; knowledge is one supreme contentment; and benevolence, one sole happiness. Even as a serpent devoureth animals living in holes, the earth devoureth these two, *viz.*, a king who is incompetent to fight, and a Brahmana who doth not sojourn to holy places. A man may attain renown in this world by doing two things, *viz.*, by refraining from harsh speech, and by disregarding those that are wicked. O tiger among men, these two have not a will of their own, *viz.*, those women who covet men simply because the latter are coveted by others of their sex, and that person who worships another simply because the latter is worshipped by others. These two are like sharp thorns afflicting the body, *viz.*, the desires of a poor man, and the anger

of the impotent. These two persons never shine because of their incompatible acts, *viz.*, a householder without exertion, and a beggar busied in schemes. These two, O king, live (as it were) in a region higher than heaven itself, *viz.*, a man of power endued with forgiveness, and poor man that is charitable. Of things honestly got, these two must be looked upon as misuse, *viz.*, making gifts to the unworthy and refusing the worthy. These two should be thrown into the water, tightly binding weights to their necks, *viz.*, a wealthy man that doth not give away, and a poor man that is proud. These two, O tiger among men, can pierce the orb itself of the sun, *viz.*, a mendicant accomplished in *yoga*, and a warrior that hath fallen in open fight. O bull of the Bharata race, persons versed in the *Vedas* have said that men's means are good, middling, and bad. Men also, O king, are good, indifferent, and bad. They should, therefore, be respectively employed in that kind of work for which they may be fit. These three, O king, cannot have wealth of their own, *viz.*, the wife, the slave, and the son, and whatever may be earned by them would be his to whom they belong. Great fear springeth from these three crimes, *viz.*, theft of other's property, outrage on other's wives, and breach with friend. These three, besides, being destructive to one's own self, are the gates of hell, *viz.*, lust, anger, and covetousness. Therefore, every one should renounce them. These three should never be forsaken even in imminent danger, *viz.*, a follower, one who seeks protection, saying,—*I am thine*,—and lastly one who hath come to your abode. Verily, O Bharata, liberating a foe from distress, alone amounteth in point of merit, to these three taken together, *viz.*, conferring a boon, acquiring a kingdom, and obtaining a son. Learned men have declared that a king, although powerful, should never consult with these four, *viz.*, men of small sense, men that are procrastinating, men that are indolent, and men that are flatterers. O sire, crowned with prosperity and leading the life of a householder, let these four dwell with thee, *viz.*, old consanguineous, relatives, high-born persons fallen into adversity, poor friends, and issueless sisters. On being asked by the chief of the celestials, Vrihaspati, O mighty king declared four things capable of fructifying or occurring within a single day, *viz.*, the resolve of the gods, the comprehensions of intelligent persons, the humility of learned men, and the destruction of the sinful. These four that are calculated to remove fear, bring on fear when they are improperly performed, *viz.*, the *Agni-hotra*, the vow of silence, study, and sacrifice (in general). O bull of the Bharata race, these five fires, should be worshipped with regard by a person, *viz.*, father, mother, fire (proper), soul and preceptor. By serving these five, men attain great fame in this world, *viz.*, the gods, the *Pitris*, men, beggars, and guests. These five follow thee wherever thou goest, *viz.*, friends, foes, those that are indifferent, dependants, and those that are entitled to maintenance. Of the five senses beholding to man, if one springeth a leak, then from that single hole runneth out all his intelligence, even like water running

out from a perforated leathern vessel. The six faults should be avoided by a person who wisheth to attain prosperity, *viz.*, sleep, drowsiness, fear, anger, indolence and procrastination. These six should be renounced like a splitting vessel in the sea, *viz.*, a preceptor that cannot expound the scriptures, a priest that is illiterate, a king that is unable to protect, a wife that speaketh disrgreeable words, a cow-herd that doth not wish to go to the fields, and a barber that wisheth to renounce a village for the woods. Verily, those six qualities should never be forsaken by men, *viz.*, truth, charity, diligence, benevolence, forgiveness and patience. These six are instantly destroyed, if neglected, *viz.*, kine, service, agriculture, a wife, learning, and the wealth of a *Sudra*. These six forget those who have bestowed obligations on them, *viz.*, educated disciples, their preceptors; married persons, their mothers; persons whose desires have been gratified, women; they who have achieved success, they who had rendered aid; they who have crossed a river, the boat (that carried them over); and patients that have been cured, their physicians. Health, unindebtedness, living at home, companionship with good men, certainty as regards the means of livelihood, and living without fear, these six. O king, conduce to the happiness of men. These six are always miserable, *viz.*, the envious, the malicious, the discontented, the irascible, the ever-suspicious, and those depending upon the fortunes of others. These six, O king, comprise the happiness of men, *viz.*, acquirement of wealth, uninterrupted health, a beloved and a sweet-speeched wife, an obedient son, and knowledge that is lucrative. He that succeedeth in gaining the mastery over the *six* that are always present in the human heart, being thus the master of his senses, never committeth sin, and therefore suffereth calamity. These six may be seen to subsist upon other six, *viz.*, thieves, upon persons that are careless; physicians, on persons that are ailing; women, upon persons suffering from lust; priests, upon them that sacrifice; a king, upon persons that quarrel; and lastly, men of learning, upon them that are without it. A king should renounce these seven faults that are productive of calamity, inasmuch as they are able to effect the ruin of even monarchs firmly established; these are women, dice, hunting, drinking, harshness of speech, severity of punishment, and misuse of wealth. These eight are the immediate indications of a man destined to destruction, *viz.*, hating the Brahmanas, disputes with Brahmanas, appropriation of a Brahmana's possessions, taking the life of Brahmana, taking a pleasure in reviling Brahmanas, grieving to hear the praises of Brahmanas, forgetting them on ceremonious occasions, and giving vent to spite when they ask for anything. These transgressions a wise man should understand, and understanding, eschew. These eight, O Bharata, are the very cream of happiness, and these only are attainable here, *viz.*, meeting with friends, accession of immense wealth, embracing a son, union for intercourse, conversation with friends in proper times, the advancement of persons belong to one's own party, the acquisition of what had been anticipated, and

respect in society. These eight qualities glorify a man, *viz.*, wisdom, high birth, self-restraint, learning, prowess, moderation in speech gift according to one's power, and gratitude. This house hath nine doors, three pillars, and five witnesses. It is presided over by the soul. That learned man who knoweth all this is truly wise. O Dhritarashtra, these ten do not know what virtue is *viz.*, the intoxicated, inattentive, the raving, the fatigued, the angry, the starving, the hasty, the covetous, the frightened, and the lustful. Therefore, he that is wise must eschew the company of these. In this connection is cited the old story about what transpired between Suyodhana and (Prahlada), the chief of the *Asuras* in relation to the latter's son. That king who renounceth lust and anger, who bestoweth wealth upon proper recipients, and is discriminating, learned, and active, is regarded as an authority of all men. Great prosperity attends upon that king who knoweth how to inspire confidence in others, who inflicteth punishment on those whose guilt hath been proved, who is acquainted with the proper measure of punishment, and who knoweth when mercy is to be shown. He is a wise person who doth not disregard even a weak foe; who proceeds with intelligence in respect of a foe, anxiously watching for an opportunity; who doth not desire hostilities with persons stronger than himself; and who displayeth his prowess in season. That illustrious person who doth not grieve when a calamity hath already come upon him, who exerteth with all his senses collected, and who patiently beareth misery in season, is certainly the foremost of persons, and all his foes are vanquished. He who doth not live away from hope uselessly, who doth not make friends with sinful persons, who never outrageth another's wife, who never betrayeth arrogance, and who never committeth a theft or showeth ingratitude or indulgeth in drinking is always happy. He who never boastfully striveth to attain the three objects of human pursuit, who when asked, telleth the truth, who quarreleth not even for the sake of friends, and who never becometh angry though slighted, is reckoned as wise. He who beareth not malice towards others but is kind to all, who being weak disputeth not with others, who speaketh not arrogantly, and forgeteth a quarrel, is praised everywhere. That man who never assumeth a haughty mien, who never censureth others praising himself the while, and never addresseth harsh words to others for getting himself, is ever loved by all. He who raketh not up old hostilities, who behaveth neither arrogantly nor with too much humility, and who even when distressed never committeth an improper act, is considered by respectable men a person of good conduct. He who exulteth not at his own happiness, nor delighteth in another's misery, and who repenteth not after having made a gift, is said to be a man of good nature and conduct. He who desireth to obtain a knowledge of the customs of different countries, and also the languages of different nations, and of the usages of different orders of men, knoweth at once all that is high and low; and wherever he may go, he is sure to gain an ascendancy over even

those that are glad. The intelligent man who relinquisheth pride, folly, insolence, sinful acts, disloyalty towards the king, crookedness of behaviour, enmity with many, and also quarrels with men that are drunk, mad and wicked, is the foremost of his species. The very gods bestow prosperity upon him who daily practiseth self-restraint, purification, auspicious rites, worship of the gods, expiatory ceremonies, and other rites of universal observance. The acts of that learned man are well-conceived, and well-applied who formeth matrimonial alliances with persons of equal positions and not with those that are inferior, who placeth those before him that are more qualified, and who talketh, behaveth and maketh friendships with persons of equal position. He who eateth frugally after dividing the food amongst his dependants, who sleepeth little after working much, and who, when solicited giveth away even unto his foes, hath his soul under control, and calamities always keep themselves aloof from him. He whose counsels are well-kept and well-carried out into practice, and whose acts in consequence thereof are never known by others to injure men, succeedeth in securing even his most trifling objects. He who is intent upon abstaining from injury to all creatures, who is truthful, gentle, charitable, and pure in mind, shineth greatly among his kinsmen like a precious gem of the purest ray having its origin in an excellent mine. That man who feeleth shame even though his faults be not known to any save himself, is highly honoured among all men. Possessed of a pure heart and boundless energy and abstracted within himself, he shineth in consequence of his energy like the very sun. King Pandu consumed by a (Brahmana's) curse, had five sons born unto him in the woods that are like five Indras. O son of Ambika, thou hast brought up those children and taught them everything. They are obedient to thy commands. Giving them back their just share of the kingdom, O sire, filled with joy, be thou happy with thy sons. Then, O monarch, thou shalt inspire confidence in both the gods and men.' "

SECTION XXXIV

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Tell me what may be done by a person that is sleepless and burning with anxieties, for thou alone amongst us, O child, art versed in both religion and profit. Advise me wisely, O Vidura. O thou of magnanimous heart, tell me what is thou deemest to be beneficial for Ajatasatru and what is productive of good to the Kurus. Apprehending future evils. I look back only on my previous guilt: I ask thee with anxious heart, O learned one, tell me what is exactly in Ajatasatru's mind.'

"Vidura said, 'Even if unasked, one should speak truly, whether his words be good or bad, hateful or pleasing, unto him whose defeat one doth not wish. I shall, therefore, say, O king, what is for the good of the Kurus. I shall say what is both beneficial and consistent with morality. Listen to me. Do not, O Bharata, set the heart upon means of success that are unjust and improper. A man of intelligence must not grieve if any purpose of his doth not succeed, notwithstanding the application of fair and proper means. Before one engageth in an act, one should consider the competence of the agent, the nature of the act itself, and its purpose, for all acts are dependent on these. Considering these one should begin an act, and not take it up on a sudden impulse. He that is wise should either do an act or desist from it fully considering his own ability, the nature of the act, and the consequence also of success. The king who knoweth not proportion or measure as regards territory, gain, loss, treasury, population, and punishment, cannot retain his kingdom long. He, on the other hand, who is acquainted with the measures of these as prescribed in treatises, being necessarily possessed of the knowledge of religion and profit, can retain his kingdom. As the stars are affected by the planets, so is this world affected by the senses, when they are directed, uncontrolled, to their respective objects. Like the moon during the lighted fortnight, calamities increase in respect of him who is vanquished by the five senses in their natural state, which ever lead him towards various acts. He who wisheth to control his counsellors before controlling his own self, or to subdue his adversaries before controlling his counsellors, at last succumbs deprived of strength. He, therefore, who first subdueth his own self regarding it as a foe, never faileth to subdue his counsellors and adversaries at last. Great prosperity waiteth upon him who hath subdued his senses, or controlled his soul, or who is capable of punishing all offenders, or who acteth with judgment or who is blessed with patience. One's body, O king, is one's car; the soul within is the driver; and the senses are its steeds. Drawn by those excellent steeds, when well-trained, he that is wise, pleasantly performeth the journey of life, and awake in peace. The horses that are unbroken and incapable of being controlled, always lead an unskilful driver to destruction in the course of the journey; so one's senses, unsubdued, lead only to destruction. The inexperienced wight, who, led by this unsubdued senses, hopeth to extract evil from good and good from evil, necessarily confoundeth misery with happiness. He, who, forsaking religion and profit, followeth the lead of his senses, loseth without delay prosperity, life, wealth and wife. He, who is the master of riches but not of his senses, certainly loseth his riches in consequence of his want of mastery over his senses. One should seek to know one's self by means of one's own self, controlling one's mind, intellect, and senses, for one's self is one's friend as, indeed, it is one's own foe. That man, who hath conquered self by means of self, hath his self for a friend, for one's self is ever one's friend or foe. Desire and anger, O king, break

through wisdom, just as a large fish breaks through a net of thin cords. He, who in this world regarding both religion and profit, seeketh to acquire the means of success, winneth happiness, possessing all he had sought. He, who, without subduing his five inner foes of mental origin, wisheth to vanquish other adversaries, is, in fact, overpowered by the latter. It is seen that many evil-minded kings, owing to want of mastery over their senses, are ruined by acts of their own, occasioned by the lust of territory. As fuel that is wet burneth with that which is dry, so a sinless man is punished equally with the sinful in consequence of constant association with the latter. Therefore, friendship with the sinful should be avoided. He that, from ignorance, faileth to control his five greedy foes, having five distinct objects, is overwhelmed by calamities. Guilelessness and simplicity, purity and contentment, sweetness of speech and self-restraint, truth and steadiness,—these are never the attributes of the wicked. Self-knowledge and steadiness, patience and devotion to virtue, competence to keep counsels and charity,—these,—O Bharata, never exist in inferior men. Fools seek to injure the wise by false reproaches and evil speeches. The consequence is, that by this they take upon themselves the sins of the wise, while the latter, freed from their sins, are forgiven. In malice lieth the strength of the wicked; in criminal code, the strength of kings, in attentions of the weak and of women; and in forgiveness that of the virtuous. To control speech, O king, is said to be most difficult. It is not easy to hold a long conversation uttering words full of meaning and delightful to the hearers. Well-spoken speech is productive of many beneficial results; and ill-spoken speech, O king, is the cause of evils. A forest pierced by arrows, or cut down by hatchets may again grow, but one's heart wounded and censured by ill-spoken words never recovereth. Weapons, such as arrows, bullets, and bearded darts, can be easily extracted from the body, but a wordy dagger plunged deep into the heart is incapable of being taken out. Wordy arrows are shot from the mouth; smitten by them one grieveth day and night. A learned man should not discharge such arrows, for do they not touch the very vitals of others. He, to whom the gods ordain defeat, hath his senses taken away, and it is for this that he stoopeth to ignoble deeds. When the intellect becometh dim and destruction is nigh, wrong, looking like right, firmly sticketh to the heart. Thou dost not clearly see it, O bull of the Bharata race, that clouded intellect hath now possessed thy sons in consequence of their hostility to the Pandavas. Endued with every auspicious mark and deserving to rule the three worlds, Yudhishthira is obedient to thy commands. Let him, O Dhritarashtra, rule the earth, to the exclusion of all thy sons, Yudhishthira is the foremost of all thy heirs. Endued with energy and wisdom, and acquainted with the truths of religion and profit, Yudhishthira, that foremost of righteous men, hath, O king of kings, suffered much misery out of kindness and sympathy, in order to preserve thy reputation."

SECTION XXXV

"Dhritarashtra said, 'O thou of great intelligence, tell me again words such as these, consistent with religion and profit. My thirst for hearing them is not quenched. What thou sayst is charming!"

"Vidura said, 'Ablution in all the holy places and kindness to all creatures,—these two are equal. Perhaps, kindness to all creatures surpasseth the former. O master, show kindness unto all thy sons, for by that winning great fame in this world, thou wilt have heaven hereafter. As long as a man's good deeds are spoken of in this world, so long, O tiger among men, is he glorified in heaven. In this connection is cited an old story about the conversation between Virochana and Sudhanwan, both suitors for Kesini's hand. Once on a time, O king, there was a maiden of the name of Kesini, unrivalled for beauty; moved by the desire of obtaining a good husband, she resolved to choose her lord in *Swayamvara*. Then one of the sons of Diti, Virochana by name, went to that spot, desirous of obtaining the maiden. Beholding that chief of the *Daityas*, Kesini addressed him, saying, 'Are Brahmanas superior, O Virochana, or are the sons of Diti superior? And why also should not Sudhanwan sit on the sofa?' Virochana said, 'Sprung from Prajapati himself, we, O Kesini, are the best and at the top of all creatures, and this world is ours without doubt. Who are the gods, and who are the Brahmanas?' Kesini said, 'We will, O Virochana, stay here in this very pavilion. Sudhanwan will come here on the morrow, and let me see both of you sitting together.' Virochana said, 'O amiable and timid girl, I will do what thou sayst. Thou wilt behold Sudhanwan and myself met together in the morning.'

"Vidura continued, 'When the night had passed away and the solar disc had risen, Sudhanwan, O best of kings, came to that place where, O master, Virochana was waiting with Kesini. And Sudhanwan saw there both Prahlada's son and Kesini. And beholding the Brahmana arrived, Kesini, O bull of the Bharata race, rising up from hers, offered him a seat, water to wash his feet, and *Arghya*. And asked by Virochana (to share his seat) Sudhanwan said, 'O son of Prahlada, I touch thy excellent golden seat. I cannot, however, suffer myself to be regarded as thy equal, and sit on it with thee.' Virochana said, 'A piece of wooden plank, an animal skin, or a mat of grass or straw,—these only, O Sudhanwan, are fit for thee. Thou deservest not, however, the same seat with me.' Sudhanwan said, 'Father and son. Brahmanas of the same age and equal learning, two Kshatriyas, two Vaisyas and two Sudras, can sit together on the same seat. Except these, no other can sit together. Your father used to pay his regards to me, taking a seat lower than that occupied by me. Thou art a child, brought up in every luxury at home and thou understandest nothing.' Virochana said, 'Staking all the gold, kine, horses, and every other kind of wealth that we have among the

Asuras, let us, O Sudhanwan, ask them this question that are able to answer.' Sudhanwan said, 'Let alone your gold, kine, and heroes, O Virochana? Making our lives forfeited, we will ask them this question that are competent.' Virochana said, 'Wagering our lives where shall we go? I will not appear before any of the gods and never before any among men.' Sudhanwan said, 'Having wagered our lives, we will approach thy father, for he, Prahlada, will never say an untruth even for the sake of his son.'

"Vidura continued, 'Having thus laid a wager, Virochana and Sudhanwan, both moved by rage, proceeded to that place where Prahlada was. And beholding them together, Prahlada said, 'These two who had never before been companions, are now seen together coming hither by the same road, like two angry snakes. Have ye now become companions,—ye who were never companions before? I ask thee, O Virochana, has there been friendship between thee and Sudhanwan?' Virochana said, 'There is no friendship between me and Sudhanwan. On the other hand, we have both wagered our lives. O chief of the *Asuras*, I shall ask thee a question, do not answer it untruly!' Prahlada said, 'Let water, and honey and curds, be brought for Sudhanwan. Thou deservest our worship, O Brahmana. A white and fat cow is ready for thee.' Sudhanwan said, 'Water and honey and curds, have been presented to me on my way hither. I shall ask thee a question. Prahlada, answer it truly! are Brahmanas superior, or is Virochana superior?' Prahlada said, O Brahmana, this one is my only son. Thou also art present here in person. How can one like us answer a question about which ye two have quarrelled? Sudhanwan said, 'Give unto thy son thy kine and other precious wealth that thou mayst have, but, O wise one, thou shouldst declare the truth when we two are disputing about it.' Prahlada said, 'How doth that misuser of his tongue suffer, O Sudhanwan, who answereth not truly but falsely, a question that is put to him? I ask thee this.' Sudhanwan said, 'The person that misuseth his tongue suffers like the deserted wife, who pineth, at night, beholding her husband sleeping in the arms of a co-wife; like a person who hath lost at dice, or who is weighed down with an unbearable load of anxieties. Such a man hath also to stay, starving outside the citygates, into which his admission is barred. Indeed, he that giveth false evidence is destined to always find his foes. He that speaketh a lie on account of an animal, casteth down from heaven five of his sires of the ascending order. He that speaketh a lie on account of a cow casteth down from heaven ten of his ancestors. A lie on account of a horse causeth the downfall of a hundred; and a lie on account of a human being, the downfall of a thousand of one's sires of the ascending order. An untruth on account of gold ruineth the members of one's race both born and unborn, while an untruth for the sake of land ruineth everything. Therefore, never speak an untruth for the sake of land.' Prahlada said, 'Angiras is superior to myself, and Sudhanwan is superior to thee, O Virochana. Mother also of Sudhanwan is

superior to thy mother; therefore, thou, O Virochana, hath been defeated by Sudhanwan. This Sudhanwan is now the master of thy life. But, O Sudhanwan, I wish that thou shouldst grant Virochana his life.' Sudhanwan said, 'Since, O Prahlada, thou hast preferred virtue and hast not, from temptation, said an untruth, I grant thy son his life that is dear to thee. So here is thy son Virochana, O Prahlada, restored by me to thee. He shall, however, have to wash my feet in the presence of the maiden Kesini.'

"Vidura continued, 'For these reasons, O king of kings, it behoveth thee not to say an untruth for the sake of land. Saying an untruth from affection for thy son, O king, hasten not to destruction, with all thy children and counsellors. The gods do not protect men, taking up clubs in their hands after the manner of herdsmen; unto those, however, they wish to protect, they grant intelligence. There is no doubt that one's objects meet with success in proportion to the attention he directs to righteousness and morality. The *Vedas* never rescue from sin a deceitful person living by falsehood. On the other hand, they forsake him while he is on his death-bed, like newly fledged birds forsaking their nests. Drinking, quarrels, enmity with large numbers of men, all connections with connubial disputes, and severance of relationship between husband and wife, internal dissensions, disloyalty to the king, —these and all paths that are sinful, should, it is said, be avoided. A palmist, a thief turned into a merchant, a fowler, a physician, an enemy, a friend, and a minstrel, these seven are incompetent as witness. An *Agnihotra* performed from motives of pride, abstention from speech, practised from similar motives, study and sacrifice from the same motives,—these four, of themselves innocent, become harmful when practised unduly. One that setteth fire to a dwelling house, an administerer of poison, a pander, a vendor of the *Soma*-juice, a maker of arrows, an astrologer, one that injureth friends, an adulterer, one that causeth abortion, a violater of his preceptor's bed, a Brahmana addicted to drink, one that is sharp-speeched, a raker of old sores, an atheist, a reviler of the *Vedas*, and taker of bribes, one whose investiture with the sacred thread has been delayed beyond the prescribed age, one that secretly slayeth cattle, and one that slayeth him who prayeth for protection,— these all are reckoned as equal in moral turpitude as the slayers of Brahmanas. Gold is tested by fire; a well-born person, by his deportment; an honest man, by his conduct. A brave man is tested during a season of panic; he that is self-controlled, in times of poverty; and friends and foes, in times of calamity and danger. Decrepitude destroyeth beauty; ambitious hopes, patience; death, life, envy, righteousness, anger, prosperity, companionship with the low, good behaviour; lust, modesty, and pride, everything. Prosperity taketh its birth in good deeds, groweth in consequence of activity, driveth its roots deep in consequence of skill, and acquireth stability owing to self-control. Wisdom, good lineage, self-control, acquaintance with the scriptures, prowess, absence of garrulity,

gift to the extent of one's power, and gratefulness,—these eight qualities shed a lustre upon their possessor. But, O sire, there is one endowment which alone can cause all these attributes to come together; the fact is, when the king honoureth a particular person, the royal favour can cause all these attributes to shed their lustre (on the favourite). Those eight, O king, in the world of men, are indications of heaven. Of the eight (mentioned below) four are inseparably connected, with the good, and four others are always followed by the good. The first four which are inseparably connected with the good, are sacrifice, gift, study and asceticism, while the other four that are always followed by the good, are self-restraint, truth, simplicity, and abstention from injury to all.

'Sacrifice, study, charity, asceticism, truth, forgiveness, mercy, and contentment constitute the eight different paths of righteousness. The first four of these may be practised from motives of pride, but the last four can exist only in those that are truly noble. That is no assembly where there are no old men, and they are not old who do not declare what morality is. That is not morality which is separated from truth, and that is not truth which is fraught with deceit. Truth, beauty, acquaintance with the scriptures, knowledge, high birth, good behaviour, strength, wealth, bravery, and capacity for varied talk,—these ten are of heavenly origin. A sinful person, by committing sin, is overtaken by evil consequences. A virtuous man, by practising virtue, reapeth great happiness. Therefore, a man, rigidly resolved, should abstain from sin. Sin, repeatedly perpetrated, destroyeth intelligence; and the man who hath lost intelligence, repeatedly committeth sin. Virtue, repeatedly practised, enhanceth intelligence; and the man whose intelligence hath increased, repeatedly practiseth virtue. The virtuous man, by practising virtue, goeth to regions of blessedness. Therefore, a man should, firmly resolved, practise virtue. He that is envious, he that injureth others deeply, he that is cruel, he that constantly quarreleth, he that is deceitful, soon meeteth with great misery for practising these sins. He that is not envious and is possessed of wisdom, by always doing what is good, never meeteth with great misery; on the other hand, he shineth everywhere. He that draweth wisdom from them that are wise is really learned and wise. And he that is wise, by attending to both virtue and profit, succeedeth in attaining to happiness. Do that during the day which may enable thee to pass the night in happiness; and do that during eight months of the year which may enable thee to pass the season of rains happily. Do that during youth which may ensure a happy old age; and do that during thy whole life here which may enable thee to live happily hereafter. The wise prize that food which is easily digested, that wife whose youth hath passed away, that hero who is victorious and that ascetic whose efforts have been crowned with success. The gap that is sought to be filled by wealth acquired wrongfully, remaineth uncovered, while new ones appear in other places. The preceptor controlleth them whose souls are under their own control; the king controlleth persons that are

wicked; while they that sin secretly have their controller in Yama, the son of Vivaswat. The greatness of *Rishis*, of rivers, of river-banks, of high-souled men, and the cause of woman's wickedness, cannot be ascertained. O king, he that is devoted to the worship of the Brahmanas, he that giveth away, he that behaveth righteously towards his relatives, and the Kshatriya that behaveth nobly, rule the earth for ever. He that is possessed of bravery, he that is possessed of learning, and he that knows how to protect others,—these three are always able to gather flowers of gold from the earth. Of acts, those accomplished by intelligence are first; those accomplished by the arms, second; those by the thighs, and those by bearing weights upon the head, are the very worst. Reposing the care of thy kingdom on Duryodhana, on Sakuni, on foolish Dussasana, and on Karna, how canst thou hope for prosperity? Possessed of every virtue, the Pandavas, O bull of the Bharata race, depend on thee as their father. O, repose thou on them as on thy sons!"

SECTION XXXVI

"Vidura said, 'In this connection is cited the old story of the discourse between the son of Atri and the deities called *Sadhyas* is as heard by us. In days of old, the deities known by the name of *Sadhyas* questioned the highly wise and great *Rishi* of rigid vows (the son of *Atri*), while the latter was wandering in the guise of one depending on eleemosynary charity for livelihood. The *Sadhyas* said, 'We are, O great *Rishi*, deities known as *Sadhyas*. Beholding thee, we are unable to guess who thou art. It seemeth to us, however, that thou art possessed of intelligence and self-control in consequence of acquaintance with the scriptures. It, therefore, behoveth thee to discourse to us in magnanimous words fraught with learning.' The mendicant *Rishi* answered, 'Ye immortals, it hath been heard by me that by untying all the knots in the heart by the aid of tranquillity, and by mastery over all the passions, and observance of true religion, one should regard both the agreeable and the disagreeable like his own self. One should not return the slanders or reproaches of others for the pain that is felt by him who beareth silently, consumeth the slanderer; and he that beareth, succeedeth also in appropriating the virtues of the slanderer. Indulge not in slanders and reproaches. Do not humiliate and insult others. Quarrel not with friends. Abstain from companionship with those that are vile and low. Be not arrogant and ignoble in conduct. Avoid words that are harsh and fraught with anger. Harsh words burn and scorch the very vitals, bones, heart, and the very sources of the life of men. Therefore, he, that is virtuous, should always abstain from harsh and angry words. That

worst of men is of harsh and wrathful speech, who pierceth the vitals of others with wordy thorns, beareth hell in his tongue, and should ever be regarded as a dispenser of misery to men. The man that is wise, pierced by another's wordy arrows, sharp-pointed and smarting like fire or the sun, should, even if deeply wounded and burning with pain, bear them patiently remembering that the slanderer's merits become his. He that waiteth upon one that is good or upon one that is wicked, upon one that is possessed of ascetic merit or upon one that is a thief, soon taketh the colour from that companion of his, like a cloth from the dye in which it is soaked. The very gods desire his company, who, stung with reproach, returneth if not himself nor causeth others to return it, or who being struck doth not himself return the blow nor causeth other to do it, and who wisheth not the slightest injury to him that injureth him. Silence, it is said, is better than speech, if speak you must, then it is better to say the truth; if truth is to be said, it is better to say what is agreeable; and if what is agreeable is to be said, then it is better to say what is consistent with morality. A man becometh exactly like him with whom he liveth, or like him whom he regardeth, or like that which he wisheth to be. One is freed from those things from which one abstaineth, and if one abstaineth from everything he hath not to suffer even the least misery. Such a man neither vanquisheth others, nor is vanquished by others. He never injureth nor opposeth others. He is unmoved by praise or blame. He neither grieveth nor exalteth in joy. That man is regarded as the first of his species who wisheth for the prosperity of all and never setteth his heart on the misery of others, who is truthful in speech, humble in behaviour, and hath all his passions under control. That man is regarded as a mediocre in goodness who never consoleth others by saying what is not true; who giveth having promise; and who keepeth an eye over the weakness of others. These, however, are the indications of a bad man, *viz.*, incapacity to be controlled; liability to be afflicted by dangers; proneness to give way to wrath, ungratefulness; inability to become another's friend, and wickedness of heart. He too is the worst of men, who is dissatisfied with any good that may come to him from others who is suspicious of his own self, and who driveth away from himself all his true friends. He that desireth prosperity to himself, should wait upon them that are good, and at times upon them that are indifferent, but never upon them that are bad. He that is wicked, earneth wealth, it is true, by putting forth his strength, by constant effort, by intelligence, and by prowess, but he can never win honest fame, nor can he acquire the virtues and manners of high families (in any of which he may be born).'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'The gods, they that regard both virtue and profit without swerving from either, and they that are possessed of great learning, express a liking for high families. I ask thee, O Vidura, this question,—what are those families that are called high?'

"Vidura said, 'Asceticism, self-restraint, knowledge of the *Vedas*, sacrifices, pure marriages, and gifts of food,—those families in which *these* seven exist or are practised duly, are regarded as high. There are high families who deviate not from the right course whose deceased ancestors are never pained (by witnessing the wrong-doings of their descendants). who cheerfully practise all the virtues, who desire to enhance the pure fame of the line in which they are born, and who avoid every kind of falsehood. Families that are high, fall down and become low owing to the absence of sacrifices, impure marriages, abandonment of the *Vedas*, and insults offered to Brahmanas. High families fall off and become low owing to their members disregarding or speaking ill of Brahmanas, or to the misappropriation, O Bharata, of what had been deposited with them by others. Those families that are possessed of members, wealth and kine, are not regarded as families if they be wanting in good manners and conduct, while families wanting in wealth but distinguished by manners and good conduct are regarded as such and win great reputation. Therefore, should good manners and good conduct be maintained with care, for, as regards wealth, it cometh or goeth. He that is wanting in wealth is not really wanting, but he that is wanting in manners and conduct is really in want. Those families that abound in kine and other cattle and in the produce of the field are not really worthy of regard and fame if they be wanting in manners and conduct. Let none in our race be a fomenter of quarrels, none serve a king as minister, none steal the wealth of others, none provoke intestine dissensions, none be deceitful or false in behaviour, and none eat before serving the *Rishis*, the gods, and guests. He, in our race, who slayeth Brahmanas, or entertaineth feelings of aversion towards them, or impedeth or otherwise injureth agriculture, doth not deserve to mix with us. Straw (for a seat), ground (for sitting upon), water (to wash the feet and face), and, fourthly sweet words,—these are never wanting in the houses of the good. Virtuous men devoted to the practice of righteous acts, when desirous of entertaining (guests), have these things ready for being offered with reverence. As the *Sandal* tree, O king, though thin, is competent to bear weights which timbers of other trees (much thicker) cannot; so they that belong to high families are always able to bear the weight of great cares which ordinary men cannot. He is no friend whose anger inspireth fear, or who is to be waited upon with fear. He, however, on whom one can repose confidence as on a father, is a true friend. Other friendships are nominal connection. He that beareth himself as a friend, even though unconnected by birth of blood, is a true friend, a real refuge, and a protector. He, whose heart is unsteady, or who doth not wait upon the aged, or who is of a restless disposition cannot make friends. Success (in the attainment of objects) forsaketh the person whose heart is unsteady, or who hath no control over his mind, or who is a slave of his senses, like swans forsaking a tank whose waters have dried up. They that are of weak minds suddenly give way to anger

and are gratified without sufficient cause; they are like clouds that are so inconstant. The very birds of prey abstain from touching the dead bodies of those who having been served and benefited by friends, show ingratitude to the latter. Beest thou poor or beest thou rich, thou shouldst honour thy friends. Until some service is asked, the sincerity or otherwise of friends cannot be known. Sorrow killeth beauty; sorrow killeth strength; sorrow killeth the understanding; and sorrow bringeth on disease. Grief, instead of helping the acquisition of his object, drieth up the body, and maketh one's foes glad. Therefore, do not yield to grief. Men repeatedly die and are reborn; repeatedly they wither away and grow; repeatedly they ask others for help, and they themselves are asked for help; repeatedly they lament and are lamented. Happiness and misery, plenty and want, gain and loss, life and death, are shared by all in due order. Therefore, he that is self-controlled should neither exult in joy nor repine in sorrow. The six senses are always restless. Through the most predominant one amongst them one's understanding escapeth in proportion to the strength it assumes, like water from a pot through its holes.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'King Yudhishthira who is like a flame of fire, has been deceived by me. He will surely exterminate in battle all my wicked sons. Everything, therefore, seems to me to be fraught with danger, and my mind is full of anxiety, O thou of great intelligence, tell me such words as may dispel my anxiety.'

"Vidura said, 'O sinless one, in nothing else than knowledge and asceticism, in nothing else than restraining the senses, in nothing else than complete abandonment of avarice, do I see thy good. Fear is dispelled by self-knowledge; by asceticism one winneth what is great and valuable; by waiting upon superiors learning is acquired; and peace is gained by self-restraint. They that desire salvation without having acquired the merit attainable by gifts, or that which is attainable by practising the ritual of the *Vedas*, do not sojourn through life, freed from anger and aversion. The happiness that may be derived from a judicious course of study, from a battle fought virtuously, from ascetic austerities performed rigidly, always increaseth at the end. They that are no longer in peace with their relatives, obtain no sleep even if they have recourse to well-made beds; nor do they, O king, derive any pleasure from women, or the laudatory hymns of bards and eulogists. Such persons can never practise virtue. Happiness can never be theirs, in this world. Honours can never be theirs, and peace hath no charm for them. Counsels that are for their benefit please them not. They never acquire what they have not, nor succeed in retaining what they have, O king, there is no other end for such men save destruction. As milk is possible in kine, asceticism in Brahmanas, and inconstancy in women, so fear is possible from relatives. Numerous thin threads of equal length, collected together, are competent to bear, from the strength of numbers, the constant rolling of the shuttle-cock over them. The case is even so with

relatives that are good, O bull of the Bharata race, separated from one another, burning brans produce only smoke; but brought together they blaze forth into a powerful flame. The case is even so, O Dhritarashtra, with relatives. They, O Dhritarashtra, who tyrannise over Brahmanas, women, relatives, and kine, soon fall off their stalks, like fruits that are ripe. And the tree that stands singly, though gigantic and strong and deep-rooted, hath its trunk soon smashed and twisted by a mighty wind. Those trees, however, that grow in close compact are competent owing to mutual dependence to resist winds more violent still. Thus he that is single, however, endowed with all the virtues, is regarded by foes as capable of being vanquished like an isolated tree by the wind. Relatives, again, in consequence of mutual dependence and mutual aid, grow together, like lotus-stalks in a lake. These must never be slain, *viz.*, Brahmanas, kine, relatives, children, women, those whose food is eaten, and those also that yield by asking for protection. O king, without wealth no good quality can show itself in a person. If, however, thou art in health, thou canst achieve thy good, for he is dead who is unhealthy and ill. O king, anger is a kind of bitter, pungent, acrid, and hot drink, painful in its consequences: it is a kind of headache not born of any physical illness, and they that are unwise can never digest it. Do thou, O king, swallow it up and obtain peace. They that are tortured by disease have no liking for enjoyments, nor do they desire any happiness from wealth. The sick, however, filled with sorrow, know not what happiness is or what the enjoyments of wealth are. Beholding Draupadi won at dice, I told thee before, O king, these words,—*They that are honest avoid deceit in play. Therefore, stop Duryodhana!* Thou didst not, however, act according to my words. That is not strength which is oppossed to softness. On the other hand, strength mixed with softness constitutes true policy which should ever be pursued. That prosperity which is dependent on crookedness alone is destined to be destroyed. That prosperity, however, which depends on both strength and softness, descends to sons and grandsons in tact. Let, therefore, thy sons cherish the Pandavas, and the Pandavas also cherish thy sons. O king, let the Kurus and the Pandavas, both having same friends and same foes, live together in happiness and prosperity. Thou art, today, O king, the refuge of the sons of Kuru. Indeed, the race of Kuru, O Ajamida, is dependent on thee. O sire, preserving thy fame unsullied, cherish thou the children of Pandu, afflicted as they are with the sufferings of exile. O descendant of Kuru, make peace with the sons of Pandu. Let not thy foes discover thy holes. They all, O god among men, are devoted to truth. O king of men, withdraw Duryodhana from his evil ways.' "

SECTION XXXVII

"Vidura said, 'O son of Vichitravirya, Manu, the son of the Self-created, hath, O king, spoken of the following seven and ten kinds of men, as those that strike empty space with their fists, or seek to bend the vapoury bow of Indra in the sky, or desire to catch the intangible rays of the sun. These seven and ten kinds of foolish men are as follow: he who seeketh to control a person that is incapable of being controlled; he who is content with small gains; he who humbly pays court to enemies; he who seeks to restrain women's frailty; he who asketh him for gifts who should never be asked; he who boasteth, having done anything; he who, born in a high family, perpetrateth an improper deed; he who being weak always wageth hostilities with one that is powerful; he who talketh to a person listening scoffingly; he who desireth to have that which is unattainable; he who being a father-in-law, jesteth with his daughter-in-law; he who boasteth at having his alarms dispelled by his daughter-in-law; he who scattereth his own seeds in another's field; he who speaketh ill of his own wife; he who having received anything from another sayeth that he doth not remember it, he who, having given away anything in words in holy places, boasteth at home when asked to make good his words, and he who striveth to prove the truth of what is false. The envoys of Yama, with nooses in hand, drag those persons to hell. One should behave towards another just as that other behaveth towards him. Even this is consistent with social polity. One may behave deceitfully towards him that behaveth deceitfully, but honestly towards him that is honest in his behaviour. Old age killeth beauty; patience, hope; death, life; the practice of virtue, worldly enjoyments; lust, modesty; companionship with the wicked, good behaviour; anger, prosperity; and pride, everything.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Man hath been spoken of in all the *Vedas* as having hundred years for the period of his life. For what reason then, do not all men attain the allotted period?'

"Vidura said, 'Excess of pride, excess in speech, excess in eating, anger, the desire of enjoyment, and intestine dissensions,—these, O king, are six sharp swords that cut off the period of life allotted to creatures. It is these which kill men, and not death. Knowing this, blessed be thou!'

'He who appropriates to himself the wife of one who hath confided in him; he who violates the bed of his preceptor; that Brahmana, O Bharata, who becomes the husband of a *Sudra* woman, or drinks wines; he who commendeth Brahmanas or becometh their master, or taketh away the lands that support them; and he who taketh the lives of those who yield asking for protection, are all guilty of the sin of slaying Brahmanas. The *Vedas* declare that contact with these requires expiation. He that accepts the teaching of the wise; he that is acquainted with the

rules of morality; he that is liberal; he that eateth having first dedicated the food to the gods and *Pitris*; he that envieth none; he that is incapable of doing anything that injureth others; he that is grateful, truthful, humble and learned. succeedeth in attaining to heaven.

'They are abundant, O king, that can always speak agreeable words. The speaker, however, is rare, as also the hearer, of words that are disagreeable but medicinal. That man who, without regarding what is agreeable or disagreeable to his master but keeping virtue alone in view, sayeth what is unpalatable, but medicinal, truly addeth to the strength of the king. For the sake of the family a member may be sacrificed; for the sake of the village, a family may be sacrificed; for the sake of a kingdom a village may be sacrificed; and for the sake of one's soul, the whole earth may be sacrificed. One should protect his wealth in view of the calamities that may overtake him; by his wealth one should protect his wives, and by both his wealth and wives one should protect his own self. From very olden times it hath been seen that gambling provoketh quarrels. Therefore, he that is wise, should not resort to it even in jest. O son of Pratipa, at the time of that gambling match I told thee, O king —this is not proper. But, O son of Vichitravirya, like medicine to a sick man, those words of mine were not agreeable to thee. O king, thou desirest to vanquish the sons of Pandu, who are just as peacocks of variegated plumage, whereas thy sons are all as crows. Forsaking lions thou art protecting jackals! O king, when the time cometh, thou wilt have to grieve for all this. That master, O sire, who doth not give vent to his displeasure with devoted servants zealously pursuing his good, enlisteth the confidence of his servants. In fact, the latter adhere to him even in distress. By confiscating the grants to one's servants or stopping their pay, one should not seek to amass wealth, for even affectionate counsellors deprived of their means of life and enjoyment, turn against him and leave him (in distress). Reflecting first on all intended acts and adjusting the wages and allowances of servants with his income and expenditure, a king should make proper alliances, for there is nothing that cannot be accomplished by alliances. That officer who fully understanding the intentions of his royal master dischargeth all duties with alacrity, and who is respectable himself and devoted to his master, always telleth what is for his master's good, and who is fully acquainted with the extent of his own might and with that also of those against whom he may be engaged, should be regarded by the king as his second self. That servant, however, who commanded (by his master) disregardeth the latter's injunctions and who enjoined to do anything refuseth to submit, proud as he is of his own intelligence and given to arguing against his master, should be got rid of without the least delay. Men of learning say that a servant should be endued with these eight qualities, *viz.*, absence of pride, ability, absence of procrastination, kindness, cleanliness, incorruptibility, birth in a family free from the taint of disease, and weightiness of speech. No man should confidently enter an

enemy's house after dusk even with notice. One should not at night lurk in the yard of another's premises, nor should one seek to enjoy a woman to whom the king himself might make love. Never set thyself against the decision to which a person hath arrived who keepeth low company and who is in the habit of consulting all he meeteth. Never tell him,—*I do not believe thee*,—but assigning some reason send him away on a pretext. A king who is exceedingly merciful, a woman of lewd character, the servant of a king, a son, a brother, a widow having an infant son, one serving in the army, and one that hath suffered great losses, should never be engaged in pecuniary transactions of lending or borrowing. These eight qualities shed a lustre on men, *viz.*, wisdom, high lineage, acquaintance with scriptures, self-restraint, prowess, moderation in speech, gift to the extent of one's power, and gratefulness. These high qualities, O sire, are necessarily brought together by one only by gifts. When the king favours a person, that incident (of royal favour) bringeth in all others and holdeth them together. He that performeth ablutions winneth these ten, *viz.*, strength, beauty, a clear voice, capacity to utter all the alphabetical sounds, delicacy of touch, fineness of scent, cleanliness, gracefulness, delicacy of limbs, and beautiful women. He that eateth sparingly winneth these six, *viz.*, health, long life, and ease; his progeny also becometh healthy, and nobody reproacheth him for gluttony. One should not give shelter to these in his house, *viz.*, one that always acteth improperly, one that eateth too much, one that is hated by all, one that is exceedingly deceitful, one that is cruel, one that is ignorant of the proprieties of time and place, and one that dresseth indecently. A person, however distressed, should never solicit a miser for alms, or one that speaketh ill of others, or one that is unacquainted with the shastras, or a dweller in the woods, or one that is cunning, or one that doth not regard persons worthy of regard, or one that is cruel, or one that habitually quarrels with others, or one that is ungrateful. A person should never wait upon these six worst of men, *viz.*, one that is a foe, one that always errs, one that is wedded to falsehood, one that is wanting in devotion to the gods, one that is without affection, and one that always regards himself competent to do everything. One's purposes depend (for their success) on means; and means are dependent, again, on the nature of the purposes (sought to be accomplished by them). They are intimately connected with each other, so that success depends on both. Begetting sons and rendering them independent by making some provision for them, and bestowing maiden daughters on eligible persons, one should retire to the woods, and desire to live as a *Muni*. One should, for obtaining the favours of the Supreme Being, do that which is for the good of all creatures as also for his own happiness, for it is this which is the root of the successful of all one's objects. What anxiety hath he for a livelihood that hath intelligence, energy, prowess, strength, alacrity and perseverance?

'Behold the evils of a rupture with the Pandavas which would sadden the very gods with Sakra. These are, first, enmity between them that are all thy sons; secondly, a life of continued anxiety; thirdly, the loss of the fair fame of the Kurus; and lastly, the joy of those that are thy enemies. The wrath of Bhishma, O thou of the splendour of Indra, of Drona, and the king Yudhishthira, will consume the whole world, like a comet of large proportions falling transversely on the earth. Thy hundred sons and Karna and the sons of Pandu can together rule the vast earth with the belt of the seas. O king, the Dhartarashtras constitute a forest of which the Pandavas are, I think, tigers. O, do not cut down that forest with its tigers! O, let not the tigers be driven from that forest! There can be no forest without tigers, and no tigers without a forest. The forest shelters the tigers and tigers guard the forest!'

They that are sinful never seek so much to ascertain the good qualities of others as to ascertain their faults. He that desires the highest success in all matters connected with worldly profit, should from the very beginning practise virtue, for true profit is never separated from heaven. He whose soul hath been dissociated from sin and firmly fixed on virtue, hath understood all things in their natural and adventitious states; he that followeth virtue, profit, and desire, in proper seasons, obtaineth, both here and hereafter, a combination of all three. He that restraineth the force of both anger and joy, and never, O king, loseth his senses under calamities, winneth prosperity. Listen to me, O king. Men are said to have *five* different kinds of strength. Of these, the strength of arms is regarded to be of the most inferior kind. Blessed be thou, the acquisition of good counsellors is regarded as the second kind of strength. The wise have said that the acquisition of wealth is the third kind of strength. The strength of birth, O king, which one naturally acquireth from one's sires and grandsires, is regarded as the fourth kind of strength. That, however, O Bharata, by which all these are won, and which is the foremost of all kinds of strength, is called the strength of the intellect. Having provoked the hostility of a person who is capable of inflicting great injury on a fellow creature, one should not gather assurance from the thought that one liveth at a distance from the other. Who that is wise that can place his trust on women, kings, serpents, his own master, enemies, enjoyments, and period of life? There are no physicians nor medicines for one that hath been struck by the arrow of wisdom. In the case of such a person neither the *mantras* of *homa*, nor auspicious ceremonies, nor the *mantras* of the *Atharva Veda*, nor any of the antidotes of poison, are of any efficacy. Serpents, fire, lions, and consanguineous relatives,—none of these, O Bharata, should be disregarded by a man; all of these are possessed of great power. Fire is a thing of great energy in this world. It lurketh in wood and never consumeth it till it is ignited by others. That very fire, when brought out by friction, consumeth by its energy not only the wood in which it lurketh, but also an entire forest and many other things. Men of high

lineage are just like fire in energy. Endued with forgiveness, they betray no outward symptoms of wrath and are quiet like fire in wood. Thou, O king, with thy sons art possessed of the virtue of creepers, and the sons of Pandu are regarded as *Sala* trees. A creeper never groweth unless there is a large tree to twine round. O king, O son of Ambika, thy son is as a forest. O sire, know that the Pandavas are the lions of that forest. Without its lions the forest is doomed to destruction, and lions also are doomed to destruction without the forest (to shelter them).' "

SECTION XXXVIII

"Vidura said, 'The heart of a young man, when an aged and venerable person cometh to his house (as a guest), soareth aloft. By advancing forward and saluting him, he getteth it back. He that is self-controlled, first offering a seat, and bringing water and causing his guest's feet to be washed and making the usual enquiries of welcome, should then speak of his own affairs, and taking everything into consideratian, offer him food. The wise have said that man liveth in vain in whose dwelling a Brahmana conversant with *mantras* doth not accept water, honey and curds, and kine from fear of being unable to appropriate them, or from miserliness and unwillingness with which the gifts are made. A physician, a maker of arrows, even one that hath given up the vow of *Brahmacharya* before it is complete, a thief, a crooked-minded man, a Brahmana that drinks, one that causeth miscarriage, one that liveth by serving in the army, and one that selleth the *Vedas*, when arrived as a guest, however undeserving he may be the offer of water should be regarded (by a householder) as exceedingly dear. A Brahmana should never be a seller of salt, of cooked food, curds, milk, honey, oil, clarified butter, sesame, meat, fruits, roots, potherbs, dyed clothes, all kinds of perfumery, and treacle. He that never giveth way to anger, he that is above grief, he that is no longer in need of friendship and quarrels, he that disregardeth both praise and blame, and he that standeth aloof from both what is agreeable and disagreeable, like one perfectly withdrawn from the world, is a real *Yogin* of the *Bhikshu* order. That virtuous ascetic who liveth on rice growing wild, or roots, or potherbs, who hath his soul under control, who carefully keepeth his fire for worship, and dwelling in the woods is always regardful of guests, is indeed, the foremost of his brotherhood. Having wronged an intelligent person, one should never gather assurance from the fact that one liveth at a distance from the person wronged. Long are the arms which intelligent persons have, by which they can return wrongs for wrongs done to them. One should never

put trust on him who should not be trusted, nor put too much trust on him who should be trusted, for the danger that ariseth from one's having reposed trust on another cutteth off one's very roots. One should renounce envy, protect one's wives, give to others what is their due, and be agreeable in speech. One should be sweet-tongued and pleasant in his address as regards one's wives, but should never be their slave. It hath been said that wives that are highly blessed and virtuous, worthy of worship and the ornaments of their homes, are really embodiments of domestic prosperity. They should, therefore, be protected particularly. One should devolve the looking over of his inner apartments on his father; of the kitchen, on his mother; of the kine, on somebody he looks upon as his own self; but as regards agriculture, one should look over it himself. One should look after guests of the trader-caste through his servants, and those of the Brahmana caste through his sons. Fire hath its origin in water; Kshatriyas in Brahmanas; and iron in stone. The energy of those (i.e. fire, Kshatriyas, and iron) can affect all things but is neutralised as soon as the things come in contact with their progenitors. Fire lieth concealed in wood without showing itself externally. Good and forgiving men born of high families and endued with fiery energy, do not betray any outward symptoms of what is within them. That king whose counsels cannot be known by either outsiders or those about him, but who knoweth the counsels of others through his spies, enjoyeth his prosperity long. One should never speak of what one intends to do. Let anything thou doest in respect of virtue, profit, and desire, be not known till it is done. Let counsels be not divulged. Ascending on the mountain-top or on the terrace of a palace, or proceeding to a wilderness devoid of trees and plants, one should, in secrecy, mature his counsels. O Bharata, neither a friend who is without learning, nor a learned friend who hath no control over his senses, deserveth to be a repository of state secrets. O king, never make one thy minister without examining him well, for a king's finances and the keeping of his counsels both depend on his minister. That king is the foremost of rulers, whose ministers know his acts in respect of virtue, profit and desire, only after they are done. The king whose counsels are kept close, without doubt, commandeth success. He that from ignorance committeth acts that are censurable, loseth his very life in consequence of the untoward results of those acts. The doing of acts that are praise-worthy is always attended with ease. Omission to do such acts leadeth to repentance. As a Brahmana without having studied the *Vedas* is not fit to officiate at a *Sraddha* (in honour of the *Pitris*), so he that hath not heard of the six (means for protecting a kingdom) deserveth not to take part in political deliberations. O king, he that hath an eye upon increase, decrease, and surplus, he that is conversant with the six means and knoweth also his own self, he whose conduct is always applauded, bringeth the whole earth under subjection to himself. He whose anger and joy are productive of consequences, he who looketh over personally what should be done, he who hath

his treasury under his own control, bringeth the whole earth under subjection to himself. The king should be content with the name he wins and the umbrella that is held over his head. He should divide the wealth of the kingdom among these that serve him. Alone he should not appropriate everything. A Brahmana knoweth a Brahmana, the husband understandeth the wife, the king knoweth the minister, and monarchs know monarchs. A foe that deserveth death, when brought under subjection should never be set free. If one be weak one should pay court to one's foe that is stronger, even if the latter deserves death; but one should kill that foe as soon as one commandeth sufficient strength, for, if not killed, dangers soon arise from him. One should, with an effort, control his wrath against the gods, kings, Brahmanas, old men, children, and those that are helpless. He that is wise should avoid unprofitable quarrels such as fools only engage in. By this one winneth great fame in this world and avoideth misery and unhappiness. People never desire him for a master whose grace is fruitless and whose wrath goest for nothing, like women never desiring him for a husband who is a eunuch. Intelligence doth not exist for the acquisition of wealth, nor is idleness the cause of adversity; the man of wisdom only knoweth, and not others, the cause of the diversities of condition in this world. The fool, O Bharata, always disregardeth those that are elderly in years, and eminent in conduct and knowledge, in intelligence, wealth, and lineage. Calamities soon come upon them that are of wicked disposition, devoid of wisdom, envious, or sinful, foul-tongued, and wrathful. Absence of deceitfulness, gift, observance of the established rules of intercourse, and speech well-controlled, bring all creatures under subjection. He that is without deceitfulness, he that is active, grateful, intelligent, and guileless, even if his treasury be empty, obtaineth friends, counsellors, and servants. Intelligence, tranquillity of mind, self-control, purity, absence of harsh speech and unwillingness to do anything disagreeable to friends,—these seven are regarded as the fuel of prosperity's flame. The wretch who doth not give to others their due, who is of wicked soul, who is ungrateful, and shameless, should, O king, be avoided. The guilty person who provoketh another about him that is innocent, cannot sleep peacefully at night, like a person passing the night with a snake in the same room. They, O Bharata, who upon being angry endanger one's possessions and means of acquisition, should always be propitiated like the very gods. Those objects that depend upon women, careless persons, men that have fallen away from the duties of their caste, and those that are wicked in disposition, are doubtful of success. They sink helplessly. O king, like a raft made of stone, who have a woman, a deceitful person, or a child, for their guide. They that are competent in the general principles of work, though not in particular kinds of work are regarded by men as learned and wise for particular kinds of work, are subsidiary. That man who is highly spoken of by swindlers, mimes and women of ill fame, is more dead than alive. Forsaking these mighty bowmen of immeasurable

energy, *viz.*, the son of Pandu, thou hast. O Bharata, devolved on Duryodhana, the cares of a mighty empire. Thou shalt, therefore, soon see that swelling affluence fall off, like Vali fallen off from the three worlds.' "

SECTION XXXIX

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Man is not the disposer of either his prosperity or adversity. He is like a wooden doll moved by strings. Indeed, the Creator hath made man subject to Destiny. Go on telling me, I am attentive to what thou sayest.'

"Vidura said, 'O Bharata, by speaking words out of season even Vrihaspati himself incurreth reproach and the charge of ignorance, one becometh agreeable by gift, another by sweet words, a third by the force of incantation and drugs. He, however, that is naturally agreeable, always remaineth so. He that is hated by another is never regarded by that other as honest or intelligent or wise. One attributeth everything good to him one loveth; and everything evil to him one hateth. O king, as soon as Duryodhana was born I told thee,—thou shouldst abandon this one son, for by abandoning him thou wouldst secure the prosperity of thy hundred sons,—and by keeping him, destruction would overtake thy hundred sons, that gain should never be regarded highly which leadeth to loss. On the other hand, that loss even should be regarded highly which would bring on gain. That is no loss, O king, which bringeth on gain. That, however, should be reckoned as loss which is certain to bring about greater losses still. Some become eminent in consequence of good qualities; others become so in consequence of wealth. Avoid them, O Dhritarashtra, that are eminent in wealth but destitute of good qualities!'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'All that you sayest is approved by the wise and is for my future good. I dare not, however, abandon my son. It is well-known that where there is righteousness there is victory.'

"Vidura said, 'He that is graced with every virtue and is endued with humility, is never indifferent to even the minutest sufferings of living creatures. They, however, that are ever employed in speaking ill of others, always strive with activity quarrelling with one another and in all matters, calculated to give pain to others. There is sin in accepting gifts from, and danger in making gifts to them, whose very sight is inauspicious and whose companionship is fraught with danger. They that are quarrelsome, covetous, shameless, deceitful, are known unrighteous, and their companionship should always be avoided. One should also avoid those men that are endued with similar faults of a grave nature. When the

occasion that caused the friendship is over the friendship of those that are low, the beneficial result of that connection, and the happiness also derivable from it, all come to an end. They then strive to speak ill of their (late) friend and endeavour to inflict loss on him, and if the loss they sustain be even very small, for all that they, from want of self-control, fail to enjoy peace. He that is learned, examining everything carefully and reflecting well, should, from a distance, avoid the friendship of vile and wicked-minded persons such as these. He that helpeth his poor and wretched and helpless relatives, obtain children and animals and enjoyeth prosperity that knoweth no end. They that desire their own benefit should always succour their relatives. By every means, therefore, O king, do thou seek the growth of thy race. Prosperity will be thine, O Monarch, if thou behavest well towards all thy relatives. Even relatives that are destitute of good qualities should be protected. O bull of the Bharata race, how much more, therefore, should they be protected that are endued with every virtue and are humbly expectant of thy favours? Favour thou the heroic sons of Pandu, O monarch, and let a few villages be assigned to them for their maintenance. By acting thus, O king, fame will be thine in this world. Thou art old; thou shouldst, therefore, control thy sons. I should say what is for thy good. Know me as one that wishes well to thee. He that desireth his own good should never quarrel, O sire, with his relatives. O bull of the Bharata race, happiness should ever be enjoyed with one's relatives, and not without them. To eat with one another, to talk with one another, and to love one another, are what relatives should always do. They should never quarrel. In this world it is the relatives that rescue, and the relatives that ruin (relatives). Those amongst them that are righteous rescue; while those that are unrighteous sink (their brethren). O king, be thou, O giver of honours, righteous in thy conduct towards the sons of Pandu. Surrounded by them, thou wouldst be unconquerable by thy foes. If a relative shrinks in the presence of a prosperous relative, like a deer at sight of a hunter armed with arrows, then the prosperous relative hath to take upon himself all the sins of the other. O best of men, repentance will be thine (for this thy inaction at present) when in future thou wilt hear of the death of either the Pandavas or thy sons. O, think of all this. When life itself is unstable, one should in the very beginning avoid that act in consequence of which one would have to indulge in regrets having entered the chamber of woe. True it is that a person other than Bhargava, the author of the science of morality is liable to commit actions that go against morality. It is seen, however, that a just notion of consequence is present in all persons of intelligence. Thou art an aged scion of Kuru's race. If Duryodhana inflicted these wrongs on the sons of Pandu, it is thy duty, O king of men, to undo them all. Re-instating them in their position, thou wilt, in this world, be cleansed of all thy sins and be, O king of men, an object of worship with even those that have their souls under control. Reflecting on the well-spoken words of the wise according to

their consequences, he that engageth in acts never loseth fame. The knowledge imparted by even men of learning and skill is imperfect, for that which is sought to be inculcated is ill-understood, or, if understood, is not accomplished in practice. That learned person who never doth an act, the consequences of which are sin and misery, always groweth (in prosperity). The person, however, of wicked soul, who from folly pursueth his sinful course commenced before falleth into a slough of deep mire. He that is wise should ever keep in view the (following) six conduits by which counsels become divulged, and he that desireth success and a long dynasty should ever guard himself from those six. They are, intoxication, sleep, inattention to spies, set over one by another, one's own demeanour as dependent on the working of one's own heart, confidence reposed on a wicked counsellor, and unskilful envoys. Knowing these six doors (through which counsels are divulged), he that keepeth them shut while pursuing the attainment of virtue, profit, and desire, succeedeth in standing over the heads of his foes. Without an acquaintance with the scriptures and without waiting upon the old, neither virtue nor profit can be known (or won) by persons blessed even with the intelligence of Vrihaspati. A thing is lost if cast into the sea; words are lost if addressed to one that listens not; the scriptures are lost on one that hath not his soul under control; and a libation of clarified butter is lost if poured over the ashes left by a fire that is extinguished. He that is endued with the intelligence maketh friendships with those that are wise, having first examined by the aid of his intelligence, repeatedly searching by his understanding, and using his ears, eyes, and judgment. Humility removeth obloquy, ears, failure, prowess; forgiveness always conquereth anger; and auspicious rites destroy all indications of evil. One's lineage, O king, is tested by his objects of enjoyment, place of birth, house, behaviour, food, and dress. When an object of enjoyment is available, even that one who hath attained emancipation is not unwilling to enjoy; what, again, need be said of him that is yet wedded to desire? A king should cherish a counsellor that worshippeth persons of wisdom, is endued with learning, virtue, agreeable appearance, friends, sweet speech, and a good heart. Whether of low or high birth, he who doth not transgress the rules of polite intercouse, who hath an eye on virtue, who is endued with humility and modesty, is superior to a hundred persons of high birth. The friendship of those persons never cooleth, whose hearts, secret pursuits, and pleasures, and acquirements, accord in every respect. He that is intelligent should avoid an ignorant person of wicked soul, like a pit whose mouth is covered with grass, for friendship with such a person can never last. The man of wisdom should never contract friendship with those that are proud, ignorant, fierce, rash and fallen off from righteousness. He that is grateful, virtuous, truthful, large-hearted, and devoted, and he that hath his senses under control, preserveth his dignity, and never forsaketh a friend, should be desired for a friend. The withdrawal of the senses from their respective objects is

equivalent to death itself. Their excessive indulgence again would ruin the very gods. Humility, love of all creatures, forgiveness, and respect for friends,—these, the learned have said, lengthen life. He who with a firm resolution striveth to accomplish by a virtuous policy purposes that have once been frustrated, is said to possess real manhood. That man attaineth all his objects, who is conversant with remedies to be applied in the future, who is firmly resolved in the present, and who could anticipate in the past how an act begun would end. That which a man pursueth in word, deed, and thought, winneth him for its own; therefore, one should always seek that which is for his good. Effort after securing what is good, the properties of time, place, and means, acquaintance with the scriptures, activity, straightforwardness, and frequent meetings with those that are good,—these bring about prosperity. Perseverance is the root of prosperity, of gain, and of what is beneficial. The man that pursueth an object with perseverance and without giving it up in vexation, is really great, and enjoyeth happiness that is unending. O sire, there is nothing more conducive of happiness and nothing more proper for a man of power and energy as foregiveness in every place and at all times. He that is weak should forgive under all circumstances. He that is possessed of power should show forgiveness from motives of virtue; and he, to whom the success or failure of his objects is the same, is naturally forgiving. That pleasure the pursuit of which doth not injure one's virtue and profit, should certainly be pursued to one's fill. One should not, however, act like a fool by giving free indulgence to his senses. Prosperity never resides in one who suffers himself to be tortured by a grief, who is addicted to evil ways, who denies Godhead, who is idle, who hath not his senses under control, and who is divested of exertion. The man that is humble, and who from humility is modest is regarded as weak and persecuted by persons of misdirected intelligence. Prosperity never approacheth from fear the person that is excessively liberal, that giveth away without measure, that is possessed of extraordinary bravery, that practiseth the most rigid vows, and that is very proud of his wisdome. Prosperity doth not reside in one that is highly accomplished, nor in one that is without any accomplishment. She doth not desire a combination of all the virtues, nor is she pleased with the total absence of all virtues. Blind, like a mad cow, prosperity resides with some one who is not remarkable. The fruits of the *Vedas* are ceremonies performed before the (*homa*) fire; the fruits of an acquaintance with the scriptures are goodness of disposition and conduct. The fruits of women are the pleasures of intercourse and offspring; and the fruits of wealth are enjoyment and charity. He that performeth acts tending to secure his prosperity in the other world with wealth acquired sinfully, never reapeth the fruits of these acts in the other world, in consequence of the sinfulness of the acquisitions (spent for the purpose). In the midst of deserts, or deep woods, or inaccessible fastnesses, amid all kinds of dangers and alarms or in view of deadly weapons upraised for striking

him, he that hath strength of mind entertaineth no fear. Exertion, self-control, skill, carefulness, steadiness, memory, and commencement of acts after mature deliberation,—know that these are the roots of prosperity. Austerities constitute the strength of ascetics; the *Vedas* are the strength of those conversant with them; in envy lieth the strength of the wicked; and in forgiveness, the strength of the virtuous. These eight, *viz.*, water, roots, fruits, milk, clarified butter (what is done at) the desire of a Brahmana, (or at) the command of a preceptor, and medicine, are not destructive of a vow. That which is antagonistic to one's own self, should never be applied in respect of another. Briefly even this is virtue. Other kinds of virtue there are, but these proceed from caprice. Anger must be conquered by forgiveness; and the wicked must be conquered by honesty; the miser must be conquered by liberality, and falsehood must be conquered by truth. One should not place trust on a woman, a swindler, an idle person, a coward, one that is fierce, one that boasts of his own power, a thief, an ungrateful person, and an atheist. Achievements, period of life, fame, and power—these four always expand in the case of him that respectfully saluteth his superiors and waiteth upon the old. Do not set thy heart after these objects which cannot be acquired except by very painful exertion, or by sacrificing righteousness, or by bowing down to an enemy. A man without knowledge is to be pitied; an act of intercourse that is not fruitful is to be pitied; the people of a kingdom that are without food are to be pitied; and a kingdom without a king is to be pitied. These constitute the source of pain and weakness to embodied creatures; the rains, decay of hills and mountains; absence of enjoyment, anguish of women; and wordy arrows of the heart. The scum of the *Vedas* is want of study; of Brahmanas, absence of vows; of the Earth, the Vahlikas; of man, untruth; of the chaste woman, curiosity; of women, exile from home. The scum of gold is silver; of silver, tin; of tin, lead; and of lead, useless dross. One cannot conquer sleep by lying down; women by desire; fire by fuel; and wine by drinking. His life is, indeed, crowned with success who hath won his friends by gifts, his foes in battle, and wife by food and drink; they who have thousands live; they, who have hundreds, also live. O Dhritarashtra, forsake desire. There is none who cannot manage to live by some means or other. Thy paddy, wheat, gold, animals, and women that are on earth all cannot satiate even one person. Reflecting on this, they that are wise never grieve for want of universal dominion. O king, I again tell thee, adopt an equal conduct towards thy children, *i. e.*, towards the sons of Pandu and thy own sons.' "

SECTION XL

"Vidura said, 'Worshipped by the good and abandoning pride, that good man who pursueth his objects without outstepping the limits of his power, soon succeedeth in winning fame, for they that are good, when gratified with a person, are certainly competent to bestow happiness on him. He that forsaketh, of his own accord, even a great object owing to its being fraught with unrighteousness, liveth happily, casting off all foes, like a snake that hath cast off its slough. A victory gained by an untruth, deceitful conduct towards the king, and insincerity of intentions expressed before the preceptor,—these three are each equal to the sin of slaying a Brahmana. Excessive envy, death, and boastfulness, are the causes of the destruction of prosperity. Carelessness in waiting upon preceptor, haste, and boastlessness, are the three enemies of knowledge. Idleness, inattention, confusion of the intellect, restlessness, gathering for killing time, haughtiness, pride, and covetousness,—these seven constitute, it is said, the faults of students in the pursuit of learning. How can they that desire pleasure have knowledge? Students, again, engaged in the pursuit of learning, cannot have pleasure. Votaries of pleasure must give up knowledge, and votaries of knowledge must give up pleasure. Fire is never gratified with fuel (but can consume any measure thereof). The great ocean is never gratified with the rivers it receives (but can receive any number of them). Death is never gratified even with entire living creatures. A beautiful woman is never gratified with any number of men (she may have). O king, hope killeth patience; *Yama* killeth growth; anger killeth prosperity; miserliness killeth fame; absence of tending killeth cattle; one angry Brahmana destroyeth a whole kingdom. Let goats, brass, silver, honey, antidotes of poison, birds, Brahmanas versed in the *Vedas*, old relatives, and men of high birth sunk in poverty, be always present in thy house. O Bharata, Manu hath said that goats, bulls, sandal, lyres, mirrors, honey, clarified butter, iron, copper, conch-shells, salagram (the stony-image of *Vishnu* with gold within) and *gorochana* should always be kept in one's house for the worship of the gods. Brahmanas, and guests, for all those objects are auspicious. O sire, I would impart to thee another sacred lesson productive of great fruits, and which is the highest of all teachings, *viz.*, virtue should never be forsaken from desire, fear, or temptation, nay, nor for the sake of life itself. Virtue is everlasting; pleasure and pain are transitory; life is, indeed, everlasting but its particular phases are transitory. Forsaking those which are transitory, betake thyself to that which is everlasting, and let contentment be thine, for contentment is the highest of all acquisitions. Behold, illustrious and mighty kings, having ruled lands abounding with wealth and corn, have become the victims of the Universal Destroyer, leaving behind their kingdoms and vast sources of enjoyment. The son brougnt up with anxious care, when dead, is taken up and carried away by men

(to the burning ground). With the dishevelled hair and crying piteously, they then cast the body into the funeral pyre, as if it were a piece of wood. Others enjoy the deceased's wealth, while birds and fire feast on the elements of his body. With two only he goeth to the other world, *viz.*, his merits and his sins which keep him company. Throwing away the body, O sire, relatives, friends, and sons retrace their steps, like birds abandoning trees without blassoms and fruits. The person cast into the funeral pyre is followed only by his own acts. Therefore, should men, carefully and gradually earn the merit of righteousness. In the world above this, and also in that below this, there are regions of great gloom and darkness. Know, O king, that those are regions where the senses of men are exceedingly afflicted. Oh, let not any of those places to thine. Carefully listening to these words, if thou canst act according to them, thou wilt obtain great fame in this world of men, and fear will not be thine here or hereafter. O Bharata, the soul is spoken of as a river; religious merit constitutes its sacred baths; truth, its water; self-control, its banks; kindness, its waves. He that is righteous purifieth himself by a bath therein, for the soul is sacred, and the absence of desire is the highest merit. O king, life is a river whose waters are the five senses, and whose crocodiles and sharks are desire and anger. Making self-contro. thy raft, cross thou its eddies which are represented by repeated birthsl Worshipping and gratifying friends that are eminent in wisdom, virtue, learning, and years, he that asketh their advice about what he should do and should not do, is never misled. One should restrain one's lust and stomach by patience; one's hands and feet by one's eyes; one's eyes and ears by one's mind; and one's mind and words by one's acts. That Brahmana who never omitteth to perform his ablutions, who always weareth his sacred thread, who always attendeth to the study of the *Vedas*, who always avoideth food that is unclean, who telleth the truth and performeth acts in honour of his preceptor, never falleth off from the region of Brahma. Having studied the Vedas, poured libations into fire, performed sacrifices, protected subjects, sanctified his soul by drawing weapons for protecting kine and Brahmanas, and died on the field of battle, the Kshatriya attaineth to heaven. Having studied the Vedas, and distributed in proper time, his wealth among Brahmanas, Kshatriyas, and his own dependents, and inhaled the sanctified smoke of the three kinds of fires, the Vaisya enjoyeth heavenly bliss in the other world. Having properly worshipped Brahmanas, Kshatriyas, and Vaisayas in due order, and having burnt his sins by gratifying them, and then peacefully casting off his body, the Sudra enjoyeth the bliss of heaven. The duties of the four orders are thus set forth before thee. Listen now to the reason of my speech as I discourse it. Yudhishthira, the son of Pandu, is falling off from the duties of the Kshatriya order. Place him, therefore, O king, in a position to discharge the duties of kings.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'It is even so as thou always teachest me. O amiable one, my heart also inclineth that very way of which thou tellest

me. Although, however, I incline in my mind towards the Pandavas even as thou teachest me to do, yet as soon as I come in contact with Duryodhana it turneth off in a different way. No creature is able to avert fate. Indeed, Destiny, I think, is certain to take its course; individual exertion is futile.' "

SECTION XLI

(*Sanat-sujata Parva*)

"Dhritarashtra said, 'If there is anything still left unsaid by thee, O Vidura, say it then, as I am ready to listen to thee. The discourse is, indeed, charming.'

"Vidura said, 'O Dhritarashtra, O thou of the Bharata race, that ancient and immortal Rishi Sanat-sujata who, leading a life perpetual celibacy, hath said that there is no Death,—that foremost of all intelligent persons,—will expound to thee all the doubts, in thy mind, both expressed and unexpressed.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Dost thou not know what that immortal Rishi will say unto me? O Vidura, do thou say it, if indeed, thou hast that degree of wisdom.'

"Vidura said, 'I am born in the Sudra order and, therefore, do not venture to say more than what I have already said. The understanding, however, of that Rishi leading a life of celibacy, is regarded by me to be infinite. He that is a Brahmana by birth, by discoursing on even the profoundest mysteries, never incureth the censure of the gods. It is for this alone that I do not discourse to thee, upon the subject.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Tell me, O Vidura, how with this body of mine I can meet with that ancient and immortal one?'

"Vaisampayana said, 'Then Vidura began to think of that Rishi of rigid vows. And knowing that he was thought of, the Rishi, O Bharata, showed himself there. Vidura then received him with the rites prescribed by ordinance. And when, having rested a while, the Rishi was seated at his ease, Vidura addressed him, saying, 'O illustrious one, there is a doubt in Dhritarashtra's mind which is incapable of being explained away by me. It behoveth thee, therefore, to expond it, so that listening to thy discourse, this chief of men may tide over all this sorrows, and to that gain and loss, what is agreeable and what diagreeable, descrepitude and death, fright and jealously, hunger and thirst, pride and prosperity, dislike, sleep, lust and wrath, and decrease and increase may all be borne by him!' "

SECTION XLII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Then the illustrious and wise king Dhritarashtra, having applauded the words spoken by Vidura, questioned Sanat-sujata in secret, desirous of obtaining the highest of all knowledge. And the king questioned the *Rishi* saying, 'O Sanat-sujata, I hear that thou art of the opinion that there is no Death. Again it is said that the gods and the *Asuras*, practise ascetic austerities in order to avoid death. Of these two opinions, then, which is true?'

"Sanat-sujata said, 'Some say, death is avertable by particular acts; others' opinion there is no death; thou hast asked me which of these is true. Listen to me, O king, as I discourse to thee on this, so that thy doubts may be removed. Know, O Kshatriya, that both of these are true. The learned are of opinion that death results from ignorance. I say that ignorance is Death, and so the absence of ignorance (Knowledge) is immortality. It is from ignorance that the *Asuras* became subject to defeat and death, and it is from the absence of ignorance that the gods have attained the nature of Brahman. Death doth not devour creatures like a tiger; its form itself is unascertainable. Besides this, some imagine Yama to be Death. This, however, is due to the weakness of the mind. The pursuit of Brahman or self-knowledge is immortality. That (imaginary) god (Yama) holdeth his sway in the region of the *Pitris*, being the source of bliss to the virtuous and of woe to the sinful. It is at his command that death in the form of wrath, ignorance, and covetousness, occurreth among men. Swayed by pride, men always walk in unrighteous path. None amongst them succeeds in attaining to his real nature. With their understanding clouded, and themselves swayed by there passions, they cast off their bodies and repeatedly fall into hell. They are always followed by their senses. It is for this that ignorance receives the name of death. Those men that desire the fruits of action when the time cometh for enjoying those fruits, proceed to heaven, casting off their bodies. Hence they cannot avoid death. Embodied creatures, from inability to attain the knowledge of *Brahman* and from their connection with earthly enjoyments, are obliged to sojourn in a cycle of re-births, up and down and around. The natural inclination of man towards pursuits that are unreal is alone the cause of the senses being led to error. The soul that is constantly affected by the pursuit of objects that are unreal, remembering only that with which it is always engaged, adoreth only earthly enjoyments that surround it. The desire of enjoyments first killeth men. Lust and wrath soon follow behind it. These three, *viz.*, the desire of enjoyments, lust, and wrath, lead foolish men to death. They, however, that have conquered their souls, succeed by self-restraint, to escape death. He that hath conquered his soul without suffering himself to be excited by his ambitious desire, conquereth these, regarding them as of no value, by the aid of self-knowledge. Ignorance,

assuming the form of Yama, cannot devour that learned man who controlled his desires in this manner. That man who followeth his desires is destroyed along with his desires. He, however, that can renounce desire, can certainly drive away all kinds of woe. Desire is, indeed, ignorance and darkness and hell in respect of all creatures, for swayed by it they lose their senses. As intoxicated persons in walking along a street reel towards ruts and holes, so men under the influence of desire, misled by deluding joys, run towards destruction. What can death do to a person whose soul hath not been confounded or misled by desire? To him, death hath no terrors, like a tiger made of straw. Therefore, O Kshatriya, if the existence of desire, which is ignorance, is to be destroyed, no wish, not even the slightest one, is either to be thought of or pursued. That soul, which is in thy body, associated as it is with wrath and covetousness and filled with ignorance, that is death. Knowing that death arises in this way, he that relies on knowledge, entertaineth no fear of death. Indeed, as the body is destroyed when brought under the influence of death, so death itself is destroyed when it comes under the influence of knowledge.'

Dhritarashtra said, 'The *Vedas* declare the emancipating capacity of those highly sacred and eternal regions, that are said to be obtainable by the regenerate classes by prayers and sacrifices. Knowing this, why should not a learned person have recourse to (religious) acts?'[1]

"Sanat-sujata said, 'Indeed, he that is without knowledge proceedeth thither by the path indicated by thee, and the *Vedas* also declare that thither are both bliss and emancipation. But he that regardeth the material body to be self, if he succeeds in renouncing desire, at once attaineth emancipation (or *Brahman*). If, however, one seeketh emancipation without renouncing desire, one must have to proceed along the (prescribed) route of action, taking care to destroy the chances of his retracing the routes that he hath once passed over.'[2]

[1]The question that Dhritarashtra asks is easy enough. The Rishi having applauded knowledge and its efficacy in procuring emancipation, the king asks, if knowledge is of such efficacy, what then is the value of Karma or acts, *i.e.* prayers and sacrifices as ordained in the Vedas? *Ijyaya* is the instrumental form of *Ijya*, meaning sacrifices, religious rites, and ceremonies. *Parartham* is explained by Nilakantha to mean *Mokshaprapakatwam, i. e.*, capacity to lead to emancipation. It should be noted here that the Hindu idea of emancipation is not bliss enjoyed by a conscious Self, but freedom from the obligation of re-birth and Karma. Mere Karma, as such, implies pain and misery and the Supreme Soul (Para-Brahman) is without action and attributes. Although other kinds of salvation are spoken of in other systems of philosophy, the emancipation that forms the subject of these queries and answers, is freedom from this Karma.

[2]The Rishi answers,—Yes, Karma or action does, indeed, lead to the emancipate state. In the regions, of which thou speakest, there are both bliss and emancipation (*Arthajata*) is explained by Nilakantha to mean *Bhoja-mokshakhya-prayojana samanyam*). The second line is elliptical, the construction being *Paratma aniha* (san) *param ayati;* (*anyatha-tu*) *margena margan nihatya param* (*prayati*). *Paratma* is explained by Nilakantha to mean one who regards the material body to be Self. In

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Who is it that urgeth that Unborn and Ancient One? If, again, it is He that is all this Universe in consequence of His having entered everything (without desire as He is) what can be His action, or his happiness? O learned sage, tell me all this truly.'[1]

"Sanat-sujata said, 'There is great objection in *completely* identifying (as here) the two that are different Creatures always spring from the union of Conditions (with what in its essence is without Conditions). This view doth not detract from the supremacy of the Unborn and the Ancient One. As for men, they also originate in the union of Conditions. All this that appears is nothing but that everlasting Supreme Soul. Indeed, the universe is created by the Supreme Soul itself undergoing transformations. The *Vedas* to attribute this power (of self-transformation) to the Supreme Soul. For the identity, again, of the power and its possessor, both the *Vedas* and others are the authority.'[1]

the succeeding Slokas the Rishi uses the word *dehin* which, in this connection, is the same as *dehabhimanin*. The Rishi's answer is,—The materialist, by renouncing desire, attaineth to the state of the Supreme Soul, *i. e.*, emancipation. The sense seems to be that by renouncing desire, both actions and attributes are lost. The state, therefore, of such a soul is one of inaction, or perfect quietude and the absence of attributes, which is exactly the nature of the Supreme Soul. If, again, emancipation be sought without extinguishing desire, *i. e.*, by the aid of work (prayers and sacrifices), it is to be attained "by extinguishing path by a path," *i. e.*, the seeker is to proceed along a definite or prescribed or ordained route, taking care that the portions of the route he once passes over may not have to be re-trodden by him. Action, as explained in a subsequent *Sloka*, leadeth, it is true to regions of bliss and emancipation, but that state is transitory, for when the merit is extinguished, the state that was attained in consequence of it, is extinguished, and the person falling off, has to recommence action. If, therefore, permanent emancipation is to be attained, the obligation of re-commencing action must be got rid of, *i. e.*, care must be taken that the portions of the route once passed over may not have to be re-trodden.

[1]Apparently this question of Dhritarashtra is not connected with what precedes. The connection however, is intimate, and the question follows as a corollary from the Rishi's last answer. The Rishi having said that the ordinary soul, by a certain process (*i.e.*, renunciation of desire) attains to the state of the Supreme Soul, Dhritarashtra infers that vice versa, it is the Supreme Soul that becomes the ordinary soul, for (as Nilakantha puts it in the phraseology of the *Nyaya* school) things different cannot become what they are not and unless things are similar, they cannot become of the same nature. Applying this maxim of the *Nyaya* it it seem that when the ordinary soul becomes the Supreme Soul, these are not different, and, therefore, it is the Supreme Soul that becomes the ordinary soul. Under this impression Dhritarashtra asks,—Well, if it is the Supreme Soul that becomes the ordinary soul, who is it that *urgeth* the Supreme Soul to become so? And if all this (universe) be indeed, that Soul, in consequence of the latter pervading and entering into everything, then divested of desire as the Supreme Soul is, where is the possibility of its action (action or work being the direct consequence of desire)? If it is answered that the universe is the Deity's *lila* (mere sport, as some schools of philosophy assert), then, as every sport is ascribable to some motive of happiness, what can be the happiness of the Deity, who, as presupposed, is without desire?

[1]The *Rishi* answers—There is a great objection in admitting the complete or essential identity of things different, *i. e.*, the ordinary soul and Supreme Soul being different, their identity cannot be admitted. As regards creatures, they flow

"Dhritarashtra said, 'In this world, some practise virtue, and some renounce action or Karma (adopting what is called *Sannyasa Yoga*). (Respecting those that practise virtue) I ask, is virtue competent to destroy vice, or is it itself destroyed by vice?'

"Sanat-sujata said, 'The fruits of virtue and of (perfect) inaction are both serviceable in that respect (*i.e.*, for procuring emancipation). Indeed, both are sure means for the attainment of emancipation. The man, however, that is wise, achieveth success by knowledge (inaction). On the other hand, the materialist acquireth merit (by action) and (as the consequence thereof) emancipation. He hath also (in course of his pursuit) to incur sin. Having obtained again fruits of both virtue and vice which are transitory, (heaven having its end as also hell in respect of the virtuous and the sinful), the man of action becometh once more addicted to action as the consequence of his own previous virtues and vices. The man of action, however, who possesseth intelligence, destroyeth his sins by his virtuous acts. Virtue, therefore, is strong, and hence the success of the man of action.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Tell me, according to their gradation, of those eternal regions that are said to be attainable, as the fruits of their own virtuous acts, by regenerate persons, engaged in the practice of virture. Speak unto me of others' regions also of a similar kind. O learned sire, I do not wish to hear of actions (towards which man's heart naturally inclineth, however interdicted or sinful they may be).'

"Sanat-sujata said, 'Those regenerate persons that take pride in their *Yoga* practices, like strong men in their own strength, departing hence, shine in the region of *Brahman*. Those regenerate persons that proudly exert in performing sacrifices and other *Vedic* rites, as the fruit of that knowledge which is theirs, in consequence of those acts, freed from this world, proceed to that region which is the abode of the deities. There are others, again, conversant with the *Vedas*, who are of opinion that the performance of the sacrifices and rites (ordained by the *Vedas*) is obligatory (their non-performance being sinful). Wedded to external forms, though seeking the development of the inner self (for they practise these rites for only virtue's sake and not for the accomplishment of particular aims), these persons should not be regarded very highly (although some

continually from *Anadi-yoga*, *i. e.*, the union of the Supreme Soul (which in itself is (Unconditioned) with the conditions of space, time etc.; *i. e.*, there is this much of identity, therefore between the ordinary and the Supreme Soul, but not a complete or essential identity. It is also in consequence of this that the superiority of the Supreme Soul is not lost (the opposite theory would be destructive of that superiority). The favourite analogy of the thinkers of this school for explaining the connection of the Supreme Soul with the universe is derived from the connection of *Akasa* with *Ghatakasa*, *i. e.*, space absolute and unconditioned and space as confined by the limits of a vessel. The latter has a name, is moved when the vessel is moved, and is limited in space; while space itself, of which the vessel's space forms a part, is absolute and unconditioned, immovable, and unlimited.

respect should be theirs). Wherever, again, food and drink worthy of a Brahmana are abundant, like grass and reeds in a spot during the rainy season, there should the *Yogin* seek for his livelihood (without afflicting the householder of scanty means); by no means should he afflict his own self by hunger and thirst. In a place, where there may be both inconvenience and danger to one, for one's aversion, to disclose one's superiority, he that doth not proclaim his superiority is better than he that doth. The food offered by that person who is not pained at the sight of another disclosing his superiority, and who never eateth without offering the prescribed share to Brahmanas and guests, is approved by the righteous. As a dog oftentimes devoureth its own evacuations to its injury, so those *Yogins* devour their own vomit who procure their livelihood by disclosing their pre-eminence. The wise know him for a Brahmana, who, living in the midst of kindred, wishes his religious practices to remain always unknown to them. What other Brahmana deserveth to know the Supreme Soul, that is unconditioned, without attributes, unchangeable, one and alone, and without duality of any kind? In consequence of such practices, a Kshatriya can know the Supreme Soul and behold it in his own soul. He that regardeth the Soul to be the acting and feeling Self,—what sins are not committed by that thief who robbeth the soul of its attributes? A Brahmana should be without exertion, should never accept gifts, should win the respect of the righteous, should be quiet, and though conversant with the *Vedas* should seem to be otherwise, for then only may he attain to knowledge and know *Brahman*. They that are poor in earthly but rich in heavenly wealth and sacrifices, become unconquerable and fearless, and they should be regarded as embodiments of *Brahman*. That person even, in this world, who (by performing sacrifices) suceedeth in meeting with the gods that bestow all kinds of desirable objects (on performers of sacrifices), is not equal to him that knoweth *Brahman* for the performer of sacrifices hath to undergo exertions (while he that knoweth *Brahman* attaineth to Him without such exertions). He was said to be really honoured, who, destitute of actions, is honoured by the deities. He should never regard himself as honoured who is honoured by others. One should not, therefore, grieveth when one is not honoured by others. People act according to their nature just as they open and shut their eyelids; and it is only the learned that pay respect to others. The man that is respected should think so. They again, in this world, that are foolish, apt to sin, and adepts in deceit, never pay respect to those that are worthy of respect; on the other hand, they always show disrespect to such persons. The world's esteem and asceticism (practices of *Mauna*), can never exist together. Know that this world is for those that are candidates for esteem, while the other world is for those that are devoted to asceticism. Here, in this world, O Kshatriya, happiness (the world's esteem) resides in worldly prosperity. The latter, however, is an impediment (to heavenly bliss). Heavenly prosperity, on the other hand, is unattainable by

one that is without true wisdom. The righteous say that there are various kinds of gates, all difficult of being guarded, for giving access to the last kind of prosperity. These are truth, uprightness, modesty, self-control, purity of mind and conduct and knowledge (of the *Vedas*). These six are destructive of vanity and ignorance.' "

SECTION XLIII

"Dhritarashtra said, 'What is the object of asceticism *(mauna)*? Of the two kinds of *mauna* (*viz.*, the restraining of speech and meditation), which is approved by thee? O learned one, tell me the true aspect of *mauna*. Can a person of learning attain to a state of quietude and emancipation (*moksha*) by that *mauna*? O *Muni*, how also is asceticism (*mauna*) to be practised here?'

"Sanat-sujata said, 'Since the Supreme Soul cannot be penetrated by both the Vedas and the mind, it is for this that Soul itself is called *mauna*. That from which both the *Vedic* syllable *Om* and this one (ordinary sounds) have arisen, *that* One, O king, is displayed as the Word.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Is he that knoweth both the *Rig* and the *Yajus Vedas*, is he that knoweth the *Sama Veda*, sullied by sins or not when he commiteth sins?'

"Sanat-sujata said, 'I tell thee truly that the man that hath not restrained his senses is not rescued from his sinful acts by either the *Sama* or the *Rig*, or the *Yajus Veda*. The Vedas never rescue from sin the deceitful person living by deceit. On the other hand, like newfledged birds forsaking their nest, the Vedas forsake such a person at the end.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'O thou that hast restrained thy senses, if, indeed, the Vedas are not competent to rescue a person without the aid of virtue, whence then is this delusion of the Brahmanas that the Vedas are always destructive of sins?'

"Sanat-sujata said, 'O magnanimous one, this universe hath sprung from that Supreme Soul by the union of Conditions respecting name, form, and other attributes. The Vedas also, pointing it out duly, declare the same, and inculcate that the Supreme Soul and the universe are different and not identical. It is for attaining to that Supreme Soul that asceticism and sacrifices are ordained, and it is by these two that the man of learning earneth virtue. Destroying sin by virtue, his soul is enlightened by knowledge. The man of knowledge, by the aid of knowledge, attaineth to the Supreme Soul. Otherwise, he that coveteth the four objects of human pursuit, taking with him all that he doth here, enjoyeth their fruits hereafter, and (as those fruits) are not everlasting cometh back to the region of action (when the enjoyment is over). Indeed, the fruits of ascetic austerities performed in this world have to be

enjoyed in the other world (as regards those persons who have not obtained the mastery of their souls). As regards those Brahmanas employed in ascetic practices (who have the mastery of their soulds), even these regions are capable of yielding fruits.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'O Sanat-sujata, how can ascetic austerities which are all of the same kind, be sometimes successful and sometimes unsuccessful? Tell us this in order that we may know it!'

"Sanat-sujata said, 'That asceticism which is not stained by (desire and other) faults is said to be capable of procuring emancipation, and is, therefore, successful, while the asceticism that is stained by vanity and want of true devotion is regarded unsuccessful. All thy enquiries, O Kshatriya, touch the very root of asceticism. It is by asceticism that they that are learned, know *Brahman* and win immortality!'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'I have listened to what thou hast said about asceticism unstained by faults, and by which I have succeeded in knowing an eternal mystery. Tell me now, O Sanat-sujata, about asceticism that is stained by faults!'

"Sanat-sujata said, 'O king, the twelve, including anger, as also the thirteen kinds of wickedness, are the faults of asceticism that is stained. Anger, lust, avarice, ignorance of right and wrong, discontent, cruelty, malice, vanity, grief, love of pleasure, envy, and speaking ill of others, are generally the faults of human beings. These twelve should always be avoided by men. Any one amongst these can singly effect the destruction of men, O bull among men. Indeed, every one of these wait for opportunity in respect of men, like a hunter expectant of opportunities in respect of deer. Assertion of one's own superiority, desire of enjoying others' wives, humiliating others from excess of pride, wrathfulness, fickleness, and refusing to maintain those worthy of being maintained, these six acts of wickedness are always practised by sinful men defying all dangers here and hereafter. He that regards the gratification of lust to be one of life's aims, he that is exceedingly proud, he that grives having given away, he that never spends money, he that persecutes his subjects by exacting hateful taxes, he that delights in the humiliation of others, and he that hates his own wives,—these seven are others that are also called wicked. Righteousness, truth (abstention from injury and truthfulness of speech), self-restraint, asceticism, delight in the happiness of others, modesty, forbearance, love of others, sacrifices, gifts, perseverance, knowledge of the scriptures,—these twelve constitute the practices of Brahmanas. He that succeeds in acquiring these twelve, becomes competent to sway the entire earth. He that is endued with three, two, or even one, of these, should be regarded of heavenly prosperity. Self-restraint, reunciation, and knowledge of Self,—in these are emancipation. Those Brahmanas that are endued with wisdom, say, that these are attributes in which truth predominates. Self-restraint is constituted by eighteen virtues. Breaches and non-observance of ordained acts and omissions, falsehood, malice, lust, wealth, love of (sensual) pleasure,

anger, grief, thirst, avarice, deceit, joy in the misery of others, envy, injuring others, regret, aversion from pious acts, forgetfulness of duty, calumniating others, and vanity—he that is freed from these (eighteen) vices is said by the righteous to be *self-restrained*. The eighteen faults (that have been enumerated) constitute what is called *mada* or pride. Renunciation is of six kinds. The reverse of those six again are faults called *mada*. (The faults, therefore, that go by the name of *mada* are eighteen and six). The six kinds of renunciation are all commendable. The third only is difficult of practice, but by that all sorrow is overcome. Indeed, if that kind of renunciation be accomplished in practice, he that accomplishes it overcomes all the pairs of contraries in the world.

'The six kinds of renunciation are all commendable. They are these: The first is never experiencing joy on occasions of prosperity. The second is the abandonment of sacrifices, prayers, and pious acts. That which is called the third, O king, is the abandonment of desire or withdrawing from the world. Indeed, it is in consequence of this third kind of renunciation of desire, which is evidenced by the abandonment of all objects of enjoyment (without enjoying them) and not their abandonment after having enjoyed them to the fill, nor by abandonment after acquisition, nor by abandonment only after one has become incompetent to enjoy from loss of appetite. The fourth kind of renunciation consists in this: One should not grieve nor suffer his self to be afflicted by grief when one's actions fail, notwithstanding one's possession of all the virtues and all kinds of wealth. Or, when anything disagreeable happens, one feeleth no pain. The fifth kind of renunciation consists in not soliciting even one's sons, wives, and others that may all be very dear. The sixth kind consists in giving away to a deserving person who solicits, which act of gifts is always productive of merit. By these again, one acquires the knowledge of Self. As regards this last attribute, it involves eight qualities. These are truth, meditation, distinction of subject and object, capacity for drawing inferences, withdrawal from the world, never taking what belongeth to others, the practices of *Brahmacharya* vows (abstinence), and non-acceptance (of gifts).

'So also the attribute of *mada* (the opposite of *dama* or self-restraint) hath faults which have all been indicated (in the scriptures). These faults should be avoided. I have spoken (to thee) of renunciation and self-knowledge. And as, self-Knowledge hath eight virtues, so the want of it hath eight faults. Those faults should be avoided. O Bharata, he that is liberated from this five senses, mind, the past and the future, becomes happy. O king, let thy soul be devoted to truth; all the worlds are established on truth; indeed, self-control, renunciation, and self-knowledge are said to have truth for their foremost attribute. Avoiding (these) faults, one should practise asceticism here. The Ordainer hath ordained that truth alone should be the vow of the righteous. Asceticism, that is dissociated from these faults and endued with these virtues, becomes the source of great prosperity. I have now briefly told these about that

sin-destroying and sacred subject which thou hadst asked me and which is capable of liberating a person from birth, death, and decrepitude.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'With *Akhyana* (*Puranas*) as their fifth, the *Vedas* declare the Supreme Soul to be this universe consisting of mobile and immobile things. Others regard four God-heads; and others three; others again regard two; and others only one; and others regard *Brahman* alone as the sole existent object (there being nothing else possessing a separate existence). Amongst these, which should I know to be really possessed of the knowledge of Brahman.'

"Sanat-sujata, 'There is but one *Brahman* which is Truth's self. It is from ignorance of that One, that god-heads have been conceived to be diverse. But who is there, O king, that hath attained to Truth's self or Brahman? Man regardeth himself wise without knowing that One Object of knowledge, and from desire of happiness is engaged in study and the practices of charity and sacrifices. They have deviated from Truth (Brahman) and entertain purposes corresponding (with their state) and hence relying on the truth of Vedic texts thereof perform sacrifices. Some perform (or attian the object of) scrifices by the mind (meditation), some by words (recitation of particular prayers, or *Yapa*); and some by acts (actual consummation of the *Yatishtoma* and other costly rites). The person, however, who seeketh Brahman through Truth, obtaineth his desired objects at home. When however, one's purposes become abortive (through absence of knowledge of Self), one should adopt vows of silence and such like, called *Dikshavrata*. Indeed, *Diksha* cometh from the root *Diksha*, meaning the observance of vows. As regards those that have knowledge of Self, with them Truth is the highest object of pursuit.'

'The fruits of knowledge are visible; asceticism yieldeth fruits hereafter. A Brahmana who (without knowledge and asceticism) hath only read much should only be known as a great reader. Therefore, O Kshatriya, never think that one can be a *Brahman* (*Brahman*-knowing) by only reading the scriptures. He, on the other hand, should be known by thee to be possessed of the knowledge of the *Brahman* who doth not deviate from Truth. O Kshatriya, the verses that were recited by Atharvan to a conclave of great sages, in days of old, are known by the name of *Chhandas*. They are not be regarded as acquainted with the *Chhandas* who have only read through the *Vedas*, without having attained to the knowledge of Him who is be known through the *Vedas*. The *Chhandas*, O best of men, become the means of obtaining *Brahman* independently and without the necessity of anything foreign. They cannot be regarded as acquainted with the *Chhandas* who are acquainted only with the modes of sacrifice enjoined in the *Vedas*. On the other hand, having waited upon those that are acquainted with the *Vedas*, have not the righteous attained to the Object that is knowable by the *Vedas*? There is none who hath truly caught the sense of the *Vedas* or there may be some who have, O king, caught the sense. He that hath only read the *Vedas*, doth not know the Object knowable by them. He, however, that

is established in Truth, know the Object knowable by the *Vedas*. Amongst those faculties which lead to perception of the body as the acting agent, there is none by which true knowledge may be acquired. By the mind alone one cannot acquire the knowledge of Self and Not-Self. Indeed, he that knoweth Self also knoweth what is Not-self. He, on the other hand, that knoweth only what is Not-self, doth not know Truth. He, again, that knoweth the proofs, knoweth also that which is sought to be proved. But what that Object in its nature is (which is sought to be proved) is not known to either the *Vedas* or those that are acquainted with the *Vedas*. For all that, however, those Brahmanas that are (truly) acquainted with the *Vedas* succeed in obtaining a knowledge of the Object knowable (by the *Vedas*) through the *Vedas*. As the branch of a particular tree is sometimes resorted to for pointing out the lunar digit of the first day of the lighted fortnight so the *Vedas* are used for indicacating the hightest attributes of the Supreme Soul. I know him to be a *Brahmana* (possessing a knowledge of *Brahman*) who expoundeth the doubts of others, having himself mastered all his own doubts, and who is possesed of the knowledge of Self. One cannot find what the Soul is by seeking in the East, the South, the West, the North, or in the subsidiary directions or horizontally. Very rarely can it be found in him who regardeth this body be to Self. Beyond the conception of even the *Vedas*, the man of *Yoga*-meditation only can behold the Supreme. Completely restraining all thy senses and thy mind also, seek thou that *Brahman* which is known to reside in thy own Soul. He is not a *Muni* who practiseth only *Yoga*-meditation; nor he who liveth only in the woods (having retired from the world). He, however, is a *Muni* and is superior to all who knoweth his own nature. In consequence of one's being able to expond every object (*Vyakarana*), one is said to be endued with universal knowledge (*Vaiyakarana*); and, indeed, the science itself is called *Vyakarana* owing to its being able to expound every object to its very root (which is *Brahman*). The man who beholdeth all the regions as present before his eyes, is said to be possessed of universal knowledge. He that stayeth in Truth and knoweth *Brahman* is said to be a *Brahmana*, and a *Brahmana*, possesseth universal knowledge. A *Ksha riya* also, that practises such virtues, may behold *Brahman*. He may also attain to that high state by ascending step by step, according to what is indicated in the *Vedas*. Knowing it for certain, I tell thee this.' "

SECTION XLIV

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Excellent, O Sanat-sujata, as this thy discourse is, treating of the attainment of *Brahman* and the origin of the universe. I

pray thee, O celebrated *Rishi*, to go on telling me words such as these, that are unconnected with objects of worldly desire and are, therefore, rare among men.'

"Sanat-sujata said, 'That *Brahman* about which thou askest me with such joy is not to be attained soon. After (the senses have been restrained and) the will hath been merged in the pure intellect, the state that succeeds in one of utter absence of worldly thought. Even that is knowledge (leading to the attainment of *Brahman*). It is attainable only by practising *Brahmacharya*.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Thou sayest that the knowledge of *Brahman* dwelleth of itself in the mind, being only *discovered* by *Brahmacharya;* that is dwelling in the mind, it requiries for its manifestation no efforts (such as are necessary for work) being manifested (of itself) during the seeking (by means of *Brahmacharya*). How then is the immortality associated with the attainment of *Brahman ?*'

"Sanat-sujata said, 'Though residing in and inherent to the mind, the knowledge of *Brahman* is still *unmanifest*. It is by the aid of the pure intellect and *Brahmacharya* that, that knowledge is made manifest. Indeed, having attained to that knowledge, *Yogins* forsake this world. It is always to be found among eminent preceptors. I shall now discourse to thee on that knowledge.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'What should be the nature of that *Brahmacharya* by which the knowledge of *Brahman* might be attained without much difficulty? O regenerate one, tell me this.'

"Sanat-sujata said, 'They, who, residing in the abodes of their preceptors and winning their good will and friendship, practise *Brachmacharya* austerities, become even in this world the embodiments of *Brahman* and casting off their bodies are united with the Supreme Soul. They that in this world desirous of obtaining the state of *Brahman*, subdue all desires, and endued as they are with righteousness, they succeed in dissociating the Soul from the body like a blade projected from a clump of heath. The body, O Bharata, is created by these, *viz.*, the father and the mother; the (new) birth, however, that is due to the preceptor's instructions is sacred, free from decrepitude, and immortal. Discoursing upon *Brahman* and granting immortality, he who wraps all persons with (the mantle of) truth, should be regarded as father and mother; and bearing in mind the good he does, one should never do him any injury. A disciple must habitually salute his preceptor with respect, and with purity (of body and mind) and well-directed attention, he must betake to study. He must not consider any service as mean, and must not harbour anger. Even this is the first step of *Brahmacharya*. The practices of that disciple who acquires knowledge by observing the duties ordained for one of his class are regarded also as the first step of *Brahmacharya*. A disciple should, with his very life and all his possessions, in thought, word and deed, do all that is agreeable to the preceptor. This is regarded as the second step of *Brahmacharya*. He should behave towards his

preceptor's wife and son also in the same way as towards his preceptor himself. This also is regarded as the second step of *Brahmacharya*. Bearing well in mind what has been done to him by the preceptor, and understanding also its object, the disciple should, with a delighted heart think,—*I have been taught and made great by him*. This is the third step of *Brahmacharya*. Without requiring the preceptor by payment of the final gift, a wise disciple must not betake to another mode of life; nor should he say or even think of in his mind,—*I make this gift*. This is the fourth step of *Brahmacharya*. He attaineth the first step of (knowledge of *Brahman* which is) the object of *Brahmacharya* by aid of time; the second step, through the preceptor's prelections; the third, by the power of his own understanding; and finally, the fourth, by discussion. The learned have said that *Brahmacharya* is constituted by the twelve virtues, the *Yoga*-practices are called its *Angas*, and perseverance in *Yoga*-meditation called is its *Valam* and one is crowned with success in this in consequence of the preceptor's aid and the understanding of the sense of the Vedas. Whatever wealth a disciple, thus engaged, may earn, should all be given to the preceptor. It is thus that the preceptor obtaineth his highly praise-worthy livelihood. And thus also should the disciple behave towards the preceptor's son. Thus stationed (in *Brahmacharya*), the disciple thriveth by all means in this world and obtaineth numerous progeny and fame. Men also from all directions shower wealth upon him; and many people come to his abode for practising *Brahmacharya*. It is through *Brahmacharya* of this kind that the celestials attained to their divinity, and sages, highly blessed and of great wisdom, have obtained the region of Brahman. It is by this that the *Gandharvas* and the *Apsaras* acquired such personal beauty, and it is through *Brahmacharya* that Surya riseth to make the day. As the seekers of the philosopher's stone derive great happiness when they obtain the object of their search those mentioned above (the celestials and others), on completing their *Brahmacharya*, derive great happiness in consequence of being able to have whatever they desire. He, O king, who devoted to the practice of ascetic austerities, betaketh himself to *Brahmacharya* in its entirety and thereby purifieth his body, is truly wise, for by this he becometh like a child (free from all evil passions) and triumpheth over death at last. Men, O Kshatriya, by work, however, pure, obtain only worlds that are perishable; he, however, that is blessed with Knowledge, attaineth, by the aid of that Knowledge, to Brahman which is everlasting. There is no other path (than Knowledge or the attainment of Brahman) leading to emancipation.

"Dhritarshtra said, 'The existence of Brahman, thou sayest, a wise man perceiveth in his own soul. Now, is Brahman white, or red, or black or blue, or purple? Tell me what is the true form and colour of the Omnipresent and Eternal Brahman?'

"Sanat-sujata said, 'Indeed, Brahman as (perceived) may appear as white, red, black, brown, or bright. But neither on the earth, nor in the

sky, nor in the water of the ocean, is there anything like it. Neither in the stars, nor in lightning, nor in the clouds, is its form to be seen, nor is it visible in the atmosphere, nor in the deities, nor in the moon, nor in the sun. Neither in the *Riks*, nor among the *Yajus*, nor among the *Atharvans*, nor in the pure *Samans*, it is to be found. Verily, O king, it is not to be found in *Rathantara* or *Varhadratha*, nor in great sacrifices. Incapable of being compassed and lying beyond the reach of the limited intellect, even the universal Destroyer, after the Dissolution, is himself lost in it. Incapable of being gazed at, it is subtle as the edge of the razor, and grosser than mountains. It is the basis upon which everything is founded; it is unchangeable; it is this visible universe (omnipresent); it is vast; it is delightful; creatures have all sprung from it and are to return to it. Free from all kinds of duality, it is manifest as the universe and all-pervading. Men of learning say that it is without any change, except in the language used to describe it. They are emancipated that are acquainted with That in which this universe is established.' "

SECTION XLV

"Sanat-sujata said, 'Sorrow, anger, covetousness, lust, ignorance, laziness, malice, self-importance, countinuous desire of gain, affection, jealousy and evil speech,—these twelve, O monarch, are grave faults that are destructive of men's lives. Each of these, O monarch, wait for opportunities to seize mankind. Afflicted by them, men lose their senses and commit sinful acts. He that is covetous, he that is fierce, he that is harsh of speech, he that is garrulous, he that is given to nursing anger, he that is boastful,—these six of wicked disposition, on obtaining wealth, cannot treat others with courtesy. He that regardeth sensual gratification as the end of life, he that is self-conceited, he that boasteth having made a gift, he that never spendeth, he that is weak in mind, he that is given to self-admiration, and he that hateth his own wife,—these seven are counted as wicked men of sinful habits. Righteousness, truth, asceticism, self-restraint, contentment, modesty, renunciation, love of others, gift, acquaintance with the scriptures, patience, and forgiveness,—these twelve are the practices of a Brahmana. He that doth not fall off from these twelve, may sway the entire earth. He that is endued with three, or two, or even one, of these, doth never regard anything as his own to the exclusion of others. Self-restraint, renunciation, and knowledge,—in these reside emancipation. These are the attributes of Brahmanas endued with wisdom and regarding Brahman as the highest of all objects of attainment. True or false, it is not laudable for a

Brahmana to speak ill of others; they that do this have hell for their abode. *Mada* hath eighteen faults which have not yet been enumerated by me. They are ill-will towards others, throwing obstacles in the way of virtuous acts, detraction, falsehood in speech, lust, anger, dependence, speaking ill of others, finding out the faults of others for report, waste of wealth, quarrel, insolence, cruelty to living creatures, malice, ignorance, disregard of those that are worthy of regard, loss of the senses of right and wrong, and always seeking to injure others. A wise man, therefore, should not give way to *mada*, for the accompaniments of *mada* are censurable. Friendship is said to possess six indications; firstly, friends delight in the prosperity of friends, and secondly, are distressed at their adversity. If any one asketh for anything which is dear to his heart, but which should not be asked for, a true friend surely giveth away even that. Fourthly, a true friend who is of a righteous disposition, when asked, can give away his very prosperity, his beloved sons, and even his own wife. Fifthly, a friend should not dwell in the house of a friend, on whom he may have bestowed everything, but should enjoy what he earneth himself. Sixthly, a friend stoppeth not to sacrifice his own good (for his friend). The man of wealth who seeketh to acquire those good qualities, and who becometh charitable and righteous restraineth his five senses from their respective objects. Such restraint of the senses is asceticism. When it groweth in degree, it is capable of winning regions of bliss hereafter (unlike Knowledge which leadeth to success even here). They that have fallen off from patience (and are incapable, therefore, of attaining to Knowledge) acquire such asceticism in consequence of the purpose they entertain, *viz.*, the attainment of bliss in the high regions hereafter. In consequence of his ability to grasp that Truth (Brahman) from which sacrifices flow, the *Yogin* is capable of performing sacrifices by the mind. Another performeth sacrifices by Words (*Yapa*) and another by Work. Truth (Brahman) resides in him who knoweth Brahman as vested with attributes. It dwelleth more completely in him who knoweth Brahman as divested of attributes. Listen now to something else from me. This high and celebrated philosophy should be taught (to disciples). All other systems are only a firrago of words. The whole of this (universe) is established in this *Yoga*-philosophy. They that are acquainted with it are not subjected to death. O king, one cannot, by Work, however well-accomplished, attain to Truth (Brahman). The man that is destitute of knowledge even if he poureth *homa* libations or performeth sacrifices, can never, by Work, O king, attain to immortality (emancipation). Nor doth he enjoy great happiness at the end. Restraining all the external senses and alone, one should seek Brahman. Giving up Work, one should not exert mentally. One should also (while thus engaged) avoid experiencing joy at praise or anger at blame. O Kshatriya, by conducting himself in this way according to the successive steps indicated in the *Vedas*, one may, even here, attain to Brahman. This, O learned one, is all that I tell thee.' "

SECTION XLVI

"Sanat-sujata said, 'The primary Seed (of the universe), called *Mahayasas*, is destitute of accidents, is pure Knowledge, and blazeth with effulgence. It leadeth the senses, and it is in consequence of that Seed that *Surya* shineth. That Eternal One endued with Divinity is beheld by *Yogins* (by their mental eye). It is in consequence of that Seed (which is Joy's self) that Brahman becomes capable of Creation and it is through it that Brahman increaseth in expansion. It is that Seed which entering into luminous bodies giveth light and heat. Without deriving its light and heat from any other thing it is self-luminous, and is an object of terror to all luminous bodies. The Eternal One endued with Divinity is beheld by *Yogins* (by their mental eye). The body composed of the five grosser elements, that are themselves sprung from the five subtler ones,—the latter, in their turn, originating in one homogeneous substance called Brahman—is upheld (realised) in consciousnees by both the creature-Soul endued with life and *Iswara*. (These two, during sleep and the universal dissolution, are deprived of consciousness). Brahman on the other hand, which is never bereft of consciousness, and which is the Sun's Sun, upholdeth both these two and also the Earth and the Heaven. The Eternal One endued with Divinity is beheld by *Yogins* (by their mental eye). The Seed upholdeth the two gods, the Earth and the Heaven, the Directions, and the whole Universe. It is from that Seed that directions (points of the compass) and rivers spring, and the vast seas also have derived their origin. The Eternal One endued with Divinity is beheld by *Yogins* (by their mental eye). The body is like a car destined to destruction. Its acts, however, are undying. Tied to the wheels of that car (which are represented by the acts of past lives), the senses, that are as steeds, lead, through the region of consciousness, the man of wisdom towards that Increate and Unchangeable One, that One endued with Divinity is beheld by *Yogins* (by their mental eye). The form of that One cannot be displayed by any comparison. None ever beholdeth Him by the eye. They that know him by the rapt faculties, the mind, and the heart, become freed from death. The Eternal One endued with Divinity is beheld by *Yogins* (by their mental eye). The stream of illusion is terrible; guarded by the gods, it hath twelve fruits. Drinking of its waters and beholding many sweet things in its midst, men swim along it to and fro. This stream flows from that Seed. That Eternal One endued with Divinity is beheld by *Yogins* (by their mental eye). Destined to sojourn to and fro, the creature-Soul, having reflected enjoyeth (in the other world) only half of the fruits of his acts. It is that creature-Soul which is *Iswara*, pervading everything in the universe. It is *Iswara* that hath ordained sacrifices. That Eternal One endued with Divinity is beheld by *Yogins* (by their mental eye). Souls divested of accidents, resorting to *Avidya*, which is like unto a tree of golden foliage,

assume accidents, and take births in different orders according to their propensities. That Eternal One endued with Divinity (in Whom all those Souls are united) is beheld by *Yogins* (by their mental eye). Accidents (which coming in contact with Brahman make the latter assume many forms) raise the universe in its Fulness from that Brahman which is full. Those accidents also, in their Fulness, arise from Brahman in its Fulness. When one succeeds in dispelling all accidents from Brahman which is ever Full, that which remains is Brahman in its Fulness. That Eternal One enduced with Divinity is beheld by *Yogins* (by their mental eye). It is from that Seed that the five elements have arisen, and it is in it that the power resideth for controlling them. It is from that Seed that both the consumer and the consumed (called *Aqni* and *Soma*) have sprung, and it is in it that the living organisms with the senses rest. Everything should be regarded to have sprung from it. That Seed called in the *Vedas* TATH (*Tad*), we are unable to describe. That Eternal One endued with Divinity is beheld by *Yogins* (by their mental eye). The vital air called *Apana* is swallowed up by the Air called *Prana*; *Prana* is swallowed up by the Will, and the Will by the Intellect, and the Intellect by the Supreme Soul. That Eternal One endued with Divinity is beheld by *Yogins* (by their mental eye). The Supreme Soul endued with four legs, called respectively Waking, Dream, profound Sleep, and *Turiya*, like unto a swan, treading above the unfathomable ocean of worldly affairs doth not put forth one leg that is hid deep. Unto him that beholdeth that leg (*viz.*, *Turiya*) as put forth for the purpose of guiding the other three, both death and emancipation are the same. That Eternal One endued with Divinity is beheld by *Yogins* (by their mental eye). Of the measure of the thumb, ever Full, and different from this eternal organism, coming in contact with the Vital airs, the Will, the Intellect, and the ten Senses, it moveth to and fro. That Supreme Controller, worthy of reverential hymns, capable of everything when vested with accidents and the prime cause of everything, is manifest as Knowledge in creature-Souls. Fools alone do not behold him; that Eternal One endued with Divinity is beheld by *Yogins* (by their mental eye). Among individuals there are those that have obtained the mastery of their minds, and those that have not. Yet in all men the Supreme Soul may be seen equally. Indeed, it resideth equally in him that is emancipate and in him that is not, with only this difference that they that are emancipate obtain honey flowing in a thick jet. That Eternal One endued with Divinity is beheld by *Yogins* (by their mental eye). When one maketh life's sojourn, having attained to the knowledge of Self and Not-Self, then it matters little whether his *Agni-hotra* is performed or not. O monarch, let not such words as 'I am thy servant' fall from their lips. The Supreme Soul hath another name, *viz.*, Pure Knowledge. They only that have restrained their minds obtain Him. That Eternal One endued with Divinity is beheld by *Yogins* (by their mental eye). Even such is He. Illustrious and Full, all living creatures

are merged into Him. He that knoweth that embodiment of Fullness attaineth to his object (emancipation) even here. That Eternal One endued with Divinity is beheld by *Yogins* (by their mental eye). That which flieth away stretching forth thousands of wings, yea, if endued with the speed of the mind, must yet come back to the Central Spirit within the living organism (in which the most distant things reside... That Eternal One endued with Divinity) is beheld by *Yogins* (by their mental eye). His form cannot be an object of sight. They only, that are of pure hearts, can behold him. When one seeketh the good of all, succeedeth in controlling his mind, and never suffereth his heart to be affected by grief, then he is said to have purified his heart. Those again that can abandon the world and all its cares, become immortal. (That Supreme Soul which is undying),—that Eternal One endued with Divinity—is beheld by *Yogins* (by their mental eye). Like serpents concealing themselves in holes, there are persons who following the dictates of their preceptors, or by their own conduct conceal their vices from scrutiny's gaze. They that are of little sense are deceived by these. In fact, bearing themselves outwardly without any impropriety, these deceive their victims for leading them to hell. (Him, therefore, who may be attained by companionship with persons of the very opposite class),—that Eternal One endued with Divinity—is beheld by Yogins (by their mental eye). He that is emancipate thinks,—this transitory organism can never make me liable to joy and grief and the other attributes inhering to it: nor can there be, in my case, anything like death and birth: and, further, when Brahman, which hath no opposing force to contend against and which is alike in all times and all places, constitutes the resting-place of both realities and unrealities, how can emancipation be mine? It is I alone that am the origin and the end of all causes and effects.—(Existing in the form of I or Self) that Eternal One endued with Divinity is beheld by Yogins (by their mental eye). The Brahman-knowing person, who is equal unto Brahman itself, is neither glorified by good acts nor defiled by bad ones. It is only in ordinary men that acts, good or bad, produce different results. The person that knoweth Brahman should be regarded as identical with *Amrita* or the state called *Kaivalya* which is incapable of being affected by either virtue or vice. One should, therefore, disposing his mind in the way indicated, attain to that essence of sweetness (Brahman). That Eternal One endued with Divinity is beheld by Yogins (by their mental eye). Slander grieveth not the heart of the person that knoweth Brahman not the thought—*I have not studied* (the *Veda*), *or, I have not performed my Agni-hotra.* The knowledge of Brahman soon imparteth to him that wisdom which they only obtain who have restrained their mind. (That Brahman which freeth the Soul from grief and ignorance)—that Eternal One endued with Divinity—is beheld by Yogins (by their mental eye). He, therefore, that beholdeth his own Self in everything, hath no longer to grieve, for they only have to grieve who are employed in diverse other occupations of

the world. As one's purposes (appeasing thirst, *etc.*) may be served in a well as in a large reservoir or vast expanse, so the various purposes of the *Vedas* may all be derivable by him that knoweth the Soul. Dwelling in the heart, and of the measure of the thumb, that illustrious One—the embodiment of Fullness—is not an object of sight. Unborn he moveth, awake day and night. He that knoweth him, becometh both learned and full of joy. I am called the mother and father. I am again the son. Of all that was, and of all that we will be, I am the Soul. O Bharata, I am the old grandsire, I am the father, I am the son. Ye are staying in my soul, yet ye are not mine, nor am I yours! The Soul is the cause of my birth and procreation. I am the warp and woof of the universe. That upon which I rest is indestructible. Unborn I move, awake day and night. It is I knowing whom one becometh both learned and full of joy. Subtler than the subtle, of excellent eyes capable of looking into both the past and the future, Brahman is awake in every creature. They that knows Him know that Universal Father dwelleth in the heart of every created thing!' "

SECTION XLVII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Thus conversing with Sanat-sujata and the learned Vidura, the king passed that night. And after the night had passed away, all the princes and chiefs, entered the court-hall with joyous hearts and desirous of seeing that *Suta* (who had returned). And anxious to hear the message of Partha's, fraught with virtue and profit, all the kings with Dhritarashtra at their head, went to that beautiful hall. Spotlessly white and spacious, it was adorned with a golden floor. And effulgent as the moon and exceedingly beautiful, it was sprinkled over with sandal-water. And it was spread over with excellent seats made of gold and wood, and marble and ivory. And all the seats were wrapped with excellent covers. And Bhishma and Drona and Kripa and Salya, and Kritavarman and Jayadratha, and Aswatthaman and Vikarna, and Somadatta and Vahlika and Vidura of great wisdom and Yuyustu, the great car-warrior,—all these heroic kings in a body, O bull among the Bharatas, having Dhritarashtra at their head, entered that hall of great beauty. And Dussasana and Chitrasena, and Sakuni, the son of Suvala, and Durmukha and Dussaha, Karna and Uluka and Vivingsati,—these also, with Duryodhana, the wrathful king of the Kurus, at their head, entered that hall, O monarch, like the celestials forming the train of Sakra himself. And filled with these heroes possessed of arms like maces of iron, that hall looked, O king, like a mountain-cave filled with lions. And all these mighty bowmen, endued with great energy and blazing,

with solar effulgence, entering the hall, seated themselves on those beautiful seats. And after all those kings, O Bharata, had taken their seats, the orderly-in-waiting announced the arrival of the *Suta's* son, saying, 'Yonder cometh the car that was despatched to the Pandavas. Our envoy hath returned quickly, by the aid of well-trained steeds of the *Sindhu* breed.' And having approached the place with speed and alighted from the car, Sanjaya adorned with ear-rings entered that hall full of high-souled kings. And the Suta said, 'Ye Kauravas, know that having gone to the Pandavas I am just returning from them. The sons of Pandu offer their congratulations to all the Kurus according to the age of each. Having offered their respects in return, the sons of Pritha have saluted the aged ones, and those that are equal to them in years, and those also that are younger, just as each should, according to his years, be saluted. Listen, ye kings, to what I, instructed before by Dhritarashtra, said to the Pandavas, having gone to them from this place.' "

SECTION XLVIII

"Dhritarashtra said, "I ask thee, O Sanjaya, in the presence of my boy and of these kings, what words were said by the illustrious Dhananjaya of might that knoweth no diminution,—that leader of warriors,—that destroyer of the lives of the wicked?'

"Sanjana said, 'Let Duryodhana listen to the words which the high-souled Arjuna, eager for fight, uttered, with Yudhishthira's sanction and in the hearing of Kesava. Fearless (in battle) and conscious of the might of his arms, the heroic Kiritin, eager for fight, spoke thus unto me in the presence of Vasudeva, 'Do thou, O *suta*, say unto Dhritarashtra's son, in the presence of all the Kurus, and also in the hearing of that Suta's son, of foul tongue and wicked soul, of little sense, stupid reason, and of numbered days, who always desires to fight against me, and also in the hearing of those kings assembled for fighting against the Pandavas, and do thou see that all the words now uttered by me are heard well by that king with his counsellors.' O monarch, even as the celestials eagerly listen to the words of their chief armed with the thunderbolt, so did the Pandavas and the Srinjayas listened to those words of grave import uttered by Kiritin. Just these are the words spoken by Arjuna, the weilder of *Gandiva*, eager for the fight and with eyes red as the lotus, 'If Dhritarashtra's son doth not surrender to king Yudhishthira of the Ajamida race, his kingdom, then (it is evident) there must be some sinful act committed by the sons of Dhritarashtra, whose consequences are yet unreaped by them, for it can be nothing else when they desire battle with Bhimasena and Arjuna, and the Aswins and Vasudeva and Sini's

son, and Dhrishtadyumna infallible in arms, and Sikhandin, and Yudhishthira, who is like Indra himself and who can consume heaven and earth by merely wishing them ill. If Dhritarashtra's son desireth war with these, then will all objects of the Pandavas be accomplished. Do not, therefore, propose peace for the sons of Pandu, but have war if thou likest. That bed of woe in the woods which was Yudhishthira's when that virtuous son of Pandu lived in exile; Oh, let a more painful bed than that, on the bare earth, be now Duryodhana's and let him lie down on it, as his last, deprived of life. Win thou over those men that were ruled by the wicked Duryodhana of unjust conduct to the side of Pandu's son endued with modesty and wisdom and asceticism and self-restraint and valour and might regulated by virtue. Endued with humility and righteousness, with asceticism and self-restraint and with valour regulated by virtue, and always speaking the truth, our king, though afflicted by numerous deceptions, hath forgiven all and hath patiently borne great wrongs. When the eldest son of Pandu, of soul under proper control, will indignantly dart at the Kurus his terrible wrath accumulated for years, then will the son of Dhritarashtra repent for this war. As a blazing fire burning all around consumeth dry grass in the hot season, so will Yudhishthira, inflamed with wrath, consume the Dhritarashtra host by glance alone of his eye. When Dhritarashtra's son will behold Bhimasena, that wrathful Pandava of terrific impetus, stationed on his car, mace in hand, vomiting the venom of his wrath, then will Duryodhana repent for this war. Indeed, when he will behold Bhimasena, who always fighteth in the van, accoutred in mail, scarcely capable of being looked at even by his own followers felling hostile heroes and devastating the enemy's ranks like *Yama* himself, then will the exceedingly vain Duryodhana recollect these words. When he will behold elephants, looking like mountain-peaks, felled by Bhimasena, blood flowing their broken heads like water from broken casks, then will Dhritarashtra's son repent for this war. When falling upon the sons of Dhritarashtra the fierce Bhima of terrible mien, mace in hand, will slaughter them, like a huge lion falling upon a herd of kine, then will Duryodhana repent for this war. When the heroic Bhima undaunted even in situations of great danger and skilled in weapons—when that grinder of hostile hosts in battle,—mounted on his car, and alone will crush by his mace crowds of superior cars and entire ranks pf infantry, seize by his nooses strong as iron, the elephants of the hostile army, and mow down the Dhritarashtra's host, like a sturdy woodsman cutting a forest down with an axe, then will Dhritarashtra's son repent for this war. When he will behold the Dhartarashtra's host consumed like a hamlet full of straw-built huts by fire, or a field of ripe corn by lightning,—indeed when he will behold his vast army scattered, its leaders slain, and men running away with their back towards the field afflicted with fear, and all the warriors, humbled to the dust, being scorched by Bhimasena with the fire of his weapons,—then will the son of Dhritarashtra repent for this war. When

Nakula, that warrior of wonderful feats, that foremost of all car-warriors, dexterously shooting arrows by hundreds, will mangle the car-warriors of Duryodhana, then will the son of Dhritarashtra repent for this war. Accustomed to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of life, when Nakula, recollecting that bed of woe on which he had slept for a long time in the woods, will vomit the poison of his wrath like an angry snake, then will the son of Dhritarashtra repent for this war. Ready to lay down their very lives, the (allied) monarchs, *O Suta*, urged to battle by king Yudhishthira the just, will furiously advance on their resplendent cars against the (hostile) army. Beholding this, the son of Dhritarashtra will certainly have to repent. When the Kuru prince will behold the five heroic sons of (Draupadi), tender in years but not in acts, and all well-versed in arms, rush, reckless of their lives, against the Kauravas, then will that son of Dhritarashtra repent for this war. When bent upon carnage Sahadeva, mounted on his car of noiseless wheels, and motion incapable of being obstructed, and set with golden stars, and drawn by well-trained steeds, will make the heads of monarchs roll on the field of battle with volleys of arrows,—indeed, beholding that warrior skilled in weapons, seated on his car in the midst of that frightful havoc, turning now to the left and now to the right and falling upon the foe in all directions, then will the son of Dhritarashtra repent for this war. Indeed, when the modest but mighty Sahadeva, skilled in battle, truthful, conversant with all the ways of morality, and endued with great activity and impetuousness, will fall upon the son of Gandhari in fierce encounter and rout all his followers, then will the son of Dhritarashtra repent for this war. When he will behold the sons of Draupadi, those great bowmen, those heroes skilled in weapons and well-versed in all the ways of chariot-fighting, dart at the foe like snakes of virulent poison, then will the son of Dhritarashtra repent for this war. When that slayer of hostile heroes, Abhimanyu, skilled in arms like Krishna himself, will overpower the foe showering upon them, like the very clouds, a thick downpour of arrows, then will the son of Dhritarashtra repent for this war. Indeed, when he will behold that son of Subhadra, a child in years but not in energy, skilled in weapons and like unto Indra himself, falling like Death's self upon the ranks of the foe, then will the son of Dhritarashtra repent for this war. When the youthful *Prabhadrakas*, endued with great activity, well-versed in battle, and possessed of the energy of lions, will overthrow the sons of Dhritarashtra with all their troops, then will Duryodhana repent for this war. When those veteran car-warriors Virata and Drupada will assail, at the head of their respective divisions, the sons of Dhritarashtra and their ranks, then will Duryodhana repent for this war. When Drupada, skilled in weapons, and seated on his car, desirous of plucking the heads of youthful warriors, will wrathfully strike them off with arrows shot from his bow, then will the son of Dhritarashtra repent for this war. When that slayer of hostile heroes, Virata will penetrate into the ranks of the foe, grinding all before him with the ai

of his Matsya warriors of cool courage, then will the son of Dhritarashtra repent for this war. When he will behold in the very van the eldest son of the Matsya king, of cool courage and collected mien, seated on his car and accoutred in mail on behalf of the Pandavas, then will the son of Dhritarashtra repent for this war. I tell thee truly that when that foremost of Kaurava heroes, the virtuous son of Santanu, will be slain in battle by Sikhandin, then all our foes, without doubt, will perish. Indeed, when, overthrowing numerous car-warriors, Sikhandin, seated on his own well-protected car, will proceed towards Bhishma, crushing multitudes of (hostile) cars by means of his own powerful steeds, then will the son of Dhritarashtra repent for this war. When he will behold Dhristadyumna unto whom Drona hath imparted all the mysteries of the science of weapons, stationed in splendour in the very van of the Srinjaya ranks, then will the son of Dhritarashtra repent. Indeed, when the leader of the Pandava host, of immeasurable prowess and capable of withstanding the rush of any force, will proceed to attack Drona in battle, crushing with his arrows the Dhritarashtra ranks, then will Duryodhana repent for this war. What enemy can withstand him who hath, for fighting in his van, that lion of the Vrishni race, that chief of the Somakas, who is modest and intelligent, mighty and endued with great energy, and blessed with every kind of prosperity? Say also this (unto Duryodhana),—Do not covet (the kingdom). We have chosen, for our leader, the dauntless and mighty car-warrior Satyaki, the grandson of Sini, skilled in weapons and having none on earth as his equal. Of broad chest and long arms, that grinder of foes, unrivalled in battle, and acquainted with the best of weapons, the grandson of Sini, skilled in arms and perfectly dauntless, is a mighty car-warrior wielding a bow of full four cubits' length. When that slayer of foes, that chief of the Sinis, urged by me, will shower, like the very clouds, his arrows on the foe, completely overwhelming their leaders with that downpour, then will the son of Dhritarashtra repent for this war. When that illustrious warrior of long arms and firm grasp of the bow, musters his resolution for fight, the foe then, like kine getting the scent of the lion, fly away from him before even commencing the encounter. That illustrious warrior of long arms and firm grasp of the bow is capable of splitting the very hills and destroying the entire universe. Practised in weapons, skilled (in battle), and endued with exceeding lightness of hand, he shineth on the field of battle like the sun himself in the sky. That lion of the Vrishni race, that scion of Yadu's line, of superior training, hath diverse wonderful and excellent weapons. Indeed, Satyaki is possessed of a knowledge of all those uses of weapons that are said to be of the highest excellence. When he will behold in battle the golden car of Satyaki of Madhu's race, drawn by four white steeds, then will that wretch of uncontrolled passions, the son of Dhritarashtra, repent. When he will also behold my terrible car, endued with the effulgence of gold and bright gems, drawn by white steeds and furnished with the banner

bearing the device of the Ape and guided by Kesava himself, then will that wretch of uncontrolled passions repent. When he will hear the fierce twang produced by the constant stretch of the bow-string with fingers cased in leather gloves,—that terrible twang, loud as the rolling of the thunder, of my bow *Gandiva* wielded by me in the midst of the great battle,—then will that wicked wretch, the son of Dhritarashtra repent, beholding himself abandoned by his troops, flying away like kine from the field of battle in all directions, overwhelmed with the darkness created by my arrowy downpour. When he will behold innumerable keen-edged arrows, furnished with beautiful wings, and capable of penetrating into the very vitals, shot from the string of *Gandiva*, like fierce and terrible flashes of lightning emitted by the clouds, destroying enemies by thousands, and devouring numberless steeds and elephants clad in mail, then will the son of Dhritarashtra repent for this war. When he will behold the arrows shot by the enemy turned off, or turned back struck by my shafts, or cut to pieces pierced transversely by my arrows, then will the foolish son of Dhritarashtra repent for this war. When broad-headed arrows shot by my hands will strike off the heads of youthful warriors, like birds picking off fruits from the tree-tops, then will the son of Dhritarashtra repent for this war. When he will behold excellent warriors of his falling down from their cars, and elephants and steeds rolling on the field, deprived of life by my arrows, then will the son of Dhritarashtra repent for this war. When he will behold his brothers, even before fairly coming within the range of the enemy's weapons, die all around, without having achieved anything in battle, then will the son of Dhritarashtra repent for this war. When pouring my blazing shafts incessantly, I will, like Death himself with mouth wide-open, destroy on all sides multitudes of cars and foot-soldiers, then will that wretch repent. When he will behold his own troops, covered with the dust raised by my car wander in all directions, torn to pieces by *Gandiva* and reft of senses, then will that wretch repent. When he will behold his whole army running away in fear in all directions, mangled in limbs, and bereft of senses; when he will behold his steeds, elephants, and foremost of heroes slain; when he will see his troops thirsty, struck with panic, wailing aloud, dead and dying, with their animals exhausted; and hair, bones and skulls lying in heaps around like half-wrought works of the Creator, then will that wretch repent. When he will behold on my car, *Gandiva*, Vasudeva, and the celestial conch *Panchajanya*, myself, my couple of inexhaustible quivers, and my conch called *Devadatta* as also my white steeds, then will the son of Dhritarashtra repent for this war. When I consume the Kauravas, like *Agni* consuming innumerable wicked souls assembled together at the time of ushering in another *Yuga* at the end of the last one, then Dhritarashtra with all his sons repent. When the wicked-hearted and the wrathful son of Dhritarashtra will be deprived of prosperity with brothers and army and followers, then, reft of pride and losing heart and trembling all over, will that fool repent. One morning when

I had finished my water-rites and prayers, a Brahmana spoke unto me these pleasant words, 'O Partha, thou shalt have to execute a very difficult task. O Savyasachin, thou shalt have to fight with thy foes. Either Indra riding on his excellent steed and thunderbolt in hand will walk before thee slaying thy foes in battle, or Krishna, the son of Vasudeva will protect thee from behind riding on his car drawn by the steeds headed by Sugriva. Relying on those words, I have, in this battle passing over Indra, the wielder of the thunderbolt, preferred Vasudeva as my ally. That Krishna hath been obtained by me for the destruction of those wicked ones. I see the hand of the gods in all this. The person whose success is only wished for by Krishna, without the latter's actually taking up arms in his behalf, is certain to prevail over all enemies, even if those be the celestials with Indra at their head, while anxiety there is none if they be human. He that wisheth to conquer in battle that foremost of heroes, Vasudeva's son Krishna endued with great energy, wisheth to cross by his two arms alone the great ocean of wide expanse and immeasurable water. He that wisheth to split by a slap of his palm the high Kailasa mountain, is not able to do the slightest damage to the mountain although his hand only with its nails is sure to wear away. He that would conquer Vasudeva in battle, would, with his two arms, extinguish a blazing fire, stop the Sun and the Moon, and plunder by force the *Amrita* of the gods,—that Vasudeva, *viz.*, who having mowed down in battle by main force all the royal warriors of the Bhoja race, had carried off on a single car Rukmini of great fame for making her his wife; and by her was afterwards born Pradyumna of high soul. It was this favourite of the gods, who, having speedily smashed the Gandharas and conquered all the sons of Nagnajit, forcibly liberated from confinement king Sudarsana of great energy. It was he that slew king Pandya by striking his breast against his, and moved down the Kalingas in battle Burnt by him, the city of Varanasi remained for many years without e king, incapable of being defeated by others. Ekalavya, the king of the Nishadas, always used to challenge this one to battle; but slain by Krishna he lay dead like the Asura *Jambha* violently thrashed on a hillock. It was Krishna, who, having Baladeva for his second, slew Ugrasena's. wicked son (Kansa), seated in court in the midst of the Vrishnis and the Andhakas, and then gave unto Ugrasena the kingdom. It was Krishna who fought with king Salya, the lord of Saubha, stationed in the skies, fearless in consequence of his powers of illusion; and it was he, who, at the gate of Subha caught with his hands the fierce *Sataghni* (hurled by Saubha's lord). What mortal is able to bear his might? The *Asuras* had a city named *Pragjyotisha*, which was formidable, inaccessible and unbearable. It was there that the mighty Naraka, the son of the Earth, kept the jewelled ear-rings of Aditi, having brought them by force. The very gods, who, fearless of death, assembled together with Sakra at their head were incapable of conquering him. Beholding Kesava's prowess and might, and weapon that is irresistible, and knowing also the object of his

birth, the gods employed him for the destruction of those *Asuras*. Vasudeva, too, endued with all the divine attributes that ensure success, agreed to undertake that exceedingly difficult task. In the city of *Nirmochana* that hero slew six thousand *Asuras*, and cutting into pieces innumerable keen-edged shafts, he slew Mura and hosts of Rakshasas, and then entered that city. It was there, that an encounter took place between the mighty Naraka and Vishnu of immeasurable strength. Slain by Krishna, Naraka lay lifeless there, like a *Karnikara* tree uprooted by the wind. Having slain the Earth's son, Naraka, and also Mura, and having recovered those jewelled ear-rings, the learned Krishna of unparalleled prowess came back, adorned with beauty and undying fame. Having witnessed his terrible feats in that battle, the gods then and there blessed him saying, 'Fatigue will never be thine in fights, neither the firmament nor the waters shall stop thy course, nor shall weapons penetrate thy body.' And Krishna, by all this, regarded himself amply rewarded. Immeasurable, and possessed of great might, in Vasudeva ever exist all the virtues. And yet the son of Dhritarashtra seeketh to vanquish that unbearable Vishnu of infinite energy, for that wretch often thinks of imprisoning him. Krishna, however, beareth all this for our sake only. That wretch seeketh to create a sudden disunion between Krishna and myself. How far, however, he is capable of taking away the affection of Krishna from the Pandavas, he will see on the field of battle. Having bowed down unto Santanu's son, and also Drona with his son, and the unrivalled son of Saradwat, I shall fight for regaining our kingdom. The God of justice himself, I am sure, will bring destruction on that sinful man who will fight with the Pandavas. Deceitfully defeated at dice by those wretches, ourselves, of royal birth, had to pass twelve years in great distress in the forest and one long year in a state of concealment. When those Pandavas are still alive, how shall the sons of Dhritarashtra rejoice, possessing rank and affluence? If they vanquish us in fight, aided by the very gods headed by Indra, the then practice of vice would be better than virtue, and surely there would be nothing like righteousness on earth. If man is affected by his acts, if we be superior to Duryodhana, then, I hope that, with Vasudeva as my second, I shall slay Duryodhana, with all his kinsmen. O lord of men, if the act of robbing us of our kingdom be wicked, if these our own good deeds be not fruitless, than beholding both this and that, it seems to me, the overthrow of Duryodhana is certain. Ye Kauravas, ye will see it with your eyes that, if they fight, the sons of Dhritarashtra shall certainly perish. If they act otherwise instead of fighting, then they may live; but in the event of a battle ensuing, none of them will be left alive. Slaying all the sons of Dhritarashtra along with Karna, I shall surely wrest the hole of their kingdom. Do ye, meanwhile, whatever ye think best, and enjoy also your wives and other sweet things of life. There are, with us, many aged *Brahmanas*, versed in various sciences, of amiable behaviour, well-born, acquainted with the cycle of the years, engaged in the study of astrology, capable of

understanding with certainty the motions of planets and the conjunctions of stars as also of explaining the mysteries of fate, and answering questions relating to the future, acquainted with the signs of the Zodiac, and versed with the occurrences of every hour, who are prophesying the great destruction of the Kurus and the Srinjayas, and the ultimate victory of the Pandavas, so that Yudhishthira, who never made an enemy, already regardeth his objects fulfilled in consequence of the slaughter of his foes. And Janardana also, that lion among the Vrishnis, endued with the knowledge of the invisible future, without doubt, beholdeth all this. And I also, with unerring foresight, myself behold that future, for that foresight of mine, acquired of old, is not obstructed. The sons of Dhritarashtra, if they fight, will not live. My bow, *Gandiva*, yawneth without being handled; my bow-string trembleth without being stretched; and arrows also, issuing from my quiver's mouth, are again and again seeking to fly. My bright scimitar issueth of itself from its sheath, like a snake quitting its own worn off slough; and on the top of my flag-staff are heard terrific voices,—*When shall thy car be yoked, O Kiritin?* Innumerable jackals set up hideous howls at night, and *Rakshasas* frequently alight from the sky; deer and jackals and peacocks, crows and vultures and cranes, and wolves and birds of golden plumage, follow in the rear of my car when my white steeds are yoked unto it. Single-handed I can despatch, with arrowy showers, all warlike kings, to the regions of death. As a blazing fire consumeth a forest in the hot season, so, exhibiting diverse courses, I will hurl those great weapons called *Sthur-karna*, *Pasupata*, and *Brahma*, and all those that Sakra gave me, all of which are endued with fierce impetuosity. And with their aid, setting my heart on the destruction of those monarchs, I will leave no remnant of those that come to the field of battle. I will rest, having done all this. Even this is my chief and decided resolve. Tell them this, O son of Gavalgana. Look at the folly of Duryodhana! O *Suta*, they that are invincible in battle even if encountered with the aid of the very gods headed by Indra,—even against them that son of Dhritarashtra thinketh of warring! But so let it be even as the aged Bhishma, the son of Santanu, and Kripa, and Drona with his son, and Vidura endued with great wisdom, are saying, 'May the Kauravas all live long!"

SECTION XLIX

"Vaisampayana said, 'In the midst, O Bharata, of all those assembled kings, Bhishma, the son of Santanu, then said these words unto Duryodhana, 'Once on a time, Vrihaspati and Sakra went to Brahma. The Maruts also with Indra, the Vasus with Agni, the Adityas, the

Sadhyas, the seven celestial *Rishis*, the *Gandharvas*, Viswavasu, and the beautiful tribes of the Apsaras, all approached the ancient Grandsire. And having bowed down unto the Lord of the universe, all those dwellers of heaven sat around him. Just then, the two ancient deities, the *Rishis* Nara and Narayana, as if drawing unto themselves by their own energy the minds and energies of all who were present there, left the place.' Thereupon, Vrihaspati asked Brahma, saying,—*Who are these two that leave the place without worshipping thee? Tell us, O Grandsire, who are they?* Thus asked, Brahma said, 'These two, endued with ascetic merit, blazing with effulgence and beauty, illuminating both the earth and the heaven, possessed of great might, and pervading and surpassing all, are Nara and Narayana, dwelling now in the region of *Brahman* having arrived from the other world. Endued with great might and prowess, they shine in consequence of their own asceticism. By their acts they always contribute to the joy of the world. Worshipped by the gods and the Gandharvas, they exist only for the destruction of *Asuras*.'

"Bhishma continued, 'Having heard these words, Sakra went to the spot where those two were practising ascetic austerities, accompanied by all the celestials and having Vrihaspati at their head. At that time, the dwellers of heaven had been very much alarmed in consequence of a war raging between themselves and the *Asuras*. And Indra asked that illustrious couple to grant him a boon. Thus solicited, O best of the Bharata race, those two said,—*Name thou the boon.*—Upon this Sakra said unto them,—*Give us your aid.*—They then said unto Sakra,—*We will do what thou wishest.* And then it was with their aid that Sakra subsequently vanquished the *Daityas* and the *Danavas*. The chastiser of foes, Nara, slew in battle hundreds and thousands of Indra's foes among the *Paulomas* and the *Kalakhanjas*. It was this Arjuna, who, riding on a whirling car, severed in battle, with a broad-headed arrow, the head of the *Asura* Jambha while the latter was about to swallow him. It was he who afflicted (the *Daitya* city of Hiranyapura) on the other side of the ocean, having vanquished in battle sixty thousands of Nivata-kavachas. It was this conqueror of hostile towns, this Arjuna of mighty arms, that gratified Agni, having vanquished the very gods with Indra at their head. And Narayana also hath, in this world, destroyed in the same way numberless other *Daityas* and *Danavas*. Even such are those two of mighty energy that are now seen united with each other. It hath been heard by us that the two heroic and mighty car-warriors, Vasudeva and Arjuna, that are now united with each other, are those same ancient gods, the divine Nara and Narayana. Amongst all on earth they are incapable of being vanquished by the *Asuras* and the gods headed by Indra himself. That Narayana is Krishna, and that Nara is Falguna. Indeed, they are one Soul born in twain. These two, by their acts, enjoy numerous eternal and inexhaustible regions, and are repeatedly born in those worlds when destructive wars are necessary. For this reason their

mission is to fight. Just this is what Narada, conversant with the *Vedas*, had said unto the Vrishnis. When thou, O Duryodhana, wilt see Kesava with conch-shell and discus, and mace in hand, and that terrible wielder of the bow, Arjuna, armed with weapons, when thou wilt behold those eternal and illustrious ones, the two Krishnas seated on the same car, then wilt thou, O child, remember these my words. Why should not such danger threaten the Kurus when thy intellect, O child, hath fallen off from both profit and virtue? If thou headest not my words, thou shalt then have to hear of the slaughter of many, for all the Kauravas accept thy opinion. Thou art alone in holding as true the opinion, O bull of the Bharata race, only three persons, *viz.*, Karna, a low-born *Suta's* son cursed by Rama, Sakuni, the son of Suvala, and thy mean and sinful brother Dussasana.'

'Karna said. 'It behoveth thee not, O blessed grandsire, to use such words towards me, for I have adopted the duties of the *Kshatriya* order without falling off from those of my own. Besides, what wickedness is there in me? I have no sin known to any one of Dhritarashtra's people. I have never done any injury to Dhritarashtra's son; on the other hand, I will slay all the Pandavas in battle. How can they that are wise make peace again with those that have before been injured? It is always my duty to do all that is agreeable to king Dhritarashtra, and especially to Duryodhana, for he is in possession of the kingdom.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Having listened to these words of Karna, Bhishma the son of Santanu, addressing king Dhritarashtra, again said, 'Although this one often boasteth saying,—*I shall slay the Pandavas*,—yet he is not equal to even a sixteenth part of high-souled Pandavas. Know that the great calamity that is about to overtake thy sons of wicked souls, is the act of this wretched son of a *Suta!* Relying upon him, thy foolish son Suyodhana hath insulted those heroes of celestial descent, those chastiser of all foes. What, however, is that difficult feat achieved by this wretch before that is equal to any of those achieved of old by every one of the Pandavas? Beholding in the city of Virata his beloved brother slain by Dhananjaya who displayed such prowess, what did this one then do? When Dhananjaya, rushing against all the assembled Kurus, crushed them and took away their robes, was this one not there then? When thy son was being led away as a captive by the *Gandharvas* on the occasion of the tale of the cattle, where was this son of a Suta then who now belloweth like a bull? Even there, it was Bhima, and the illustrious Partha, and the twins, that encountered the Gandharvas and vanquished them. Ever beautiful, and always unmindful of both virtue and profit, these, O bull of the Bharata race, are the many false things, blessed be thou, that this one uttereth.'

'Having heard these words of Bhishma, the high-souled son of Bharadwaja, having paid due homage unto Dhritarashtra and the assembled kings, spoke unto him these words, 'Do that, O king, which the best of the Bharatas, Bhishma, hath said. It behoveth thee not to act

according to the words of those that are covetous of wealth. Peace with the Pandavas, before the war breaks out, seems to be the best. Everything said by Arjuna and repeated here by Sanjaya, will, I know, be accomplished by that son of Pandu, for there is no bowman equal unto him in the three world!' Without regarding, however, these words spoken by both Drona and Bhishma, the king again asked Sanjaya about the Pandavas. From that moment, when the king returned not a proper answer to Bhishma and Drona, the Kauravas gave up all hopes of life.' "

SECTION L

"Dhritarashtra said, 'What did that Pandava king, the son of Dharma, say, O Sanjaya, after hearing that a large force hath been assembled here for gladdening us? How also is Yudhishthira acting, in view of the coming strife, O Suta, who amongst his brothers and sons are looking up to his face, desirous of receiving his orders? Provoked as he is by the deceptions of my wicked sons, who, again, are dissuading that king of virtuous behaviour and conversant with virtue, saying,—*Have peace?*'

"Sanjaya said, 'All the Panchalas, along with the other sons of Pandu, are looking up to Yudhishthira's face, blessed be thou, and he too is restraining them all. Multitudes of cars belonging to the Pandavas and the Panchalas are coming in separate bodies for gladdening Yudhishthira, the son of Kunti, ready to march to the field of battle. As the sky brightens up at the advent of the rising sun, so the Panchalas are rejoicing at their union with Kunti's son of blazing splendour, risen like a flood of light. The Panchalas, the Kekayas, and the Matsyas, along with the very herdsmen that attend on their kine and sheep, are rejoicing and gladdening Yudhishthira, the son of Pandu. Brahmana and Kshatriya girls and the very daughters of the Vaisyas, in large number, are coming in playful mood for beholding Partha accounted in coat of mail.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Tell us, O Sanjaya, of the forces of Dhrishtadyumna, as also of the Somakas, and of all others, with which the Pandavas intend to fight with us.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Thus interrogated, in the midst of the Kurus and in their very hall, the son of Gavalgana became thoughtful for a moment and seemed to draw repeatedly deep and long sights; and suddenly he fell down in a swoon without any apparent reason. Then in that assembly of kings, Vidura said loudly, 'Sanjaya, O great king, hath fallen down on the ground senseless, and cannot utter a word, bereft of sense and his intellect clouded.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Without doubt, Sanjaya, having seen those mighty car-warriors, the sons of Kunti, hath his mind filled with great anxiety in consequence of those tigers among men.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Having recovered consciousness, and being comforted, Sanjaya addressed king Dhritarashtra in the midst of that concourse of Kurus in that hall, saying, 'Indeed, O king of kings, I saw those great warriors, the sons of Kunti, thinned in body, in consequence of the restraint in which they had lived in the place of the king of the Matsyas. Hear, O King, with whom the Pandavas will contend against you. With that hero Dhrishtadyumna as their ally, they will fight against you. With that personage of virtuous soul, who never forsaketh truth through anger or fear, temptation, or for the sake of wealth, of disputation; and who is, O King, a very authority in matters of religion, himself being the best of those that practise virtue;—with him, who hath never made an enemy, the sons of Pandu will fight against you.' He unto whom no one on earth is equal in might of arms, and who, wielding his bow had brought all kings under subjection, and who, vanquishing of old all the people of Kasi and Anga and Magadha, as also the Kalingas;—with that Bhimasena will the sons of Pandu fight against, you. Indeed, he through whose might the four sons of Pandu quickly could alight on the earth, having issued forth from the (burning) house of lac that son of Kunti, Vrikodara, who became the means of their rescue from the cannibal Hidimva; that son of Kunti, Vrikodara, who became their refuge when the daughter of Yajnasena was being carried away by Jayadratha; indeed, with that Bhima who rescued the assembled Pandavas from the conflagration at *Varanavata*; even with him (as their ally) will they fight against you. He, who for the gratification of Krishna slew the *Krodhavasas*, having penetrated the rugged and terrible mountains of *Gandhamadana*, he to whose arms hath been imparted the might of ten thousand elephants; with that Bhimasena (as their ally) the Pandavas will fight against you. That hero, who, for the gratification of *Agni*, with Krishna only for his second, bravely vanquished of yore Purandara in fight; he who gratified by combat that God of gods, the trident-bearing lord of *Uma—Mahadeva* himself having the mountains for his abode; that foremost of warriors who subjugated all the kings of the earth—with that Vijaya (as their ally) the Pandavas will encounter you in battle. That wonderful warrior Nakula, who vanquished the whole of the western world teeming with *Mlecnchas*, is present in the Pandava camp. With that handsome hero, that unrivalled bowman, that son of Madri, O Kauravya, the Pandavas will fight against you. He who vanquished in battle the warriors of Kasi, Anga, and Kalinga,—with that Sahadeva will the Pandavas encounter you in battle. He, who in energy hath for his equals only four men on earth, *viz.*, Aswatthaman and Dhrishtaketu and Rukmi and Pradyumna,—with that Sahadeva, youngest in years, that hero among men, that gladdener of Madri's heart, with him, O King, will you have a destructive battle. She, who,

while living of yore as the daughter of the king of Kasi, had practised the austerest penances; she, who, O bull of the Bharata race, desiring even in a subsequent life to compass the destruction of Bhishma, took her birth as the daughter of Panchala, and accidently became afterwards a male; who, O tiger among men, is conversant with the merits and demerits of both sexes; that invincible prince of the Panchala who encountered the Kalingas in battle, with what Sikhandin skilled in every weapon, will the Pandavas fight against you. She whom a *Yaksha* for Bhishma's destruction metamorphosed into a male, with that formidable bowman will the Pandavas fight against you. With those mighty bowmen, all, brothers those five *Kekaya* princes, with those heroes clad in mail, will the Pandavas fight against you. With that warrior of long arms, endued with great activity in the use of weapons, possessed of intelligence and prowess incapable of being baffled, with that Yuyudhana, the lion of the Vrishni race, will you have to fight. He, who had been the refuge of the high-souled Pandavas for a time, with that Virata, will ye have an encounter in battle. The lord of Kasi, that mighty car-warrior who ruleth in Varanasi hath become an ally of theirs; with him the Pandavas will fight against you. The high-souled sons of Draupadi, tender in years but invincible in battle, and unapproachable like snakes of virulent poison, with them, will the Pandavas fight against you. He, that in energy is like unto Krishna and in self-restraint unto Yudhishthira, with that Abhimanyu, will the Pandavas fight against you. That war-like son of Sisupala, Dhrishtaketu of great fame, who in energy is beyond comparison and who when angry is incapable of being withstood in battle, with that king of the *Chedis* who has joined the Pandavas at the head of an *Akshauhini* of his own, will the sons of Pandu fight against you. He that is the refuge of the Pandavas, even as Vasava is of the celestials, with that Vasudeva, the Pandavas will fight against you. He also, O bull of Bharata race, Sarabha the brother of the king of the *Chedis*, who again is united with Karakarsa, with both these, the Pandavas will fight against you. Sahadeva, the son of Jarasandha, and Jayatsena, both unrivalled heroes in battle, are resolved upon fighting for the Pandavas. And Drupada too, possessed of great might, and followed by a large force, and reckless of his life, is resolved to fight for the Pandavas. Relying upon these and other kings by hundreds, of both the eastern and northern countries, king Yudhishthira the just, is prepared for battle.' "

SECTION LI

"Dhritarashtra said, 'All these named by thee are, indeed, endued with great courage, but all of them together are equal to Bhima singly. My fear, O child, from the wrathful Bhima is, indeed, very great, like that of fat deer from an enraged tiger. I pass all my nights in sleeplessness, breathing deep and hot sighs afraid of Vrikodara, O child, like an animal of any other species afraid of the lion. Of mighty arms, and in energy equal unto Sakra himself, I see not in this whole army even one that can withstand him in battle. Exceedingly wrathful and determined in animosity, that son of Kunti and Pandu smileth not even in jest, is mad with rage, casteth his glances obliquely, and speaketh in a voice of thunder. Of great impetuosity and great courage, of long arms and great might, he will not, in battle, leave even one of my foolish sons alive. Indeed, Virkodara, that bull among the Kurus, whirling his mace in battle, will, like a second Yama mace in hand slay all my sons who are afflicted by a heavy calamity. Even now I see that terrible mace of his, with eight sides made of steel, and adorned with gold, uplifted like a Brahmana's curse. As a lion of mighty strength among a flock of deer, Bhima will range among my troops. He only (amongst his brothers) always displayed his strength cruelly towards my sons. Eating voraciously, and endued with great impetuosity, from his very childhood he hath been behaving inimically towards my children. My heart trembleth (to remember) that even in their childhood, Duryodhana and other sons of mine, while fighting with him (sportively) were always ground down by the elephant-like Bhima. Alas, my sons have always been oppressed by his might, and it is that Bhima of terrible prowess that hath been the cause of this rupture. Even now I behold Bhima, mad with rage, fighting in the very van, and devouring the whole of my host consisting of men, elephants, and steeds. Equal unto Drona and Arjuna in weapons, his speed equal unto the velocity of the wind, and in wrath like unto Maheswara himself, who is there, O Sanjaya, that would slay that wrathful and terrible hero in battle? I think it to be a great gain that my sons were not even then slain by that slayer of enemies who is endued with such energy. How can a human being withstand the impetuosity of that warrior in battle who slew *Yakshas* and *Rakshasas* of terrible might before? O Sanjaya, even in his childhood he was never completely under my control. Injured by my wicked sons, how can that son of Pandu come under my control now? Cruel and extremely wrathful, he would break but not bend. Of oblique glances and contracted eye-brows, how can he be induced to remain quiet? Endued with heroism, of incomparable might and fair complexion, tall like a palmyra tree, and in height taller than Arjuna by the span of the thumb, the second son of Pandu surpasseth the very steeds in swiftness, and elephants in strength, speaketh in indistinct accents, and possesseth eyes having the hue of honey. As regards form

and might, even such was he in his very boyhood, as I truly heard long before from the lips of Vyasa! Terrible and possessed of cruel might, when angry he will destroy in battle with his iron-mace cars and elephants and men and horses. By acting against his wishes, that foremost of smiters who is ever wrathful and furious, hath before been, O child, insulted by me. Alas, how will my sons bear that mace of his which is straight, made of steel, thick, of beautiful sides, adorned with gold, capable of slaying a hundred, and producing a terrible sound when hurled at the foe? Alas, O child, my foolish sons are desirous of crossing that inaccessible ocean constituted by Bhima, which is really shoreless, without a raft on it, immeasurable in depth, and full of currents impetuous as the course of arrows. Fools in reality though boasting of their wisdom, alas, my children do not listen to me even though I cry out. Beholding only the honey they do not see the terrible fall that is before them. They that will rush to battle with Death himself in that human shape, are certainly doomed to destruction by the Supreme Ordainer, like animals within the lion's view. Full four cubits in length, endued with six sides and great might, and having also a deadly touch, when he will hurl his mace from the sling, how shall my sons, O child, bear its impetus? Whirling his mace and breaking therewith the heads of (hostile) elephants, licking with his tongue the corners of his mouth and drawing long breaths, when he will rush with loud roars against mighty elephants, returning the yells of those infuriated beasts that might rush against him, and when entering the close array of cars he will slay, after taking proper aim, the chief warriors before him, what mortal of my party will escape from him looking like a blazing flame? Crushing my forces and cutting a passage through them, that mighty armed hero, dancing with mace in hand, will exhibit the scene, witnessed during the universal Dissolution at the end of a *Yuga*. Like an infuriated elephant crushing trees adorned with flowers, Vrikodara, in battle will, furiously penetrate the ranks of my sons. Depriving my warriors of their cars, drivers, steeds, and flag-staff, and afflicting all warriors fighting from cars and the backs of elephants, that tiger amony men will, O Sanjaya, like the impetuous current of Ganga throwing down diverse trees standing on its banks, crush in battle the troops of my sons. Without doubt, O Sanjaya, afflicted by the fear of Bhimasena, my sons and their dependents and all the allied kings will fly in different directions. It was this Bhima who, having entered of old, with Vasudeva's aid, the innermost apartments of Jarasandha, overthrew that king endued with great energy; that lord of Magadha, the mighty Jarasandha, having fully brought under his subjection the goddess Earth, oppressed her by his energy. That the Kauravas in consequence of Bhishma's prowess, and the Andhakas and the Vrishnis in consequence of their policy, could not be subjugated by him was due only to their good fortune. What could be more wonderful than that the heroic son of Pandu, of mighty arms and without any weapons, having approached that king, slew him in a trice? Like a venomous snake, whose poison

hath accumulated for years, Bhima will, O Sanjaya, vomit in battle the poison of his wrath upon my sons! Like the foremost of the celestials, the great Indra, smitting the Danavas with his thunderbolt, Bhimasena will, mace in hand, slay all my sons! Incapable of being withstood or resisted, of fierce impetus and powers, and with eyes of a coppery hue, I behold even now that Vrikodara falling upon my sons. Without mace or bow, without car or coat of mail, fighting with his bare arms only, what man is there that can stand before him? Bhishma, that regenerate Drona, and Kripa the son of Saradwat,—these are as much acquainted as I myself with the energy of the intelligent Bhima. Acquainted with the practice of those that are noble, and desirous of death in battle, these bulls among men will take their stand in the van of our army. Destiny is everywhere powerful, especially in the case of a male person, for beholding the victory of the Pandavas in battle, I do not yet restrain my sons. These mighty bowmen of mine, desirous of treading in that ancient track leading up to heaven, will lay down their lives in battle, taking care, however, of earthly fame. O child, my sons are the same to these mighty bowmen as the Pandavas are to them, for all of them are grandsons of Bhishma and disciples of Drona and Kripa. O Sanjaya, the little acceptable services that we have been able to do unto these three venerable ones, will certainly be repaid by them owing to their own noble dispositions. It is said that death in battle of a Kshatriya, who hath taken up arms and desireth to observe Kshatriya practices is, indeed, both good and meritorious. I weep, however, for all those that will fight against the Pandavas. That very danger hath now come which was foreseen by Vidura at the outset. It seems, O Sanjaya, that wisdom is incapable of dispelling woe; on the other hand, it is overwhelming woe that dispelleth wisdom. When the very sages, that are emancipated from all worldly concerns and that behold, standing aloof, all the affairs of the universe, are affected by prosperity and adversity, what wonder is there that I should grieve, I who have my affections fixed on a thousand things such as sons, kingdom, wives, grandsons, and relatives? What good can possibly be in store for me on the accession of such a frightful danger? Reflecting on every circumstance, I see the certain destruction of the Kurus. That match at dice seems to be the cause of this great danger of the Kurus. Alas, this sin was commited from temptation by foolish Duryodhana, desirous of wealth; I believe all this to be the untoward effect of ever-fleeting Time that bringeth on everything. Tied to the wheel of Time, like its periphery, I am not capable of flying away from it. Tell me, O Sanjaya, where shall I go? What shall I do, and, how shall I do it? These foolish Kauravas will all be destroyed, their Time having come. Helplessly I shall have to hear the wailing of women when my hundred sons will all be slain. Oh, how may death come upon me? As a blazing fire in the summer season, when urged by the wind, consumeth dry grass, so will Bhima, mace in hand, and united with Arjuna, slay all on my side!' "

SECTION LII

"Dhritarashtra said, 'He whom we have never heard to speak a falsehood, he who hath Dhananjaya to fight for him, may have the sovereignty of even the three worlds. Reflecting from day to day I do not find the warrior who may, on his car, advance in battle against the wielder of *Gandiva*. When that wielder of Gandiva will shoot winged arrows and *Nalikas* and shafts capable of piercing the breast of warriors, there is no rival of his in battle. If those bulls among men, those heroes,—Drona and Karna,—those foremost of mighty men, versed in weapons and invincible in battle, withstand him, the result may be very doubtful, but I am sure that the victory will not be mine. Karna is both compassionate and heedless, and preceptor is aged and hath affection for this pupil. Partha, however, is able and mighty, of firm grasp (of the bow). Terrible will be the encounter between them, without resulting in any one's defeat. Conversant with weapons and endued with heroism, all of them have earned great fame. They may relinquish the very sovereignty of the gods, but not the chance of winning victory. There would be peace, without doubt, upon the fall of either of these two (Drona and Karna) or of Falguna. There is none, however, who can either slay or vanquish Arjuna. Alas, how may his wrath that hath been excited against my foolish sons be pacified. Others there are acquainted with the use of weapons, that conqueror are conquered; but it is heard that Falguna always conquereth. Three and thirty years have passed away since the time, when Arjuna, having invited Agni, gratified him at Khandava, vanquishing all the celestials. We have never heard of his defeat anywhere, O child. Like the case of Indra, victory is always Arjuna's, who hath for his charioteer in battle Hrishikesa, endued with the same character and position. We hear that the two Krishnas on the same car and the stringed Gandiva,—these three forces,—have been united together. As regards ourselves, we have not a bow of that kind, or a warrior like Arjuna, or a charioteer like Krishna. The foolish followers of Duryodhana are not aware of this. O Sanjaya, the blazing thunderbolt falling on the head leaveth something undestroyed, but the arrows, O child, shot by Kiritin leave nothing undestroyed. Even now I behold Dhanajaya shooting his arrows and committing a havoc around, picking off heads from bodies with his arrowy showers! Even now I behold the arrowy conflagration, blazing all around, issuing from the Gandiva, consuming in battle the ranks of my sons. Even now it seemeth to me that, struck with panic at the rattle of Savyasachin's car, my vast army consisting of diverse forces is running away in all directions. As a tremendous conflagration, wandering in all directions, of swelling flames and urged by the wind, consumeth dry leaves and grass, so will the great flame of Arjuna's weapons consume all my troops. Kiritin, appearing as a foe in battle, will vomit innumerable arrows and become irresistible like all destroying

Death urged forward by the Supreme Ordainer. When I shall constantly hear of evil omens of diverse kinds happening in the homes of the Kurus, and around them and on the field of battle, then will destruction, without doubt, overtake the Bharats.' "

SECTION LIII

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Endued with great prowess and eager for victory, even as the sons themselves of Pandu are, so are their followers, who are all resolved to sacrifice their lives and determined to win victory. Even thou, O son, hast told me of my mighty enemies, *viz.*, the kings of the Panchalas, the Kekayas, the Matsyas, and the Magadhas. He, again, who at his will can bring under his subjection all the three worlds with Indra at their head, even that Creator of the universe, the mighty Krishna is bent on giving victory upon the Pandavas. As regards Satyaki, he acquired in no time the whole science of arms from Arjuna. That scion of Sini's race will stand on the battle-field, shooting his shafts like husbandmen sowing seeds. The prince of Panchala, Dhritadyumna, that mighty car-warrior of merciless deeds, acquainted with all superior weapons, will fight with my host. Great is my fear, O child from the wrath of Yudhishthira, from the prowess of Arjuna, and from the Twins and Bhimasena. When those lords of men will, in the midst of my army, spreed their superhuman net of arrows, I fear my troops will not come out of it. It is for this, O Sanjaya, that I weep. That son of Pandu, Yudhishthira, is handsome, endued with great energy, highly blessed, possessed of *Brahma* force, intelligent, of great wisdom, and virtuous soul. Having allies and counsellors, united with persons ready for battle, and possessing brothers and father-in-law who are all heroes and mighty car-warriors, that tiger among men, the son of Pandu, is also endued with patience, capable of keeping his counsels, compassionate, modest, of powers incapable of being baffled, possessed of great learning, with soul under proper control, ever waiting upon the aged, and subdued senses; possessed thus of every accomplishment, he is like unto a blazing fire. What fool, doomed to destruction and deprived of sense, will jump, moth-like, into that blazing and irresistible *Pandava* fire! Alas, I have behaved deceitfully towards him. The king, like unto a fire of long flames, will destroy all my foolish sons in battle without leaving any alive. I, therefore, think that it is not proper to fight with them. Ye Kauravas, be ye of the same mind. Without doubt, the whole race of Kuru will be destroyed, in case of hostilities being waged. This appears to me very clearly, and if we act accordingly, my mind may have peace. If war with them doth not seem beneficial to you, then we will strive to

bring about peace. Yudhishthira will never be indifferent when he sees us distressed, for he censures me only as the cause of this unjust war.' "

SECTION LIV

"Sanjaya said, 'It is even so, O great king, as thou, O Bharata, sayest. On the event of battle, the destruction of the Kshatriyas by means of *Gandiva* is certain. This, however, I do not understand, how when thou art always wise and especially acquainted with the prowees of Savyasachin, thou followest yet the counsels of thy sons. Having O bull of the Bharata race, injured the sons of Pritha from the very beginning, having in fact, committed sins repeatedly, this is not, O great king, the time (to grieve). He that occupies the position of a father and a friend, if he is always watchful and of good heart, should seek the welfare (of his children); but he that injures, cannot be called a father. Hearing of the defeat of the Pandavas at dice, thou hadst, O king, laughed like a child, saying, '*This is won, this is acquired*!' When the harshest speeches were addressed to the sons of Pritha, thou didst not then interfere, pleased at the prospect of thy sons winning the whole kingdom. Thou couldst not however, then see before thee inevitable fall. The country of the Kurus, including the region called *Jangala* is, O king, thy paternal kingdom. Thou hast, however, obtained the whole earth by those heroes. Won by the strength of their arms, the sons of Pritha made over thee this extensive empire. Thou thinkest, however, O best of kings, that all this was acquired by thee. When thy sons, seized by the king of the Gandharvas, were about to sink in a shoreless sea without a raft to save them, it was Partha, O king, that brought them back. Thou hadst, like a child, repeatedly laughed, O monarch, at the Pandavas when they were defeated at dice and were going into exile. When Arjuna poureth a shower of keen arrows, the very oceans dry up, let alone beings of flesh and blood. Falguna is the foremost of all shooters; Gandiva is the foremost of all bows; Kesava is the foremost of all beings; the *Sudarsana* is the foremost of all weapons; and of cars, that furnished with the banner bearing the blazing Ape on it is the foremost. That car of his, bearing all these and drawn by white steeds, will, O king, consume us all in battle like the upraised wheel of Time. O bull of the Bharata race, his is even now the whole earth and he is the foremost of all kings, who hath Bhima and Arjuna to fight for him. Beholding the host sinking in despair when smitten by Bhima, the Kauravas headed by Duryodhana will all meet destruction. Struck with the fear of Bhima and Arjuna, the sons, O king, and the kings following them, will not, O lord, be able to win victory. The Matsyas, the Panchalas, the Salways and the Surasenas, all decline

to pay thee homage now and all disregard thee. Acquainted with the energy of that wise king, all of them, however, have joined that son of Pritha, and for their devotion to him they are always opposed to thy sons. He that, by his evil deeds, afflicted the sons of Pandu, who are all wedded to virtue and undeserving of destruction, he that hateth them even now,—that sinful man, O monarch, who is none else than thy son,—should, with all his adherents, be checked by all means. It behoveth thee not to bewail in this strain. Even this was said by myself as well as by the wise Vidura at the time of the gambling match at dice. These thy lamentations in connection with the Pandavas, as if thou wert a helpless person, are, O king, all useless.' "

SECTION LV

"Duryodhana said, 'Fear not, O king. Nor shouldest thou grieve for us. O monarch, O lord, we are quite able to vanquish the foe in battle. When the Parthas had been exiled to the woods, there came unto them the slayer of Madhu with a vast army in battle array and capable of crushing hostile kingdoms; and there also came unto them the Kekayas, and Dhrishtaketu, and Dhrishtadyumna of Pritha's race and numerous other kings in their train; and all those great car-warriors were assembled in a place not far from *Indraprastha*; and having assembled together they censured thee and all the Kurus. And O Bharata, all those warriors with Krishna at their head paid their homage unto Yudhishthira clad in deer-skin and seated in their midst. And all those kings then suggested to Yudhishthira that he should take back the kingdom. And all of them desired to slay thee with all the followers. And hearing of all this, O bull of the Bharata race, I addressed Bhishma and Drona and Kripa, struck with fear, O king, at the prospect of the ruin that threatened our kindred. And I said unto them, 'I think the Pandavas will not abide by the agreement made by them; Vasudeva desireth our utter extinction. I think also that with the exception of Vidura all of you will be slain, although the chief of the Kurus, Dhritarashtra, conversant with morality, will not be included in the slaughter, O sire, effecting our complete destruction, Janardana wisheth to bestow upon Yudhishthira the entire kingdom of the Kurus. What should be done? Shall we surrender, or fly, or shall we fight the foe giving up every hope of life? If, indeed, we stand up against them, our defeat is certain, for all the kings of the earth are under Yudhishthira's command. The people of the realm are all annoyed with us, and all our friends also are angry with us. All the kings of the earth are speaking ill of us, and especially all our friends and relatives. There can be no fault in our surrender, for from time immemorial, the weaker

party is known to conclude peace. I grieve, however, for that lord of men, my, blind father, who may, on my account, be overtaken by woe and misery that is endless. [It is known to thee, O king, even before this, that thy other sons were all opposed to the foe for pleasing me only]. Those mighty car-warriors, the sons of Pandu, will, indeed, avenge their wrongs by destroying the whole race of king Dhritarashtra with all his counsellors.—(It was thus that I addressed them, and) seeing me afflicted by great anxiety and my senses tortured, Drona and Bhishma and Kripa and Drona's son then addressed me, saying, 'Fear not, O represser of foes, for if the foe wage hostilities with us, they will not be able to vanquish us when we take the field. Every one of us is singly capable of vanquishing all the kings of the earth. Let them come. With keen-edged arrows we will curb their pride. Inflamed with anger upon the death of his father, this Bhishma (amongst us) in days of old had conquered all the kings of the earth, on a single car. O Bharata, his wrath excited, that best of the Kurus smote numberless ones amongst them, whereupon from fear, they are surrendered to this Devavrata seeking his protection. That Bhishma, united with us, is still capable of vanquishing the foe in battle. Let thy fears, therefore, O bull of the Bharata race, be all dispelled.'

"Duryodhana continued, 'Even this was the resolve then formed by these heroes of immeasurable energy. The whole earth was formerly under the foe's command. Now, however, they are incapable of vanquishing us in battle, for our enemies, the sons of Pandu, are now without allies and destitute of energy. O bull of the Bharata race, the sovereignty of the earth now resteth in me, and the kings also, assembled by me, are of the same mind with me in weal or woe. Know thou, O best of the Kuru race, that all these kings, O slayer of foes, can, for my sake, enter into the fire or the sea. They are all laughing at thee, beholding thee filled with grief and including in these lamentations like one out of his wits, and affrighted at the praises of the foe. Every one amongst these kings is able to withstand the Pandavas. Indeed, sire, every one regardeth himself; let thy fears, therefore, be dispelled. Even Vasava himself is not capable of vanquishing my vast host. The Self-create Brahma himself, if desirous of slaying it, cannot annihilate it. Having given up all hopes of a city, Yudhishthira craveth only five villages, affrighted, O lord, at the army I have assembled and at my power. The belief thou entertainest in the prowess of Vrikodra, the son of Kunti, is unfounded. O Bharata, thou knowest not the extent of my prowess. There is none on earth equal to me in an encounter with the mace. None have ever surpassed me in such an encounter, nor will any surpass me. With devoted application and undergoing many privations, I have lived in my preceptor's abode. I have completed my knowledge and exercises there. It is for this that I have no fear either of Bhima or of others. When I humbly waited upon Sankarshana (my precptor), blessed be thou, it was his firm conviction that Duryodhana hath no equal in the mace. In battle I am

Sankarshana's equal, and in might there is none superior to me on earth. Bhima will never be able to bear the blow of my mace in battle. A single blow, O king, that I may wrathfully deal unto Bhima will certainly, O hero, carry him without delay to the abode of Yama. O king, I wish to see Vrikodara mace in hand. This hath been my long-cherished desire. Struck in battle with my mace, Vrikodara, the son of Pritha, will fall dead on the ground, his limbs shattered. Smitten with a blow of my mace, the mountains of *Himavat* may split into a hundred thousands fragments. Vrikodra himself knoweth this truth, as also Vasudeva and Arjuna, that *there is no one equal to Duryodhana in the use of mace*. Let thy fears, therefore, caused by Vrikodara be dispelled, for I will certainly slay him in fierce conflict. Do not, O king, give way to melancholy. And after I have slain him, numerous car-warriors of equal or superior energy, will, O bull among the Bharatas, speedily throw Arjuna down. Bhishma, Drona Kripa and Drona's son, Karna and Bhurisravas, Salya, the king of *Pragjyotish*, and Jayadratha, the king of the Sindhus,—every one of these, O Bharata, is singly capable of slaying the Pandavas. When united together, they will, within a moment, send Arjuna to the abode of Yama. There, indeed, is no reason why the united army of all the kings will be incapable of vanquishing Dhananjaya singly. A hundred times shrouded by immeasurable arrows shot by Bhishma and Drona and Drona's son and Kripa, and deprived of strength, Partha will have to go unto Yama's abode. Our grandsire born of *Ganga* is, O Bharata, superior to Santanu himself. Like unto a regenerate saint, and incapable of being withstood by the very celestials, he took his birth amongst men. There is no slayer of Bhishma, O king, on earth, for his father, being gratified, gave him the boon,—*Thou shalt not die except when it is thy own wish*. And Drona took his birth in a water-pot from the regenerate saint Bharadwaja. And from Drona hath taken birth his son, having a knowledge of the highest weapons. And this the foremost of preceptors. Kripa also, hath taken his birth from the great *Rishi* Gautama. Born in a clump of heath this illustrious one, I think, is incapable of being slain. Then again, O king, the father, mother and maternal uncle of Aswatthaman,—these three,—are not born of woman's womb. I have that hero also on my side. All these mighty car-warriors, O king, are like unto celestials, and can, O bull of the Bharata race, inflict pain on Sakra himself in battle. Arjuna is incapable of even looking at any one of these singly. When united together, these tigers among men will certainly slay Dhananjaya. Karna also, I suppose, is equal unto Bhishma and Drona and Kripa. O Bharata, Rama himself had told him,—*Thou art equal unto me*. Karna had two ear-rings born with him, of great brilliance and beauty; for Sachi's gratification Indra begged them of that repressor of foes, in exchange, O king, of an infallible and terrible shaft. How would Dhananjaya, therefore, escape with life from Karna who is protected by that arrow? My success, therefore, O king, is as certain as a fruit held fast in my own grasp. The utter defeat also of my foes is already bruited about on earth. This

Bhishma, O Bharata, killeth every day ten thousand soldiers. Equal unto him are these bowmen, Drona, Drona's son and Kripa. Then, O repressor of foes, the ranks of the *Samsaptaka* warriors have made this resolution, —*Either we will slay Arjuna or that Ape-bannered warrior will slay us.* There are other kings also, who firm in their resolve of slaying Savyasachin, regard him as unequal to themselves. Why dost thou then apprehend danger from the Pandavas? When Bhimasena will be slain, O Bharata, who else (amongst them) will fight? Tell me this, O repressor of foes, if thou knowest any amongst the foes. The five brothers, with Dhrishtadyumna and Satyaki,—these seven warriors of the enemy, O king, are regarded as their chief strength. Those, however, amongst us, that are our chief warriors, are Bhishma, Drona, Kripa, Drona's son, Karna, Somadatta, Vahlika, and Salya, the king of Pragjyotisha, the two kings (Vindha and Anuvinda) of Avanti, and Jayadratha; and then, O king, thy sons Dussasana, Durmukha, Dussaha, Srutayu; Chitrasena, Purumitra, Vivingsati, Sala, Bhurisravas, and Vikarna. O king, I have assembled one and ten *Akshauhinis.* The army of the enemy is less than mine, amounting only to seven *Akshauhinis.* How then can I be defeated? Vrihaspati hath said that *an army which is less by a third ought to be encountered.* My army, O king, exceedeth that of the foe by a third. Besides, O Bharata, I know that the enemy hath many defects, while mine, O lord, are endued with many good virtues. Knowing all this, O Bharata, as also the superiority of my force and the inferiority of the Pandavas, it behoveth thee not to lose thy senses.

'Having said this, O Bharata, that conqueror of hostile chiefs, Duryodhana, asked Sanjaya again, anxious to known more about the doings of the Pandavas.' "

SECTION LVI

"Duryodhana said, 'Having obtained, O Sanjaya, an army numbering seven *Akshauhinis*, what is Yudhishthira, the son of Kunti, with the other kings in his company, doing in view of the war?'

"Sanjaya said, 'Yudhishthira, O king, is very cheerful in view of the battle. And so also are Bhimasena and Arjuna. The twins also are perfectly fearless. Desirous of making an experiment of the *mantras* (obtained by him). Vibhatsu, the son of Kunti, yoked his celestial car illuminating all the directions. Accoutred in mail, he looked like a mass of clouds charged with lightning. After reflecting for a while, he cheerfully addressed me, saying,—*Behold, O Sanjaya, these preliminary signs. We will certainly conquer.*' Indeed, what Vibhatsu said unto me appeared to me to be true.'

"Duryodhana said, 'Thou rejoicest to applaud those sons of Pritha defeated at dice. Tell us now what sort of steeds are yoked unto Arjuna's car and what sort of banners are set up on it?'

"Sanjaya said, 'O great king, the celestial artificer called Tashtri or Bhaumana, aided by Sakra and Dhatri, created froms of diverse kinds and great beauty for Arjuna's car. And displaying divine illusion they placed on his flagstaff those celestial forms, large and small, of great value. And at Bhimasena's request, Hanumat, the son of the Wind-god, will also place his own image on it. And Bhaumana has, in its creation, had recourse to such illusion that that banner covers, both perpendicularly and laterally, an area of one *yojana*, and even if trees stand in its way, its course cannot be impeded. Indeed, even as Sakra's bow of diverse colours is exhibited in the firmament, and nobody knows of what it is made, so hath that banner been contrived by Bhaumana, for its form is varied and ever varying. And as column of smoke mixed with fire riseth up, covering the sky and displaying many bright hues and elegant shapes, so doth that banner contrived by Bhaumana rear its head. Indeed, it hath no weight, nor is it capable of being obstructed. And unto that car are a century of excellent celestial steeds of white hue and endued with the speed of the mind, all presented by Chitrasena (the king of the *Gandharvas*). And neither on earth, O king, nor in the sky, nor in heaven, their course can be impeded. And formerly a boon hath been granted to the effect that their number would always remain full how often so ever they might be slain. And unto Yudhishthira's car are yoked large steeds of equal energy and white in colour like ivory. And unto Bhimasena's car are yoked courses endued with the speed of the wind and the splendour of the seven *Rishis*. And steeds of sable bodies and backs variegated like the wings of the *Tittri* bird, all presented by his gratified brother Falguna, and superior to those of the heroic Falguna himself, cheerfully carry Sahadeva. And Nakula of Ajamida's race, the son of Madri, is borne, like Indra the slayer of Vritra, by excellent steeds, presented by the great Indra himself, all mighty as the wind and endued with great speed. And excellent steed of large size, equal unto those of the Pandavas themselves in years and strength, endued with great swiftness and of handsome make, and all presented by the celestials, carry those youthful princes, the sons of Subhadra and Draupadi.' "

SECTION LVII

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Whom hast thou, O Sanjaya, seen to have, from affection, arrived there, and who will, on behalf of the Pandavas, fight my son's forces?'

"Sanjaya said, 'I have seen Krishna, the foremost of the Andhakas and the Vrishnis, arrived there, and Chekitana, as also Satyaki, otherwise called Yuyudhana. And those two mighty car-warriors, proud of their strength and famed over all the world, have joined the Pandavas, each with a separate Akshauhini of troops. And Drupada, the king of the Panchalas, surrounded by his ten heroic sons—Satyajit and others—headed by Dhrishtadyumna, and well-protected by Sikhandin, and having furnished his soldiers with every necessary thing, hath come there with a full Akshauhini, desirous of honouring Yudhishthira. And that lord of earth, Virata, with his two sons Sankha and Uttara, as also with those heroes Suryadatta and others—headed by Madiraksha and surrounded by one Akshauhini of troops, hath thus accompanied by brothers and sons, joined the son of Pritha. And the son of Jarasandha, the king of Magadha, and Dhrishtaketu, the king of the Chedis, have separately come there, each accompanied by an Akshauhini of troops. And the five brothers of Kekaya, all having purple flags, have joined the Pandavas, surrounded by an Akshauhini of troops. Then numbering to this extent, have I seen assembled there, and these, on behalf of the Pandavas, will encounter the Dhartarashtra host. That great car-warrior, Dhrishtadyumna, who is acquainted with human, celestial, Gandharva and Asura arrays of battle, leadeth that host. O king, Bhishma, the son of Santanu, has been assigned to Sikhandin as his share; and Virata with all his Matsya warriors will support Sikhandin. The mighty king of the Madras hath been assigned to the eldest son of Pandu as his share, though some are of opinion that those two are not well-matched. Duryodhana with his sons and his ninetynine brothers, as also the rulers of the east and the south, have been assigned to Bhimasena as his share. Karna, the son of Vikartana, and Jayadratha the king of the *Sindhus*, have been assigned to Arjuna as his share. And those heroes also on the earth who are incapable of being withstood and who are proud of their might, have been accepted by Arjuna as his share. And those mighty bowmen, the five royal brothers of Kekaya, will put forth their strength in battle, accepting the Kekaya warriors (on Dhritarashtra's side) as antagonists. And in their share are included the Malavas also, and the Salwakas, as also, the two famous warriors of the Trigarta host who have sworn to conquer or die. And all the sons of Duryodhana and Dussasana, as also king Vrihadvala, have been assigned to Subhadra's son as his share. And those great bowmen, the sons of Draupadi, having cars furnished with gold-embroidered banners, all headed by Dhrishtadyumna, will, O Bharata, advance against Drona. And Chekitana on his car desireth to encounter Somadatta in single combat with him, while Satyaki is anxious to battle against the Bhoja chief, Kritavarman. And the heroic son of Madri, Sahadeva, who setteth up terrible roars in battle, hath intended to take as his share thy brother-in-law, the son of Suvala. And Nakula also, the son of Madravati, hath intended to take as his share the deceitful Uluka and the tribes of the Saraswatas. As for all the other kings

of the earth, O Monarch, who will go to battle, the sons of Pandu have, by naming them, distributed them in their own respective shares. Thus hath the Pandava host been distributed into divisions. Do thou now, without delay, with thy sons, act as thou thinkest best.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Alas, all my foolish sons, addicted to deceitful dice, are already dead when it is the mighty Bhima with whom they desire to encounter in the field of battle. All the kings of the earth too, consecrated by Death himself for sacrifice, will rush to the Gandiva, like so many moths into fire. Methinks my host is already put to flight by those illustrious warriors formely injured by me. Who, indeed, shall follow to battle my warriors, whose ranks will be broken by the sons of Pandu in the encounter? All of them are mighty car-warriors, possessed of great bravery, of famous achievements, endued with great prowess, equal unto the fiery sun in energy, and all victorious in battle. Those that have Yudhishthira for their leader, the slayer of Madhu for their protector, the heroic Savyasachin and Vrikodara for their warriors, and Nakula, and Sahadeva, and Dhrishtadyumna, the son of Prishata, and Satyaki, and Drupada, and Dhrishtaketu with his son, and Uttamaujas, and the unconquerable Yudhamanyu of the Panchalas, and Sikhandin, and Kshatradeva, and Uttara, the son of Virata, and Kasayas, the Chedis, the Matsyas, the Srinjayas, Vabhru the son of Virata, the Panchalas, and the Prabhadrakas, for fighting for them, those, indeed, from whom Indra himself cannot, if they are unwilling, snatch this earth,—those heroes, cool and steady, in fight, who can split the very mountains—alas, it is with them that are endued with every virtue and possessed of superhuman prowess that this wicked son of mine, O Sanjaya, desireth to fight, disregarding me even though I am crying myself hoarse!'

"Duryodhana said, 'Both the Pandavas and ourselves are of the same race; both they and we tread upon the same earth, why dost thou think that victory will declare itself for only the Pandavas? Bhishma, Drona, Kripa, the unconquerable Karna, Jayadratha, Somadatta, and Aswatthaman—all mighty bowmen and endued with great energy,—are incapable of being vanquished by Indra himself united with the celestials. What sayst thou then, O father of the Pandavas? All these noble and heroic kings of the earth, bearing weapons, O father, are quite capable, for my sake, of withstanding the Pandavas, while the latter are not capable of even gazing at my troops. I am powerful enough to encounter in battle the Pandavas with their sons. O Bharata, all those rulers of the earth, who are anxious for my welfare, will certainly seize all the Pandavas like a herd of young deer by means of net. I tell thee, in conquence of our crowds of cars ond snares of arrows, the Panchalas and the Pandavas will all be routed.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'O Sanjaya, this my son speaketh like a mad man, for he is incapable of vanquishing in battle Yudhishthira the just. This Bhishma truly knoweth the might of the famous, powerful, virtuous, and high-souled Pandavas and their sons, for he doth not wish a battle with

those illustrious ones. But tell me again O Sanjaya, of their movements. Tell me, who are inciting those illustrious and mighty bowmen endued with great activity, like priests enkindling (*Homa*) fires with libations of clarified butter?'

"Sanjaya said, 'O Bharata, Dhrishtadyumna is always urging the Pandavas to war, saying, 'Fight ye, best among the Bharatas. Do not entertain the least fear. All those rulers of the earth, who, courted by Dhritarashtra's son, will become in that fierce encounter target of showers of weapons,—indeed, I alone will encounter all those angry kings assembled together with their relatives, like a whale seizing little fishes from the water. Bhishma and Drona and Kripa and Karna and Drona's son and Salya and Suyodhana,—them all I withstand, like the bank resisting the swelling sea.' Unto him saying thus, the virtuous king Yudhishthira said, 'The Panchalas and the Pandavas wholly depend upon thy prowess and steadiness. Rescue us safely from the war. I know, O mighty-armed one, that thou art firm in the duties of the *Kshatriya* order. Thou art, indeed, quite competent to smite alone the Kauravas. When the latter, eager for fight, will stand before us, what thou, O repressor of foes, wilt arrange, will certainly be for our good. Even this is the opinion of those acquainted with the scriptures, that the hero, who, displaying his prowess, rellieth those that after the rout run away from the battle-field, seeking for protection, is to be bought with a thousand. Thou, O bull among men, art brave, mighty, and powerful. Without doubt, thou art that deliverer of those that are over-powered with fear on the field of battle.' And when the righteous Yudhishthira the son of Kunti said this, Dhrishtadyumna fearlessly addressed me in these words, 'Go thou, O *Suta*, without delay, and say unto all those that have come to fight for Duryodhana, say unto the Kurus of the *Pratipa* dynasty with the Vahlikas, the son of Saradwata and Karna and Drona, and Drona's son, and Jayadratha, and Dussasana, and Vikarna and king Duryodhana, and Bhishma,—Do not suffer yourselves to be slain by Arjuna, who is protected by the celestials. Before that happens, let some good man approach Yudhishthira and entreat that son of Pandu, that best of men, to accept the kingdom (surrendered by them) without delay. There is no warrior on the earth like unto Savyasachin, son of Pandu, of prowess incapable of being baffled. The celestial car of the holder of Gandiva is protected by the very gods. He is incapable of being vanquished by human beings. Do not, therefore, bend your mind to war!' "

SECTION LVIII

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Yudhishthira the son of Pandu is endued with *Kshatriya* energy and leadeth the *Brahmacharya* mode of life from his

very youth. Alas, with him these foolish sons of mine desire to fight, disregarding me that am thus bewailing. I ask thee, O Duryodhana, O foremost of the Bharata race, desist from hostility. O chastiser of foes, under any circumstances, war is never applauded. Half the earth is quite enough for the maintenance of thyself and all thy followers. Give back unto the sons of Pandu, O chastiser of foes, their proper share. All the Kauravas deem just this to be consistent with justice, that thou shouldst make peace with the high-souled sons of Pandu. Reflect thus, O son, and thou wilt find that this thy army is for thy own death. Thou understandest not this from thy own folly. I myself do not desire war, nor Vahlika, nor Bhishma, nor Drona, nor Aswatthaman, nor Sanjaya, nor Somadatta, nor Salya, nor Kripa, nor Satyavrata, nor Purumitra, nor Bhurisravas,—in fact, none of these desireth war. Indeed, those warriors upon whom the Kauravas, when afflicted by the foe, will have to rely, do not approve of the war. O child, let that be acceptable to thee. Alas, thou dost not seek it of thy own will, but it is Karna and the evil-minded Dussasana and Sakuni, the son of Suvala, that are leading thee to it.'

"Duryodhana said, 'I challenge the Pandavas to battle, without depending upon thyself, Drona, or Aswatthaman, or Sanjaya, or Vikarna, or Kamvoja, or Kripa, or Vahlika, or Satyavrata, or Purumitra, or Bhurisravas, or others of thy party. But, O bull among men, only myself and Karna, O sire, are prepared to celebrate the sacrifice of battle with all the necessary rites, making Yudhishthira the victim. In that sacrifice, my car will be the altar; my sword will be the smaller ladle, my mace, the large one, for pouring libations; my coat of mail will be assembly of spectators; my four steeds will be the officiating priests; my arrows will be the blades of *Kusa* grass; and fame will be the clarified butter. O king, performing, in honour of Yama, such a sacrifice in battle, the ingredients of which will all be furnished by ourselves, we will return victoriously covered with glory, after having slain our foes. Three of us, O sire, *viz.*, myself and Karna and my brother Dussasana,—will slay the Pandavas in battle. Either I, slaying the Pandavas, will sway this Earth, or the sons of Pandu, having slain me, will enjoy this Earth. O king, O thou of unfading glory, I would sacrifice my life, kingdom, wealth, everything, but would not be able to live side by side with the Pandavas. O venerable one, I will not surrender to the Pandavas even that much of land which may be covered by the sharp point of a needle.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'I now abandon Duryodhana for ever. I nevertheless grieve for you all, ye kings, that will follow this fool who is about to proceed to Yama's abode. Like tigers among a herd of deer, those foremost of smiters—the sons of Pandu,—will smite down your principal leaders assembled for battle. Methinks, the Bharata host, like a helpless woman, will be afflicted and crushed and hurled to a distance by Yuyudhana of long arms. Adding to the strength of Yudhishthira's army, which without him was already sufficient, Sini's son will take up

his stand on the field of battle and scatter his arrows like seeds on a cultivated field. And Bhimasena will take up his position in the very van of the combatants, and all his soldiers will fearlessly stand in his rear, as behind a rampart. Indeed, when thou, O Duryodhana, wilt behold elephants, huge as hills, prostrated on the ground with their tusks disabled, their temples crushed and bodies dyed with gore,—in fact, when thou wilt see them lying on the field of battle like riven hills, then, afraid of a clash with him, thou wilt remember these my words. Beholding thy host consisting of cars, steeds, and elephants, consumed by Bhimasena, and presenting the spectacle of a wide-spread conflagration's track, thou wilt remember these my words. If ye do not make peace with the Pandavas, overwhelming calamity will be yours. Slain by Bhimasena with his mace, ye will rest in peace. Indeed, when thou wilt see the Kuru host levelled to the ground by Bhima, like a large forest torn up by the roots, then wilt thou remember these my words.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Having said this unto all those rulers of the earth, the king addressing Sanjaya again, asked him as follows.' "

SECTION LIX

' Dhritarashtra said, 'Tell me, O thou of great wisdom, what high-souled Vasudeva and Dhananjaya said. I am anxious to hear from thee all about this.'

''Sanjaya said, 'Listen, O king, as I tell thee the state in which I found Krishna and Dhananjaya. I will also, O Bharata, tell thee what those heroes said; O king, with looks bent down and hands joined together, and with senses well restrained, I entered the inner appartments for conferring with those gods among men. Neither Abhimanyu nor the Twins can repair to that place where are the two Krishnas and Draupadi and lady Satyabhama. There I beheld those chastisers of foes, exhilarated with *Bassia* wine, their bodies adorned with garlands of flowers. Attaired in excellent robes and adorned with celestial ornaments, they sat on a golden dais, decked with numerous gems, and covered over with carpets of diverse texture and hue. And I beheld Kesava's feet resting upon Arjuna's lap while those of the high-souled Arjuna rested upon the laps of Krishna and Satyabhama. Partha then pointed out to me (for a seat) a foot-stool made of gold. Touching it with my hand, I seated myself down on the ground. And when he withdraw his feet from the foot-stool, I beheld auspicious marks on both his soles. Those consisted of two longitudinal lines running from heels to fore-toe, O sire, endued with black complexions, of high statures, and erect like *Sala* trunks, beholding those youthful heroes, both seated on the same

seat, a great fear seized me. They seemed to me to be Indra and Vishnu seated together, though Duryodhana of dull sense knoweth it not, in consequence of his reliance on Drona and Bhishma and on the loud vaunts of Karna. That very moment, I was convinced that the wishes of of Yudhishthira the just, who had those two for obeying his orders, were certain to succeed. Being hospitably entertained with food and drink, and honoured with other courtesies, I conveyed to them thy message, placing my joined hands on my head. Then Partha, removing Kesava's auspicious foot from his lap, with his hand scarred by the flappings of the bow-string, urged him to speak. Sitting up erect like Indra's banner, adorned with every ornament, and resembling Indra himself in energy, Krishna then addressed me. And the words which that best of speakers said were sweet, charming and mild, though awful and alarming to the son of Dhritarashtra. Indeed, the words uttered by Krishna, who alone is fit to speak, were of correct emphasis and accent, and pregnant with meaning, though heart-rending in the end. And Vasudeva said, 'O Sanjaya, say thou these words unto the wise Dhritarashtra and in the hearing of that foremost of the Kurus, Bhishma, and also of Drona, having first saluted at our request, O Suta, all the aged ones and having enquired after the welfare of the younger ones, 'Do ye celebrate diverse sacrifices, making presents unto the Brahmanas, and rejoice with your sons and wives, for a great danger threatens ye? Do ye give away wealth unto deserving persons, beget desirable sons, and do agreeable offices to those that are dear to thee, for king Yudhishthira is eager for victory?' While I was at a distance, Krishna with tears addressing me said, 'That debt, accumulating with time, hath not yet been paid off by me. Ye have provoked hostilities with that Savyasachin, who hath for his bow the invincible Gandiva of fiery energy, and who hath me for his help-mate. Who, even if he were Purandara himself, would challenge Partha having me for his help-mate, unless, of course, his span of life were full? He that is capable of vanquishing Arjuna in battle is, indeed, able to uphold the Earth with his two arms, to consume all created things in anger and hurl the celestials from Heaven. Among the celestials, Asuras, and men, among Yakshas, Gandharvas, and Nagas, I do not find the person that can encounter Arjuna in battle. That wonderful story which is heard of an encounter in the city of Virata between a single person on one side and innumerable warriors on the other, is sufficient proof of this. That ye all fled in all directions being routed in the city of Virata by that son of Pandu singly, is sufficient proof of this. Might, prowess, energy, speed, lightness of hand, indefatiguableness, and patience are not to be found in any one else save Partha.' Thus spoke Hrishikesa cheering up Partha by his words and roaring like rain-charged clouds in the firmament. Having heard these words of Kesava, the diadem-decked Arjuna, of white steeds, also spoke to the same effect.' "

SECTION LX

"Vaisampayana said, 'Having heard these words of Sanjaya, the monarch endued with the eye of wisdom, took that speech into his consideration as regards its merits and demerits. And having counted in detail the merits and demerits as far as he could, and having exactly ascertained the strength and weakness of both parties, the learned and intelligent king, ever desirous of victory to his sons, then began to compare the powers of both sides. And having at last ascertained that the Pandavas were endued with strength and energy both human and divine, and that the Kurus were much weaker Dhritarashtra said unto Duryodhana, 'This anxiety, O Duryodhana, always filleth me. Indeed, it doth not leave me. Truly, it seemeth that I behold it with my eye. This conviction is not a matter of inference. All created beings show great affection for their offsprings, and do, to the best of their power, what is agreeable and beneficial to them. This is generally to be seen also in the case of benefactors. They that are good always desire to return the good done to them and to do what is highly agreeable to their benefactors. Remembering what was done to him to Khandava, Agni will, no doubt, render aid to Arjuna in this terrible encounter between the Kurus and the Pandavas. And from parental affection, Dharma and other celestials duly invoked, will come together to the aid of the Pandavas. I think that to save them from Bhishma and Drona and Kripa, the celestials will be filled with wrath, resembling the thunderbolt in its effects. Endued with energy and well-versed in the use of weapons, those tigers among men, the sons of Pritha, when united with the celestials, will be incapable of being even gazed upon by human warriors. He who hath the irresistible, excellent and celestial Gandiva for his bow, he who hath a couple of celestial quivers obtained from Varuna,—large, full of shafts, and inexhaustible, he on whose banner, that is unobstruced like smoke in its action, is stationed the monkey-image of celestial origin, whose car is unequalled on the earth girt by the four seas, and the rattle of which as heard by men is like the roar of the clouds, and which like the rolling of the thunder frightens the foe; he whom the whole world regards as superhuman in energy; he whom all the kings of the earth know to be the vanquisher of the very gods in battle; he that taketh up five hundred arrows at a time and in the twinkling of the eye, shooteth them, unseen by other, to a great distance; that son of Pritha and tiger among car-warriors and chastiser of foes, whom Bhishma and Drona and Kripa and Drona's son and Salya, the king of the Madras, and in fact, all impartial persons, regard as incapable of being vanquished by even earthly kings of superhuman prowess, when ready for fight who shooteth at one stretch full five hundred arrows, and who is equal unto Kartavirya in strength of arms; that great bowman, Arjuna, equal unto Indra or Upendra in prowess,—I behold that great warrior committing a great havoc in this

terrible battle. O Bharata, reflecting day and night on this, I am unhappy and sleepless, through anxiety for the welfare of the Kurus. A terrible destruction is about to overtake the Kurus, if there is nothing but peace for ending this quarrel. I am for peace with the Parthas and not for war. O child, I always deem the Pandavas mightier than the Kurus.' "

SECTION LXI

"Vaisampayana said, 'Hearing these words of his father, the passionate son of Dhritarashtra, inflamed with great wrath, again said these words, 'Thou thinkest the Parthas having the celestials for their allies, are incapable of being vanquished. Let this thy fear, O best of kings, be dispelled. The gods attained to their divinity for absence of desire, of envy, of covetousness, and of enmity, as also for their indifference to all worldly affairs. Formerly, Dwaipayana-Vyasa and Narada of great ascetic austerities, and Rama, the son of Jamadagni, told us this. The gods never like human beings engage in work, O bull of the Bharata race, from desire, or wrath, or covetousness, or envy. Indeed, if Agni, or Vayu, or Dharma, or Indra, or the Aswins had ever engaged themselves in works from worldly desire, then the sons of Pritha could never have fallen into distress. Do not, therefore, by any means, indulge in such anxiety, because the gods, O Bharata, always set their eyes on affairs worthy of themselves. If, however, envy or lust become noticeable in the gods in consequence of their yielding to desire, then, according to what has been ordained by the gods themselves, such envy or lust can never prevail. Charmed by me, Agni will be instantly extinguished, even if he blazes up all around for consuming all creatures. The energy with which the gods are endued is, indeed, great, but know, O Bharata, that mine is greater than that of the gods. If the Earth herself cleaves in twain, or mountain crests split, I can re-unite them, O king, by my incantations before the eyes of all. If for the destruction of this universe of animate and inanimate, mobile and immobile creatures, there happeneth a terrific tempest or stony shower of loud roar, I can always, from compassion for created beings, stop it before the eyes of all. When the waters are solidified by me, even cars and infantry can move over them. It is I who set agoing all the affairs of both gods and Asuras. Unto whatever countries I go with my Akshauhinis on any mission, my steeds move whithersoever I desire. Within my dominions there are no fearful snakes, and protected by my incantations, creatures within my territories are never injured by others that are frightful. The very clouds, O king, pour, as regards those dwelling in my dominions, showers as much as they desire and when they

desire. All my subjects, again, are devoted to religion and are never subject to calamities of season. The Aswins, Vayu, Agni, Indra with the Maruts, and Dharma will not venture to protect my foes. If these had been able to protect by their might my adversaries, never would the sons of Pritha have fallen into such distress for three and ten years. I tell thee truly that neither gods, nor Gandharvas nor Asuras nor Rakshasas are capable of saving him who hath incurred my displeasure; I have never before been baffled as regards the reward to punishment that I intended to bestow or inflict on friend or foe. If ever, O repressor of foes, I said,—this is to be,—that hath always been. People, therefore, have always known me as a speaker of truth. All persons can bear witness to my greatness, the fame of which hath spread all around. I mention this, O king, for thy information and not from pride. Never had I, O king, praised myself before, for to praise one's own self is mean. Thou wilt hear of defeat of the Pandavas and the Matsyas, the Panchalas and the Kekayas, of Satyaki and Vasudeva, at my hands. Indeed, as rivers, on entering the ocean, are entirely lost in it, so the Pandavas with all their followers, on approaching me, will all be annihilated. My intelligence is superior, my energy is superior, my prowess is superior, my knowledge is superior, my resources are superior by far to those of the Pandavas. Whatever knowledge of weapons is in the Grandsire, in Drona, and Kripa, and Salya, and Shalya, exist in me as well.

'Having said these words, O Bharata, Duryodhana, that repressor of foes, again asked Sanjaya, in order to ascertain the proceedings of Yudhishthira bent upon war.' "

SECTION LXII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Without much minding Dhritarashtra, the son of Vichitravirya who was about to ask of Partha, Karna said unto Dhritarashtra's son these words, cheering up the spirit of the assembled Kurus, 'Coming to know of the false pretence under which I obtained the Brahma weapon of old from Rama, the latter told me,—*When thy hour will come thy memory will fail thee in respect of this weapon.* Even for so great an offence I was cursed so lightly by that great *Rishi*, my preceptor. That great *Rishi* of fierce energy is capable of consuming even the entire Earth with her seas. By attention and personal bravery, I appeased his heart. I have that weapon with me still, and my period is not yet run. I am, therefore, fully competent (to win victory) Let the responsibility be mine. Having obtained the favour of that *Rishi*, I will slay within the twinkling of an eye the Panchalas, the Karushas, the Matsyas, and the sons of Pritha with their sons and grandsons, and bestow on

thee numerous regions won by my weapons. Let the Grandsire and Drona and all the kings stay with thee. I will slay the sons of Pritha, marching forth with the chief warriors of my army. Let that task be mine.' Unto him speaking thus, Bhishma said, 'What sayest thou, O Karna? Thy intellect is clouded at the approach of thy hour. Knowest thou not, O Karna, that when the chief is slain, the sons of Dhritarashtra will all be slain? Having heard of the feat achieved by Dhananjaya, with Krishna only as his ally, at the burning of the Khandava forest, it behoveth thee with thy friends and relatives to restrain thy mind. The shaft that the illustrious and adorable chief of the celestials, the great Indra, gave thee, thou wilt see, will be broken and reduced to ashes when struck by Kesava with his discus. That other shaft of serpentine mouth that shineth (in thy quiver) and is respectfully worshipped by thee with flowery garlands, will, O Karna, when struck by the son of Pandu with his shafts, perish with thee. O Karna, the slayer of Vana and Bhumi's son (Naraka), Vasudeva himself, who hath, in the thickest of battle, slain foes equal and even superior to thee, protecteth the diadem-decked Arjuna'.

"Karna said, 'Without doubt, the chief of the Vrishnis is even so. Further, I admit, that that high-souled one is even more than that. Let, however, the Grandsire listen to the effect of the bit of harsh speech that he hath uttered. I lay down my weapons. The Grandsire will henceforth behold me in court only and not in battle. After thou hast become quiet, the rulers of the earth will behold my prowess in this world.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Having said this, that great bowman (Karna), leaving the court went to his own abode. Bhishma, however, O king, addressing Duryodhana in the midst of the Kurus, and laughing aloud, said, 'How truly doth the *Suta's* son keep his promise. Why having repeatedly given his pledge, saying,—*The kings of Avanti and Kalinga, Jayadratha, and Chediddhaja and Valhika standing as spectators, I will slay hostile warriors by thousands and tens of thousands*,—how will he discharge that obligation? Having distributed his divisions in counter-array and scattering heads by thousands, behold the havoc committed by Bhimasena. Indeed, that moment, when, representing himself as a *Brahmana* unto the holy and blameless Rama, Vikartana's son obtained that weapon, that vile wretch lost both his virtue and asceticism.' O king of kings, when Bhishma said this after Karna had gone away giving up his weapons, Duryodhana, that foolish son of Vichitravirya's son, addressed Santanu's son in these words.' "

SECTION LXIII

"Duryodhana said, 'The son of Pritha are all as other men, and are, in fact, of earthly birth as other men. Why then dost thou think that they are sure to win victory? Both ourselves and they are equal in energy, in prowess, in age, in intelligence, in knowledge of the scriptures, in weapons, in the art of war, in lightness of hand, and in skill. All of us are of the of same species, all being men by birth. How then, O grandsire, dost thou know that victory will be theirs? I do not seek the accomplishment of my aims by relying upon thee, or Drona, or Kripa or Valhika, or upon the other kings. Myself, and Karna, the son of Vikartana, and my brother Dussasana, will slay in battle the five sons of Pandu by sharpened arrows. Then shall we, O king, gratify *Brahmanas* by performing great sacrifices of diverse kinds, with abundant *Dakshinas*, and by gifts of kine and horses and wealth. When my troops will drag by the aid of their mighty arms the Pandavas in battle, like hunters dragging a herd of deer by a net, or whirlpools drawing a crewless boat, then the sons of Pandu, beholding us their foe, supported by crowds and cars and elephants, will give up their pride, and not they alone but Kesava also.' Hearing this, Vidura said, 'Venerable persons of infallible knowledge say that in this world self-restraint is highly beneficial. In the case of Brahmana especially, it is his duty. He whose self-restraint followeth charity, asceticism, knowledge, and study of the *Vedas*, always winneth success, forgiveness, and the fruit of his gifts. Self-restraint enhanceth energy, and is an excellent and holy attribute. Freed from sin and his energy increased by Self-restraint, one acquireth even *Brahma* through it. People are always afraid of those that are without self-restraint, as if the latter were very *Rakshasas*. And it is for keeping these under check that the self-Existent created the *Kshatriyas*. It hath been said that Self-restraint is an excellent vow for all the four modes of life. I regard those attributes as its indications which woe their origin to self-restraint. Those indications are forgiveness, firmness of mind, abstention from injury, an equal regard for all things, truthfulness of speech, simplicity, control over the senses, patience, gentleness of speech, modesty, steadiness, liberality, mildness, contentment, and faith, he that hath self-restraint casteth off lust, avarice, pride, wrath, sleep, boastfulness, self-esteem, malice, and sorrow. Purity and absence of crookedness and fraud, are the distinctive marks of a man of self-restraint. He that is not covetous, that is satisfied with a little, that regardeth not objects provoking lust, and that is as grave as the ocean, is known as a man of self-restraint. He that is well-behaved, of good disposition and contented soul, that knoweth his own self is possessed of wisdom, winneth great regard here and attaineth to a blissful state hereafter. Possessed of mature wisdom, he that hath no fear of other creatures and whom other creatures fear not, is said to be the formost of men. Seeking the good of all, he is a universal friend,

and no one is made unhappy by him. Endued with gravity, like that of the ocean and enjoying contentment in consequence of his wisdom, such a man is always calm and cheerful. Regulating their conduct according to the acts practised by the righteous olden times and before their eyes, they that are self-restrained, being devoted to peace, rejoice in this world. Or, abandoning Action, because contented in consequence of Knowledge, such a person, with his senses under control moveth quickly in this world, waiting for the inevitable hour and absorption into *Brahma*. And as the track of feathery creatures in the sky is incapable of being perceived, so the path of the sage enjoying contentment in consequence of Knowledge is not visible. Abandoning, the world he that betaketh himself, in pursuit of emancipation, to the *Sannyasa* mode of life, hath bright and eternal regions assigned to him in heaven.' "

SECTION LXIV

"Vidura said, 'We have heard, O sire, from old men, that once on a time a fowler spread his net on the ground for catching feathery denizens of the air. And in that net were ensnared at the same time two birds that lived together. And taking the net up, the two winged creatures soared together into the air. And seeing them soar into the sky, the fowler, without giving way to despair, began to follow them in the direction they flew, Just then, an ascetic living in a hermitage (close by), who had finished his morning prayers, saw the fowler running in that manner hoping still to secure the feathery creatures. And seeing that tenant of the earth quickly pursuing those tenants of the air, the ascetic, O Kaurava, addressed him in this *Sloka,—O fowler, it appears very strange and wonderful to me that thou, that art a treader of the earth, pursuest yet a couple of creatures that are tenants of the air.* The fowler said, 'These two, united together, are taking away my snare. There, however, where they will quarrel they will come under my control.'

"Vidura continued, 'The two birds, doomed to death, soon after quarrelled. And when the foolish pair quarrelled, they both fell on the earth. And when, ensnared in the meshes of death, they began to contend angrily against each other, the fowler approached unperceived and sized them both. Even thus those kinsmen who fall out with one another for the sake of wealth fall into the hands of the enemy like the birds I have cited, in consequence of their quarrel. Eating together, talking together, —these are the duties of kinsmen, and not contention under any circumstances. Those kinsmen, that with loving hearts wait on the old, become unconquerable like a forest guarded by lions. While those, O bull of the Bharata race, that having won enormous riches nevertheless behave like

mean-minded men, always contribute to the prosperity of their foes. Kinsmen, O Dhritarashtra, O bull of the Bharata race, are like charred brands, which blaze up when united but only smoke when disunited. I will now tell thee something else that I saw on a mountain-breast. Having listened to that also, do, O Kaurava, what is for thy best. Once on a time we repaired to the nothern mountain, accompanied by some hunters and a number of Brahmanas, fond of discoursing on charms and medicinal plants. That northern mountain, Gandhamadana, looked like a grove. As its breast was overgrown on all sides with trees and diverse kinds of luminous medicinal herbs, it was inhabited by Siddhas and Gandharvas. And there we all saw a quantity of honey, of a bright yellow colour and of the measure of a jar, placed on an inaccessible precipice of the mountain. That honey, which was Kuvera's favourite drink, was guarded by snakes of virulent poison. And it was such that a mortal, drinking of it would win immortality, a sightless man obtain sight, and an old man would become a youth. It was that those Brahmanas conversant with sorcery spoke about that honey. And the hunters, seeing that honey, desired, O king, to obtain it. And they all perished in that inaccessible mountain-cave abounding with snakes. In the same way, this thy son desireth to enjoy the whole earth without a rival. He beholdeth the honey, but seeth not, from folly, the terrible fall. It is true, Duryodhana desireth an encounter in battle with Savyasachin, but I do not see that energy or prowess in him which may carry him safe through it. On a single car Arjuna conquered the whole earth. At the head of their hosts Bhishma and Drona and others were frightened by Arjuna and utterly routed at the city of Virata. Remember what took place on that occasion. He forgiveth still, looking up to thy face and waiting to know what thou wouldst do. Drupada, and the king of Matsyas, and Dhananjaya, when angry, will, like flames of fire urged by the wind, leave no remnant (of thy army). O Dhritarashtra, take king Yudhishthira on thy lap since both parties can, under no circumstances, have victory when thy will be engaged in battle.' "

SECTION LXV

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Consider, O Duryodhana, O dear son, what I tell thee. Like an ignorant traveller thou thinkest, the wrong path to be the right one, since thou art desirous of robbing the energy of the five sons of Pandu, who are even as the five elements of the universe in their subtle form upholding all mobile and immobile things. Without the certain sacrifice of thy life thou art unable to vanquish Yudhishthira, the son of Kunti, who is the foremost of all virtuous persons in this world.

Alas, like a tree defying the mighty tempest, thou chafest at Bhimasena who hath not his peer (among men) in might and who is equal unto Yama himself in battle. What man of sense would encounter in battle the wielder of *Gandiva*, who is the foremost of all wielders of weapons, as the Meru among mountains? What man is there whom Dhrishtadyumna, the prince of Panchala, cannot overthrow, shooting his arrows among the foes, like the chief of the celestials hurling his thunderbolt? That honoured warrior among the Andhakas and the Vrishnis, the irresistible Satyaki, ever engaged in the good of the Pandavas, will also slaughter thy host. What man of sense, again, would encounter the lotus-eyed Krishna, who, as regards the measure of his energy and power, surpasseth the three worlds? As regards Krishna, his wives, kinsmen, relatives, his own soul and the whole earth, put on one scale, weigheth with Dhananjaya on the other. That Vasudeva, upon whom Arjuna relieth, is irresistible, and that host where Kesava is, becometh irresistible everywhere. Listen, therefore, O child, to the counsels of those well-wishers of thine whose words are always for thy good. Accept thou thy aged grandsire, Bhishma, the son of Santanu, as thy guide. Listen thou to what I say, and what these well-wishers of the Kurus, Drona, and Kripa, and Vikarna, and king Vahlika say. These all are as I myself. It behoveth thee to regard them as much as thou regardest me, since, O Bharata, all these are conversant with morality and bear affection to thee as much as I myself do. The panic and rout, before thy eyes, at the city of Virata, of all thy troops with thy brothers, after surrender of the king,—indeed, that wonderful story that is heard of an encounter at that city between one and many, are sufficient proof (of the wisdom of what I say). When Arjuna singly achieves all that, what will not the Pandavas achieve when united together? Take them by the hands as thy brothers, and cherish them with a share of the kingdom.' "

SECTION LXVI

"Vaisampayana said, 'Having addressed Suyodhana thus, the highly blessed and wise Dhritarashtra again asked Sanjaya, saying, 'Tell me, O Sanjaya, what thou hast not yet said, *viz.*, what Arjuna told thee after the conclusion of Vasudeva's speech, for great is my curiosity to hear it.'

"Sanjaya said, 'Having heard the words spoken by Vasudeva, the irresistible Dhananjaya, the son of Kunti, when the opportunity came, said these words in the hearing of Vasudeva. 'O Sanjaya, our grandsire, the son of Santanu, and Dhritarashtra, and Drona, and Kripa, and Karna, and king Vahlika, and Drona's son, and Somadatta, and Sakuni the son of Suvala; and Dussasana, and Sala, and Purumitra, and Vivingsati;

Vikarna, and Chitrasena, and king Jayatsena, and Vinda and Anuvinda, the two chiefs of Avanti, and Bhurisravas, and king Bhagadatta, and king Jarasandha and other rulers of the earth, assembled there to fight for the good of the Kauravas, are all on the eve of death. They have been assembled by Dhritarashtra's son for being offered up as libations on the blazing Pandava-fire. In my name, Sanjaya, enquire after the welfare of those assembled kings according to their respective ranks, paying them proper regard at the same time. Thou shouldest also, O Sanjaya, say this, in the presence of all kings, unto Suyodhana—that foremost of all sinful men. Wrathful and wicked, of sinful soul and exceedingly covetous, do thou, O Sanjaya, see that that fool with his counsellors hears all that I say.' And with this preface, Pritha's son Dhananjaya, endued with great wisdom, and possessed of large eyes with red corners, glancing at Vasudeva, then spoke upto me these words pregnant with both virtue and profit, 'Thou hast already heard the measured words spoken by the high-souled chief of the Madhu's race. Say unto the assembled kings that those are also my words. And say this also for me, unto those kings,—Do ye together try to act in such a way that libations may not have to be poured into the arrowy fire of the great sacrifice of battle, in which the rattle of car-wheels will sound as mantras, and the rank-routing bow will act as the ladle. If, indeed, ye do not give up unto Yudhishthira, that slayer of foes, his own share in the kingdom asked back by him, I shall then, by means of my arrows, send all of you, with cavalry, infantry, and elephants, into the inauspicious regions of departed spirits.' Then bidding adieu unto Dhananjaya and Hari of four arms and bowing unto them both, I have with great speed come hither to convey those words of grave import to thee, O thou that art endued with effulgence equal that of the very gods.' "

SECTION LXVII

"Vaisampayana said, 'When Duryodhana, the son of Dhritarashtra, showed little regard for the words spoken by Sanjaya, and when the rest remained silent, the assembled kings rose up and retired. And after all the kings of the earth had retired, king Dhritarashtra, who always followed the counsels of his son from affection, wishing success to the assembled kings, began to enquire in secret of Sanjaya about the resolvse of his own party, and of the Pandavas who were hostile to him. And Dhritarashtra said, 'Tell me truly, O son of Gavalgana, in what consists the strength and weakness of our own host. Minutely acquainted as thou art with the affairs of the Pandavas, tell me in what lies their superiority and in what, their inferiority. Thou are fully conversant with

the strength of both parties. Thou knowest all things, and art well-versed in all matters of virtue and profit. Asked by me, O Sanjaya, say which of the parties, when engaged in battle, will perish?'

"Sanjaya said, 'I will not say anything to thee in secret, O king, for then thou mayst entertain ill-feelings towards me. Bring thou hither, O Ajamida, thy father Vyasa of high vows and thy queen Gandhari. Conversant with morality, of keen perception, and capable of arriving at the truth, they will remove any ill-feelings thou mayst cherish against me. In their presence, O king, I will tell thee everything about the intensions of Kesava and Partha.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Thus addressed, Dhritarashtra caused both Gandhari and Vyasa to be brought there. And introduced by Vidura they entered the court without delay. And understanding the intentions of both Sanjaya and his son, Krishna-Dvaipayana endued with great wisdom said, 'Say, O Sanjaya, unto the enquiring Dhritarashtra everything that he desireth to know. Tell him truly all that thou knowest about Vasudeva and Arjuna.' "

SECTION LXVIII

"Sanjaya said, 'Those adorable bowmen, Arjuna and Vasudeva, who are perfectly equal unto each other in respect of their godlike nature, have taken their births of their own will. O lord, the discus owned by Vasudeva, of abundant energy, occupieth a space full five cubits in diameter, is capable also of being hurled at the foe (in forms large or small) according to the will of the wielder himself, and it dependeth on illusion. Always conspicuous by its effulgence, it is invisible to the Kurus; and in ascertaining the strength or weakness of the Pandavas, that discus offers the best ground. Indeed, that scion of Madhu's race, endued with great might, vanquished with an effort and in seeming playfulness the formidable Naraka and Samvara and Kansa and (Sisupala) the chief of Chedis. Possessed of divinity and of soul superior to everything, that most exalted of male beings can, by his will alone, bring the earth, firmament, and heaven under his control. Thou askest me repeatedly, O king, about the Pandavas for knowing their strength and weakness. Listen now to all that in brief. If the whole universe be placed on one scale and Janardana on the other, even then Janardana will outweigh the entire universe. Janardana, at his pleasure, can reduce the universe to ashes, but the entire universe is incapable of reducing Janardana to ashes. Wherever there is truthfulness, wherever virtue, wherever modesty, wherever simplicity, even there is Govinda. And thither where Krishna is, success must be. That soul of all creatures,

most exalted of male beings, Janardana, guideth, as if in sport, the entire earth, the firmament, and the heaven. Making the Pandavas the indirect means, and beguiling the whole world. Janardana wisheth to blast thy wicked sons that are all addicted to sin. Endued with divine attributes, Kesava, by the power of his soul causeth the wheel of Time, the wheel of the Universe, and the wheel of the *Yuga*, to revolve incessantly. And I tell thee truly that glorious Being is alone the Lord of Time, of Death, and of this Universe of mobile and immobile objects. That great ascetic *Hari*, though the Lord of the whole Universe, still betaketh himself to work, like a humble labourer that tilleth the fields. Indeed, Kesava beguileth all by the aid of His illusion. Those men, however, that have attained to Him are not deceived.' "

SECTION LXIX

"Dhritarashtra said, 'How hast *thou*, O Sanjaya, been able to know Madhava as the Supreme Lord of the universe? And how is it that I am unable to know Him as such? Tell me this, O Sanjaya.'

"Sanjaya said, 'Listen, O king! Thou hast no Knowledge, whereas *my* Knowledge hath suffered no diminution. He that is without Knowledge and is shrouded with the darkness of ignorance, knoweth not Kesava. Aided by my knowledge, O sire, I know the slayer of Madhu to be the union of the Gross, the subtle and the Cause; and that He is the Creator of all, but is Himself increate; and also that, endued with Divinity, it is He from whom everything springs and it is He unto whom all things return.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'O son of Gavalgana, what is the nature of that Faith which thou hast in Janardana and in consequence of which thou knowest the slayer of Madhu to be the union of the Gross, the Subtle, and the Cause?'

"Sanjaya said, 'Blessed be thou, O king, I have no regard for the illusion (that is identified with worldly pleasures) and I never practise the useless virtues (of vows and work without reliance on Him and purity of Soul). Having obtained purity of Soul through Faith, I have known Janardana from the scriptures.

"Dhritarashtra said, 'O Duryodhana, seek thou the protection of Janardana, otherwise called Hrishikesa. O child, Sanjaya is one of our trustiest friends. Seek refuge with Kesava.'

"Duryodhana said, 'If the divine son of Devaki united in friendship with Arjuna, were to slay all mankind, I cannot, even then, resign myself to Kesava.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'This evil-minded son of thine, O Gandhari, is resolved to sink in misery. Envious, wicked-souled, and vain, he setteth aside the words of all his superiors.'

"Gandhari said, 'Thou covetous wretch that disregardest the commands of the aged, abandoning thy father and myself and giving up prosperity and life, enhancing the joy of thy foes, and afflicting me with deep distress, thou wilt, O fool, remember thy father's words, when struck by Bhimasena, thou wilt bite the dust.'

"Vyasa said, 'Listen to me, O king! Thou, O Dhritarashtra, art the beloved of Krishna. When Sanjaya hath been thy envoy, he will verily lead thee to thy good. He knoweth Hrishikesa,—that ancient and exalted One. If thou listenest to him with attention, he will certainly save thee from the great danger that hangs upon thee. O son of Vichitravirya, subject to wrath and joy, men are entangled in various snares. They that are not contented with their own possessions, deprived of sense as they are by avarice and desire, they repeatedly become subject to Death in consequence of their own acts, like blind men (falling into pits) when led by the blind. The path that is trod by the wise is the only one (that leadeth to *Brahma*). They that are superior, keeping that path of view, overcome death and reach the goal by it.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Tell me, O Sanjaya, of that path without terrors by which, obtaining Hrishikesa, salvation may be mine.'

"Sanajaya said, 'A man of uncontrolled mind can by no means know Janardana whose soul is under perfect command. The performance of sacrifices without controlling one's senses is even no means to that end. Renunciation of the objects of our excited senses is due to spiritual light; both spiritual light and abstention from injury arise doubtless from true wisdom. Therefore, O king, resolve to subdue thy senses with all possible vigour; let not thy intellect deviate from true knowledge; and restrain thy heart from worldly temptations that surround it. Learned Brahmanas describe this subjugation of the senses to be true wisdom; and this wisdom is the path by which learned men proceed to their goal. O king, Kesava is not obtainable by men who have not subdued their senses. He that hath subdued his senses, desireth spiritual knowledge, awakened by the knowledge of scriptures and the pleasure of *Yaga*-absorption.' "

SECTION LXX

"Dhritarashtra said, 'I request thee, O Sanjaya, to tell me again of the lotus-eyed Krishna; for, by being acquainted with the import of his names, I may, O son, obtain that most exalted of male beings.'

"Sanjaya said, 'The auspicious names (of Kesava) have been previously heard by me. Of those I will tell thee as many as I know. Kesava, however, is immeasurable, being above the power of speech to describe. He is called Vasudeva in consequence of his enveloping all creatures with the screen of illusion, or of his glorious splendour, or of his being the support and resting-place of the gods. He is called Vishnu because of his all-pervading nature. He is called Madava, O Bharata, because of his practising as a Muni, concentration of mind on truth and Yoga-absorption. He is called Madhusudana because of his having slain the Asura Madhu, and also because of his being the substance of the twenty-four objects of knowledge. Born of the Sattwata race, he is called Krishna because he uniteth in himself what are implied by the two words *Krishi* which signifieth 'what existeth' and *na* which signifieth 'eternal peace'. He is called Pundarikaksha from *Pundarika* implying his high and eternal abode, and *Aksha* implying 'indestructible'; and he is called Janardana because he striketh fear into the hearts of all wicked beings. He is called Sattwata, because the attribute of Sattwa is never dissociated from him and also because he is never dissociated from it; and he is called Vrishabhakshana from *Vrishabha* implying the 'Vedas' and *ikshana* implying 'eye', the union of the two signifying that the Vedas are his eyes, or the Vedas are the eyes through which he may be seen. That conqueror of hosts is called Aja, or 'unborn', because he hath not taken his birth from any being in the ordinary way. That Supreme Soul is called Damodara because unlike the gods his effulgence is increate and his own, and also because he hath self-control and great splendour. He is called Hrishikesa, from *Hrishika* meaning 'eternal happiness' and *Isa* meaning 'the six divine attributes', the union signifying one having joy, happiness, and divinity. He is called Mahavahu, because he upholdeth the earth and the sky with his two arms. He is called Adhakshaja, because he never falleth down or suffereth any deterioration, and is called Narayana from his being the refuge of all human beings. He is called Purusottama from *Puru* implying 'he that createth and preserveth' and so meaning 'he that destroyeth, the union signifying one that createth, preserveth, and destroyeth the universe'. He possesseth a knowledge of all things, and, therefore, is called Sarva, Krishna is always in Truth and Truth is always in him, and Govinda is Truth's Truth. Therefore, he is called Satya. He is called Vishnu because of his prowess, and Jishnu because of his success. He is called Ananta from his eternity, and Govinda from his knowledge of speech of every kind. He maketh the unreal appear as real and thereby beguileth all creatures. Possessed of such attributes, ever devoted to righteousness, and endued with divinity, the slayer of Madhu, that mighty-armed one incapable of decay, will come hither for preventing the slaughter of the Kurus.' "

SECTION LXXI

"Dhritarashtra said, 'O Sanjaya, I envy those gifted with sight, who will behold before them that Vasudeva whose body endued with great beauty shineth with effulgence, illuminating the cardinal and subsidiary points of the compass; who will give utterance to words that will be listened to with respect by the Bharatas,—words that are auspicious to the Srinjayas, acceptable, by those desirous of prosperity, faultless in every respect, and unacceptable by those that are doomed to death; who is full of high resolves, eternal, possessed of unrivalled heroism, who is the bull of the Yadavas and their leader, and who is the slayer and awe-inspirer of all foes, and who is the destroyer of the fame of every enemy? The assembled Kauravas will behold that high-souled and adorable One, that slayer of foes, that chief of the Vrishnis, uttering words full of kindness, and fascinating all of my party. I put myself in the hand of that Eternal one, that Rishi endued with knowledge of Self, that ocean of eloquence, that Being who is easily attainable by ascetics, that bird called Arishta furnished with beautiful wings, that destroyer of creatures, that refuge of the universe; that one of a thousand heads, that Creator and Destroyer of all things, that Ancient one, that one without beginning, middle, or end, that one of infinite achievements, that cause of the Prime seed, that unborn one, that Eternity's self, that highest of the high, that Creator of the three worlds, that Author of gods, Asuras, Nagas, and Rakshasas, that foremost of all learned persons and rulers of men, that younger brother of Indra.' "

SECTION LXXII

(*Bhagwat Yana Parva*)

"Janamejaya said, 'When good Sanjaya (leaving the Pandava camp) went back to the Kurus, what did my grandsires, the sons of Pandu, then do? O foremost of Brahmanas, I desire to hear all this. Tell me this, therefore.'

"Vaisampayana said, 'After Sanjaya had gone, Yudhishthira the just, addressed Krishna of the Dasarha race—that chief of all the Sattwatas, saying, 'O thou that art devoted to friends, the time hath come for friends to show their friendship. I do not see any other persons besides thee that can save us in this season of distress. Relying on thee, O Madhava, we have fearlessly asked back our share from Duryodhana who is filled with immeasurable pride and from his counsellors. O chastiser of foes, thou protectest the Vrishnis in all their calamities, do thou now protect the Pandavas also from a great danger, for they deserve thy protection.'

"Divine Krishna said, 'Here am I O mighty-armed one. Tell me what thou desirest to say, for I will, O Bharata, accomplish whatever thou wilt tell me.'

"Yudhishthira said, 'Thou hast heard what the intention is of Dhritarashtra and his own. All that Sanjaya, O Krishna, said unto me hath certainly the assent of Dhritarashtra. Sanjaya is Dhritarashtra's soul, and spoke out his mind. An envoy speaketh according to his instructions, for if he speaketh otherwise he deserveth to be slain. Without looking equally on all that are his, moved by avarice and a sinful heart, Dhritarashtra seeketh to make peace with us without giving us back our kingdom. Indeed, at Dhritarashtra's command we spent twelve years in the woods and one additional year in concealment, well-believing, O lord, that Dhritarashtra would abide firmly by that pledge of ours. That we did not deviate from our promise is well-known to the Brahmanas who were with us. The covetous king Dhritarashtra, is now unwilling to observe Kshatriya virtues. Owing to affection for his son, he is listening to the counsels of wicked men. Abiding by counsels of Suyodhana, the king, O Janardana, actuated by avarice and seeking his own good, behaveth untruthfully towards us. What can be more sorrowful, O Janardana, than this, that I am unable to maintain my mother and my friends? Having the Kasis, the Panchalas, the Chedis, and the Matsyas, for my allies and with thee, O slayer of Madhu, for my protector, I prayed for only five villages, *etc.*, *Avishthala*, *Vrikasthala*, *Makandi Varanavata*, with any other, O Govinda, as the fifth;—Grant us, we said, five villages or towns, O sire, where we five may dwell in union, for we do not desire the destruction of the Bharatas.—The wicked-minded son of Dhritarashtra, however, regarding the lordship of the world to be in him, doth not agree to even that. What can be more sorrowful than this? When a man born and brought up in a respectable family, covereth the possessions of others, that avarice of his destroyeth his intelligence; and intelligence being destroyed, shame is lost; and loss of shame leadeth to diminution of virtue; and loss of virtue bringeth on loss of prosperity. Destruction of prosperity, in its turn, ruineth a person, for poverty is a person's death. Kinsmen and friends and Brahmanas shun a poor man as birds avoid, O Krishna, a tree that beareth neither flower nor fruits. Even this, O sire, is death to me that kinsmen shun me, as if I were a fallen one like the breath of life quitting a dead body. Samvara said that no condition of life could be more distressful than that in which one is always racked by the anxiety caused by the thought—I have no meal for today, what will become of me tomorrow?—It is said that wealth is the highest virtue, and everything depends on wealth. They that have wealth are said to live, whereas those that are without wealth are more dead than alive. They that by violence rob a man of his wealth not only kill the robbed but destroy also his virtue, profit and pleasure. Some men when overtaken by poverty choose death; others remove from cities to hamlets others retire into the wood; while others, again, become religious mendi-

cants to destroy their lives. Some for the sake of wealth are driven to madness; others for wealth, live under subjection to their foes; while many others, again, for the sake of wealth, betake themselves to the servitude of others. A man's poverty is even more distressful to him than death, for wealth is the sole cause of virtue and pleasure. The natural death of a person is not much regarded, for that is the eternal path of all creatures. Indeed, none among created beings can transgress it. O Krishna, a man who is poor from birth is not so much distressed as one, who, having once possessed great prosperity and having been brought up in luxury, is deprived of that prosperity. Having through his own fault fallen into distress, such a person blameth the very gods with Indra and his ownself. Indeed, knowledge of even the entire scriptures faileth to mitigate his pains. Sometimes he getteth angry with his servants, and sometimes he cherisheth malice towards even his well-wishers. Subject to constant anger, he loseth his very senses, and his senses being clouded, he practiseth evil deeds. Through sinfulness such a person contributeth to a fusion of castes. A fusion of castes leadeth to hell and is the foremost of all sinful acts. If he is not awakened in time, he goeth, certainly, O Krishna, to hell, and, indeed, wisdom is the only thing that can awaken him, for if he obtaineth back the eye of wisdom, he is saved. When wisdom is regained, such a man turneth his attention to scriptures; and attention to scriptures aideth his virtue. Then shame becometh his best ornament. He that hath shame hath an aversion against sin, and his prosperity also increaseth; and he that hath prosperity truly becometh a man. He that is ever devoted to virtue, and hath his mind under control, and always acteth after deliberation, never inclineth towards unrighteousness and never engageth in any act that is sinful. He that is without shame and sense is neither man nor woman. He is incapable of earning religious merit, and is like a *Sudra*. He that hath shame gratifieth the gods, the Pitris, and even his own self; and by this be obtaineth emancipation, which indeed, is the highest aim of all righteous persons.'

'Thou hast, O slayer of Madhu, seen all this in me with thy own eyes. It is not unknown to thee, how, deprived of kingdom, we have lived these years. We cannot lawfully abandon that prosperity (which had been ours). Our first-efforts will be such that, O Madhava, both ourselves and the Kauravas, united in peace, will quietly enjoy our prosperity. Otherwise, we shall, after slaying the worst of the Kauravas, regain those provinces, although success through bloodshed by destruction of even despicable foes that are related to us so dearly is the worst of all fierce deeds, O Krishna. We have numerous kinsmen, and numerous also are the revered seniors that have taken this or that other side. The slaughter of these would be highly sinful. What good, therefore, can there be in battle? Alas, such sinful practices are the duties of the Kshatriya order! Ourselves have taken our births in that wretched order! Whether those practices be sinful or virtuous, any other than the profession of arms would be censurable for us. A *Sudra* serveth; a *Vaisya*

liveth by trade; the *Brahmana* have choosen the wooden bowl (for begging), while we are to live by slaughter! A *Kshatriya*, slayeth a *Kshatriya*; fishes live on fish; a dog preyeth upon a dog! Behold, O thou of the Dasarha race, how each of these followeth his peculiar virtue. O Krishna, Kali is ever present in battle-fields; lives are lost all around. It is true, force regulated by policy is invoked; yet success and defeat are independent of the will of the combatants. The lives also of creatures are independent of their own wishes, and neither weal nor woe can be one's when the time is not come for it, O best of the Yadu's race. Sometimes one man killeth many, sometimes many and united together kill one. A coward may slay a hero, and one unknown to fame may slay a hero of celebrity. Both parties cannot win success, nor both be defeated. The loss, however, on both sides may be equal. If one flieth away, loss of both life and fame is his. Under all circumstances, however, war is a sin. Who in striking another is not himself struck? As regard the person, however, who is struck, victory and defeat, O Hrishikesa, are the same. It is true that defeat is not much removed from death, but his loss also, O Krishna, is not less who winneth victory. He himself may not be killed, but his adversaries will kill at least some one that is dear to him, or some others and thus the man, O sire, deprived of strength and not seeing before him his sons and brothers, becometh indifferent, O Krishna, to life itself. Those that are quiet, modest, virtuous, and compassionate, are generally slain in battle, while they that are wicked escape. Even after slaying one's foes, repentance, O Janardana, possesseth the heart. He that surviveth among the foes giveth trouble, for the survivor, collecting a force, seeketh to destroy the surviving victor. In hopes of terminating the dispute, one often seeketh to exterminate the foe. Thus victory createth animosity, and he that is defeated liveth in sorrow. He that is peaceful, sleepeth in happiness, giving up all thoughts of victory and defeat, whereas he that hath provoked hostility always sleepeth in misery, with, indeed, an anxious heart, as if sleeping with a snake in the same room. He that exterminates seldom winneth fame. On the other hand, such a person reapeth eternal infamy in the estimation of all. Hostilities, waged over so long, cease not; for if there is even one alive in the enemy's family, narrators are never wanted to remind him of the past. Enmity, O Kesava, is never neutralised by enmity; on the other hand, it is fomented by enmity, like fire fed by clarified butter. Therefore, there can be no peace without the annihilation of one party, for flaws may always be detected of which advantage may be taken by one side or other. They that are engaged in watching for flaws have this vice. Confidence in one's own prowess troubleth the core of one's heart like an incurable disease. Without either renouncing that at once, or death, there can be no peace. It is true, O slayer of Madhu, that exterminating the foe by the very roots, may lead to good result in the shape of great prosperity, yet such an act is most cruel. The peace that may be brought about by our renouncing the kingdom is hardly different from death,

which is implied by the loss of kingdom, in consequence of the designs of the enemy and the utter ruin of ourselves. We do not wish to give up the kingdom, nor do we wish to see the extinction of our race. Under these circumstances, therefore, the peace that is obtained through even humiliation is the best. When these that strive for peace by all means, without of course wishing for war, find conciliation fail, war becomes inevitable, and then is the time for the display of prowess. Indeed, when conciliation fails, frightful results follow. The learned have noticed all this in a canine contest. First, there comes the wagging of tails, then the bark, then the bark in reply, then the circumambulation, then the showing of teeth, then repeated roars, and then at last the fight. In such a contest, O Krishna, the dog that is stronger, vanquishing his antagonist, taketh the latter's meat. The same is exactly the case with men. There is no difference whatever. They that are powerful should be indifferent to avoid disputes with the weak who always bow down. The father, the king, and he that is venerable in year, always deserve regard. Dhritarashtra, therefore, O Janardana, is worthy of our respect and worship. But, O Madhava, Dhritarashtra's affection for his son is great. Obedient to his son, he will reject our submission. What dost thou, O Krishna, think best at this juncture? How may we, O Madhava, preserve both our interest and virtue? Whom also, besides thee, O slayer of Madhu, and foremost of men, shall we consult in this difficult affair? What other friend have we, O Krishna, who like thee is so dear to us, who seeketh our welfare so, who is so conversant with the course of all actions, and who is so well-acquainted with truth?'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Thus addressed, Janardana replied unto Yudhishthira the just, saying, 'I will go to the court of the Kurus for the sake of both of you. If without sacrificing your interests I can obtain peace, O king, an act of great religious merit will be mine, productive of great fruits. I shall then also save from the meshes of death the Kurus and the Srinjayas inflamed with wrath, the Pandavas and the Dhritarashtras, and, in fact, this entire earth.'

"Yudhishthira said, 'It is not my wish, O Krishna, that thou wilt go to the Kurus, for Suyodhana will never act according to thy words, even if thou advisest him well. All the Kshatriyas of the world, obedient to Duryodhana's command, are assembled there. I do not like that thou, O Krishna, shouldst proceed into their midst. If any mischief be done to thee, O Madhava, let alone happiness; nothing, not even divinity, nor even the sovereignty over all the gods will delight us.'

"The holy one said, 'I know, O monarch, the sinfulness of Dhritarashtra's son, but by going there we will escape the blame of all the kings of the earth. Like other animals before the lion, all the kings of the earth united together are not competent to stand still before me in battle when I am enraged. If, after all, they do me any injury, then I will consume all the Kurus. Even this is my intention. My going thither, O

Partha, will not be fruitless, for if our object be not fulfilled, we shall at least escape all blame.'

"Yudhishthira said, 'Do, O Krishna, as it pleaseth thee. Blessed be thou, go then to the Kurus. I hope to behold thee return successful and prosperous. Going unto the Kurus, make thou, O Lord, such a peace that all the sons of Bharata may live together with cheerful hearts and contentedly. Thou art our brother and friend, dear to me as much as to Vibhatsu. Such hath been our intimacy with thee that we apprehend no neglect of our interest from thee. Go thou, there for our good. Thou knowest us, thou knowest our antagonists, thou knowest what our purposes are, and thou knowest also what to say. Thou wilt, O Krishna, say unto Suyodhana such words as are for our benefit. Whether peace is to be established by (apparent) sin or by any other means, O Kesava, speak such words as may prove beneficial to us.' "

SECTION LXXIII

"The holy one said, 'I have heard Sanjaya's words and now I have heard thine. I know all about his purposes as also of thyself. Thy heart inclineth to righteousness, whereas their inclination is towards enmity. That which is obtained without war is of great value to thee. A long-life *Brahmacharya* is not, O lord of earth, the duty of a *Kshatriya*. Indeed, men of all the four orders have said that a Kshatriya should never subsist on alms; victory or death in battle, hath been eternally ordained by the Creator; even that is the duty of a Kshatriya. Cowardice is not applauded (in a Kshatriya). Subsistence, O Yudhishthira, is not possible by cowardice, O thou of mighty arms. Display thy prowess, and vanquish, O chastier of foes, thy enemies. The covetous son of Dhritarashtra, O chastiser of foes, living for a long time (with many kings) has by affection and friendship become very powerful. Therefore, O king, there is no hope of making his peace with thee. They regard themselves strong, having Bhishma and Drona and Kripa and others with them. As long, O king, as thou, O grinder of foes, wilt behave with them mildly, they will withhold thy kingdom. Neither from compassion, nor from mildness, nor from a sense of righteousness, will the sons of Dhritarashtra, O chastiser of foes, fulfil thy wishes. This, O son of Pandu, is another proof that they will not make peace with thee. Having pained thee so deeply by making thee put on a *Kaupina*, they were not stung with remorse. In the very sight of the Grandsire (Bhishma) and Drona and the wise Vidura, of many holy *Brahmanas*, the king, the citizens, and all the chief Kauravas, the cruel Duryodhana, deceitfully defeating thee at dice,—thee that are charitable, gentle, self-restrained, virtuous, and of rigid vows

was not, O king, ashamed of his vile act. Do not, O monarch, show any compassion for that wretch of such disposition. They deserve death at the hands of all, how much more then of thee, O Bharata? O Bharata, with what improper speeches did Duryodhana with his brothers, filled with gladness and indulging in many a boast, afflict thee with thy brothers! He said, 'The Pandavas now have nothing of their own in this wide earth. Their very names and lineage are extinct. In time, which is never-ending, defeat will be theirs. All their virtues having merged in me, they will now be reduced to the five elements.' While the match at dice was in progress, the wretched Dussasana of most wicked soul, seizing that weeping lady by the hair dragged princess Draupadi, as if she had no protectors, to the assembly of kings, and in the presence of Bhishma and Drona and others, repeatedly called her—*cow, cow*! Restrained by thee, thy brothers of terrible prowess, bound also by the bonds of virtue, did nothing to avenge it; and after thou hadst been exiled to the woods, Duryodhana having uttered such and other cruel words, boasted amid his kinsmen. Knowing thee innocent, they that were assembled sat silent in the assembly-house, weeping with choked voice. The assembled kings with the Brahmanas did not applaud him for this. Indeed, all the courtiers present there censured him. To a man of noble descent, O grinder of foes, even censure is death. Death is even many times better than a life of blame. Even then, O king, he died when, upon being censured by all the kings of the earth, he felt no shame! He whose character is so abominable may easily be destroyed even like a rootless tree standing erect on a single weak root. The sinful and evil-minded Duryodhana deserveth death at the hands of every one, even like a serpent. Slay him, therefore, O killer of foes, and hesitate not in the least. It behoveth thee, O sinless one, and I like it too, that thou shouldst pay homage unto thy father Dhritarashtra and also unto Bhishma. Going thither I will remove the dobts of all men who are still undecided as to the wickedness of Duryodhana. Thither in the presence of all kings I will enumerate all those virtues of thine that are not to be met in all men, as also all the vices of Duryodhana. And hearing me speak beneficial words, pregnant with virtue and profit, the rulers of various realms will regard thee as possessed of a virtuous soul, and as a speaker of truth, while at the same time, they will understand how Duryodhana is actuated by avarice. I will also tell the vice of Duryodhana, before both the citizens and the inhabitants of the country, before both the young and the old, of all the four orders that will be collected there. And as thou askest for peace no one will charge thee sinful, while all the chiefs of the earth will censure the Kurus and Dhritarashtra; and when Duryodhana will be dead in consequence of his being forsaken by all men, there will be nothing left to do. Do then what should now be done. Going unto the Kurus, I shall strive to make peace without sacrificing thy interests, and marking their inclination for war and all their proceedings, I will soon come back, O Bharata, for thy victory. I think war with the enemy to be certain. All

the omens that are noticeable by me point to that. Birds and animals set up frightful screeches and howls at the approach of dusk. The foremost of elephants and steeds assume horrible shapes; the very fire exhibiteth diverse kinds of terrible hues! This would never have been the case but for the fact of the world-destroying Havoc's self coming into our midst! Making ready their weapons, machines, coats of mail, and cars, elephants, and steeds, let all thy warriors be prepared for battle, and let them take care of their elephants and horses and cars. And, O king, collect everything that thou needest for the impending war. As long as he liveth, Duryodhana will, by no means, be able to give back unto thee, O king, that kingdom of thine which, abounding in prosperity, have before been taken by him at dice!' "

SECTION LXXIV

"Bhima said, 'Speak thou, O slayer of Madhu, in such a strain that there may be peace with the Kurus. Do not threaten them with war. Resenting everything, his wrath always excited, hostile to his own good and arrogant, Duryodhana should not be roughly addressed. Do thou behave towards him with mildness. Duryodhana is by nature sinful of heart like that of a robber, intoxicated with the pride of prosperity, hostile to the Pandavas, without foresight, cruel in speech, always disposed to censure others, of wicked prowess, of wrath not easily to be appeased, not susceptible of being taught, of wicked soul, deceitful in behaviour, capable of giving up his very life rather than break or give up his own opinion. Peace with such a one, O Krishna, is, I suppose, most difficult. Regardless of the words of even his well-wishers, destitute of virtue, loving falsehood, he always acts against the words of his counsellors and wounds their hearts. Like a serpent hid within reeds, he naturally commits sinful acts, depending on his own wicked disposition, and obedient to the impulse of wrath. What army Duryodhana hath, what his conduct is, what his nature, what his might, and what his prowess, are all well-known to thee. Before this, the Kauravas with their son passed their days in cheerfulness, and we also with our friends rejoiced like the younger brother of Indra, with Indra himself. Alas, by Duryodhana's wrath, O slayer of Madhu, the Bharatas will all be consumed, even like forests by fire at the end of the dewy seasons, and, O slayer of Madhu, well-known are those eighteen kings that annihilated their kinsmen, friends, and relatives. Even as, when *Dharma* became extinct, Kali was born in the race of *Asuras* flourishing with prosperity and blazing with energy, so was born Udavarta among the Haihayas. Janamejaya among the Nepas, Vahula among the Talajanghas, proud Vasu among the Krimis, Ajavindu among

the Suviras, Rushardhik among the Surashtras, Arkaja among the Valihas, Dhautamulaka among the Chinas, Hayagriva among the Videhas, Varayu among the Mahaujasas, Vahu among the Sundaras, Pururavas among the Diptakshas, Sahaja among the Chedis and Matsyas, Vrishaddhaja among the Praviras, Dharana among the Chandra-batsyas, Bigahana among the Mukutas and Sama among the Nandivegas. These vile individuals, O Krishna, spring up, at the end of each *Yuga*, in their respective races, for the destruction of their kinsmen. So hath Duryodhana, the very embodiment of sin and the disgrace of his race, been born, at the end of the *Yuga*, amongst us the Kurus. Therefore, O thou of fierce prowess, thou shouldst address him slowly and mildly, not in bitter but sweet words fraught with virtue and profit, and discourse fully on the subject so as to attract his heart. All of us, O Krishna, would rather in humiliation follow Duryodhana submissively, but, oh, let not the Bharatas be annihilated. O Vasudeva, act in such a way that we may rather live as strangers to the Kurus than incurring the sin of bringing about the destruction of the whole race should touch them. O Krishna, let the aged Grandsire and the other counsellors of the Kurus be asked to bring about brotherly feelings between brothers and to pacify the son of Dhritarashtra. Even this is what I say. King Yudhishthira also approveth of this, and Arjuna too is averse to war, for there is great compassion in him.' "

SECTION LXXV

"Vaisampayana said, 'Hearing these words from Bhima, that were fraught with such mildness and that were, as unexpected as if the hills had lost their weight and fire had become cold, Rama's younger brother Kesava of Sura's race and mighty arms, wielding the bow called *Saranga*, laughed aloud, and as if to stimulate Bhima by his words, like the breeze fanning a fire, addressed him who was then so overwhelmed by the impulse of kindness, saying, 'At other times, O Bhimasena, thou applaudest war only, desirous of crushing the wicked sons of Dhritarashtra that take delight in the destruction of others. O chastiser of foes, thou dost not sleep but wakest the whole night, sitting up face downwards. Thou often utterest frightful exclamation of wrath, indicative of the storm within thy heart. Inflamed with the fire of thy own fury, thou sighest, O Bhima with an unquiet heart, like a flame of fire mixed with smoke. Withdrawing from company thou liest down breathing hot sighs, like a weak man pressed down by a heavy load. They, who do not know the cause regard thee as insane. As an elephant breaking into fragments uprooted trees lying on the ground grunteth in rage while trampling them

under his feet, so thou also, O Bhima, runnest on, breathing deep sighs and shaking the earth under the tread. Here in the region thou takest no delight in company but passest thy time in privacy. Night or day, Nothing pleases thee so much as seclusion. Sitting apart thou sometimes laughest aloud all on a sudden, and sometimes placing thy head between thy two knees, thou continuest in that posture for a long time with closed eyes. At the other times, O Bhima, contracting thy brows frequently and biting thy lips, thou starest fiercely before thee. All this is indicative of wrath. At one time, thou hadst, in the midst of thy brothers, grasped the mace, uttering this oath, 'As the sun is seen rising in the east displaying his radiance, and as he truly setteth in the west journeying around the Meru, so do I swear that I will certainly slay insolent Duryodhana with this mace of mine, and this oath of mine will never be untrue.' How then doth that same heart of thine, O chastiser of foes, now follow the counsels of peace? Alas, when fear entereth thy heart, O Bhima, it is certain that the hearts of all who desire war are upset when war becometh actually imminent. Asleep or awake, thou beholdest, O son of Pritha, inauspicious omens. Perhaps, it is this for which thou desirest peace. Alas, like a eunuch, thou dost not display any sign indicative of manliness in thee. Thou art overwhelmed by panic, and it is for this that thy heart is upset. The heart trembleth, thy mind is overwhemed by despair, thy thighs tremble, and it is for this that thou desirest peace. The hearts of mortals, O Partha, are surely as inconstant as the pods of the *Salmali* seed exposed to the force of the wind. This frame of thy mind is as strange as articulate speech in kine. Indeed, the hearts of thy brothers are about to sink in an ocean of despair,—like swimmers in the sea without a raft to rescue them. That thou, O Bhimasena, shouldst utter words so unexpected of thee is as strange as the shifting of a hill. Recollecting thy own deeds and the race also in which thou art born, arise, O Bharata, yield not to grief, O hero, and be firm. Such langour, O repressor of foes, is not worthy of thee, for a Kshatriya never enjoyeth that which he doth not acquire through prowess.' "

SECTION LXXVI

"Vaisampayana said, 'Thus addressed by Vasudeva, the ever-wrathful Bhima, incapable of bearing insults, was immediately awakened like a steed of high metal, and replied, without losing a moment, saying, '*O Achyuta*, I wish to act in a particular way; thou, however, takest me in quite a different light. That I take great delight in war and that my prowess is incapable of being baffled, must, O Krishna, be well-known to

thee in consequence of our having lived together for a long time. Or it may be, thou knowest me not, like one swimming in a lake ignorant of its depth. It is for this that thou chidest me in such unbecoming words. Who else, O Madhava, knowing me to be *Bhimasena*, could address me with such unbecoming words as thou dost? Therefore, I shall tell thee, O delighter of the Vrishnis, about my own prowess and unrivalled might. Although to speak of one's own prowess is always an ignoble act, yet, pierced as I am by thy unfriendly strictures, I will speak of my own might. Behold, O Krishna, these—the firmament and the earth—which are immovable, immense, and infinite, and which are the refuge of, and in which are born these countless creatures. If through anger these suddenly collide like two hills, just I, with my arms, can keep them asunder with all their mobile and immobile objects. Behold the joints of these my mace-like arms. I find not the person who can extricate himself having once come within their grasp. The Himavat, the ocean, the mighty wielder of the thunderbolt himself, *viz.*, the slayer of Vala,—even these three cannot, with all their power extricate the person attacked by me. I will easily tremple on the ground under my feet all the Kshatriyas, who will come to battle against the Pandavas. It is not known to thee, *O Achyuta*, with what prowess I vanquished the kings of the earth and brought them under subjection. If, indeed, thou really knowest not my prowess which is like the fierce energy of the midday sun thou wilt then know it, O Janardana, in the fierce *melee* of battle. Thou woundest me with thy cruel words, paining me with the pain of opening a foetid tumour. But know me to be mightier than what I have said of myself of my own accord. On that day, when the fierce and destructive havoc of battle will begin, thou will then see me felling elephants and car-warriors combatants on steeds and those on elephants, and slaying in rage the foremost of Kshatriya warriors. Thou, as well as others, wilt see me doing all this and grinding down the foremost of combatants. The marrow of my bones hath not yet decayed, nor doth my heart tremble. If the whole world rusheth against me in wrath, I do not yet feel the influence of fear. It is only for the sake of compassion, O slayer of Madhu, that I am for displaying goodwill to the foe. I am far quietly bearing all our injuries, lest the Bharata race be extirpated.' "

SECTION LXXVII

"The holy one said, 'It was only through affection that I said all this, desiring to know thy mind, and not from the desire of reproaching thee, nor from pride of learning, nor from wrath, nor from desire of making a speech. I know thy magnanimity of soul, and also thy strength, and

thy deeds. It is not for that reason that I reproached thee. O son of Pandu, a thousand times greater will be the benefit conferred by thee on the Pandava's cause than that which thou thinkest thyself to be capable of conferring on it. Thou, O Bhima, with thy kinsmen and friends, art exactly that which one should be that has taken his birth in a family like thine, that is regarded by all the kings of the earth. The fact, however, is that they can never arrive at the truth, who under the influence of doubt proceed to enquire about the consequences hereafter of virtue and vice, or about the strength and weakness of men. For it is seen that what is the cause of the success of a person's object becometh also the cause of his ruin. Human acts, therefore, are doubtful in their consequences. Learned men, capable of judging of the evils of actions pronounce a particular course of action as worthy of being followed. It produces, however, consequences, the very opposite of what were foreseen, very much like the course of the wind. Indeed, even those acts of men that are the results of deliberation and well-directed policy, and that are consistent with considerations of propriety, are baffled by the dispensations of Providence. Then, again, Providential dispensations, such as heat and cold and rain and hunger and thirst, that are not the consequences of human acts, may be baffled by human exertion. Then again, besides those acts which a person is pre-ordained (as the result of the act of past lives) to go through, one can always get rid of all other acts begun at his pleasure, as is testified by both the *Smritis* and the *Srutis*. Therefore, O son of Pandu, one cannot go on the world without acting. One should, hence, engage in work knowing that one's purpose would be achieved by a combination of both Destiny and Exertion. He that engageth in acts under this belief is never pained by failure, nor delighted by success. This, O Bhimasena, was the intended import of my speech. It was not intended by me that victory would be certain in an encounter with the foe. A person, when his mind is upset should not lose his cheerfulness and must yield neither to langour nor depression. It is for this that I spoke to thee in the way I did. When the morrow comes, I will go, O Pandava, to Dhritarashtra's presence. I will strive to make peace without sacrificing your interests. If the Kauravas make peace, then boundless fame will be mine. Your purposes will be achieved, and they also will reap great benefit. If, however, the Kauravas, without listening to my words, resolve to maintain their opinion, then there will undoubtedly be a formidable war. In this war burthen resteth on thee, O Bhimasena. That burthen should also be borne by Arjuna, while other warriors should all be led by both of you. In case of war happening, I will certainly be the driver of Vibhatsu's car, for that, indeed, is Dhananjaya's wish and not that I myself am not desirous of fighting. It is for this that, hearing thee utter thy intention, I rekindled that thy energy, O Vrikodara.' "

SECTION LXXVIII

"Arjuna said, 'O Janardana, Yudhishthira hath already said what should be said. But, O chastiser of foes, hearing what thou hast said, it seemeth to me that thou, O lord, does not think peace to be easily obtainable either in consequence of Dhritarashtra's covetousness or from our present weakness. Thou thinkest also that human prowess alone is fruitless, and also that without putting forth one's prowess one's purposes cannot be achieved. What thou hast said may be true, but at the same time it may not always be true. Nothing, however, should be regarded as impracticable. It is true, peace seemeth to thee to be impossible in consequence of our distressful condition, yet they are still acting against us without reaping the fruits of their acts. Peace, therefore, if properly proposed, O lord, may be concluded. O Krishna, strive thou, therefore, to bring about peace with the foe. Thou, O hero, art the foremost of all friends of both the Pandavas and the Kurus, even as Prajapati is of both the gods and the Asuras. Accomplish thou, therefore, that which is for the good of both the Kurus and the Pandavas. The accomplishment of our good is not, I believe, difficult for thee. If thou strivest, O Janardana, such is this act that it will be soon effected. As soon as thou goest thither, it will be accomplished. If, O hero, thou purposest to treat the evil-minded Duryodhana in any other way, that purpose of thine will be carried out exactly as thou wishest. Whether it be peace or war with the foe that thou wishest, any wish, O Krishna, that thou mayest entertain, will certainly be honoured by us. Doth not the evil-minded Duryodhana with his sons and kinsmen deserve destruction when, unable to bear the sight of Yudhishthira's prosperity and finding no other faultless expedient, that wretch, O slayer of Madhu, deprived us of our kingdom by the sinful expedient of deceitful dice? What bowman is there, who, born in the Kshatriya order, and invited to combat, turneth away from the fight even if he is sure to die? Beholding ourselves vanquished by sinful means and banished to the woods, even then, thou of the Vrishni race, I thought that Suyodhana deserved death at my hands. What thou, however, O Krishna, wishest to do for thy friends is scarcely strange, although it seems inexplicable how the object in view is capable of being effected by either mildness or its reverse. Or, if thou deemest their immediate destruction to be preferable, let it be effected soon without further deliberation. Surely, thou knowest how Draupadi was insulted in the midst of the assembly by Duryodhana of sinful soul and how also we bore it with patience. That Duryodhana, O Madhava, will behave with justice towards the Pandavas is what I cannot believe. Wise counsels will be lost on him like seed sown in a barren soil. Therefore, do without delay what thou, O thou of Vrishni race, thinkest to be proper and beneficial for the Pandavas, or what, indeed, should next be done.' "

SECTION LXXIX

"The holy one said, 'It shall be, O thou of mighty arms, what thou, O Pandavas, sayest, I will strive to bring about that which would be beneficial to both the Pandavas and the Kurus. Between the two kinds of acts, war and peace, the latter, O Vibhatsu, is perhaps within my power. Behold, the soil is moistened and divested of weeds by human exertion. Without rain, however, O son of Kunti, is never yieldeth crops. Indeed, in the absence of rain some speak of artificial irrigation, as a means of success due to human exertion, but even then it may be seen that the water artificially let in is dried up in consequence of providential drought. Beholding all this, the wise men of old have said that human affairs are set agoing in consequence of the cooperation of both providential and human expedients. I will do all that can be done by human exertion at its best. But I shall, by no means, be able to control what is providential. The wicked-souled Duryodhana acteth, defying both virtue and the world. Nor doth he feel any regret in consequence of his acting in that way. Moreover, his sinful inclinations are fed by his counsellors Sakuni and Karna and his brother Dussasana. Suyodhana will never make peace by giving up the kingdom, without, O Partha, undergoing at our hands a wholesale destruction with his kinsmen. King Yudhishthira the just doth not wish to give up the kingdom submissively. The wicked-minded Duryodhana also will not at our solicitation surrender the kingdom. I, therefore, think that it is scarcely proper to deliver Yudhishthira's message to him. The sinful Duryodhana of Kuru's race will not, O Bharata, accomplish the objects spoken of by Yudhishthira. If he refuses compliance, he will deserve death at the hands of all. Indeed, he deserves death at my hands, as also, O Bharata, of every one since in your childhood he always persecuted you all, and since that wicked and sinful wretch robbed you of your kingdom and could not bear the sight of Yudhishthira's prosperity. Many a time, O Partha, he strove to withdraw me from thee, but I never reckoned those wicked attempts of his. Thou knowest, O thou of mighty arms, what the cherished intentions of Duryodhana are, and thou knowest also that I seek the welfare of king Yudhishthira the just. Knowing, therefore, Duryodhana's heart and what my most cherished wishes are, why then dost thou, O Arjuna, entertain such apprehensions in respect of myself like one unacquainted with everything? That grave act also which was ordained in heaven is known to thee. How then, O Partha, can peace be concluded with the foe? What, however, O Pandavas, is capable of being done by either speech or act, will all be done by me. Do not, however, O Partha, expect peace to be possible with the foe. About a year ago, on the occasion of attacking Virata's kine, did not Bhishma, on their way back, solicit Duryodhana about this very peace so beneficial to all? Believe me, they have been defeated even then when their defeat was resolved by thee.

Indeed, Suyodhana doth not consent to part with the smallest portion of the kingdom for even the shortest period of time. As regards myself, I am ever obedient to the commands of Yudhishthira, and, therefore, the sinful acts of that wicked wretch must have again to be revolved in my mind!' "

SECTION LXXX

"Nakula said, 'Much hath been said, O Madhava, by king Yudhishthira the just who is conversant with morality and endued with liberality, and thou hast heard what hath been said by Falguni also. As regards my own opinion, O hero, thou hast repeatedly expressed it, Hearing first what the wishes of the enemy are and disregarding all, do what thou regardest to be proper for the occaion. O Kesava, diverse are the conclusions arrived at as regards diverse matters. Success, however, O chastiser of foes, is won when a man doth that which ought to be done in view of the occasion. When a thing is settled in one way on one occasion, it becometh unsuitable when the occasion becometh different. Persons, therefore, in this world, O foremost of men, cannot stick to the same opinion throughout. While we were living in the woods, our hearts were inclined towards a particular course of action. While we were passing the period of concealment, our wishes were of one kind, and now, at the present time, O Krishna, when concealment is no longer necessary, our wishes have become different. O thou of the Vrishni race, while we wandered in the woods, attachment for the kingdom was not so great as now. The period of our exile having ceased, hearing, O hero, that we have returned, an army numbering full seven Akshauhinis hath, through thy grace, O Janardana, been assembled. Beholding these tigers among men, of inconceivable might and prowess, standing equipped for battle armed with weapons, what man is there that will not be struck with fear? Therefore going into the midst of the Kurus, speak thou first words fraught with mildness and then those fraught with threats, so that the wicked Suyodhana may be agitated with fear. What mortal man is there, of flesh and blood, who would encounter in battle Yudhishthira and Bhimasena, the invincible Vibhatsu and Sahadeva, myself, thyself and Rama, O Kesava, and Satyaki of mighty energy. Virata with his sons, Drupada with his allies, and Dhrishtadyumna, O Madhava, and the ruler of Kasi of great prowess and Dhrishtaketu the lord of the Chedis? No sooner wilt thou go there than thou wilt, without doubt, accomplish, O thou of mighty arms, the desired object of king Yudhishthira the just. Vidura, and Bhishma and Drona and Vahlika, these talents, O sinless one, will understand thee when thou wouldst utter words of wisdom. They

will solicit that ruler of men, Dhritarashtra and Suyodhana of sinful disposition, with his counsellors, to act according to the advice. When thou, O Janardana, art the speaker and Vidura the listener, what subject is there that cannot be rendered smooth and plain?' "

SECTION LXXXI

"Sahadeva said, 'What hath been said by the king is, indeed, eternal virtue, but thou, O chastiser of foes, shouldst act, in such a way that war may certainly happen. Even if the Kauravas express their desire for peace with the Pandavas, still, O thou of Dasarha's race, provoke thou a war with them. Having seen, O Krishna, the princess of Panchala brought in that plight into the midst of the assembly, how can my wrath be appeased without the slaughter of Suyodhana. If, O Krishna, Bhima and Arjuna and king Yudhishthira the just are disposed to be virtuous, abandoning virtue I desire an encounter with Duryodhana in battle.'

"Satyaki said, 'The high-souled Sahadeva, O thou of mighty arms, hath spoken the truth. The rage I feel towards Duryodhana can be appeased only by his death. Dost thou not remember the rage thou too hadst felt upon beholding in the woods the distressed Pandavas clad in rags and deer-skins? Therefore, O foremost of men, all the warriors assembled here unanimously subscribe to what the heroic son of Madri, fierce in battle, hath said!'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'At these words of the high-souled Yuyudhana, a leonine roar was set up by all the warriors assembled there. And all the heroes, highly applauding those words of Satyaki, praised him, saying, '*Excellent! Excellent!*' And anxious to fight, they all began to express their joy.' "

SECTION LXXXII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Hearing the peaceful words of the king that were fraught with both virtue and profit, king Drupada's daughter Krishna, of long black tresses, afflicted with great grief, applauding Sahadeva and that mighty car-warrior Satyaki, addressed Madhava seated by his side. And beholding Bhimasena declare for peace, that intelligent lady, overwhelmed with woe and with eyes bathed in tears, said, 'O slayer of Madhu, it is known to thee, O thou of mighty arms, by what deceit-

ful means, O righteous one, the son of Dhritarashtra with his counsellors robbed the Pandavas, O Janardana, of their happiness. Thou knowest also, O thou of Dasarha's race, what message was privately delivered to Sanjaya by the king. Thou hast also heard all that was said unto Sanjaya. O thou of great effulgence, these words were even these, 'Let only five villages be granted to us, *viz.*, Avisthala, and Vrikasthala, and Makondi, and Varanavata, and for the fifth, any other,—O thou of mighty arms, O Kesava, even this was the message that was to have been delivered to Duryodhana and his counsellors. But, O Krishna, O thou of Dasarha's race, hearing those words of Yudhishthira, endued with modesty and anxious for peace, Suyodhana hath not acted according to them. If, O Krishna, Suyodhana desireth to make peace without surrendering the kingdom, there is no necessity of going thither for making such a peace. The Pandavas with the Srinjayas, O thou of mighty arms, are quite able to withstand the fierce Dhritarashtra host inflamed with rage. When they are no longer amenable to this arts of conciliation, it is not proper, O slayer of Madhu, that thou shouldst show them mercy. Those enemies, O Krishna, with whom peace cannot be established by either conciliation or presents, should be treated with severity by one desirous of saving his life. Therefore, O mighty-armed *Achyuta*, heavy should be the punishment that deserves to be speedily inflicted upon them by thyself aided by the Pandavas and the Srinjayas. Indeed, even this would become the son of Pritha, and add to thy glory, and if accomplished, will, O Krishna, be a source of great happiness to the whole Kshatriya race. He that is covetous, whether belonging to the Kshatriya or any other order, save of course a *Brahmana*, even if most sinful, ought surely to be slain by a Kshatriya, who is true to the duties of his own order. The exception in the case of a Brahmana, O sire, is due to a Brahmana's being the preceptor of all the other orders, as also the first sharer of everything. Persons conversant with the scriptures declare, O Janardana, that sin is incurred in slaying one that deserveth not to be slain. So there is equal sin in not slaying one that deserveth to be slain. Act thou, therefore, O Krishna, in such a way with the forces of the Pandavas and the Srinjayas, that sin may not touch thee. From excess of confidence in thee, O Janardana, I will repeat what hath been said again and again. Whatever woman, O Kesava, is there on earth like me? I am the daughter of king Drupada, risen from the sacrificial alter. I am the sister of Dhrishtadyumna, thy dear friend, O Krishna. I have by marriage become a lady of Ajamida's race,—the daughter-in-law of the illustrious Pandu. I am the queen of Pandu's sons, who resemble five Indras in splendour. I have, by these five heroes, five sons that are all mighty car-warriors, and that are morally bound to thee, O Krishna, as Abhimanyu himself. Being such, O Krishna, I was seized by the hair, dragged into the assembly and insulted in the very sight of the sons of Pandu and in thy life-time. O Kesava, the sons of Pandu, the Panchalas, and the Vrishnis being all alive, exposed to the

gaze of the assembly I was treated as a slave by those sinful wretches. And when the Pandavas beholding it all sat silent without giving way to warth, in my heart I called upon thee. O Govinda, saying,—*Save me, O save me!*—Then the illustrious king Dhritarashtra, my father-in-law, said unto me, 'Ask thou any boon, O princess of Panchala. Thou deservest boons and even honour at my hands.' Thus addressed I said, 'Let the Pandavas be free men with their cars and weapons.' Upon this the Pandavas, O Kesava, were freed but only to be exiled into the woods. O Janardana, thou knowest all these sorrows of mine. Rescue me, O lotus-eyed one, with my husbands, kinsmen, and relatives, from that grief. Morally, O Krishna, I am the daughter-in-law of both Bhishma and Dhritarashtra. Though such, I was yet forcibly made a slave. Fie to Partha's bowmanship, oh, fie to Bhimasena's might since Duryodhana, O Krishna, liveth for even a moment. If I deserve any favour at thy hands, if thou hast any compassion for me, let thy wrath, O Krishna, be directed towards the sons of Dhritarashtra.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Having said this, the beautiful Krishna of eyes that were black in hue and large like lotus leaves, bathed in tears. add walking like a cow-elephant, approached the lotus-eyed Krishna, and taking with her left hand her own beautiful tresses of curly ends, deep-blue in hue and scented with every perfume, endued with every auspicious mark, and though gathered into a braid, yet soft and glossy like a mighty snake, spake these words, 'Lotus-eyed one that art anxious for peace with the enemy, thou shouldst, in all thy acts, call to thy mind these tresses of mine seized by Dussasana's rude hands! If Bhima and Arjuna, O Krishna, have become so low as to long for peace, my aged father then with his war like sons will avenge for me in battle. My five sons also that are endued with great energy, with Abhimanyu, O slayer of Madhu, at their head, will fight with the Kauravas. What peace can this heart of mine know unless I behold Dussasana's dark arm severed from his trunk and pulverised to atoms? Thirteen long years have I passed in expectation of better times, hidding in my heart my warth like a smouldering fire. And now pierced by Bhima's wordy darts that heart of mine is about to break, for the mighty-armed Bhima now casteth his eye on morality. Uttering these words with voice choked in tears, the large-eyed Krishna began to weep aloud, with convulsive sobs, and tears gushed down her cheeks. And that lady, with hips full and round, began to drench her close and deep bosom by the tears she shed which were hot as liquid fire. The mighty-armed Kesava then spoke, comforting her in these words, 'Soon wilt thou, O Krishna, behold the ladies of Bharata's race weep as thou dost. Even they, O timid one, will weep like thee, their kinsmen and friends being slain They with whom, O lady, thou art angry, have their kinsmen and warriors already slain. With Bhima and Arjuna and the twins, at Yudhishthira's command, and agreeably to fate, and what hath been ordained by the Ordainer, I will accomplish all this. Their hour having arrived, the sons

of Dhritarashtra, if they do not listen to my words, will surely lie down on the earth turned as morsels of dogs and jackals. The mountains of Himavat might shift their site, the Earth herself might spilt into a hundred fragments, the firmament itself with its myriads of stars might fall down, still my words can never be futile. Stop thy tears, I swear to thee, O Krishna, soon wilt thou see thy husbands, with their enemies slain, and with prosperity crowning them.' "

SECTION LXXXIII

"Arjuna said, 'Thou art now, O Kesava, the best friend of all the Kurus. Related with both the parties, thou art the dear friend of both. It behoveth thee to bring about peace between the Pandavas and the sons of Dhritarashthra. Thou, O Kesava, art competent and, therefore, it behoveth thee to bring about a reconciliation. O lotus-eyed one, proceeding hence for peace, O slayer of foes, say unto our ever-wrathful brother Suyodhana, what, indeed, should be said, 'If the foolish Duryodhana doth not accept thy auspicious and beneficial counsels fraught with virtue and profit, he will surely then be the victim of his fate.'

"The holy one said, 'Yes, I will go to king Dhritarashtra, desirous of accomplishing what is consistent with righteousness, what may be beneficial to us, and what also is for the good of the Kurus.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'The night having passed away, a bright sun arose in the east. The hour called *Maitra* set in, and the rays of the sun were still mild. The month was (*Kaumuda Kartika*) under the constellation *Revati.* It was the season of dew, Autumn having departed. The earth was covered with abundant crops all around. It was at such a time that Janardana, the foremost of mighty persons, in enjoyment of excellent health, having heard the auspicious, sacred-sounding and sweet words of gratified Brahmanas, like Vasava himself hearing the adorations of the (celestial) *Rishis,*—and having also gone through the customary acts and rities of the morning, purified himself by a bath, and decked his person with unguents and ornaments, worshipped both the Sun and Fire. And having touched the tail of a bull and reverently bowed to the Brahmanas, walked round the sacred fire, and cast his eyes on the (usual) auspicious articles placed in view, Janardana recollected Yudhishthira's word and addressed Sini's grandson Satyaki, seated near, saying, 'Let my car be made ready and let my conch and discus along with my mace, and quivers and darts and all kinds of weapons, offensive and defensive, be placed on it, for Duryodhana and Karna and Suvala's son are all of wicked souls, and foes, however contemptible, should never be disregarded by even a powerful person. Understanding the wishes

of Kesava, the wielder of the discus and the mace, his attendants immediately addressed themselves to yoke his car. And that car resembled in effulgence the fire that shows itself at the time of the universal dissolution, and itself in speed. And it was provided with two wheels that resembled the sun and the moon in lustre. And it bore emblazonments of moons, both crescent and full, and of fishes, animals, and birds and it was adorned with garlands of diverse flowers and with pearls and gems of various kinds all around. And endued with the splendour of the rising sun, it was large and handsome. And variegated with gems and gold, it was furnished with an excellent flag-staff bearing beautiful pennons. And well-supplied with every necessary article, and incapable of being resisted by the foe, it was covered with tiger-skins, and capable of robbing the fame of every foe, it enhanced the joy of the Yadavas. And they yoked unto it those excellent steeds named *Saivya* and *Sugriva* and *Meghapushpa* and *Valahaka*, after these had been bathed and attired in beautiful harness. And enhancing the dignity of Krishna still further, Garuda, the lord of the feathery creation, came and perched on the flag-staff of that car producing a terrible rattle. And Saurin then mounted on that car, high as the summit of the *Meru*, and producing a rattle, deep and loud as the sound of the kettle-drum or the clouds and which resembled the celestial car coursing at the will of the rider. And taking Satyaki also upon it, that best of male beings set out, filling the earth and the welkin with the rattle of his chariot-wheels. And the sky became cloudless, and auspicious winds began to blow around, and the atmosphere freed from the dust became pure. Indeed, as Vasudeva set out, auspicious animals and birds, whirling by the right side, began to follow him, and cranes and peacocks and swans all followed the slayer of Madhu, uttering cries of good omens. The very fire, fed with *Homa* libations in accompaniment with *Mantras*, freed from smoke, blazed up cheerfully, sending forth its flames towards the right. And Vasishtha and Vamadeva, and Bhuridyumna and Gaya, and Kratha and Sukra and Kusika and Bhrigu, and other *Brahmarshis* and celestial *Rishis* united together, all stood on the right side of Krishna, that delighter of the Yadavas, that younger brother of Vasava. And thus worshipped by those and other illustrious *Rishis* and holy men, Krishna set out for the residence of the Kurus. And while Krishna was proceeding, Yudhishthira, the son of Kunti, followed him, as also Bhima and Arjuna and those other Pandavas, *viz.*, the twin sons of Madri. And the valiant Chekitana and Dhrishtaketu, the ruler of the Chedis, and Drupada and the king of Kasi and that mighty car-warrior Sikhandin, and Dhrishtadyumna, and Virata with his sons, and the princes of Kekaya also,—all these Kshatriyas followed that bull of the Kshatriya race to honour him. And the illustrious king Yudhishthira the just, having followed Govinda to some distance, addressed him in these words in the presence of all those kings. And the son of Kunti embraced that foremost of all persons, who never, from desire, or anger, or fear, or purpose of gain

committed the least wrong, whose mind was ever steady, who was a stranger to covetousness, who was conversant with morality and endued with great intelligence and wisdom, who knew the hearts of all creatures and was the lord of all, who was the God of gods, who was eternal, who was possessed of every virtue, and who bore the auspicious mark on his breast. And embracing him the king began to indicate what he was to do.'

"Yudhishthira said, 'That lady who hath brought us from our infancy; who is ever engaged in facts and ascetic penances and propitiatory rites and ceremonies; who is devoted to the worship of the gods and guests; who is always engaged in waiting upon her superiors who is fond of her sons, bearing for them an affection that knows no bounds; who, O Janardana, is dearly loved by us; who, O grinder of foes, repeatedly saved us from the snares of Suyodhana, like a boat saving a ship-wrecked crew from the frightful terrors of the sea; and who, O Madhava, however undeserving of woe herself, hath on our account endured countless sufferings,—should be asked about her welfare-Salute and embrace, and, oh, comfort her over and over, overwhelmed with grief as she is on account of her sons by talking of the Pandavas. Ever since her marriage she hath been the victim, however undeserving, of sorrow and griefs due to the conduct of her father-in-law, and suffering hath been her position. Shall I, O Krishna, ever see the time when, O chastiser of foes, my afflictions being over, I shall be able to make my sorrowing mother happy? On the eve of our exile, from affection for her children, she ran after us in anguish, crying bitterly. But leaving her behind, we went into the woods. Sorrow doth not necessarily kill. It is possible, therefore, that she is alive, being hospitably entertained by the *Anartas*, though afflicted with sorrow on account of her sons. O glorious Krishna, salute her for me, the Kuru king Dhritarashtra also, and all those monarchs who are senior to us in age, and Bhishma, and Drona, and Kripa, and king Vahlika, and Drona's son and Somadatta, and in fact, every one of the Bharata race, and also Vidura endued with great wisdom, that counsellor of the Kurus, of profound intellect and intimate acquaintance with morality,—should all, O slayer of Madhu, be embraced by thee!' Having in the presence of the kings, said these words unto Kesava, Yudhishthira, with Krishna's permission, came back having at first walked round him. Then Arjuna, proceeding a few steps, further said unto his friend, that bull among men, that slayer of hostile heroes, that invincible warrior of Dasarha's race, 'It is known to all the kings, O illustrious Govinda, that at our consultation it was settled that we should ask back the kingdom. If without insulting us, if honouring thee, they honestly give us what we demand, then, O mighty armed one, they would please me greatly and would themselves escape a terrible danger. If, however, Dhritarashtra's son, who always adopts improper means, acts otherwise, then I shall surely, O Janardana, annihilate the Kshatriya race.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'When Arjuna said these words, Vrikodara was filled with delight. And that son of Pandu continually quivered with rage; and while still quivering with rage and the delight that filled his heart upon hearing Dhananjaya's words, he set forth a terrible shout. And hearing that shout of his, all the bowmen trembled in fear and steeds and elephants were seen to pass urine and excreta. And having addressed Kesava then and informed him of his resolution. Arjuna with Janardana's permission, came back, having first embraced him. And after all the kings had desisted following him, Janardana set out with a cheerful heart on his car drawn by Saivya, Sugriva, and others. And those steeds of Vasudeva, urged by Daruka, coursed onwards, devouring the sky and drinking the road. And on his way Kesava of mighty arms met with some Rishis blazing with Brahmic lustre, standing on both sides of the road. And soon alighting from his car, Janardana saluted them reverently. And worshipping them duly, he enquired of them, saying, 'Is there peace in all the world? Is virtue being duly practised? And the other three orders obedient to the Brahmanas? And having duly worshipped them, the slayer of Madhu again said, 'Where have ye been crowned with success? Whither would ye go, and for what object? What also shall I do for yourselves? What has brought your illustrious selves down on the earth?' Thus addressed, Jamadagni's son, the friend of Brahma—that lord of both gods and Asuras,—approached Govinda the salyer of Madhu, embraced him, and said, 'The celestial Rishis of pious deeds, and Brahmanas of extensive acquaintance with the scriptures, and royal sages, O Dasarha, and venerable ascetic,—these witnesses, O illustrious one, of the former feats of gods and Asuras,—are desirous of beholding all the Kshatriyas of the earth assembled from every side as also the counsellors sitting in the assembly, the kings, and thyself the embodiment of truth, O Janardana. O Kesava, we will go thither for beholding that grand sight. We are also anxious, O Madhava, to listen to those words fraught with virtue and profit, which will be spoken by thee, O chastiser of foes, unto the Kurus in the presence of all the kings. Indeed, Bhishma, and Drona, and others, as also the illustrious Vidura and thyself, O tiger among the Yadavas,—Ye all will be assembled together in conclave! We desire, O Madhava, to hear the excellent, truthful, and benefical words that thou wilt utter and they also, O Govinda. Thou art now informed of our purpose, O thou of mighty arms. We will meet thee again. Go thither safely, O hero. We hope to see thee in the midst of the conclave, seated on an excellent seat mustering all thy energy and might.' "

SECTION LXXXIV

"Vaisampayana said, 'O smiter of foes, when Devaki's son of mighty arms set out (for Hastinapura), ten mighty car-warriors, capable of slaying hostile heroes, fully armed, followed in his train. And a thousand foot-soldiers, and a thousand horsemen, and attendants by hundreds, also formed his train, carrying, O king, provisions in abundance.'

"Janamejaya said, 'How did the illustrious slayer of Madhu, of Dasarha's race, proceed on his journey? And what omens were seen when that hero set out?'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Listen to me as I narrate all those natural and unnatural omens that were noticed at the time when the illustrious Krishna departed (for Hastinapura). Though there were no clouds in the sky, yet the roll of thunder accompanied by flashes of lightning was heard. And fleecy clouds in a clear sky rained incessantly in the rear! The seven large rivers including the *Sindhu* (Indus) though flowing eastwards then flowed in opposite directions. The very directions seemed to be reversed and nothing could be distinguished. Fires blazed up everywhere, O monarch, and the earth trembled repeatedly. The contents of wells and water-vessels by hundreds swelled up and ran out. The whole universe was enveloped in darkness. The atmosphere being filled with dust, neither the cardinal nor the subsidiary points of the horizon could, O king, be distinguished. Loud roars were heard in the sky without any being being visible from whom these could emanate. This wonderful phenomenon, O king, was noticed all over the country. A south-westerly wind, with the harsh rattle of the thunder, uprooting trees by the thousands, crushed the city of Hastinapura. In those places, however, O Bharata, through which he of Vrishni's race passed, delicious breezes blew and everything became auspicious. Showers of lotuses and fragrant flowers fell there. The very road became delightful, being free from prickly grass and thorns. At those places where he stayed, Brahmanas by thousands glorified that giver of wealth with (laudation) and worshipped him with dishes of curds, ghee, honey, and presents of wealth. The very women, coming out on the road, strewed wild flowers of great fragrance on the person of that illustrious hero, devoted to the welfare of all creatures. He then came upon a delightful spot called Salibhavana which was filled with every kind of crops, a spot that was delicious and sacred, after having, O bull of the Bharata race, seen various villages abounding in bees, and picturesque to the eye, and delightful to the heart, and after having passed through diverse cities and kingdoms. Always cheerful and of good hearts, well-protected by the Bharatas and therefore free from all anxieties on account of the designs of invaders, and unacquainted with calamities of any kind, many of the citizens of Upaplavya, coming out of their town, stood together on the way, desirous of beholding Krishna. And beholding that illustrious one

resembling a blazing fire arrived at the spot, they worshipped him who deserved their worship with all the honours of a guest arrived in their abode. When at last that slayer of hostile heroes, Kesava, came to Vrikasthala, the sun seemed to redden the sky by his straggling rays of light. Alighting from his car, he duly went through the usual purificatory rites, and ordering the steeds to be unharnessed, he set himself to say his evening prayers. And Daruka also, setting the steeds free, tended them according to the rules of equine science, and taking off the yokes and traces, let them loose. After this was done, the slayer of Madhu said, 'Here must we pass the night for the sake of Yudhishthria's mission. Ascertaining that to be his intention, the attendants soon set a temporary abode and prepared in a trice excellent food and drink. Amongst the Brahmanas, O king, that resided in the village, they that were of noble and high descent, modest, and obedient to the injunctions of the *Vedas* in their conduct, approached that illustrious chastiser of foes, Hrishikesa, and honoured him with their benedictions and auspicious speeches. And having honoured him of Dasarha's race that deserveth honour from every one, they placed at the disposal of that illustrious person their houses abounding in wealth. Saying unto them—'*Enough*'—the illustrious Krishna paid them proper homage, each according to his rank, and wending with them to their house, he returned in their company to his own (tent). And feeding all the Brahmanas with sweet-meats and himself taking his meals with them, Kesava passed the night happily there.' "

SECTION LXXXV

"Vaisampayana said, 'Meanwhile, understanding from his spies that the slayer of Madhu had set out, Dhritarashtra, with his hair standing erect, respectfully addressing the mighty-armed Bhishma and Dorna and Sanjaya and the illustrious Vidura, said these words unto Duryodhana and his counsellors, 'O scion of Kuru's race, strange and wonderful is the news that we hear. Men, women and children, are talking of it. Others are speeking of it respectfully, and others again assembled together. Within houses where men congegrate and in open spots, people and discussing it. All say that Dasarha of great prowess will come hither for the sake of Pandavas. The slayer of Madhu is, by all means, deserving of honour and worship at our hands. He is the Lord of all creatures, and on him resteth the course of every thing in the universe. Indeed, intelligence and prowess and wisdom and energy, all reside in Madhava. Worthy of honour at the hands of all righteous persons he is the foremost of all men, and is, indeed, eternal Virtue. If worshipped he is sure

to bestow happiness; and if not worshipped he is sure to inflict misery. If that smiter of foes, Dasarha be gratified with our offerings, all our wishes may be obtained by us, through his grace, in the midst of the kings. O chastiser of foes, make without loss of time every arrangement for his reception. Let pavilions be set up on the road, furnished with every object of enjoyment. O mighty-armed son of Gandhari, make such arrangements that he may be gratified with thee. What doth Bhishma think in this matter?' At this, Bhishma and others, all applauding those words of king Dhritarashtra, said,—'Excellent.' King Duryodhana then, understanding their wishes, ordered delightful sites to be chosen for the erection of pavilions. Many pavilions were thereupon constructed abounding with gems of every kind, at proper intervals and at delightful spots. And the king sent thither handsome seats endued with excellent qualities, beautiful girls, and scents and ornaments, and fine robes, and excellent viands, and drink of diverse qualities, and fragrant garlands of many kinds. And the king of the Kurus took especial care to erect, for the reception of Krishna, a highly beautiful pavilion at Vrikasthala, full of precious gems. And having made all these arrangements that were god-like and much above the capacity of human beings, king Duryodhana informed Dhritarashtra of the same. Kesava, however, of Dasarha's race, arrived at the capital of the Kurus, without casting a single glance at all those pavilions and all those gems of diverse kinds.' "

SECTION LXXXVI

"Dhritarashtra said, 'O Vidura, Janardana hath set out from Upaplavya. He is now staying at Vrikasthala and will come here tomorrow. Janardana is the leader of the Ahukas, the foremost person amongst all the members of the Sattwata race, is high-souled, and endued with great energy and great might. Indeed, Madhava is the guardian and protector of the prosperous kingdom of Vrishnis and is the illustrious Great-Grandsire of even the three worlds. The Vrishnis adore the wisdom of the intelligent Krishna, even as the Adityas, the Vasus, and the Rudras adore the wisdom of Vrihaspati. O virtuous one, I will in thy presence, offer worship unto that illustrious scion of Dasarha's race. Listen to me about that worship. I will give him sixteen cars made of gold, each drawn by four excellent and well-adorned steeds of uniform colour and of the Vahlika breed. O Kaurava, I will give him eight elephants with temporal juice always trickling down and tusks as large as poles of ploughs, capable of smiting hostile ranks, and each having eight human attendants. I will give him a century of handsome maid-servants of the complexion of gold, all virgins, and man-servants I will give him as

many. I will give him eighteen thousand woolen blankets soft to the touch, all presented to us by the hill-men. I will also give him a thousand deer-skins brought from China and other things of the kind that may be worthy of Kesava. I will also give him this serene gem of the purest rays that shines day and night, for Kesava alone deserves it. This car of mine drawn by mules that makes a round of full fourteen *Yojanas* a day, I will also give him. I will place before him every-day-provisions eight times greater than what is necessary for the animals and attendants that form his train. Mounted on their cars, having their person well-adorned, all my sons and grandsons, save Duryodhana, will go out to receive him. And thousands of graceful and well-decked dancing girls will go out on foot to receive the illustrious Kesava. And the beautiful girls that will go out of the town for receiving Janardana will go out unveiled. Let all the citizens with their wives and children behold the illustrious slayer of Madhu with as much respect and devotion as they show when casting their eyes on the morning sun. Let the canopy all round, at my command, be crowded with pendants and banners, and let the road, by which Kesava will come, be well-watered and its dusts removed. Let Dussasana's abode, which is better than Duryodhana's, be cleansed and well-adorned without delay. That mansion consisting of many beautiful buildings, is pleasant and delightful, and abounds with the wealth of all seasons. It is in that abode that all my wealth, as also Duryodhana's, are deposited. Let all that scion of the Vrishni race deserves be given unto him.' "

SECTION LXXXVII

"Vidura said, 'O monarch, O best of men, thou art respected by three worlds. Thou, O Bharata, art loved and regarded by every body. Venerable in year as thou art, what thou wilt say at this age can never be against the dictates of the scriptures or the conclusions of well-directed reason, for thy mind is ever calm. Thy subjects, O king, are well-assured that, like characters on stone, light in the sun, and billows in the ocean, virtue resideth in thee permanently. O monarch, every one is honoured and made happy in consequence of thy numerous virtues. Strive, therefore, with thy friends and kinsmen to retain those virtues of thine. Oh, adopt sincerity of behaviour. Do not from folly, cause a wholesale destruction of thy sons, grandsons, friends, kinsmen, and all that are dear to thee. It is much, O king, that thou wishes to give unto Kesava as thy guest. Know, however, that Kesava deserves all this and much more, aye, the whole earth itself. I truly swear by my own soul that thou dost not wish to give all this unto Krishna either from

motives of virtue or for the object of doing what is agreeable to him. O giver of great wealth, all this betrays only deception, falsehood, and insincerity. By the external acts, O king, I know thy secret purpose. The five Pandavas, O king, desire only five villages. Thou, however, dost not wish to give them even that. Thou art, therefore, unwilling to make peace. Thou seekest to make the mighty-armed hero of Vrishni's race thy own by means of thy wealth; in fact, by this means, thou seekest to separate Kesava from the Pandavas. I tell thee, however, that thou art unable, by wealth, or attention, or worship, to separate Krishna from Dhananjaya. I know magnanimity of Krishna; I know firm devotion of Arjuna towards him, I know that Dhananjaya, who is Kesava's life, is incapable of being given up by the latter. Save only a vessel of water, save only the washing of his feet, save only the (usual) enquiries after the welfare (of those he will see), Janardana will not accept any other hospitality or set his eyes on any other thing. Offer him, however, O king, that hospitality which is the most agreeable to that illustrious one deserving of every respect, for there is no respect that may not be offered to Janardana. Give unto Kesava, O king, that object in expectation of which, from desire of benefiting both parties, he cometh to the Kurus. Kesava desires peace to be established between thee and Duryodhana on one side and the Pandavas on the other. Follow his counsels, O monarch. Thou art their father, O king, and the Pandavas are thy sons. Thou art old, and they are children to thee in years, behave as father towards them, that are disposed to pay thee filial regard.' "

SECTION LXXXVIII

"Duryodhana said, 'All that Vidura hath said about Krishna, hath indeed, been truly said; for Janardana is greatly devoted to the Pandavas and can never be separated from them. All the diverse kinds of wealth, O foremost of kings, that are proposed to be bestowed upon Janardana ought never to be bestowed upon him. Kesava is, of course, not unworthy of our worship, but both time and place are against it, for he (Krishna), O king, on receiving our worship, will very likely think that we are worshipping him out of fear. This is my certain conviction, O king, that an intelligent Kshatriya must not do that which may bring disgrace upon him. It is well-known to me that the large-eyed Krishna deserveth the most reverential worship of the three worlds. It is quite out of place, therefore, O illustrious king, to give him anything now, for war having been decided upon, it should never be put off by hospitality.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Hearing these words of his, the Grandsire of the Kurus spoke these words unto the royal son of Vichitravirya, 'Worshipped or not worshipped, Janardana never becometh angry. None, however, can treat him with disrespect, for Kesava is not contemptible. Whatever, O mighty one, he purposeth to do is incapable of being frustrated by anybody by every means in his power. Do without hesitation what Krishna of mighty arms sayeth and bring about peace with the Pandavas through Vasudeva as the means. Truly Janardana, possessed of virtuous soul, will say what is consistent with religion and profit. It behoveth thee, therefore, with all thy friends, to tell him what only is agreeable to him.'

"Duryodhana said, 'O Grandsire, I can, by no means, live by sharing this swelling prosperity of mine with the Pandavas. Listen, this, indeed, is a great resolution which I have formed. I will imprison Janardana who is the refuge of the Pandavas. He will come here tomorrow morning; and when he is confined, the Vrishnis and the Pandavas, aye, the whole earth, will submit to me. What may be the means for accomplishing it, so that Janardana may not guess our purpose, and so that no danger also may overtake us, it behoveth thee to say.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Hearing these fearful words of his son about imprisoning Krishna, Dhritarashtra, with all his counsellors, was very much pained and became deeply afflicted. King Dhritarashtra then spoke those words unto Duryodhana, 'O ruler of men, never say this again, this is not immemorial custom. Hrishikesa cometh here as an ambassador. He is, besides, related to and is dear to us. He hath done us no wrong; how then doth he deserves imprisonment?'

"Bhishma said, 'This wicked son of thine, O Dhritarashtra, hath his hour come. He chooseth evil, not good, though entreated by his well-wishers. Thou also followest in the wake of this wicked wretch of sinful surroundings, who treadeth a thorny path setting at naught the words of his well-wisher. This exceedingly wicked son of thine with all his counsellors coming in contact with Krishna of unstained acts, will be destroyed in a moment. I dare not listen to the words of this sinful and wicked wretch that hath abandoned all virtue.'

'Having said this, that aged chief of the Bharata race, Bhishma of unbaffled prowess, inflamed with rage rose and left that place.' "

SECTION LXXXIX

"Vaisampayana said, 'Rising up (from his bed) at day-dawn, Krishna went through his morning rites, and taking leave of the Bharatas, set out for the city (of the Kurus). And all the inhabitants of Vrikasthala,

bidding farewell unto that mighty one of long arms while he was about to depart, all returned to their homes. And all the Dhartarashtras except Duryodhana, attired in excellent robes, and with Bhishma, Drona, Kripa, and others, went out to meet him. And the citizens by thousands, O king, on cars of diverse kinds, and many on foot, also came out, desirous of beholding Hrishikesa. And meeting on the way Bhishma of spotless deed, and Drona, and Dhritarashtra's sons, he entered the city, surrounded by them all. And in honour of Krishna, the city was beautifully adorned, and the principal streets were decorated with diverse jewels and gems. And, O king, O bull of the Bharata race, on that occasion no one,—man, woman, or child,—remained in doors, so eager were the citizens for beholding Vasudeva. And all the citizens came out and lined the streets and bent their heads down to the ground singing eulogies in his honour, O king, when Hrishikesa entered the city and passed through it. And substantial mansions, filled with high-born ladies, seemed to be on the point of falling down on the ground in consequence of their living weight. And although Vasudeva's steeds were endued with great speed, yet they moved very slowly through that dense mass of human beings. And that lotus-eyed grinder of foes then entered Dhritarashtra's ash-coloured palace which was enriched with numerous buildings. And having passed through the first three chambers of the palace, that chastiser of foes, Kesava, came upon the royal son of Vichitravirya. And upon that son of Dasarha's race approaching his presence, the blind monarch of great fame stood up along with Drona and Bhishma, Kripa and Somadatta, and king Vahlika also,—all stood up for honouring Janardana. And the Vrishni hero, having approached king Dhritarashtra of great fame, worshipped him and Bhishma with proper words and without losing any time. And having offered that worship unto them according to established usage, Madhava the slayer of Madhu, greeted the other kings according to their seniority in years. And Janardana then accosted the illustrious Drona and his son, and Vahlika, and Kripa, and Somadatta. And there in that chamber lay a spacious seat of beautiful workmanship, made of gold and set with jewels. And at Dhritarashtra's request, Achyuta took that seat; and the priests of Dhritarashtra duly offered Janardana a cow, honey and curds and water. And after the rites of hospitality were over, Govinda remained there for a while, surrounded by the Kurus, laughing and jesting with them according to their relationship with him. And that illustrious grinder of foes, honoured and worshipped by Dhritarashtra, came out with the king's permission. And Madhava having duly greeted all the Kurus in their assembly, then went to the delightful abode of Vidura; and Vidura, having approached Janardana of Dasarha's race thus arrived at his abode, worshipped him with every auspicious and desirable offering. And he said, 'What use, O lotus-eyed one, in telling thee of the joy I feel at this advent of thine, for thou art the inner Soul of all embodied creatures.' And after the hospitable reception was over, Vidura, conversant with all the principles of morality,

enquired of Govinda, the slayer of Madhu, about the welfare of Pandavas. And that scion of Dasarha's race, that chief of the Vrishnis, unto whom the past and the future were as the present, knowing that Vidura was loved by the Pandavas and friendly towards them, and learned, and firm in morality, and honest, and harbouring no wrath (against the Pandavas), and wise, began to tell him everything in detail about the doings of the sons of Pandu.' "

SECTION XC

"Vaisampayana said, 'Janardana, the chastiser of foes, after his meeting with Vidura, went then in the afternoon to his paternal aunt, Pritha. And beholding Krishna whose countenance beamed with the effulgence of the radiant sun arrived at her abode, she encircled his neck with her arms and began to pour forth her lamentations remembering her sons. And at the sight, after a long time, of Govinda of Vrishni's race, the companion of those mighty children of hers, the tears of Pritha flowed fast. And after Krishna, that foremost of warriors, had taken his seat having first received the rites of hospitality, Pritha, with a woe-begone face and voice choked with tears addressed him, saying. 'They, who, from their earliest years have always waited with reverence on their superiors; they, who, in friendship are attached to one another; they, who, deprived deceitfully of their kingdom had gone to seclusion, however worthy of living in the midst of friends and attendants,—they, who have subjugated both wrath and joy, are devoted to Brahman's, and truthful in speech,—those children of mine, who, abandoning kingdom and enjoyments and leaving my miserable self behind, had gone to the woods, plucking the very roots of my heart,—those illustrious sons of Pandu, O Kesava, who have suffered woe however undeserving of it,—how, alas, did they live in the deep forest abounding with lions and tigers and elephants? Deprived in their infancy of their father, they were all tenderly brought up by me. How, also, did they live in the mighty forest, without seeing both their parents? From their infancy, O Kesava, the Pandavas were aroused from their beds by the music of conchs and drums and flutes. That they who while at home, used to sleep in high palatial chambers on soft blankets and skins of the *Runku* deer and were waked up in the morning by the grunt of elephants, the neighing of steeds, the clatter of car-wheels and the music of conchs and cymbals in accompaniment with the notes of flutes and lyres,—who, adored at early dawn with sacred sounding hymns uttered by Brahmanas, worshipped those amongst them that deserved such worship with robes and jewels and ornaments, and who were blessed with the auspicious

benedictions of those illustrious members of the regenerate order, as a return for the homage the latter received,—that they, O Janardana, could sleep in the deep woods resounding with the shrill and dissonant cries of beasts of prey can hardly be believed, undeserving as they were of so much woe. How could they, O slayer of Madhu, who were roused from their beds by music of cymbals and drums and conchs and flutes, with the honeyed strains of songstresses and the eulogies chanted by bards and professional reciters,—alas, how could they be waked in the deep woods by the yells of wild beasts? He that is endued with modesty, is firm in truth, with senses under control and compassions for all creatures,—he that hath vanquished both lust and malice and always treadeth the path of the righteous, he that ably bore the heavy burthen borne by Amvarisha and Mandhatri Yayati and Nahusha and Bharata and Dilip and Sivi the son of Usinara and other royal sages of old, he that is endued with an excellent character and disposition, he that is conversant with virtue, and whose prowess is incapable of being baffled, he that is fit to become the monarch of the three worlds in consequence of his possession of every accomplishment, he that is the foremost of all the Kurus lawfully and in respect of learning and disposition, who is handsome and mighty-armed and hath no enemy,—Oh, how is that Yudhishthira of virtuous soul, and of complexion like that of pure gold? He that hath the strength of ten thousand elephants and the speed of the wind, he that is mighty and ever wrathful amongst the sons of Pandu, he that always doth good to his brothers and is, therefore, dear to them all, he, O slayer of Madhu, that slew Kichaka with all his relatives, he that is the slayer of the Krodhavasas, of Hidimva, and of Vaka, he that in prowess is equal unto Sakra, and in might unto the Wind-god, he that is terrible, and in wrath is equal unto Madhava himself, he that is the foremost of all smiters,—that wrathful son of Pandu and chastiser of foes, who, restraining his rage, might, impatience, and controlling his soul, is obedient to the commands of his elder brother,—speak to me, O Janardana, tell me how is that smiter of immeasurable valour, that Bhimasena, who in aspect also justifies his name—that Vrikodara possessing arms like maces, that mighty second son of Pandu? O Krishna, that Arjuna of two arms who always regardeth himself as superior to his namesake of old with thousand arms, and who at one stretch shooteth five hundred arrows, that son of Pandu who in the use of weapons is equal unto king Kartavirya, in energy unto Aditya, in restraint of senses unto a great sage, in forgiveness unto the Earth, and in prowess unto Indra himself,—he, by whose prowess, O slayer of Madhu, the Kurus amongst all the kings of the earth have obtained this extensive empire, blazing with effulgence,—he, whose strength of arms is always adored by the Pandavas,—that son of Pandu, who is the foremost of all car-warriors and whose prowess is incapable of being frustrated,—he, from an encounter with whom in battle no foe ever escapeth with life, —he, O Achyuta, who is the conqueror of all, but who is incapable of

being conquered by any,—he, who is the refuge of the Pandavas like Vasava of the celestials,—how, O Kesava, is that Dhananjaya now, that brother and friend of thine? He that is compassionate to all creatures, is endued with modesty and acquainted with mighty weapons, is soft and delicate and virtuous,—he that is dear to me,—that mighty bowman Sahadeva, that hero and ornament of assemblies,—ne, O Krishna, who is youthful in years, is devoted to the service of his brothers, and is conversant with both virtue and profit, whose brothers, O slayer of Madhu, always applaud the disposition of that high-souled and well-behaved son of mine,—tell me, O thou of the Vrishni race, of that heroic Sahadeva, that foremost of warriors, that son of Madri, who always waiteth submissively on his elder brothers and so reverentially on me. He that is delicate and youthful in years, he that is brave and handsome in person,—that son of Pandu who is dear unto his brothers as also unto all, and who, indeed, is their very life though walking with a separate body,—he that is conversant with various modes of warfare,—he that is endued with great strength and is a mighty bowman,—tell me, O Krishna, whether that dear child of mine, Nakula, who was brought up in luxury, is now well in body and mind? O thou of mighty arms, shall I ever behold again Nakula of mine, that mighty car-warrior, that delicate youth brought up in every luxury and undeserving of woe? Behold, O hero, I am alive today, even I, who could know peace by losing sight of Nakula for the short space of time taken up by a wink of the eye. More than all my sons, O Janardana, is the daughter of Drupada dear to me. High-born and possessed of great beauty, she is endued with every accomplishment. Truthful in speech, she chose the company of her lords, giving up that of her sons. Indeed, leaving her dear children behind, she followeth the sons of Pandu. Waited upon at one time by a large train of servants, and adored by her husbands with every object of enjoyment, the possessor of every auspicious mark and accomplishment, how, O Achyuta, is that Draupadi now? Having five heroic husbands who are all smiters of foes and all mighty bowmen, each equal unto Agni in energy, alas, woe hath yet been the lot of Drupada's daughter. I have not for fourteen long years, O chastiser of foes, beheld the princess of Panchala, that daughter-in-law of mine, who herself hath been a prey to constant anxiety on account of her children, whom she hath not seen for that period. When Drupada's daughter endued with such a disposition, doth not enjoy uninterrupted happiness, it seemeth, O Govinda, that the happiness one enjoyeth is never the fruit of one's acts. When I remember the forcible dragging of Draupadi to the assembly, then neither Vibhatsu nor Yudhishthira, nor Bhima, nor Nakula, nor Sahadeva, becometh an object of affection to me. Never before had a heavier grief been mine than what pierced my heart when that wretch Dussasana, moved by wrath and covetousness, dragged Draupadi, then in her flow, and therefore clad in a single raiment, into the presence of her father-in-law in the assembly and

exposed her to the gaze of all the Kurus. It is known that amongst those that were present, king Vahlika, Kripa, Somadatta, were pierced with grief at this sight, but of all present in that assembly, it was Vidura whom I worship. Neither by learning, nor by wealth doth one become worthy of homage. It is by disposition alone that one becomes respectable, O Krishna, endued with great intelligence and profound wisdom, the character of the illustrious Vidura, like unto an ornament (that he wears) adorns the whole world.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Filled with delight at the advent of Govinda, and afflicted with sorrow (on account of her sons) Pritha gave expression to all her diverse griefs. And she said, 'Can gambling and the slaughter of deer, which, O chastiser of foes, occupied all wicked kings of old, be a pleasant occupation for the Pandavas? The thought consumeth, O Kesava, that being dragged into the presence of all the Kurus in their assembly by Dhritarashtra's sons, insults worse than death were heaped on Krishna. O chastiser of foes, the banishment of my sons from their capital and their wanderings in the wilderness,—these and various other griefs, O Janardana, have been mine. Nothing could be more painful to me or to my sons themselves, O Madhava, than that they should have had to pass a period of concealment, shut up in a stranger's house. Full fourteen years have passed since the day when Duryodhana first exiled my sons. If misery is destructive of fruits of sins, and happiness is dependent on the fruits of religious merit, then it seems that happiness may still be ours after so much misery. I never made any distinction between Dhritarashtra's sons and mine (so far as maternal affection is concerned). By that truth, O Krishna, I shall surely behold thee along with the Pandavas safely come out of the present strife with their foes slain, and the kingdom recovered by them. The Pandavas themselves have observed their vow with such truthfulness sticking to Dharma that they are incapable of being defeated by their enemies. In the matter of my present sorrows, however, I blame neither myself nor Suyodhana, but my father alone. Like a wealthy man giving away a sum of money in gift, my father gave me away to Kuntibhoja. While a child playing with a ball in my hands, thy grandfather, O Kesava, gave me away to his friend, the illustrious Kuntibhoja. Abandoned, O chastiser of foes, by my own father, and my father-in law, and afflicted with insufferable woes, what use, O Madhava, is there in my being alive? On the night of Savyasachin's birth, in the lying-in-room, an invisible voice told me, 'This son of thine will conquer the whole world, and his fame will reach the very heavens. Slaying the Kurus in a great battle and recovering the kingdom, thy son Dhanajaya will, with his brothers, perform three grand sacrifices.' I do not doubt the truth of that announcement. I bow unto Dharma that upholds the creation. If Dharma be not a myth, then, O Krishna, thou wilt surely achieve all that the invisible voice said. Neither the loss of my husband, O Madhava, nor loss of wealth, nor our hostility with the Kurus ever

inflicted such rending pains on me as that separation from my children. What peace can my heart know when I do not see before me that wielder of Gandiva, *viz.*, Dhananjaya, that foremost of all bearers of arms? I have not, for fourteen years, O Govinda, seen Yudhishthira, and Dhananjaya, and Vrikodara. Men perform the obsequies of those that are missed for a long time, taking them for dead. Practically, O Janardana, my children are all dead to me and I am dead to them.

'Say unto the virtuous king Yudhishthira, O Madhava, that—Thy virtue, O son, is daily decreasing. Act thou, therefore, in such a way that thy religious merit may not diminish. Fie to them that live, O Janardana, by dependence on others. Even death is better than a livelihood gained by meanness. Thou must also say unto Dhananjaya and the ever-ready Vrikodara that—The time for that event is come in view of which a Kshatriya woman bringeth forth a son. If you allow the time slip without your achieving anything, then, though at present ye are respected by all the world, ye will be only doing that which would be regarded as contemptible. And if contempt touches you, I will abandon you for ever. When the time cometh, even life, which is so dear, should be laid down, O foremost of men, thou must also say unto Madri's sons that are always devoted to Kshatriya customs.—More than life itself, strive ye to win objects of enjoyment, procurable by prowess, since objects won by prowess alone can please the heart of a person desirous of living according to Kshatriya customs. Repairing thither, O mighty-armed one, say unto that foremost of all bearers of arms, Arjuna the heroic son of Pandu,—Tread thou the path that may be pointed out to thee by Draupadi. It is known to thee, O Kesava, that when inflamed with rage, Bhima and Arjuna, each like unto the universal Destroyer himself, can slay the very gods. That was a great insult offered unto them, *viz.*, that their wife Krishna, having been dragged into the assembly was addressed in such humiliating terms by Dussasana and Karna. Duryodhana himself hath insulted Bhima of mighty energy in the very presence of the Kuru chiefs. I am sure he will reap the fruit of that behaviour, for Vrikodara, provoked by a foe, knoweth no peace. Indeed, once provoked, Bhima forgets it not for a long while, even until that grinder of foes exterminates the enemy and his allies. The loss of kingdom did not grieve me; the defeat at dice did not grieve me. That the illustrious and beautiful princess of Panchala was dragged into the assembly while clad in a single raiment and made to hear bitter words grieved me most. What, O Krishna, could be a greater grief to me? Alas, ever devoted to Kshatriya customs and endued with great beauty, the princess, while ill, underwent that cruel treatment, and though possessing powerful protectors was then as helpless as if she had none. O slayer of Madhu, having thee and that foremost of all mighty persons, Rama, and that mighty car-warrior Pradyumna for me and my children's protectors and having, O foremost of men, my sons the invincible Bhima and the unretreating Vijaya both alive, that I had still such grief to bear is certainly strange!'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Thus addressed by her, Sauri the friend of Partha, then comforted his paternal aunt, Pritha, afflicted with grief on account of her sons. And Vasudeva said, 'What woman is there, O aunt, in the world who is like thee? The daughter of king Surasena, thou art, by marriage, admitted into Ajamida's race. High-born and highly married, thou art like a lotus transplanted from one mighty lake into another. Endued with every prosperity and great good fortune, thou wert adored by thy husband. The wife of hero, thou hast again given birth to heroic sons. Possessed of every virtue, and endued with great wisdom, it behoveth thee to bear with patience, both happiness and misery. Overcoming sleep and langour, and wrath and joy, and hunger and thirst, and cold and heat, thy children are always in the enjoyment of that happiness, which, as heroes, should by theirs. Endued with great exertion and great might, thy sons, without affecting the comforts derivable from the senses such as satisfy only the low and the mean, always pursue that happiness which as heroes they should. Nor are they satisfied like little men having mean desires. They that are wise enjoy or suffer the same of whatever enjoyable or sufferable, Indeed, ordinary persons, affecting comforts that satisfy the low and the mean, desire an equable state of dullness without excitement of any kind. They, however, that are superior, desire either the acutest of human suffering or the highest of all enjoyments that is given to man. The wise always delight in extremes. They find no pleasure betwixt; they regard the extreme to be happiness, while that which lies between is regarded by them as misery. The Pandavas with Krishna saluteth thee through me. Representing themselves to be well, they have enquired after thy welfare. Thou wilt soon behold them become the lords of the whole world, with their foe slain, and themselves invested with prosperity.'

'Thus consoled by Krishna, Kunti, afflicted with grief on account of her sons, but soon dispelling the darkness caused by her temporary loss of understanding, replied unto Janardana, saying, 'Whatever, O mighty-armed one, thou, O slayer of Madhu, regardest as proper to be done, let that be done without sacrificing righteousness, O chastiser of foes, and without the least guile. I know, O Krishna, what the power of thy truth and of thy lineage is. I know also what judgement and what prowess thou bringest to bear upon the accomplishment of whatever concerns thy friends. In our race, thou art Virtue's self, thou art Truth, and thou art the embodiment of ascetic austerities. Thou art the great *Brahma*, and everything rests on thee. What, therefore, thou hast said must be true.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Bidding her farewell and respectfully walking round her, the mighty-armed Govinda then departed for Duryodhana's mansion.' "

SECTION XCI

"Vaisampayana said, 'With Pritha's leave and having walked round her, the chastiser of foes, Govinda, also called Sauri, went to Duryodhana's palace that was furnished with great wealth, adorned with beautiful seats, and was like unto the abode of Purandara himself. Un-obstructed by the orderlies-in-waiting, that hero of great fame crossed three spacious yards in succession and then entered that mansion looking like a mass of clouds, high as the summit of a hill, and blazing forth in splendour. And he there beheld Dhritarashtra's son of mighty arms seated on his throne in the midst of a thousand kings and surrounded by all the Kurus. And he also beheld there Dussasana and Karna and Sakuni, the son of Suvala, seated on their respective seats by the side of Duryodhana. And on that scion of Dasarha's race entering the court, Dhritarashtra's son of great fame rose up from his seat with his counsellors for honouring the slayer of Madhu. And Kesava then greeted Dhritarashtra's sons and all his counsellors as also all the kings that were present there, according to their respective ages. And Achyuta of Vrishni's race then took his seat on a beautiful seat made of gold and overlaid with carpet embroidered with gold. And the Kuru king then offered unto Janardana a cow, and honey and curds and water, and placed at his service palaces and mansions and the whole kingdom. And then the Kauravas, with all the kings there present, worshipped Govinda on his seat and resembling the sun himself in splendour. The worship being over, king Duryodhana invited him of Vrishni's race—that foremost of victors—to eat at his house, Kesava, however did not accept the invitation. The Kuru king Duryodhana seated in the midst of the Kurus, in a gentle voice but with deception lurking behind his words, eyeing Karna, and addressing Kesava, then said, 'Why, O Janardana, dost thou not accept the diverse kinds of viands and drinks, robes and beds that have all been prepared and kept ready for thee? Thou hast granted aid to both sides; thou art engaged in the good of both parties. Thou art again the foremost of Dhritarashtra's relations and much loved by him. Thou, O Govinda, also knowest fully, and all things in details, both religion and profit. I, therefore, desire to hear, O bearer of the discus and the mace, what the true reason is of this thy refusal.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'The high-souled Govinda, of eyes like lotus leaves, then raising his mighty (right) arm, and in a voice deep as that of the clouds, replied unto the king in excellent words fraught with reasons,—words that were clear, distinct, correctly pronounced, and without a single letter dropped, saying, 'Envoys, O king, eat and accept worship only after the success of their missions. Therefore, O Bharata, after my mission becomes successful, thou mayest entertain me and my attendants.' Thus answered, Dhritarashtra's son again said unto Janardana, 'It behoveth thee not, O Kesava, to behave towards us in this

way, Whether thou becomest successful, or unsuccessful, we are endeavouring to please thee, O slayer of Madhu, because of thy relationship with us. It seems, however, that all our efforts. O thou of Dasarha's race, are fruitless. Nor do we see the reason, O slayer of Madhu, in consequence of which, O foremost of men, thou acceptest not the worship offered by us from love and friendship. With thee, O Govinda, we have no hostility, no war. Therefore, on reflection, it will seem to thee that words such as these scarcely become thee.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Thus addressed by the king, Janardana of Dasarha's race, casting his eyes on Dhritarashtra's son and all his counsellors, replied, saying, 'Not from desire, nor from wrath, nor from malice, nor for gain, nor for the sake of argument, nor from temptation, would I abandon virtue. One taketh another's food when one is in distress. At present, however, O king, thou hast not inspired love in me by any act of thine, nor have I myself been plunged into distress. Without any reason, O king, thou hatest, from the moment of their birth, thy dear and gentle brothers,—the Pandavas—endued with every virtue. This unreasonable hatred of thine for the sons of Pritha ill becometh thee. The sons of Pandu are all devoted to virtue. Who, indeed, can do them the least injury? He that hateth them, hateth me; he that loveth them, loveth me. Know that the virtuous Pandavas and my own self have but a common soul. He, who, following the impulses of lust and wrath, and from darkness of soul, hateth and seeketh to injure one that is possessed of every good quality, is regarded as the vilest of men. That wrathful wretch of every good quality, is regarded as the vilest of men. That wrathful wretch of uncontrolled soul, who, from ignorance and avarice hateth his kinsmen endued with every auspicious quality, can never enjoy his prosperity long. He, on the other hand, who, by good offices, winneth over persons endued with good qualities, even if he beareth aversion of them within his heart, enjoyeth prosperity and fame for ever and ever. Defiled by wickedness, all this food, therefore, deserveth not to be eaten by me. The food supplied by Vidura alone, should, I think, be eaten by me.'

'Having said this unto Duryodhana who was ever incapable of bearing anything against his own wishes, Kesava of mighty arms then came out of that blazing palace of Dhritarashtra's son. And the high-souled Vasudeva of mighty arms, coming out of that mansion, directed his steps towards the abode of the illustrious Vidura. And while that mighty-armed one staying within Vidura's abode, thither came unto him Drona, and Kripa, and Bhishma, and Vahlika, and many of the Kauravas. And the Kauravas that came there addressed Madhava, the heroic slayer of Madhu, saying, 'O thou of Vrishni's race, we place at thy disposal our houses with all the wealth within them.'

'The slayer of Madhu, of mighty energy, answered them saying, 'Ye may go away. I am much honoured by these your offers.' And after all the Kurus had gone away, Vidura, with great care entertained that

unvanquished hero of Dasarha's race with every object of desire. And Kunti then placed before the illustrious Kesava clean and savoury food in abundance. Therewith the slayer of Madhu first gratified the Brahmanas. Indeed, from that food he first gave a portion, along with much wealth, unto a number of Brahmanas conversant with the *Vedas*, and then with his attendants, like Vasava in the midst of the Marutas, he dined on what remained of the clean and savoury food supplied by Vidura.' "

SECTION XCII

"Vaisampayana said, 'After Kesava had dined and been refreshed, Vidura said unto him during the night, 'O Kesava, this advent of thine hath not been a well judged one, for, O Janardana, Dhritarashtra's son transgresseth the rules of both profit and religion, is wicked and wrathful, insulteth others, though himself desirous of honours, and disobeyeth the commands of the aged. He is, O Madhava, a transgressor of the scriptures, ignorant, and of wicked soul, already overtaken by fate, untractable, and disposed to do evil to those that seek his good. His soul is possessed by desire and lust. He foolishly regardeth himself as very wise. He is the enemy of all his true friends. Ever-suspicious, without any control over his soul, and ungrateful, he hath abandoned all virtue and is in love with sin. He is foolish, with understanding uncultivated, a slave of his senses, ever obedient to the impulses of lust and avarice, and irresolute in every act that should be done. He is endued with these and many other vices. Although thou wilt point out to him what is for his good, he will yet disregard it all, moved by pride and anger. He hath great faith in Bhishma, and Drona, and Kripa, and Karna, and Drona's son, and Jayadratha, and, therefore, he never setteth his heart on peace, O Janardana. Dhritarashtra's sons, with Karna, firmly believe that the Pandavas are incapable of even looking at Bhishma, Drona, and other heroes, not to speak of fighting against them. The foolish Duryodhana of limited sight, having assembled a huge army regardeth, O slayer of Madhu, that his purposes are already achieved. The foolish son of Dhritarashtra hath arrived at the conclusion that Karna, single-handed, is competent to vanquish his foes. He will, therefore, never make peace. Thou, O Kesava, desirest to establish peace and brotherly feelings between the two parties. But know that all the sons of Dhritarashtra have come to the conclusion that they would not give unto the Pandavas what, indeed, the latter have a right to. With those that are so resolved thy words will certainly prove vain. Where, O slayer of Madhu, words, good or bad, are of the same effect, no wise

man would spend his breath for nothing, like a singer before the deaf. As a Brahmana before a conclave of *Chandalas*, thy words, O Madhava, would command no respect among those ignorant and wicked wretches that have no reverence for all that deserveth reverence. Foolish, as long as he hath strength, he will never obey thy counsels. Whatever words thou mayest speak to him will be perfectly futile. It doth not seem proper to me, O Krishna, that thou shouldst go into the midst of these wicked-minded wretches seated together. It doth not seem proper to me, O Krishna, that going thither thou shouldst utter words against those wicked-souled, foolish, unrighteous wights, strong in number. In consequence of their having never worshipped the aged, in consequence of their having been blinded by prosperity and pride, and owing to the pride of youth and wrath, they will never accept the good advice thou mayest place before them. He hath mustered a strong force, O Madhava, and he hath his suspicions of thyself. He will, therefore, never obey any counsel that thou mayest offer. The sons of Dhritarashtra, O Janardana, are inspired with the firm belief that at present Indra himself, at the head of all the celestials, is incapable of defeating them in battle. Efficacious as thy words always are, they will prove to be of no efficacy with persons impressed with such a conviction and who always follow the impulses of lust and wrath. Staying in the midst of his ranks of elephants and his army consisting of cars and heroic infantry, the foolish and wicked Duryodhana, with all fears dispelled, regardeth the whole earth to have already been subjugated by him. Indeed, Dhritarashtra's son coveteth extensive empire on the earth without any rivals. Peace, therefore, with him is unattainable. That which he hath in his possession he regardeth as unalterably his. Alas, the destruction on the earth seems to be at hand for the sake of Duryodhana, for, impelled by fate, the kings of the earth, with all the Kshatriya warriors, have assembled together, desirous of battling with the Pandavas? All those kings, O Krishna, are in enmity with thee and have all been deprived of their possessions before this by thee. Through fear of thee those heroic monarchs have joined together with Karna and made an alliance with Dhritarashtra's sons. Reckless of their very lives, all those warriors have united with Duryodhana and are filled with delight at the prospect of fighting the Pandavas. O hero of Dasarha's race, it doth not commend itself to me that thou shouldst enter into their midst. How, O grinder of foes, wilt thou repair into the midst of those numerous enemies of thine, of wicked souls, and seated together? O thou of mighty arms, thou art, indeed, incapable of being vanquished by the very gods, and I know, O slayer of foes, thy manliness and intelligence. O Madhava, the love I bear to thee is equal to that I bear to the sons of Pandu. I say, therefore, these words to thee from my affection, regard, and friendship for thee. What need is there in expressing to thee the delight that has been mine at sight of thy persons, for, thou, O thou of eyes like lotus, art the inner Soul of all embodied creatures.' "

SECTION XCIII

"The holy one said, 'That, indeed, which should be said by a person of great wisdom: that, indeed, which should be said by one possessed of great foresight; that indeed, which should be said by one like thee to a friend like me; that indeed, which is deserving of thee, being consistent with virtue and profit, and truth; that, O Vidura, hath been said by thee, father and mother-like, unto me. That which thou hast told me is certainly true, worthy of approbation and consistent with reason. Listen, however, with attention, O Vidura, to the reason of my coming. Well knowing the wickedness of Dhritarashtra's son and the hostility of the Kshatriyas that have sided with him. I have still, O Vidura, come to the Kurus. Great will be the merit earned by him who will liberate from the meshes of death the whole earth, with her elephants, cars and steeds, overwhelmed with a dreadful calamity. If a man striving to the best of his abilities to perform a virtuous act meets with failure, I have not the least doubt that the merit of that act becomes his, notwithstanding such failure. This also is known to those that are conversant with religion and scripture, that if a person having intended mentally to commit a sinful act does not actually commit it, the demerit of that act can never be his. I will sincerely endeavour, O Vidura, to bring about peace between the Kurus and the Srinjayas who are about to be slaughtered in battle. That terrible calamity (which hangs over them all) hath its origin in the conduct of the Kurus, for it is directly due to the action of Duryodhana and Karna, the other Kshatriyas only following the lead of these two. The learned regard him to be a wretch who doth not by his solicitation seek to save a friend who is about to sink in calamity. Striving to the best of his might, even to the extent of seizing him by the hair, one should seek to dissuade a friend from an improper act. In that case, he that acteth so, instead of incurring blame, reapeth praise. It behoveth Dhritarashtra's son, therefore, O Vidura, with his counsellors, to accept my good and beneficial counsels that are consistent with virtue and profit and competent to dispel the present calamity. I will, therefore, sincerely endeavour to bring about the good of Dhritarashtra's sons and of the Pandavas, as also of all the Kshatriyas on the face of the earth. If while endeavouring to bring about the good (of my friends), Duryodhana judgeth me wrongly, I shall have the satisfaction of my own conscience, and a true friend is one who assumeth the functions of an intercessor when dissensions break out between kinsmen. In order, again, that unrighteous, foolish, and inimical persons may not afterwards say that though competent, still Krishna did not make any attempt to restrain the angry Kurus and the Pandavas from slaughtering one another I have come here. Indeed, it is to serve both parties that I have come hither. Having striven to bring about peace, I will

escape the censure of all the kings. If after listening to my auspicious words, fraught with virtue and profit, the foolish Duryodhana accept them not, he will only invite his fate. If without sacrificing the interests of the Pandavas I can bring about peace among the Kurus, my conduct will be regarded as highly meritorious, O high-souled one, and the Kauravas themselves will be liberated from the meshes of death. If the sons of Dhritarashtra reflect coolly on the words I shall utter—words fraught with wisdom, consistent with righteousness, and possessed of grave import,—then that peace which is my object will be brought about and the Kauravas will also worship me (as the agent thereof). If, on the other hand, they seek to injure me, I tell thee that all the kings of the earth; united together, are no match for me, like a herd of deer incapable of standing before an enraged lion.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Having said these words, that bull of the Vrishni race and delighter of Yadavas, then laid himself down on his soft bed for sleep.' "

SECTION XCIV

"Vaisampayana said, 'In such conversation between those two distinguished persons, both of whom were endued with great intelligence, that night, lit with bright stars, passed away. Indeed, the night passed away against the wishes of the illustrious Vidura, who had been listening to the varied conversation of Krishna fraught with virtue, profit, and desire, and made up of delightful words and syllables of agreeable import; and also those of Krishna himself, of immeasurable prowess, listening to discourses equal in style and character. Then, at early dawn a band of choristers and bards gifted with melodious voices, awoke Kesava with sweet sounds of conchs and cymbals. And rising from bed, Janardana of Dasarha's race, that bull amongst all the Sattwatas, went through all the customary acts of the morning. And having cleansed himself by a bath, recited the sacred *Mantras* and poured libations of clarified butter on the sacrificial fire. Madhava decked his person and began to worship the rising sun. And while the unvanquished Krishna of Dasarha's race was still engaged in his morning devotions, Duryodhana and Suvala's son Sakuni came to him and said, 'Dhritarashtra is seated in his court, with all the Kurus headed by Bhishma and with all the kings of the earth. They are all soliciting thy presence, O Govinda, like the celestials in heaven desiring the presence of Sakra himself,—thus addressed, Govinda greeted them both with sweet and courteous enquiries. And when the sun had risen a little higher, Janardana, that chastiser of foes, summoning a number of Brahmanas, made them presents of gold and robes and kine and steeds.

And after he had thus given away much wealth and taken his seat, his driver (Daruka) came and saluted that unvanquished hero of Dasarha's race. And Daruka soon returned with his master's large and blazing car furnished with rows of tinkling bells and harnessed with excellent steeds. And understanding that his handsome car adorned with every ornament and producing a rattle, deep as the rumbling of the mighty masses of clouds, was ready, the high-souled Janardana, that delighter of all the Yadavas, walking round the sacred fire and a band of Brahmanas, and putting on the gem known by the name of *Kaustubha*, and blazing with beauty, surrounded by the Kurus, and well-protected by the Vrishnis, mounted on it. And Vidura, conversant with all the precepts of religion, followed on his own car that scion of Dasarha's race, that foremost of all living creatures, that first of all persons gifted with intelligence. And Duryodhana and Suvala's son Sakuni also, on one car followed Krishna, that chastiser of foes. And Satyaki and Kritavarman and the other mighty car-warriors of the Vrishni race, all rode behind Krishna on cars and steeds and elephants. And, O king, the handsome cars of those heroes, adorned with gold and drawn by excellent steeds and each producing a loud rattle, as they moved forward, shone brilliantly. And Kesava, endued with great intelligence, and beaming with beauty, soon came upon a broad street that had previously been swept and watered, and that was fit to be used by the highest of kings. And when that scion of Dasarha's race set out, cymbals began to play, and conchs began to be blown, and other instruments also to pour forth their music. And great number of youthful heroes, foremost in the world for heroism, and possessed of lion-like prowess, proceeded, surrounding Sauri's car. And many thousands of soldiers, attired in a variegated dresses, bearing swords and lances and axes, marched in advance of Kesava. And there were full five hundred elephants, and cars by thousands, that followed that unvanquished hero of Dasarha's race while he proceeded. And, O chastiser of foes, all the citizens of the capital, of all ages and both sexes, desirous of beholding Janardana came out into the streets. And the terraces and balconies of the houses were so thronged by ladies that the houses were on the point of falling down with the weight. And worshipped by the Kurus, and listening to various sweet speeches, and returning the greetings of all as each deserved, Kesava went along the street, casting his eyes on all. And at last, when Kesava reached the Kuru court, his attendants loudly blew their conchs and trumpets and filled the welkin with that blare. And, thereupon, that whole assembly of kings, of immeasurable prowess, trembled with delight at the expectation of soon setting their eyes on Krishna. And hearing the rattle of his car, that rumbled like the deep roll of rain-charged clouds, the monarchs understood Krishna to be near, and the hair of their bodies stood erect with delight. And having reached the gate of the court, Sauri, that bull among the Satwatas, alighting from his car, that resembled the summit of Kailasa, entered the court

which looked like a mass of newly-risen clouds, and blazed forth with beauty, and resembled the very abode of the great Indra. And that illustrious hero entered the court, arm-in-arm with Vidura and Satyaki on either side, and overshadowing with his own the splendour of all the Kurus, like the sun overshadowing the radiance of lesser lights in the firmament. And before Vasudeva sat Karna and Duryodhana, while behind him were seated the Vrishnis with Kritavarman. And Bhishma and Drona, and others with Dhritarashtra were on the point of rising up from their seats for honouring Janardana. Indeed, as soon as he, of Dasarha's race, came, the illustrious blind monarch, Drona and Bhishma, all rose up from their seats. And when that mighty ruler of men, king Dhritarashtra, rose up from his seat, those kings by thousands around him all rose up also. And at Dhritarashtra's command, a seat beautiful all over, and adorned with gold, had been kept there for Krishna, And after taking his seat, Madhava smilingly greeted the king, and Bhishma, and Drona, and all other rulers, each according to his age. And all the kings of the earth, and all the Kurus also, beholding Kesava arrived in that assembly, worshipped him duly. And as that chastiser of foes, that vanquisher of hostile cities, that hero of Dasarha's race, was seated there, he beheld the *Rishis* whom he had seen while proceeding to Hastinapur, staying in the firmament. And beholding those *Rishis* with Narada at their head, he of Dasarha's race, slowly addressed Bhishma the son of Santanu, saying, 'O king, the *Rishis* have come to see this earthly conclave of ours. Invite them with offer of seats and abundant courtesy, for if they are not seated, no one here is capable of taking his seat. Let proper worship, therefore, be speedily offered unto these *Rishis* with souls under proper control. And beholding the *Rishis* then at the gate of the palace, Santanu's son quickly ordered the servants to bring seats for them. And soon enough they brought large and beautiful seats embroidered with gold and set with gems. And after the *Rishis*. O Bharata, had taken their seats and accepted the *Arghyas* offered to them, Krishna took his seat, so also all the kings. And Dussasana gave an excellent seat to Satyaki, while Vivingsati gave another golden one to Kritavarman. And not far from where Krishna sat, that illustrious and wrathful pair, Karna and Duryodhana, sat together on the same seat. And Sakuni, the king of Gandhara, surrounded by the chiefs of his country, sat there, O king, with his son beside him. And the high-souled Vidura sat on a begemmed seat covered with a white deer-skin that almost touched Krishna's seat. And all the kings in the assembly, although they gazed at Janardana of Dasarha's race for a long while, were not, however, gratified with their gaze, like drinkers of the *Amrita*, that are never satiated with quaffing measure after measure. And Janardana attired in yellow robes having the complexion of the *Atasi* flower, sat in the midst of that assembly like a sapphire mounted on gold. And after Govinda had taken his seat, a perfect silence ensued, for none present there spoke a single word.' "

SECTION XCV

"Vaisampayana said, 'And after all the kings had been seated and perfect silence had ensued, Krishna possessing fine teeth and having a voice deep as that of the drum, began to speak. And Madhava although he addressed Dhritarashtra, spoke in a voice deep as the roll of clouds in the rainy season, making the whole assembly hear. And he said, 'In order that, O Bharata, peace may be established between the Kurus and the Pandavas without a slaughter of the heroes, I have come hither. Besides this, O king, I have no other beneficial words to utter, O chastiser of foes, everything that should be learnt in this world is already known to thee. This thy race, O king, owing to its learning and behaviour, and owing also to its being adorned with every accomplishment, is most distinguished among all royal dynasties. Joy in the happiness of others, grief at sight of other people's misery, desire to alleviate distress, abstention from injury, sincerity, forgiveness, and truth,—these, O Bharata, prevail amongst the Kurus. Then thy race, therefore, O king, is so noble, it would be a pity if anything improper were done by any one belonging to it, and greater pity still if it were done by thee. O chief of the Kurus, thou art the first of those that should restrain the Kurus if they behave deceitfully towards strangers or those numbering with themselves. Know, O thou of Kuru's race, that those wicked sons of thine, headed by Duryodhana, abandoning both virtue and profit, disregarding morality, and deprived of their senses by avarice, are now acting most unrighteously towards, O bull of men, their foremost of kinsmen. That terrible danger (which threatens all) hath its origin in the conduct of the Kurus. If thou becomest indifferent to it, it will then produce a universal slaughter. If, O Bharata, thou art willing, thou mayest be able to allay that danger even yet, for, O bull of Bharata's race, peace, I think, is not difficult of acquisition. The establishment of peace, O king, depends on thee and myself, O monarch. Set right thy sons, O thou of Kuru's race, and I will set the Pandavas right. Whatever be thy command, O king, it behoveth thy sons with their followers to obey it. If again they live in obedience to thee, that would be the very best they could do. If thou strivest for peace by restraining thy sons, it will be to thy profit, O king, as also to the benefit of the Pandavas. Having reflected carefully, act thou thyself, O king. Let those sons of Bharata (the Pandavas), be, O ruler of men, thy allies. Supported by the Pandavas, O king, seek thou both religion and profit. By every exertion in thy power, thou canst not have, O king, such allies as they who are such. Protected by the illustrious sons of Pandu, Indra himself at the head of the celestials will not be able to vanquish thee. How would it be possible then for mere earthly kings to withstand thy prowess? If with Bhishma, and Drona, and Kripa, and Karna, and Vivingsati, and Aswatthaman, Vikarna, and Somadatta,

and Vahlika and the chief of the Sindhus, and the ruler of the Kalingas, and Sudakshina, the king of the Kamvojas, there were Yudhishthira, and Bhimasena and Savyasachin, and the twins, and if Satyaki of mighty energy, and Yuyutsu, that mighty car warrior, are stationed, who is there, O bull of Bharata's race, of such misdirected intelligence that would fight these? If, O slayer of foes, thou hast both the Kurus and the Pandavas at thy back, the sovereignty of the whole world and invincibility before all foes will be thine. All the rulers of the earth, O monarch, that are either equal to thee or superior, will then seek alliance with thee. Protected on all sides by sons, grandsons, fathers, brothers, and friends, thou wilt then be able to live in exceeding happiness. Keeping these before thee and treating them with kindness as in days of yore, thou, O monarch, wilt enjoy the sovereignty of the whole earth. With these as thy supporters and with the sons of Pandu also, thou wilt, O Bharata, be able to conquer all thy foes. Even this is thy best advantage. If, O chastiser of foes, thou art united with thy sons and kinsmen and counsellors, thou wilt enjoy sovereignty of the whole earth won for thee by them. In battle, O great king, nothing but wholesale destruction is visible. Indeed, in the destruction of both the parties, what merit dost thou see? If the Pandavas are slaughtered in battle, or if thy own mighty sons fall, tell me, O bull of Bharata's race, what happiness wilt thou enjoy? All of them are brave and skilled in weapons. All of them are desirous of battle, the Pandavas as also thy sons. Oh, save them from the terrible danger that threatens them. After the battle thou wilt not behold all the Kurus or all the Pandavas, Car-warriors slain by car-warriors, thou wilt behold the heroes of both parties reduced in numbers and strength. All the rulers of the earth, O best of kings, have been assembled together. Inflamed with wrath, they will certainly exterminate the population of the earth. Save, O king, the world. Let not the population of the earth be exterminated. O son of Kuru's race, if thou regainest thy natural disposition, the earth may continue to be peopled as now. Save, O king, these monarchs, who are all of pure descent, endued with modesty and liberality and piety, and connected with on another in bonds of relationship or alliance, from the terrible danger that threatens them. Abandoning wrath and enmity, O chastiser of foes, let these kings, embracing one another in peace, eating and drinking with one another, dressed in excellent robes and decked with garlands, and doing courtesies to one another, return to their respective homes. Let the affection thou hadst for the Pandavas be revived in thy bosom, and let it, O bull of Bharata's race, lead to the establishment of peace. Deprived of their father while they were infants, they were brought up by thee. Cherish them now as becomes thee, O bull of Bharata's race, as if they were thy own sons. It is thy duty to protect them. And especially it is so when they are distressed. O bull of Bharata's race, let not thy virtue and profit be both lost. Saluting and propitiating thee, the Pandavas have said unto thee, 'At

thy command we have, with our followers, suffered great misery. For these twelve years have we lived in the woods, and for the thirteenth year have we lived *incognito* in an uninhabited part of the world. We broke not our pledge, firmly believing that our father also would abide by his. That we violated not our word is well-known to the Brahman as who were with us. And as we, O bull of the Bharata race, have abided by our promise, also do thou abide by thine. Long have we suffered the greatest misery, but let us now have our share of the kingdom. Fully conversant as thou art with virtue and profit, it behoveth thee to rescue us. Knowing that our obedience is due to thee, we have quietly undergone much misery. Behave thou then unto us like a father or brother. A preceptor should behave as a preceptor towards his disciples, and as disciples we are willing to behave as such towards thee, our preceptor. Act thou, therefore, towards us as a preceptor should. If we go wrong, it is the duty of our father to set us right. Therefore, set us on the way and tread thou also the excellent path of righteousness.' Those sons of thine, O bull of the Bharata race, have also said unto these kings assembled in the court these words, 'If the members of an assembly are conversant with morality, nothing improper should be permitted by them to happen. Where, in the presence of the virtuous members of an assembly, righteousness is sought to be overpowered by unrighteousness, and truth by the untruth, it is those members themselves that are vanquished and slain. When righteousness, pierced by unrighteousness, seeketh the protection of an assembly, if the arrow is not extracted, it is the members themselves that are pierced by that arrow. Indeed, in that case, righteousness slayeth the members of that assembly, like a river eating away the roots of the trees on its bank.' Judge now, O bull of the Bharata race. The Pandavas, with their eyes turned towards righteousness and reflecting on everything, are maintaining a calm attitude, and what they have said is consistent with truth and virtue and justice. O ruler of men, what canst thou say unto them, but that thou art willing to give them back their kingdom? Let these rulers of earth that are sitting here say (what the answer should be)! If it appears to thee that what I have said after reflecting well on virtue to be true, save all these Kshatriyas, O bull of the Bharata race, from the meshes of death. Effect peace, O chief of Bharata's race, and yield not to anger. Giving unto the Pandavas their just share of the paternal kingdom, enjoy thou then, with thy sons, O chastiser of foes, happiness and luxury, thy wishes being all crowned with success. Know that Yudhishthira always treadeth the path that is trod by the righteous. Thou knowest also, O king, what the behaviour of Yudhishthira is towards thee and thy sons. Although thou hadst sought to burn him to death and hadst exiled him from human habitation, yet he came back and once more repose confidence in thee. Again, didst thou with thy sons, banish him to Indraprastha? While there, he brought all the kings of the earth to subjection and yet looked up to

thy face, O king, without seeking to disregard thee. Although he behaved in this way, yet Suvala's son, desirous of robbing him of his dominions and wealth and possessions, applied the very efficacious means of dice. Reduced to that condition and even beholding Krishna dragged into the assembly, Yudhishthira of immeasurable soul, did not yet swerve from the duties of a Kshatriya. As regards myself, I desire, O Bharata, thy good as also theirs. For the sake of virtue, of profit, of happiness, make peace, O king, and do not allow the Earth's population to be slaughtered, regarding evil as good and good as evil. Restrain thy sons, O monarch, who have from covetousness proceeded too far. As regards the sons of Pritha, they are equally ready to wait upon thee in dutiful service or to fight. That which, O chastiser of foes, seems to thee to be for thy good, do thou adopt!'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'All the rulers of earth there present highly applauded these words of Kesava within their hearts, but none of them ventured to say anything in the presence of Duryodhana.' "

SECTION XCVI

"Vaisampayana said, 'Hearing these words uttered by the high-sould Kesava, all the persons who sat in that assembly remained silent, their hair standing on their ends. And all the kings thought within themselves that there was no man who could dare reply to that speech. And seeing that all the kings sat silent, Jamadagni's son (addressing Duryodhana) then said these words in that assembly of Kurus, 'Listen confidingly to my words illustrated by an example, and seek thy own good if my speech recommends itself to thee. There was a king of yore named Dambhodbhava, who was the Head of the earth. It hath been heard by us that his sovereignty extented over the whole world. And that mighty car-warrior, rising every morning after the night had passed away, called the Brahmanas and the Kshatriyas unto himself and asked them, saying, 'Be he a Sudra, a Vaisya, a Kshatriya, or a Brahmana, is there any one who is superior or even equal to me in battle?' And uttering these words that king wandered over the earth, intoxicated with pride and thinking of nothing else. And it so happened that certain Brahmanas endued with high souls, conversant with the *Vedas*, and fearing nothing on earth, counselled the monarch, repeatedly boasting of his prowess, to curb his pride. But though forbidden by those Brahmanas to boast in that way, the king continued to ask the Brahmanas as before the same question day after day. And some high-souled Brahmanas then, endued with ascetic merit and acquainted with the proofs furnished by the *Vedas*, were inflamed with anger, and addressing that proud and

boastful king intoxicated with prosperity, told him, 'There are two persons who are foremost of all men and who are always victorious in battle. Thou, O king, wilt by no means be equal to them if thou seekest an encounter with any one of them.' And thus addressed by them, the king asked those Brahmanas, saying, 'Where may those two heroes be found? In what race are they born? What feats have they achieved? And who are they? And the Brahmanas answered him, saying, 'It had been heard by us that those two persons are ascetics called Nara and Narayana. They have both taken their births in the race of man. Go and fight with them, O king. It is that illustrious pair, Nara and Narayana, who are now practising the severest of penances in some hidden region of the mountains of Gandhamadana.' Hearing those words of the Brahmanas, that king speedily mustered his large army consisting of six kinds of forces,[1] and unable to bear their reputation, marched to the spot where those unvanquished ascetics were, and arrived at the rugged and frightful mountains of Gandhamadana. He began to search after those *Rishis*, and at last, came upon them concealed within the woods. And beholding those two best of persons emaciated with hunger and thirst, their veins swollen and visible, and themselves much afflicted with cold winds, and the hot rays of the sun, he approached them, and touching their feet, enquired after their welfare. And the two *Rishis* received the king hospitably, with fruits and roots, and a seat and water. And they then enquired after the king's business, saying, '*Let it be done.*' And thus addressed by them, the king said unto them the same words that he was in the habit of saying unto all. And he said, 'The whole earth has been conquered by the might of my arms. All my foes have been slain. Desiring a battle with you both I have come to this mountain. Offer me this hospitality. I have been cherishing this wish from a long time.' Thus addressed, Nara and Narayana said, 'O best of kings, wrath and covetousness have no place in this retreat. How can a battle, therefore, be possible here? There are no weapons here, and nothing of unrighteousness and malice. Seek battle elsewhere. There are many Kshatriyas on earth.'

"Rama continued, 'Although thus addressed, the king still pressed them for giving him battle. The *Rishis*, however, continually soothed him and overlooked his importunity. King Dambhodbhava, still desirous of battle, repeatedly summoned those *Rishis* to fight. Nara, then, O Bharata, taking up a handful of grass-blades, said, 'Desirous of battle as thou art, come, O Kshatriya, and fight! Take up all thy arms, and array thy troops. I will curb thy eagerness for battle hereafter!' Dambhodbhava then said, 'If, O ascetic, thou thinkest this weapon of thine fit to be used against us, I shall fight with thee though thou mayest use that weapon, for I have come hither desirous of fighting.' Saying this,

[1]Cars, elephants, horses, infantry, vehicles other than cars, and warriors fighting from the backs of camels.

Dambhodbhava with all his troops, desirous of slaying that ascetic, covered all sides with a shower of arrows. That ascetic, however, by means of those blades of grass, baffled all those terrible shafts of the king that were capable of mangling the bodies of hostile warriors. The invincible Rishi then let off towards the king his own terrible weapon made of grass-blades and which was incapable of being counteracted. And highly wonderful was that which happened, for that ascetic, incapable of missing his aim, pierced and cut off, by those grass-blades alone, the eyes and ears and noses of the hostile warriors, aided also by his power of illusion. And beholding the entire welkin whitened by those grass-blades, the king fell at the feet of the Rishi and said, 'Let me be blessed! Ever inclined to grant protection unto those that sought it, Nara then, O king, said unto that monarch, 'Be obedient to the Brahmanas and be virtuous. Never do so again. O king, O tiger among monarchs, a conqueror of hostile towns, a Kshatriya mindful of the duties of his own or, should never, within even his heart, be as thou art. Filled with pride, never insult anybody on any occasion, be inferior or superior to thee. Even such conduct would befit thee. Acquiring wisdom, abandoning covetousness and pride, controlling thy soul, restraining thy passions, practising forgiveness and humility, and becoming amiable, O king, go, and cherish thy subjects. Without ascertaining the strength and weakness of men, never insult any one under any circumstances. Blessed be thou, and with our leave, go hence, and never again behave in this way. At our command, enquire thou always of the Brahmanas as to what is for thy good! The king then, worshipping the feet of those two illustrious Rishis, returned to his city, and from that time began to practise righteousness. Great indeed, was that feat achieved of old by Nara. Narayana, again, became superior to Nara in consequence of many more qualities. Therefore, O king, besides such weapons as *Kakudika, Suka, Naka, Akshisantarjana, Santana, Nartana, Ghora,* and *Asyamodaka,* are placed on the string of that best of bows called Gandiva, go thou unto Dhananjaya, laying aside thy pride Struck with these weapons, men always yield up their lives. Indeed, these weapons have other means corresponding with the eight passions, such as lust, wrath, covetousness, vanity, insolence, pride, malice, and selfishness. Struck with them, men are confounded, and move about frantically deprived of their senses. Under their influence, persons always sleep heavily, cut capers, vomit, pass urine and excreta, weep, and laugh incessantly. Indeed, that Arjuna is irresistible in fight, who hath for his friend Narayana—the Creator and Lord of all the worlds—fully acquainted with the course of everything. Who is there in the three worlds, O Bharata, who would venture to vanquish that hero—the Ape-bannered Jishnu—who hath no equal in battle? Countless are the virtues that reside in Partha. Janardana again, is superior to him. Thou art thyself well-acquainted with Dhananjaya, the son of Kunti. They that were Nara and Narayana in days of yore are now Arjuna and Kesava. Know

then, O great king, who those brave and foremost of persons are. If thou believest in this and dost not mistrust me adopt thou a virtuous resolution and make peace with the sons of Pandu. If thou regardest this as thy good, *viz.*, that there should be no disunion in thy family, then make peace, O foremost of Bharata's race, and do not set thy heart upon battle. O thou, that are foremost of Kuru's line, the race to which thou belongest is highly regarded on earth. Let that regard continue to be paid to it. Blessed be thou, think of what conduces to thy own welfare.' "

SECTION XCVII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Having listened to the words of Jamadagnya, the illustrious Rishi Kanwa also said these words unto Duryodhana in that assembly of the Kurus.'

"Kanwa said, 'Brahman, the Grandsire of the universe, is indestructible and eternal. Those illustrious Rishis, Nara and Narayana, are of the same character. Of all the sons of Aditi, Vishnu alone is eternal. He alone is unconquerable and indestructible, existing for ever, the Lord of all, and the possessor of divine attributes. All others, such as the sun and the moon, earth and water, wind, fire and firmament, planets, and stars, are liable to destruction. All these, when the end of the universe cometh, take leave of the three worlds. They are destroyed and created again and again. Others also, such as men and animals and birds, and creatures belonging to other orders of living existence,—indeed, all that move on this world of men,—are endued with short lives. And as regards kings, all of them, having enjoyed great prosperity, reach, at last, the hour of destruction and are reborn in order to enjoy the fruits of good and evil deeds. It behoveth thee then to make peace with Yudhishthira. Let the Pandavas and the Kauravas both rule this earth. O Suyodhana, one should not think in this way, *viz.*, I am strong!—for O bull among men, it is seen that there are persons stronger than those generally regarded strong. O son of Kuru's race, physical strength is scarcely regarded as strength by those that are really strong. As regards the Pandavas, endued as they all are with prowess equal to that of the celestials, they are also regarded as strong. In this connection is cited an old story, as an example, the story, *viz.*, of Matali searching for a bridegroom upon whom to bestow his daughter. The king of the three worlds (Indra) had a charioteer, named Matali, whom he dearly loved. Unto him was born a daughter celebrated over the world for beauty. Endued with the celestial beauty, that daughter of Matali was known by the name of Gunakesi. And, indeed, in both loveliness and symmetry

of bodily figure, she far excelled other members of her sex. Knowing that the time for giving her way had come, Matali with his wife became very anxious, thinking, O monarch, of what he was to do next. And he thought within himself, 'Alas, the birth of a daughter in the families of those that are well-behaved and high- born and possess reputation and humility of character, is always attended with evil results. Daughters, when born in respectable families, always endanger the honour of three families, *viz.*, their maternal and paternal families and the family into which they are adopted by marriage. Glancing in my mind's eye the worlds of gods and men, I have searched both, but no eligible bridegroom have I found.'

"Kanwa continued, 'And it so happened that amongst the gods, the *Daityas* and *Gandharvas*, men and numerous *Rishis*, none was regarded by Matali as an eligible husband for his daughter. And having held a consultation then in the night with his wife Sudharma, Matali set his heart upon making a journey to the world of the *Nagas*. And he thought within himself, 'Amongst both gods and men I have not found a husband fit, in respect of beauty, for my Gunakesi. Surely, one may be found amongst the *Nagas*.' And saying this, he took his wife's leave and sniffing the head of his daughter, Matali entered the nether regions.' "

SECTION XCVIII

"Kanwa said, 'When Matali was wending his way, he saw the great Rishi Narada proceeding at his pleasure to pay a visit to Varuna (the god of the waters). And beholding Matali, Narada asked him, saying, 'Whither dost thou go? Is it, O charioteer, on any mission of thy own, or is it at Satakratu's command, that this journey of thine is undertaken?' Thus addressed on the way by Narada who was proceeding towards his destination, Matali duly informed Narada, of his mission. And the Rishi, informed of everything, then said unto Matali, 'We shall go together. As regards myself, it is to see the Lord of the waters that I am proceeding, having left the heavens, searching the nether regions, I shall tell you everything. After a good search there, we shall select a bridegroom, O Matali! And penetrating then into nether regions, that illustrious couple, Matali and Narada, beheld that Regent of the world—the Lord of the waters. And there Narada received worship due to a celestial Rishi, and Matali received that equal to what is offered to the great Indra. And both of them skilful in business, informed Varuna of their purpose, and obtaining his leave they began to wander in that region of the *Nagas*. And Narada who knew all the residents of the nether regions then began to describe in detail unto his companion all about

the dwellers of the Naga world.'

"And Narada said, 'Thou hast, O charioteer, seen Varuna surrounded by his sons and grandsons. Behold the dominions of the Lord of the waters. It is delightful all round, and full of riches. The son, endued with great wisdom, of Varuna, the Lord of the Ocean, is even much distinguished for his conduct and disposition and for his holiness. Possessed of eyes like lotus leaves, this Pushkara is, indeed, Varuna's much-loved son, endued with great beauty and delightful to behold. He has been chosen by Soma's daughter as her husband. That daughter of Soma, equal in beauty unto a second Sree, is known by the name of Jyotsnakali. Indeed, it is said, that she had once before chosen the eldest and foremost of Aditi's son as her lord. Behold now, O companion of the Lord of the celestials, that abode, made entirely of gold, and full of the wine called *Varuni*. Indeed, having obtained that wine, the gods acquired their god-heads. These blazing weapons also of every kind that thou seest, belonged, O Matali, to the Daityas who have been deprived of their sovereignty. These weapons are incapable of deterioration, and when hurled at the foe always return into the hand that hurleth them. Obtained by the gods as the booty of war, they require considerable mental energy to be used against foes. Here dwelt in days of yore many tribes of Rakshasas and Daityas, possessed of many kinds of celestial weapons, but they were all vanquished by the gods. Behold, there, in Varuna's lake is that fire of blazing flames, and that discus of Vishnu surrounded by the lustrous splendour of mighty caloric. Behold, there lieth that knotty bow that was created for the destruction of the world. It is always protected with great vigilance by the gods, and it is from this bow that the one wielded by Arjuna hath taken its name. Endued with the strength of hundred thousand bows, the power it assumes at the hour of battle is indescribably great. It punishes all punishable wicked kings endued with the nature of Rakshasas. This fierce weapon was first created by Brahman, the utterer of the *Vedas*. The great preceptor Sukra hath said that this weapon is a terrible one in respect of all kings. Endued with great energy, it is held by the sons of the Lord of waters. Behold, there in the umbrella-room is the umbrella of the Lord of the waters. It droppeth refreshing showers like the clouds. The water dropped from this umbrella, though pure as the moon, is yet enveloped by such darkness that it cannot be seen by anybody. There, in these regions, O Matali, innumberable are the wonders to be seen. Your business, however, will suffer if we spend more time here. We will, therefore, leave this region soon.' "

SECTION XCIX

"Narada continued, 'Here in the very centre of the world of the Nagas is situated the city known by the name of *Patalam*. Celebrated over all the universe, it is worshipped by the Daityas and the Danavas. Creatures inhabiting the earth, if brought hither by force of the water's current, shriek loudly, afflicted with fear. Here the fire known by the name of the *Asura-fire*[1] and which is fed by water, continually blazeth forth. Held fast by the fiat of the celestials, it moveth not, regarding itself as bound and confined. It was here that the gods, having first vanquished and slain their foes, quaffed the Amrita and deposited the residue. It is from this place that the waning and waxing of the moon are seen. It is here that son of Aditi, the Horse-headed (Vishnu), on the recurrence of every auspicious occasion, riseth, filling at such times the universe, otherwise called *Suvarna*,[2] with the sound of Vedic hymns and *Mantras*. And because all watery forms such as the Moon and others shower their water on the region, therefore hath this excellent region been called *Patala*.[3] It is from here that the celestial elephant Airavata, for the benefit of the universe, taketh up cool water in order to impart it to the clouds, and it is that water which Indra poureth down as rain. Here dwell diverse kinds of aquatic animals, of various shapes such as the *Timi* and others, which subsist on the rays of the moon. O charioteer, here are many kinds of creatures that die during the day, being pierced by the rays of the sun, but all of whom revive in the night, the reason being that the moon, rising here every day, laying those deceased creatures with Amrita by means of rays, that constitute his arms, resuscitate them by that touch. Deprived of their prosperity by Vasava, it is here that many sinful Danavas live confined, defeated by him and afflicted by Time. It was here that the Lord of creatures—that great Master of all created things—Mahadeva—had practised the severest of ascetic austerities for the benefit of all creatures. Here dwell many regenerate and great Rishis observant of vows called '*Go*' and emaciated with the recitation and study of the Vedas, and who, having suspended the vital air called *Prana*, have attained to heaven by force of their austerities. A man is said to adopt the vow called *Go*, when he sleepeth wherever he listeth, and when he subsisteth on anything that others place before him, and is clad with robes that others may supply. Here in the race of the celebrated elephant Supratika were born those best of elephants known by the names of Airavata, Vamana, Kumuda and Anjana, the

[1]Called also the Badava fire.

[2]The allusion is to the incarnation of Vishnu as the Horse-necked, Nilakantha explains *suvarnakhyam Jagat* to be *Veda prancha i.e.*, the whole Vedas with all their contents. According to him, the sense of the passage is that Vishnu in that form swells with his own voice the Vedic notes chanted by the Brahmanas.

[3]*Patanti Jalam sravantiti patalam.* Thus Nilakantha.

first being the king of his tribe. Look, O Matali, if there be any bridegroom here, that is distinguished by the possession of superior merits, for then I will go to him for respectfully soliciting him to accept thy daughter. Behold, here lieth an egg in these waters, blazing with beauty. From the commencement of the creation it is here. It moveth not, nor doth it burst. I have never heard any body speaking of its birth or nature. Nobody knoweth who its father or mother is. It is said, O Matali, that when the end of the world cometh, mighty fire burst forth from within it, and spreading consumeth the three worlds with all their mobile and immobile objects.' Hearing those words of Narada, Matali answered him, saying, 'No one here seems to me to be eligible. Let us go hence. therefore, without delay!' "

SECTION C

"Narada continued, 'Here is that spacious and celebrated city of cities, called Hiranyapura, belonging to the *Daityas* and *Danavas*, possessing a hundred diverse kinds of illusion. Here in these regions called Patala, it hath been built with great care by the divine artificer, and planned by the Danava Maya. Endued with great energy and heroism, many Danavas, having obtained boons (from Brahman) in days of old, lived here, exhibiting a thousand different kinds of illusion. They were incapable of being vanquished by Sakra or any other celestial, that is, by either Yama, or Varuna, or the Lord of treasures (Kuvera). Here dwell, O Matali, those Asuras called *Kalakhanjas* who sprang from Vishnu, and those Rakshasas also called Yatudhanas who sprang from the feet of Brahman. All of them are endued with frightful teeth, terrible impetus, the speed and prowess of the wind, and great energy depending on powers of illusion. Besides these, another class of Danavas called *Nivatakavachas*, who are invincible in battle, have their abode here. Thou knowest how Sakra is unable to vanquish them. Many times, O Matali, thou, with thy son Gomukha, and the chief of the celestials and lord of Sachi, along with his son, had to retreat before them. Behold their homes, O Matali, that are all made of silver and gold, and well-adorned with decorations done according to the rules of art. All those mansions are decked with *lapis iazuli* and corals, and made effulgent with the lustre of the *Arkasphatika*, and the radiance of gem called *Vajrasara*. And many of those palatial residences seem, as if, they have been made of the shine of these gems called *Padmaragas*, or of bright marble, or of excellent wood. And they are also possessed of the radiance of the sun, or blazing fire. And all the edifices, adorned with gems and jewels, are very high and stand close to another. Of spacious proportions and great architec-

tural beauty, it is impossible to say of what material these mansions are built or to describe their style of beauty. Indeed, they are exceedingly beautiful in consequence of their decorations. Behold these retreats of the Daityas for recreation and sport, these beds of theirs for sleep, these costly utensils of theirs set with precious stones, and these seats also for their use. Behold these hills of theirs, looking like clouds, those fountains of water, these trees also that move of their own will and that yield all fruits and flowers that one may ask. See, O Matali, if any bridegroom may be had here, acceptable to thee. If no one can be found, we shall, if thou likest, go hence to some other part of the world.' Thus addressed, Matali answered Narada, saying, 'O celestial Rishi, it behoveth me not to do anything that may be disagreeable to dwellers of heaven. The gods and the Danavas, though brothers, are ever at hostility with each other. How can I, therefore, make an alliance with those that are our enemies? Let us repair, therefore, to some other place. It behoveth me not to search among the Danavas. As regards thyself, I know thy heart is ever set on fomenting quarrels.' "

SECTION CI

"Narada said, 'This region belongeth to the birds, all of whom possess excellent feathers. They all subsist on snakes. They never feel any fatigue in putting forth their prowess, or in making journeys, or in bearing burthens. This race, O charioteer, hath multiplied from the six sons of Garuda. They are Sumukha, Sunaman, Sunetra, Suvarchas, Suanch and that prince of birds called Suvala. Born of Kasyapa's line and enhancing the glory of Vinata's race, many winged creatures, the foremost of their species, have by begetting children founded and increased a thousand dynasties of birds, all endued with nobility of blood. All these creatures are endued with great prosperity, have the auspicious whirl called Sreevatsa, possess great wealth, and are inspired with great might. By their acts they may be said to belong to the Kshatriya order, but they are all without any compassion, subsisting as they do on snakes. They never attain to spiritual enlightenment in consequence of their preying on their kinsmen. I will now enumerate the chiefs by their names, listen to me, O Matali. This race is much regarded in consequence of the favour that is shown to it by Vishnu. They all worship Vishnu, and Vishnu is their protector. Vishnu always dwelleth in their hearts, and Vishnu is their great refuge. These then are their names—Suvarnachuda, Nagasin Daruna, Chandatundaka, Anala, Vaisalaksha, Kundalin, Pankajit, Vajraviskambha, Vainateya, Vamana, Vatavega, Disachakshu, Nimisha, Animisha, Trirava, Saptarava, Valmiki, Dipaka, Daityadwipa, Saridwipa,

Sarasa, Padmaketana, Sumukha, Chitraketu, Chitravara, Anagha, Meshahrit, Kumuda, Daksha, Sarpanta, Somabhojana, Gurubhara, Kapota, Suryanetra, Chirantaka, Vishnudharman, Kumara, Parivarha, Hari, Suswara, Madhuparka, Hemavarna, Malaya, Matariswan, Nisakara and Divakara. These sons of Garuda that I name dwell in only a single province of this region. I have mentioned those only that have won distinction by might, fame and achievements. If thou likest none here, come, we will go hence, O Matali. I will take thee to another region where thou mayest find an eligible husband for thy daughter.' "

SECTION CII

"Narada said, 'The region where we now are is called Rasatala and is the seventh stratum below the Earth. Here dwelleth Surabhi, the mother of all kine, she, who was born of the Amrita. She always yieldeth milk which is the essence of all the best things of the earth, and which, excellent as it is, and of one taste, springeth from the essence of the six different kinds of tastes (that are talked of). The faultless Surabhi herself sprang in days of old from the mouth of the Grandsire, gratified with drinking the Amrita and vomiting the best things. A single jet only of her milk, falling on the earth, created what is known as the sacred and the excellent "Milky Ocean." The verge of that ocean all round is always covered with white foam resembling a belt of flowers. Those best of ascetics that are known by the name of the Foam-drinkers dwell around this ocean, subsisting on that foam only. They are called Foam-drinkers because they live, O Matali, on nothing else save that foam. Engaged in the practice of the severest of austerities, the very gods are known to fear them. From her are born four other kine, O Matali, supporting the four quarters and therefore, are they called the supporters of the quarters (Dikpali). Born of Surabhi herself, she who supporteth the eastern quarter is called Surupa. She, who supporteth the southern quarter is called Hansika. That illustrious cow, O Matali, of universal form, who supporteth the western quarter ruled by Varuna is known by the name of Subhadra. The northern quarter comprising the region of virtue, and called after Kuvera the Lord of treasures, is supported by the cow named Sarva-kamadugha. The gods, uniting with the Asuras, and making the Mandara mountain their pole, churned the waters of the ocean and obtained the wine called Varuni, and (the Goddess of Prosperity and Grace called) Lakshmi, and Amrita, and that prince of steeds called Uchchhaisrava, and that best of gems called Kaustubha. Those waters, O Matali, that yielded these precious things had all been mixed with the milk of these four cows. As regards Surabhi, the milk she yielded

becometh Swaha unto those that live on Swaha, Swadha unto those that live on Swadha, and Amrita unto those that live on Amrita. The couplet that was sung by the dwellers of Rasatala in days of old, is still heard to be recited in the world by the persons of learning. That couplet is this,—Neither in the region of the Nagas, nor in Swarga, nor in Vimana, nor in Tripishtapa is residence so happy as in Rasatala!' "

SECTION CIII

"Narada said, 'This foremost of cities that thou beholdest and which resembles the Amaravati of the chief of the celestials himself, is known by the name of Bhogavati. It is ruled over by Vasuki, the king of the Nagas. That Shesha dwelleth here, who, in consequence of his ascetic austerities of the foremost order, is able to support this earth with all her vastness. His body is like that of a white mountain. He is decked in celestial ornaments. He hath a thousand heads. His tongues are blazing like flames of fire, and he is endued with great strength. There dwell in happiness innumerable Nagas—sons of Surasa—possessed of diverse forms, and decked on ornaments of diverse kinds, bearing the signs of gems, Swastika, circles and drinking vessels. All of them endued with great strength are by nature fierce. Some have a thousand heads, some five hundred, and some three. And some have two heads, and some five, and some have seven faces. And all of them are possessed of huge bodies that resemble the mountains stretching over the earth. Millions and tens of millions are they, in fact, uncountable, even as regards those of them that belong to a single race. Listen, however, to me as I name a few of the more famous ones amongst them. They are Vasuki, Takshaka, Karkotaka, Dhanjaya, Kaliya, Nahusha, Aswatara, Vakyakunda, Mani, Apurana, Khaga, Vamana, Elapatra, Kukura, Kukuna, Aryaka, Nandaka, Kalasa, Potaka, Kalilasaka, Pinjaraka, Airavata, Sumanmukha, Dadhimukha, Sankha, Nanda, Upanandaka, Apta, Kotaraka, Sikhi, Nishthuraka, Tittiri, Hastibhadra, Kumuda, Maylapindaka, the two Padmas, Pundarika, Pushpa, Mudgaraparnaka, Karavira, Pitharaka, Samvritta, Vritta, Pindara, Vilwapatra, Mushikada, Sirishaka, Dilipa, Sankha-sirsha, Jyotishka, Aparajita, Kauravya, Dhritarashtra, Kuhara, Krisaka, Virajas, Dharana, Savahu, Mukhara, Jaya, Vidhira, Andha, Visundi, Virasa, and Sarasa. These and many others there are amongst the sons of Kasyapa. See O Matali, if there is anybody here whom thou canst elect.'

"Kanwa continued, 'Matali, meanwhile, had been looking attentively at a person that stood by. And after Narada had ceased speaking, the celestial charioteer with gratified mind asked the *Rishi*, saying, 'Of what

race is he the delighter—that comely youth of great radiance—who standeth before Aryaka of Kauravya's line? Who is his father, and who is his mother? Of what Naga's race is he? Indeed, of what line doth he stand as a high flag-staff? In consequence of his intelligence, his patience, his beauty, and his youth, my heart, O celestial Rishi, hath been attracted towards him. That youth will make the best of husbands for my Gunakesi.'

"Kanwa continued, 'Beholding Matali's gratification at seeing the Naga called Sumukha, Narada informed him of the nobility of his parentage and of his feats. And he said, 'Born in the race of Airavata this prince of Nagas is named Sumukha. He is the favourite grandson of Aryaka, and the daughter's son of Vamana. The father of this youth was, O Matali, the Naga called Chikura. Not long before was he slain by Vinata's son.' Hearing this Matali became highly pleased, and addressing Narada, the charioteer said, 'This best of Nagas is, O sire, very acceptable to me for a son-in-law. Make an endeavour to secure him, for I am highly pleased at the thought of bestowing on this Naga. O muni, my dear daughter.' "

SECTION CIV

"Narada then said, 'This one is the charioteer of the name of Matali. He is besides a dear friend of Sakra. Pure in conduct, he hath an excellent disposition and possesses numerous virtues. Endued with strength of mind, he hath great energy and great might. He is the friend, counsellor, and charioteer of Sakra. It has been seen in every battle that small is the difference that exists between him and Vasava as regards prowess and strength. In all the battles between the gods and *Asuras*, it is this Matali that driveth, by his mind alone, that ever-victorious and best of cars belonging to Indra, which is drawn by thousand steeds. Vanquished by his management of the steeds, the enemies of the gods are subjugated by Vasava by the use of his hands. Defeated before-hand by Matali, the Asuras are subsequently slain by Indra. Matali hath an excellent daughter, who in beauty is unrivalled in the world. Truthful and possessed of every accomplishment, she is known by the name of Gunakesi. He was searching the three worlds for an eligible bridegroom. O thou that art possessed of the splendour of a celestial, thy grandson, Sumukha, hath become acceptable to him as a husband for his daughter. If O best of serpents, his proposal be acceptable to thee, quickly make up thy mind, O Aryaka, to take his daughter in gift for thy grandson. As Lakshmi in Vishnu's house, or Swaha in that of Agni so let the slender-waisted Gunakesi be a wife in thy race. Let Gunakesi, therefore

be accepted by thee for thy grandson, like Sachi for Vasava who deserveth her. Although this youth hath lost his father, yet we choose him for his virtues, and for the respectability of Airavata and thy own. Indeed, it is in consequence of Sumukha's merits, his disposition, purity, self-restraint and other qualifications that Matali hath become himself desirous of giving away his daughter unto him. It behoveth thee, therefore, to honour Matali.'

"Kanwa continued, 'Thus addressed by Narada, Aryaka beholding his grandson elected as a bridegroom and remembering the death of his son was filled with delight and sorrow at the same time. And he then addressed Narada and said, 'How, O celestial Rishi, can I desire Gunakesi for a daughter-in-law? It cannot be, O great *Rishi*, that thy words are not highly honoured by me, for who is there that would not desire an alliance with the friend of Indra? I hesitate, however, O great Muni, in consequence of the instability of the very cause that would not make that alliance lasting. O thou of great effulgence, the author of this youth, *viz.*, my son, hath been devoured by Garuda. We are afflicted with sorrow on that account. But worse still, O lord, Vinata's son, at the time of leaving these regions, said, 'After a month I will devour this Sumukha also. Surely, it will happen as he hath said, for we know with whom we have to deal. At these words, therefore, of Suparna we have become cheerless!'

"Kanwa continued, 'Matali then said unto Aryaka, 'I have formed a plan. This thy grandson is elected by me as my son-in-law. Let this *Naga* then, proceeding with me and Narada, come to the Lord of heaven the chief of the celestials, O best of *Nagas*. I shall then endeavour to place obstacles in the way of Suparna, and as a last resource, we will ascertain the period of life that hath been vouchsafed to Sumukha. Blessed be thou, *O Naga*, let Sumukha, therefore, come with me to the presence of the Lord of the celestials.' Saying this, they took Sumukha with them, and all the four, endued with great splendour, coming to heaven beheld Sakra the chief of the gods seated in all his glory. And it so happened that the illustrious Vishnu of four arms was also present there. Narada then represented the whole story about Matali and his choice.'

"Kanwa continued, 'Hearing all that Narada said, Vishnu directed Purandara, the Lord of the universe, saying, 'Let *Amrita* be given to this youth, and let him be made immortal like gods themselves. Let Matali, and Narada, and Sumukha, O Vasava, all attain their cherished wish through thy grace.' Purandara, however, reflecting on the prowess of Vinata's son, said unto Vishnu, 'Let *Amrita* be given unto him by thee.' Thus addressed, Vishnu said, 'Thou art the Lord of all mobile and immobile creatures. Who is there, O lord, that would refuse a gift that may be made by thee?' At these words Sakra gave unto that *Naga* length of days. The slayer of Vala and Vritra did not make him a drinker of

Amrita. Sumukha, having obtained that boon, became *Sumukha*[1] (in reality) for his face was suffused with marks of joy. And having married Matali's daughter, he cheerfully returned home. And Narada and Aryaka also filled with delight at the success of their object, went away, after having worshipped the glorious chief of the celestials.' "

SECTION CV

"Kanwa said, 'Meanwhile, O Bharata, the mighty Garuda heard what had happened, *viz.*, the bestowal by Sakra of length of days on the *Naga* Sumukha. And inflamed with great anger, that ranger of the firmament, Suparna, smiting the three worlds by the hurricane caused by the flappings of his wings, quickly came to Vasava. And Garuda said, 'O illustrious one, disregarding me why hast thou interfered with my sustenance. Having granted me a boon of thy own will, why dost thou now withdraw it? The Supreme Lord of all creatures hath, from the beginning, ordained what my food is to be. Why dost thou then stand in the way of that divine decree? I had selected this great *Naga* and had fixed time, for O god, I had intended to offer the meat of his body, as sustenance to my numerous progeny. When he, therefore, hath obtained a boon from thee and hath become indestructible by me, how can I henceforth dare kill another of his species? Dost thou sport thus, O Vasava, as thou listest? I, however, shall have to die, as also the members of my family, and the servants whom I have engaged in my house. That will, I think, gratify thee, O Vasava! Indeed, O slayer of Vala and Vritra, I deserve all this, nay more, since being the lord of the three worlds in might. I yet consented to become the servant of another. O monarch of the three worlds, Vishnu, however, is not the only cause of my inferiority, for though, O Vasava, I am quite thy equal, yet the sovereignty of the three worlds resteth on thee, O chief of the celestials. Like thee, I also have a daughter of Daksha for my mother and Kasyapa for my father. Like thee, I also can, without any fatigue, bear the weight of the three worlds. I have strength that is immeasurable and incapable of being resisted by any creature. In the war with the Daityas I also achieved grand feats. Srutasri and Srutasena and Vivaswat, and Rochanamukha, and Prasrura, and Kalakaksha amongst the sons of Diti were slain by me. Perching yet on the flag-staff of thy younger brother's car I carefully protect it in battle, and sometimes also I bear that brother of thine on my back. It is, perhaps, for this that thou disregardest me. Who else in the universe is there that is capable of bearing such heavy burthens? Who is there that

[1]Literally, one that hath a beautiful or excellent face.

is stronger than myself? Superior though I am, I yet bear on my back this younger brother of thine with all his friends. When, however, disregarding me thou hast interfered with my foods, thou hast, O Vasava, inflicted disgrace on me, like this younger brother of thine that had hitherto been disgracing me by making me bear him on my back. As regards thyself, O Vishnu, amongst all those endued with prowess and strength that have been born of Aditi's womb, thou art superior in strength. Yet thee I bear without any fatigue, with only one of my feathers. Think coolly then, O brother, who amongst us is stronger?'

"Kanwa continued, 'Hearing the proud words of that bird foreshadowing danger the bearer of the discus, provoking Tarkshya still more, said unto him, 'Though so very weak, why dost thou, O Garuda, yet regard thyself strong, O oviparous creature, it ill behoveth thee to vaunt thus in our presence. The three worlds united together cannot bear the weight of my body. I myself bear my own weight and thine also. Come now, bear thou the weight of this one right arm of mine. If thou canst bear even this, thy boast would be regarded as reasonable. Saying this, the holy one placed his arms on Garuda's shoulders. Thereupon the latter fell down, afflicted with its weight, confounded, and deprived of his senses. And Garuda, felt that the weight of that one arm of Vishnu was as great as that of the entire Earth with her mountains. Endued with might infinitely greater, Vishnu, however, did not afflict him much. Indeed, Achyuta did not take his life. That ranger of the sky, afflicted then by that immense weight, gasped for breath, and began to cast off his feathers. With every limb weakened, and utterly confounded, Garuda was almost deprived of his senses. The winged offspring of Vinata then, thus confounded and almost deprived of his senses, and rendered utterly helpless, bowing unto Vishnu with bent head, feebly addressed him, saying, 'O illustrious Lord, the essence of that strength which sustains the universe dwelleth in this body of thine. What wonder, therefore, that I should be crushed down to the earth by a single arm of thine, stretched out at thy pleasure. It behoveth thee, O divine Lord, to forgive this winged creature that perches on thy flag-staff—this fool intoxicated with pride of strength, but now rendered utterly helpless. Thy great strength, O divine Lord, was never known to me before. It was for this that I regarded my own might to be unequalled.' Thus addressed, the illustrious Vishnu became gratified, and addressing Garuda with affection, said, 'Let not thy behaviour be such again.' And saying this, Upendra threw Sumukha with the toe of his foot upon Garuda's breast. And from that time, O king, Garuda hath ever lived in friendship with that snake. It was thus, O king, that mighty and illustrious Garuda, the son of Vinata, afflicted by the might of Vishnu, was cured of his pride.'

"Kanwa continued, 'In the same way, O son of Gandhari, thou livest, O son, as long as thou approachest not the heroic sons of Pandu in battle. Who is there whom Bhima, that foremost of smiters, that mighty son of Vayu and Dhananjaya, the son of Indra, cannot slay in battle?

Vishnu himself, and Vayu and Dharma, and the Aswins,—these gods are thy enemies. Let alone an encounter with them, thou art not competent even to look at them on the field. Therefore, O prince, do not set thy heart upon war; let peace be made through the agency of Vasudeva. It behoveth thee to save thy race thus. This great ascetic Narada witnessed with his own eyes the incident (I have related to thee) which shows the greatness of Vishnu, and know that this Krishna is that bearer of the discus and the mace!'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Hearing these words of the *Rishi*, Duryodhana contracted his eye-brows and began to breathe heavily. And casting his eyes then on Radha's son, he burst out into a loud laughter. And setting at naught those words of the *Rishi*, that wicked wretch began to slap his thigh that resembled the trunk of an elephant. And addressing the *Rishi*, he said, 'I am, O great *Rishi*, precisely what the Creator hath made me. What is to be, must be. What also hath been ordained in my case must happen. I cannot act otherwise. What can these senseless declamations, therefore, avail?'

SECTION CVI

"Janamejaya said, 'Interminably wedded to evil, blinded by avarice, addicted to wicked courses, resolved upon bringing destruction on his head, inspiring grief in the hearts of kinsmen, enhancing the woes of friends, afflicting all his well-wishers, augmenting the joys of foes, and treading the wrong path, why did not his friends seek to restrain him, and why also did not that great friend (of Kuru's race), the holy one with tranquil soul, or the Grandsire tell him anything from affection?'

"Vaisampayana said, 'Yes, the holy one did speak. Bhishma also spoke what was beneficial. And Narada too said much. Listen to all that these said.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Narada said, 'Persons that listen to the counsels of friends are rare. Friends again are rare that offer beneficial counsels, for a friend (in need of counsel) is never there where a friend (offering counsel) is. O son of Kuru's race, I think, the word of friends ought to be listened to. Obstinacy ought to be avoided; for it is fraught with great evil. In this connection is cited an old story regarding Galava's having met with disgrace through obstinacy. In ancient times, in order to test Viswamitra, who was then engaged in ascetic austerities Dharma personally came to him, having assumed the form of the *Rishi*, Vasishtha. Thus assuming, O Bharata, the form of the one of the seven *Rishis*, and feigning himself hungry and desirous of eating, he came, O king, to the hermitage of Kausika. Thereupon, Viswamitra struck with

awe, began to cook *Charu* (which was a preparation of rice and milk). And in consequence of the care he took in preparing that excellent food, he could not properly wait upon his guest. And it was not till after the guest had dined on the food offered by the other hermits that Viswamitra succeeded in approaching him with the *Charu* he had cooked and which was still steaming. 'I have already dined; wait here,'—were the words that the holy one said. And having said that the holy one went away. And thereupon, the illustrious Viswamitra, O king, waited there. And bearing that food on his head and holding it with his arms, that ascetic of rigid vow stood in his hermitage, still as a post, subsisting on air. And as he stood there, an ascetic of the name of Galava, from motives of respect and reverence and from affection and desire of doing what was agreeable, began to wait upon him. And after a hundred years had passed away, Dharma, again assuming the form of Vasishtha, came to Kausika from desire of eating. And beholding the great *Rishi* Viswamitra, who was endued with high wisdom, standing there with that food on his head, himself subsisting all the while on air, Dharma accepted that food which was still warm and fresh. And having eaten that food, the god said,—*Gratified am I, O regenerate Rishi.* And saying this, he went away. And at those words of Dharma, Viswamitra divested of *Kshatriyahood* because endued with the status of a *Brahmana* and was filled with delight[1]. And pleased as he was with the services and devotion of his discipline, the ascetic Galava, Viswamitra, addressed him and said, 'With my leave, O Galava, go whithersoever thou mayest wish.' Thus commanded by his preceptor, Galava, highly pleased, said in a sweet voice unto Viswamitra of great effulgence, What final gift shall I make thee in consequence of thy services as preceptor? O giver of honours, it is in consequence of the (final) present that a sacrifice becometh successful. The giver of such gifts obtains emancipation. Indeed, these gifts

[1]The story of Viswamitra's promotion to the status of a Brahmana is highly characteristic. Engaged in a dispute with the Brahmana Rishi Vasishtha, Viswamitra who was a Kshatriya king (the son of Kusika) found, by bitter experience, that Kshatriya energy and might backed by the whole science of arms, availed nothing against a Brahmana's might, for Vasishtha by his ascetic powers created myriads and myriads of fierce troops who inflicted a signal defeat on the great Kshatriya king. Baffled thus, Viswamitra retired to the breast of Himavat and paid court to Siva. The great God appeared and Viswamitra begged him for the mastery of the whole science of weapons. The god granted his prayer. Viswamitra then came back and sought an encounter with Vasishtha, but the latter by the aid only of his Brahmanical (bamboo) stick baffled the fiercest weapons of Viswamitra, of even celestial efficacy. Humiliated and disgraced, Viswamitra set his heart on becoming a Brahmana. He gave up his kingdom and retiring into the woods with his queen began to practise to severest austerities. After the expiration of ten thousand years, the Creator Brahma appeared before him and addressed him as a royal Rishi. Dispirited at this, he devoted himself to still severer austerities. At last, at Dharma's command (as here referred to) the great Kshatriya king became a Brahmana. This, in the Hindu scriptures, is the sole instance of a person belonging to a lower order becoming a Brahmana by ascetic austerities.

constitute the fruit (that one enjoys in heaven). They are regarded as peace and tranquillity personified. What, therefore, shall I procure for my preceptor? Oh, let that be said. 'The illustrious Viswamitra knew that he had really been conquered by Galava by means of the latter's services, and the *Rishi*, therefore, sought to dismiss him by repeatedly saying, 'Go, Go.' But thou repeatedly commanded by Viswamitra to go away, Galava still addressed him saying, 'What shall I give?' And seeing this obstinacy on the part of ascetic Galava, Viswamitra felt a slight rise of anger and at last said, 'Give me eight hundred steeds, every one of which should be as white as the rays of the moon, and every one of which should have one ear black. Go now, O Galava, and tarry not.' "

SECTION CVII

"Narada said, 'Thus addressed by Viswamitra of great intelligence Gałava was filled with such anxiety that he could not sit or lie down, or take his food. A prey to anxiety and regret, lamenting bitterly, and burning with remorse, Galava grew pale, and was reduced to a skeleton. And smitten with sorrow, O Suyodhana, he indulged in these lamentations, 'Where shall I find affluent friends? Where shall I find money? Have I any savings? Where shall I find eight hundred steeds of lunar whiteness? What pleasure can I have in eating? What happiness can be mine in objects of enjoyment? The very love of life is extinct in me. What need have I of life? Repairing to the other shore of the great ocean, or to the furthest verge of the earth, I will relinquish my life. Of what use can life be to me? What happiness, without severe exertion, can be his who is poor, unsuccessful, deprived of all the good things of life, and burthened with debt? Death is preferable to life as regards him who having enjoyed the wealth of friends through their friendship for himself, is unable to return their favour. The religious acts of that man lose their efficacy who having promised to do an act fails to perform it and is thus stained with falsehood. One that is stained by falsehood cannot have beauty, or children, or power, or influence. How, therefore, can such a one attain to a blissful state? What ungrateful man hath ever earned fame? Where, indeed, is his place, and where his happiness? An ungrateful person can never win esteem and affection. Salvation also can never be his. He that is destitute of wealth is a wretch that can scarcely be said to live. Such a wretch cannot support his kinsmen and friends. Unable to make any return for the benefits he receiveth, he certainly meeteth with destruction. Even I am that wretch, ungrateful, destitute of resources, and stained with falsehood, for having obtained my objects from my preceptor, I am unable to do his bidding. Having first endea-

voured to the utmost, I will lay down my life. Before this, I never craved for any thing from the very gods. The deities regard me for this in sacrificial place. I will go and seek the protection of Vishnu, the divine Lord of the three worlds, of Krishna the great refuge of all who are blessed with protection. Bowing down unto him, I desire to see that highest of all ascetics, the Eternal Krishna from whom flow all those possessions and enjoyments that are owned by both gods and *Asuras*.' And while Galava was thus lamenting, his friend Garuda, the son of Vinata, appeared in his sight. And Garuda, from desire of doing him good, cheerfully addressed him, saying, 'Thou art a dear friend of mine. It is the duty of a friend, when himself in prosperity, to look to the accomplishment of the wishes of his friends. The prosperity that I have, O Brahmana, is constituted by Vasava's younger brother Vishnu. Before this, I spoke to him on thy behalf and he hath been pleased to grant my wishes. Come now, we will go together. I will bear thee comfortably to the other shore of the ocean, or to the furthest extremity of the earth. Come, O Galava, do not tarry.' "

SECTION CVIII

"Garuda said, 'O Galava, commanded I have been by God, who is the cause of all knowledge. I ask thee, towards which quarter shall I first take thee to see what lie there? The eastern, the southern, the western, or the northern, towards which, O best of regenerate persons, shall I go, O Galava? That quarter towards which Surya the illuminator of the universe first riseth; where, at eve, the *Sadhyas* engage in their ascetic austerities; where that Intelligence, which pervades the whole universe first springeth; where the two eyes of Dharma, as well as he himself, are stationed; where the clarified butter first poured in sacrifice subsequently flowed all around; that quarter, O best of all regenerate persons, is the gate of Day and Time. There the daughters of Daksha, in primeval times, gave birth to their children. There the sons of Kasyapa first multiplied. That quarter is the source of all the prosperity of the gods, for it was there that Sakra was first anointed as the king of the celestials. It was there, O regenerate Rishi, that both Indra and the gods underwent their ascetic penances. It is for this, O Brahmana, that this quarter is called *Purva* (the *first*). And because in the earliest of times this quarter was overspread by the *Suras*, it is for this that it is called Purva. The gods, desirous of prosperity, performed all their religious ceremonies here. It was here that the divine Creator of the universe first sang the *Vedas*. It was here that the *Gayatri* was first preached by Surya unto the reciters of that sacred hymn. It was here, O best of Brahmanas, that the *Yajurvedas*

were delivered by Surya (unto Yajnavalkya). It was here that the *Soma* juice, sanctified by boons, was first drunk in sacrifices by Suras. It was here that the *Homa*-fires, (gratified by mantras), first drank articles of cognate origin.[1] It was here that Varuna first repaired to the nether regions, and attained to all his prosperity. It was here, O bull among the twice-born, that the birth, growth, and death of the ancient Vasishtha took place. Here first grew the hundred different branches of *Om*![2] It was here that the smoke-eating *Munis* are the smoke of sacrificial fires. It was in that region that myriads of boars and other animals were killed by Sakra and offered as sacrificial portions unto the gods. It is here that the thousand-rayed sun, arising, consumeth, out of ire, all those that are wicked and ungrateful among men and the Asuras. This is the gate of the three worlds. This is the path of heaven and felicity. This quarter is called Purva (east). We will go hither, if it pleaseth thee. I shall always do what is agreeable to him who is my friend. Tell me, O Galava, if any other quarter pleaseth thee, for we will then go there. Listen now to what I say of another quarter.' "

SECTION CIX

"Garuda continued, 'In days of yore, Vivaswat, having performed a sacrifice, gave this quarter away as a present (*Dakshina*) unto his preceptor. And it is for this that this region is known by the name of Dakshina (south). It is here that the Pitris of the three worlds have their habitation. And, O Brahmana, it is said that a class of celestials subsisting upon smoke alone also live there. Those celestials also that go by the name of *Viswedevas* always dwell in this region along with the *Pitris*. Worshipped in sacrifices in all the worlds, they are equal sharers with the *Pitris*. This quarter is called the second door of Yama. It is here that the periods allotted to men are calculated in *Trutis* and *Lavas*.[3] In this region always dwell the celestial Rishis, the *Pitriloka Rishis*, and the royal Rishis, in great happiness. Here are religion and truth. It is here that the acts (of persons) exhibit their fruits. This region, O best of the twice-born, is the goal of the acts of the dead. It is this region, O best of regenerate persons, whither all must repair. And as creatures are all

[1]These articles of cognate origin are clarified butter, milk, and other things used as libations in sacrifices.

[2]*i.e.*, the subdivisions of the *Pranava*, the mysterious *Mantra*, which is the beginning of everything, were first promulgated here. Nilakantha supposes this to refer to the origin of the *Vedas*, the *Upanishads*, and the various branches of the Srutis and the Smritis.

[3]Small divisions of time.

overwhelmed by darkness, they cannot, therefore, come hither in bliss. Here, O bull among regenerate persons, are many thousands of malevolent Rakshasas in order to be seen by the sinful. Here, O Brahmana, in the bowers on the breast of *Mandara* and in the abodes of regenerate Rishis, the Gandharvas chant psalms, stealing away both the heart and the intellect. It was here that *Raivata* (a Daitya), hearing the *Sama* hymns sung in a sweet voice, retired to the woods, leaving his wife and friends and kingdom. In this region, O Brahmana, Manu and Yavakrita's son together set a limit which *Surya* can never overstep. It was here that the illustrious descendant of Pulastya, Ravana, the king of the Rakshasas, undergoing ascetic austerities, solicited (the boon of) immortality from the gods. It was here that (the Asura) Vritra, in consequence of his wicked conduct, incurred the enmity of Sakra. It is in this region that lives of diverse forms all come and are then dissociated into their five (constituent) elements. It is in this region, O Galava, that men of wicked deeds rot (in tortures). It is here that the river *Vaitarani* flows, filled with the bodies of persons condemned to hell. Arrived here, persons attain to the extremes of happiness and misery. Reaching this region, the sun droppeth sweet waters and thence proceeding again to the direction named after (Vasishtha), once more droppeth dew. It was here that I once obtained (for food), a prodigious elephant battling with an enormous tortoise. It was here that the great sage *Chakradhanu* took his birth from Surya. That divine sage afterwards came to be known by the name of Kapila, and it was by him that the (sixty thousand) sons of Sagara were afflicted. It was here that a class of Brahmanas named Sivas, fully mastering the Vedas, became crowned with (ascetic) success. Having studied all the Vedas they at last attained eternal salvation. In this region is the city called Bhogavati that is ruled by Vasuki, by the Naga Takshaka and also by Airavata. They that have to journey hither (after death) encounter here a thick gloom. And so thick is that gloom that it cannot be penetrated by either the Sun himself or by Agni. Worthy of worship as thou art, even thou shalt have to pass this road. Tell me now, if thou wishest to sojourn towards this direction. Else listen to an account of the western direction.' "

SECTION CX

"Garuda said, "This quarter is the favourite one of king Varuna, the ruler of the ocean. Indeed, the lord of the waters had his origin here, and it is hither that sovereignty lieth. And since it is here that towards the day's end (paschat) the sun dismisseth his rays that this quarter, O best of the twice-born ones, is called the west (paschima). For ruling

over all acquatic creatures and for the protection of the water themselves, illustrious and divine Kasyapa installed Varuna here (as the king of this region). Quaffing all the six juices of Varuna, the moon, the dispeller of darkness, becometh young again in the beginning of the fortnight. It was in the quarter, O Brahmana, that the Daityas were routed and bound fast by the wind-god. And afflicted by a mighty tempest, and breathing hard (as they fled), they at last laid themselves down in this region to sleep (the sleep that knows no waking). Hither is that mountain called Asta which is the cause of the evening twilight, and which (daily) receiveth the sun lovingly turning towards it. It is from this quarter that both Night and Sleep, issuing out at the close of day, spread themselves, as if, for robbing all living creatures of half their allotted periods of life. It was here that Sakra, beholding (his stepmother) the goddess Diti lying asleep in a state of pregnancy, cut off the foetus (into forty-nine parts), whence sprang the (forty-nine) Maruts. It is towards this direction that the roots of Himavat stretch towards the eternal Mandara (sunk in the ocean). By journeying for even a thousand years one cannot attain to the end of those roots. It is in this region that Surabhi (the mother of cows), repairing to the shores of the extensive lake, adorned with golden lotuses, poureth forth her milk. Here in the midst of the ocean is seen the headless trunk of the illustrious Swarbhanu (Rahu) who is always bent upon devouring both sun and the moon. Here is heard the loud chanting of the Vedas by Suvarnasiras, who is invincible and of immeasurable energy, and whose hair is eternally green. It is in this region that the daughter of Muni Harimedhas remained transfixed in the welkin in consequence of Surya's injunction couched in the words—Stop, Stop. Here, O Galava, wind, and fire, and earth, and water, are all free, both day and night, from their painful sensations. It is from this region that the sun's course begins to deviate from the straight path, and it is in this direction that all the luminous bodies (the constellations) enter the solar sphere. And having moved for twenty-eight nights with the sun, they come out of the sun's course to move in accompaniment with the moon. It is in this region that the rivers which always feed the ocean have their sources. Here, in the abode of Varuna, are the waters of the three worlds. In this region is situate the abode of Ananta, the prince of snakes. And here is the unrivalled abode also of Vishnu, who is without beginning and without end. In this region is also situate the abode of the great Rishi Kasyapa, the son of Maricha. The western quarter is thus narrated to thee in course of telling thee of the different points. Tell me now, O Galava, towards which side, O best of regenerate persons, shall we go?' "

SECTION CXI

'Garuda said, 'O Brahmanas, since this quarter saveth from sin, and since one attaineth to salvation here, it is for this saying (Uttarana) power that it is called the north (uttara). And, O Galava, because the abode of all the treasures of the north stretches in a line towards the east and the west, therefore is the north sometimes called the central region (madhyama). And, O bull among the twice-born, in this region that is superior to all, none can live that is unamiable, or of unbridled passions, or unrighteous. Hither, in the asylum, known by the name of Vadari, eternally dwell Krishna who is Narayana's self, and Jishnu that most exalted, of all male beings, and Brahman (the Creator). Hither, on the breast of Himavat always dwelleth Maheswara endued with the effulgence of the fire that blazeth up at the end of the Yuga. As Purusha, he sporteth here with Prakriti (the universal mother). Except by Nara and Narayana, he is incapable of being seen by the diverse classes of Munis, the gods with Vasava at their head, the Gandharvas, the Yakshas, and the Siddhas. Though invested with Maya, him the eternal Vishnu alone, of a thousand heads and thousand legs, can behold. It was in this region that Chandramas (the moon) was installed into the sovereignty of the entire regenerate order. It was in this region, O thou foremost of all acquainted with Brahma, that Mahadeva first receiving her on his head, afterwards let (the sacred stream) Ganga fall from the heavens to the world of men. It was here that the Goddess (Uma) underwent her ascetic austerities from her desire of obtaining Maheswara (as her Lord). It was in this region that Kama, the wrath (of Siva), Himavat, and Uma, all together shone brilliantly. It was here, on the breast of Kailasa, O Galava, that Kuvera, was installed on the sovereignty of the Rakshasas, the Yakshas, and the Gandharvas. It is in this region that (Kuvera's gardens called) Chitraratha lie, and it is here that the asylum of (the Munis called the) Vaikhanasas is situate. It is here, O bull among the twice-born, that the celestial stream called Mandakini, and the mountain Mandara are to be seen. It is here that the gardens called Saugandhi-kanaka are always guarded by the Rakshasas. Here are many plains covered with grassy verdure, as also the plantain forest, and those celestial trees called the Sautanakas. It is in this region, O Galava, that the Siddhas, with souls ever under control and always sporting at will, have their fit abodes, abounding with every object of enjoyment. It is here that the seven Rishis with Arundhati may be seen. It is here that the constellation Swati is to be seen, and it is here that it first rises to the view. It is in this region that the Grandsire Brahman dwelleth in the vicinity of Yajna (sacrifice embodied). It is in this quarter that the sun, the moon, and the other luminaries are seen to revolve regularly. It is in this region, O foremost of Brahmanas, that those illustrious and truth-speaking Munis called by the name of Dharma, guard the source

of the Ganges. The origin and physical features and ascetic penances of these Munis are not known to all. The thousand dishes they use for serving the food offered in hospitality and the edibles also they create at will, are all a mystery. The man, O Galava, that passeth beyond the point guarded by these Munis, is certain, O foremost of Brahmanas, to meet with destruction. None else, O bull among Brahmanas, save the divine Narayana, and the eternal Nara called also Jishnu, succeeded in passing beyond the point so guarded. It is in this region that the mountains of Kailasa lie, the abode of Ailavila (Kuvera). It is here that the ten Apsaras known by the name of Vidyutprabha had their origin. In covering, O Brahmana, the three worlds with three steps in the sacrifice of Vali (the Asura king), Vishnu had covered this whole northern region; and, accordingly, there is a spot here called Vishnupada. And it is so called after the footprint of Vishnu caused on that occasion. Here, in this quarter, at a place called Usiravija, by the side of the golden lake, king Marutta performed, O foremost of Brahmanas, a sacrifice. It is here that the brilliant and shining gold mines of Himavat exhibit themselves to the illustrious and regenerate Rishi Jimuta. And Jimuta gave away the whole of that wealth to the Brahmanas. And having given it away, that great Rishi solicited them to call it after his own name. And hence that wealth is known by the name of the Jaimuta gold. Here, in this region, O bull among Bharatas, the regents of the worlds, O Galava, every morning and evening, proclaim, 'What business of what person shall we do?' It is for these, O foremost of Brahmanas, and other incidents, that the northern region is superior to all quarters. And because this region is superior (uttara) to all, therefore, it is called the north (uttara). The four regions have thus, O sire, been, one after another described to thee in details. Towards which quarter then dost thou desire to go? I am ready, O foremost of Brahmanas, to show thee all the quarters of the earth!' "

SECTION CXII

"Galava said, 'O Garuda, O slayer of foremost snakes, O thou of beautiful feathers, O son of Vinata, carry me, O Tarkhya, to the east where the two eyes of Dharma are first opened. O, take me to the east which thou hast first described, and whither, thou hast said, the gods are always present. Thou hast said that thither both truth and virtue reside. I desire to meet all the gods. Therefore, O younger brother of Aruna, take me thither, so that I may behold the gods.'

"Narada continued, 'Thus addressed, the son of Vinata replied unto that Brahmana saying, 'Mount thou on my back.' And thereupon, the

Muni Galava rode on the back of Garuda. And Galava said, 'Thy beauty, O devourer of snakes, as thou proceedest, seemeth to be like that of the sun himself in the morning, that maker of the day endued with a thousand rays. And, O ranger of the skies, thy speed is so great that the very trees, broken by the storm caused by the flapping of thy wings, seem to pursue thee in the course. Thou seemest, O tenant of the welkin, to drag by the storm caused by the wings, the very Earth with all the waters of her oceans, and with all her mountains, woods and forests. Indeed, the tempest caused by the motion of thy wings seems to continually raise into mid air the waters of the sea, with all their fishes and snakes and crocodiles. I see fishes possessed of similar faces, and *Timis* and *Timingilas*, and snakes endued with human faces, all crushed by the tempest raised by thy wings. My ears are deafened by the roar of the deep. So stunned am I that I can neither hear nor see anything. Indeed, I have forgotten my own purpose. Slacken thy speed, O ranger of the sky, remembering the risk to a Brahmana's life. O sire, neither the sun, nor the cardinal points, nor the welkin itself, is any longer perceptible to me. I see only a thick gloom around me. The body is no longer visible to me. I see only thy two eyes, O oviparous being, resembling two radiant gems. I cannot see either thy body or my own. At every step, I behold sparks of fire emitted from thy frame. Stop without delay these sparks of fire and extinguish the dazzling radiance of thy eyes. O son of Vinata, slacken this exceeding speed of thy course. O devourer of snakes, I have no business to go with thee. Desist, O blessed one, I am unable to bear this speed of thine. I have promised to give my preceptor eight hundred white steeds of lunar effulgence, each having one ear black in hue. I see no way, O oviparous being, of fulfilling my pledge. There is but one way that I can see, and that is to lay down my own life. I have no wealth of my own, nor any wealthy friend, nor can wealth, however immense, procure the accomplishment of my object.'

"Narada continued, 'Unto Galava uttering these and many other words of entreaty and sorrow, the son of Vinata, without slackening his speed, laughingly replied, saying, 'Thou hast little wisdom, O regenerate Rishi, since thou wishest to put an end to thy own life. Death can never be brought about by one's effort. Indeed, Death is God himself. Why didst thou not, before this, inform me of thy purpose? There are excellent means by which all this may be accomplished. Here is this mountain called Rishabha on the seaside. Resting here for some time and refreshing ourselves with food, I will, O Galava, return.' "

SECTION CXIII

"Narada said, 'Alighting then on the peak of the Rishabha, the Brahmana and the Bird beheld a Brahmana lady of the name of Sandili, engaged there on ascetic penances. And Galava and Garuda both saluted her by bending their heads, and worshipped her. And thereupon, the lady enquired after their welfare and gave them seats. And having taken their seats, both of them took the cooked food the lady offered them, after having first dedicated it to the gods with *Mantras*. And having taken that food, they laid themselves down on the ground and fell into a profound sleep. And Garuda, from desire of leaving that place, upon awakening, found that his wings, had fallen off. Indeed, he had become like a ball of flesh, with only his head and legs. And beholding him come to that plight, Galava sorrowfully enquired, saying, 'What is this condition that has overtaken thee as the consequence of thy sojourn here? Alas, how long shall we have to reside here? Hadst thou harboured any evil and sinful thought in thy mind? It cannot, I am sure, be any trivial sin of which thou hast been guilty.' Thus addressed, Garuda replied unto the Brahmana, saying, 'Indeed, O regenerate one, I entertained the thought of carrying away this lady crowned with ascetic success from this spot to where the Creator himself, the divine Mahadeva, the eternal Vishnu, and both Virtue and Sacrifice personified, live together, for as I thought this lady should live there. I shall now, from desire of doing myself good, prostrate myself before this holy lady, and pray unto her saying,—with a heart full of pity, I had, indeed, entertained such a thought. Whether I acted rightly or wrongly, even this was the wish evidently against thy own, that was cherished by me from my respect for thee. It behoveth thee, therefore, to grant me forgiveness, from the nobility of thy heart.' That lady became gratified with that prince of birds and that bull of Brahmanas. And addressing Garuda, she said 'Fear not, O thou of beautiful feathers. Resume thy wings, and cast off thy fears. I was contempted by thee, but know that I do not pardon contempt. That sinful being who entertains contempt for me, would speedily fall away from all blissful regions. Without a single inauspicious indication about me, and perfectly blameless as I am, I have, in consequence of the purity of my conduct, attained to high ascetic success. Purity of conduct beareth virtue as its fruit. Purity of conduct beareth wealth as its fruit. It is purity of conduct that bringeth on prosperity. And it is purity of conduct that driveth away all inauspicious indications. Go thou, O blessed prince of birds, whithersoever thou wishest, from this place. Never entertain contempt for me, and take care that thou dost not contempt women that may even be truly blameable. Thou shalt again be, as before, invested with both strength and energy.' At these words of that lady Garuda had his wings again, and they became even stronger than before. And then with Sandili's leave, Garuda wit

Galava on his back took his departure. But they failed to find the kind of steeds they were in search of. And it so happened that Viswamitra met Galava on the way. And thereupon, that foremost of speakers addressed Galava in the presence of Vinata's son and said, 'O regenerate one, the time is already come when thou shouldst give me the wealth thou hadst promised me of thy own accord. I do not know what thou mayst. I have waited so long. I will wait for some time more. Seek thou the way by which thou mayst succeed (in the matter of thy promise).' Hearing these words, Garuda addressed cheerless Galava who was overwhelmed with sorrow, saying, 'What Viswamitra said unto thee before hath now been repeated in my presence. Come, therefore, O Galava, best of Brahmanas, we will deliberate on the matter. Without giving thy preceptor the whole of the wealth (promised by thee), thou canst not even sit down.' "

SECTION CXIV

"Narada said, 'Garuda then, that foremost of winged beings, addressed the cheerless Galava and said, 'Because it is created by Agni, in the bowels of the earth and augmented by Vayu, and because also the earth itself is said to be *Hiranmaya*, therefore, is wealth called *Hiranya*. And because wealth supports the world and sustains life, therefore, is it called *Dhana*. It is for serving these ends that *Dhana* (wealth) exists from the beginning in the three worlds. On that Friday, when either of the two constellations—the *Purvabhadra* or the *Uttarabhadra*—is ascendant, Agni, creating wealth by a fiat of his will, bestoweth it on mankind for the increase of Kuvera's stock. The wealth that is embowelled in the Earth is guarded by the deities called the *Ajaikapats* and the *Ahivradnas*, and also by Kuvera. Exceedingly difficult of attainment, that wealth, therefore, O bull among Brahmanas, is rarely attained. Without wealth there is no chance of thy acquisition of the promised steeds. Beg thou, therefore, of some king born in the race of some royal sage, who may, without oppressing his subjects, crown our suit with success. There is a king born in the lunar race, that is my friend. We shall go to him, for he, amongst all on Earth, hath great wealth. That royal sage is known by the name of Yayati, and he is the son of Nahusha. His prowess is incapable of being baffled. Solicited by thee in person, and urged by me, he will give what we seek, for he hath immense wealth, equal unto what belongeth to Kuvera, the lord of treasures. Even thus, by accepting a gift, O learned one, pay off thy debt to thy preceptor.' Talking thus, and thinking upon what was best to be done, Garuda and Galava together went to king Yayati, who was then in his capital called

Pratisthana. The king received them hospitably and gave them excellent *Arghya* and water to wash their feet. And the king then asked them the cause of their advent. And thereupon Garuda answered, saying, 'O son of Nahusha, this ocean of asceticism, called Galava, is my friend. He had been, O monarch, a disciple of Viswamitra for many thousand years. This holy Brahmana, when commanded by Viswamitra to go away whithersoever he chose, addressed his preceptor at that time, saying,— *I desire to give something as preceptor's fee.* Knowing this one's resources to be poor, Viswamitra did not ask for anything. But when he was repeatedly addressed by this Brahmana on the subject of the tutorial fee, the preceptor, under a slight accession of wrath, said, 'Give me eight hundred white steeds of good pedigree and of lunar radiance, and each having one ear black in hue. If, O Galava, thou desirest to give anything to thy preceptor, let this then be given!' It was thus that Viswamitra endued with wealth of asceticism said unto him in anger. And this bull among Brahmanas is on that account smarting with great grief. Unable to fulfil that command (of his preceptor), he hath now come to take thy shelter. O tiger among men, accepting this as alms from thee, and filled once more with cheerfulness, he will, after paying his preceptor's debt, devote himself again to serve ascetic penances. A royal *Rishi* as thou art, and, therefore, endued with wealth of asceticism of thy own, this Brahmana, by giving thee a portion of his wealth of asceticism, will make thee richer in wealth of that kind. As many hairs, O lord of men, as there are on a horse's body, so many regions of bliss, O ruler of Earth, are attained by him that giveth away a horse in gift. This one is as fit to accept a gift as thou art to make a gift. Let therefore, thy gift in this instance be like milk deposited in a conch-shell.' "

SECTION CXV

"Narada said, 'Thus addressed by Suparna in excellent words fraught with truth, that performer of thousand sacrifices, that foremost of givers, that liberal ruler of all the Kasis, the lord Yayati, revolving those words in his mind and reflecting on them coolly, and seeing before him his dear friend, Tarkshya, and that bull among Brahmanas, Galava, and regarding the alms sought as an indication, highly praiseworthy, of (Galava's) ascetic merit, and in view particularly of the fact that those two came to him having passed over all the kings of the Solar race, said, 'Blessed is my life today, and the race also in which I am born, hath, indeed, been blessed today. This very province also of mine hath equally been blessed by thee, O sinless Tarkshya. There is one thing, however, O friend, that I desire to say unto thee, and that is, I am not

so rich now as thou thinkest, for my wealth hath suffered a great diminution. I cannot, however, O ranger of the skies, make thy advent here a fruitless one. Nor can I venture to frustrate the hopes entertained by this regenerate *Rishi*. I shall, therefore, give him that which will accomplish his purpose. If one having come for alms, returneth disappointed, he may consume the (host's) race. O son of Vinata, it is said that there is no act more sinful than that of saying, 'I have nothing'—and thus destroying the hope of one that cometh, saying, 'Give.' The disappointed man whose hopes have been killed and his object not accomplished, can destroy the sons and grandsons of the person that faileth to do him good. Therefore, O Galava, take thou this daughter of mine, this perpetrator of four families. In beauty, she resembleth a daughter of the celestials. She is capable of prompting every virtue. Indeed, owing to her beauty, she is always solicited (at my hands) by gods and men, and *Asuras*. Let alone twice four hundred steeds each with a black ear, the kings of the earth will give away their whole kingdoms as her dower. Take thou, therefore, this daughter of mine, named Madhavi. My sole desire is that I may have a daughter's son by her. Accepting that daughter in gift, Galava then, with Garuda, went away, saying, 'We will again see thee'. And they took that maiden with them. And Galava's oviparous friend addressed him, saying. 'The means have at last been obtained whereby the steeds may be obtained.' And saying this, Garuda went away to his own abode, having obtained Galava's permission. And after the prince of birds had gone, Galava, with that maiden in his company, began to think of going to some one among the kings who would be able to give (fit) dower for the maiden. And he first thought of that best of kings, Haryyaswa of Ikshaku's race, who ruled at Ayodhya, was endued with great energy, possessed of a large army consisting of four kinds of forces, had a well-filled treasury and abundance of corn, and who was dearly loved by his subjects, and who loved the Brahmanas well. Desirous of offspring, he was living in quiet and peace, and engaged in excellent austerities. And the Brahmana Galava, repairing unto Haryyaswa, said, 'This maiden, O king of kings, will increase the family of her husband by bringing forth offspring. Accept her from me, O Haryyaswa, as thy wife, by giving me a dower. I will tell thee what dower thou shalt have to give. Hearing it, settle what thou shalt do.' "

SECTION CXVI

"Narada said, 'That best of monarchs, king Haryyaswa, after reflecting for a long while and breathing a long and hot sigh about the birth of a

son, at last said, 'Those six limbs[1] that ought to be high are high in this maiden. Those seven, again, that ought to be slender are slender in her. Those three, again, which ought to be deep are deep in her. And lastly, those five that ought to be red are red in her. It seems that she is worth being looked at by even the gods and the *Asuras*, and is accomplished in all the arts and sciences. Possessed of all auspicious signs, she will certainly bring forth many children. She is even capable of bringing forth a son who may become an emperor. Having regard to my wealth, tell me, O foremost of Brahmanas, what should be her dower.' Galava said, 'Give me eight hundred steeds, born in a good country, of lunar whiteness, and each with one ear black in hue. This auspicious and large-eyed maiden will then become the mother of thy sons, like the fire-stick becoming the genetrix of fire.' "

"Narada continued, 'Hearing these words, that royal sage, king Haryyaswa, filled with sorrow, but blinded by lust, addressed Galava, that foremost of *Rishis*, saying, 'I have only two hundred steeds about me of the kind wanted by thee, although of other kinds all worthy of sacrifice, I have many thousand moving about (in my dominions), O Galava, I desire to beget only one son upon this damsel. Kindly grant this request of mine.' Hearing these words of the king, that damsel said unto Galava, 'A reciter of *Brahma* granted me a boon that I would after each delivery, be a maiden again. Give me away, therefore, to this king, accepting his excellent steeds. In this way, full eight hundred steeds may be obtained by thee from four kings in succession, and I also may have four sons. Collect thou the wealth intended for thy preceptor, in this way. Even this is what I think. It depends, however, on thee, O Brahmana, as to how thou shouldst act.' Thus addressed by that maiden, the *Muni* Galava said these words unto king Haryyaswa, 'O Haryyaswa, O best of men, accept this damsel for a fourth part of the dower that I have settled, and beget only one son upon her.' Taking then that maiden and worshipping Galava, the king in due time and place had by her a son of the kind wished for. And the son so born came to be called by the name of Vasumanas. Richer than all the wealthy kings of the earth, and resembling one of the Vasus themselves he became a king and giver of great wealth.

'After some time, intelligent Galava came back and approaching the

[1]The limbs that should be 'prominent' or 'elevated' in order to constitute an indication of beauty or auspiciousness are variously mentioned. The general opinion seems to be that these six only, *viz.*, the back of each palm, the two *dorsa*, and the two bosoms should be elevated. Another opinion would seem to indicate that the two bosoms, the two hips, and the two eyes should be so. The seven that should be delicate or slender are unanimously mentioned as the skin, the hair, the teeth, the fingers of the hands, the fingers of the feet, the waist, and the neck. The three that should be deep are the navel, the voice, and the understanding. The five that should be red are the two palms, the two outer corners of the eyes, the tongue, the nether and the upper-lips, and the palate. These five also, are variously given.

delighted Haryyaswa, said unto him, 'Thou hast, O king obtained a son. Indeed, this child is like the sun himself in splendour. The time hath come, O foremost of men, for me to go to some other king for alms.' Hearing these words, Haryyaswa who was even truthful in speech and steady in acts of manliness, and remembering that the balance of six hundred steeds could not be made up by him, gave Madhavi back to Galava. And Madhavi also, abandoning that blazing, kingly prosperity, and once more becoming a maiden, followed the footsteps of Galava. And Galava too, saying, 'Let the steeds remain with thee' then went, accompanied by the maiden, to king Divodasa.' "

SECTION CXVII

"Narada said, 'Galava then, addressing Madhavi, said, 'The ruler of the Kasis is an illustrious king known by the name of Divodasa. He is the son of Bhimasena, is endued with great prowess, and is a mighty sovereign. O blessed maiden, we are now going to him. Follow me slowly and grieve not. That ruler of men is virtuous and devoted to truth and hath his passions under control.'

"Narada continued, 'When the *muni* came before that king he was received with due hospitality by the latter. Galava, then, began to urge the monarch for begetting a child. Thus addressed, Divodasa said, 'I heard of all this before. Thou needest not speak much, O Brahmana. I may tell thee, O best of Brahmanas, that as soon as I heard of this matter, my heart was set upon it. This also is a mark of great honour to me that passing over all other kings thou hast come to me. Without doubt, thy object will be gained. In the matter of the steeds, O Galava, my wealth is like that of king Haryyaswa. I shall, therefore, beget only one royal son upon this maiden.' Hearing these words, that best of Brahmanas gave that damsel unto the king; and, the king, thereupon, duly wedded her. And the royal sage then sported with her, as Surya with Prabhavati, Agni with Swaha, Vasava with Sachi, Chandra with Rohini, Yama with Urmila, Varuna with Gauri, Kuvera with Riddhi, Narayana with Lakshmi, Sagara with Jahnavi, Rudra with Rudrani, the Grandsire with Saraswati, Vasishtha's son Saktri with Adrisyanti, Vasishtha with Arundhati (called also Akshamala), Chyavana with Sukanya, Pulastya with Sandhya, Agastya with the princess of Vidarbha Lopamudra, Satyavan with Savitri, Bhrigu with Puloma, Kasyapa with Aditi, Richika's son Jamadagni with Renuka, Kusika's son Viswamitra with Himavati, Vrihaspati with Tara, Sukra with Sataprava, Bhumipati with Bhumi, Pururavas with Urvasi, Richika with Satyavati, Manu with Saraswati, Dushyanta with Sakuntala, the eternal Dharma with Dhriti,

Nala with Damayanti, Narada with Satyavati, Jaratkaru with Jaratkaru, Pulastya with Pratichya, Urnayus with Menaka, Tumvuru with Rambha, Vasuki with Satasirsha, Dhananjaya with Kamari, Rama with the princess of Videha Sita, or Janardana with Rukmini. And unto king Divodasa, that sporting with and taking delight in her, Madhavi bore a son named Pratardana. And after she had borne him a son, the holy Galava came to Divodasa at the appointed time, and said unto him, 'Let the maiden come with me, and let the steeds also thou art to give me remain with thee, for I desire to go elsewhere, O ruler of Earth, for dower.' Thus addressed, the virtuous king Divodasa, who was devoted to truth, thereupon, gave back the maiden to Galava at the appointed time.' "

SECTION CXVIII

"Narada said, 'The illustrious Madhavi, faithful to her promise, abandoning that prosperity and once more becoming a maiden, followed the footsteps of the Brahmana Galava. And Galava, whose heart was set upon the accomplishment of his own business, reflecting upon what he should do next then went to the city of the Bhojas for waiting upon king Usinara. And arrived before that king of unbaffled prowess, Galava addressed him, saying, 'This maiden will bear thee two royal sons. And, O king, begetting upon her two sons equal unto the Sun and the Moon, thou mayst attain all thy objects both here and hereafter. As her dower, however, O thou that art conversant with every duty, thou shalt have to give me four hundred steeds of lunar splendour, each having ear black of hue. This effort of mine for obtaining the steeds is only on account of my preceptor, otherwise I myself have nothing to do with them. If thou art able to accept (my terms), do as I bid thee without any hesitation. O royal sage, thou art now childless. Beget, O king, a couple of children. With offspring so begot as a raft, save they *Pitris* and thyself also. O royal sage, he that hath fruit in the shape of offspring to enjoy, never falleth from heaven. Nor hath such a person to go to that frightful hell whither the childless are doomed to go.' Hearing these and other words of Galava, king Usinara replied unto him, saying, 'I have heard what thou, O Galava, hast said. My heart also is inclined to do thy bidding. The Supreme Ordainer, however, is all-powerful. I have only two hundred steeds of the kind indicated by thee, O best of Brahmanas. Of other kinds, I have many thousands moving about in my dominions. I will, O Galava, beget only one son upon her, by treading the path that hath been told by others such as Haryyaswa and Divodasa. I will act after their manner in the matter of the dower. O best of Brahmanas, my

wealth exists for only my subjects residing in the city and the country, and not for my own comforts and enjoyment. That king, O virtuous one, who giveth away for his own pleasure the wealth that belongeth to others, can never earn virtue or fame. Let this maiden, endued with the radiance of a celestial girl, be presented to me. I will accept her for begetting only one child.' Hearing these and many other words that Usinara spoke, that best of Brahmanas, Galava, then applauded the monarch and gave him the maiden. And making Usinara accept that damsel, Galava went into the woods. And like a righteous man enjoying the prosperity (won by his deeds), Usinara began to sport with and enjoy that damsel in valleys and dales of mountains by fountains and falls of rivers, in mansions, delightful chambers, variegated gardens, forests and woods, aggreeable places, and terraces of houses. And, in due time, was born unto him a son of the splendour of the morning sun, who afterwards became an excellent king, celebrated by the name Sivi. And after the birth of that son, the Brahmana Galava came to Usinara, and taking back from him the maiden went, O king, to see the son of Vinata.' "

SECTION CXIX

"Narada said, 'Seeing Galava, Vinata's son smilingly addressed him, saying, 'By good luck it is, O Brahmana, that I behold thee successful.' Galava, however, hearing the words spoken by Garuda informed him that a fourth part of the task was still unfinished.' Garuda then, that foremost of all speakers, said unto Galava, 'Do not make any endavour (to obtain the remaining two hundred), for it will not succeed. In days of yore, Richika sought at Kanyakuvja Gadhi's daughter, Satyavati, for making her his wife.' Thereupon Gadhi, O Galava, addressing the *Rishi*, said, 'O holy one, let a thousand steeds of lunar brightness, each with one ear black of hue, be presented to me.' Thus requested, Richika said, 'So be it'. And then wending his way to the great mart of steeds (*Aswatirtha*) in Varuna's abode, the Rishi obtained what he sought and gave them unto the king. Performing a sacrifice then of the name of *Pundarika*, that monarch gave away those steeds (as *Dakshina*) unto the Brahmanas. The three kings to whom thou hadst applied had purchased those horses from the Brahmanas, each to the number of two hundred. The remaining four hundred, O best of Brahmanas, while being transported over the river, were taken by the *Vitasta*.[1] Therefore, O Galava,

[1]The latter half of this Sloka is variously read. The correct reading, I apprehend, is Niyamanani Santare Hritanyasan Vitastaya, *i.e.*, 'while transported across, were taken (down) by the (river) Vitasta'—the latter being one of the five rivers of the Punjab.

thou canst never have that which is not to be had. Do thou then, O virtuous one, present unto Viswamitra this maiden as an equivalent for two hundred steeds, along with the six hundred thou hast already obtained. Thou wilt then, O best of Brahmanas, be freed from thy grief and crowned with success. Galava then, saying, 'So be it,' and taking with him both the maiden and the steeds, went with Garuda in his company unto Viswamitra. And arrived in his presence, Galava said, 'Here are six hundred steeds of the kind demanded by thee. And this maiden is offered as an equivalent for the remaining two hundred. Let all these be accepted by thee. Upon this maiden have been begotten three virtuous sons by three royal sages. Let a fourth, foremost of all, be begotten upon her by thee. And thus let the number of steeds, eight hundred, be regarded by thee as full, and let me also, being freed from thy debt, go and practise ascetic penances as I list.' Viswamitra then, beholding Galava in the company of the bird, and that highly beautiful maiden, said, 'Why, O Galava, didst thou not give me this maiden before? Four sons then, sanctifiers of my race, would all have been mine alone. I accept this maiden of thine for begetting upon her one son. As regards the steeds, let them graze in my asylum.' Saying this, Viswamitra of great effulgence began to pass his time happily with her. And Madhavi bore him a son of the name of Ashtaka. And as soon as that son was born, the great Muni Viswamitra addressed him to both virtue and profit, and gave him those six hundred steeds. Ashtaka then went to a city, bright as the city of Soma. And Kusika's son Viswamitra also having made over the damsel to his disciple, himself went into the woods. And Galava also, with his friend Suparna, having in this way suceeded in giving his preceptor the fee he had demanded, with a cheerful heart addressed that maiden and said, 'Thou hast borne a son who is exceedingly charitable, and another who is exceedingly brave, and a third who is devoted to truth and righteousness, and yet another who is a performer of great sacrifices. O beautiful maiden, thou hast, by these sons, saved not only thy father, but four kings and myself, also. Go now, O thou of slenderwaist.' Saying this, Galava dismissed Garuda that devourer of snakes, and returning the maiden unto her father himself went into the woods.' "

SECTION CXX

"Narada said, 'King Yayati then, desirous again of disposing of his daughter in *Swayamvara*, went to a hermitage on the confluence of the Ganga and the Yamuna, taking Madhavi with him on a chariot, her person decked with garlands of flowers. And both Puru and Yadu

followed their sister to that sacred asylum. And in that spot was assembled a vast concourse of *Nagas* and *Yakshas* and human beings, of *Gandharvas* and animals and birds, and of dwellers of mountains and trees and forests, and of many inhabitants of that particular province. And the woods all around that asylum were filled with numerous Rishis resembling Brahman himself. And while the selection had commenced of husband, that maiden of the fairest complexion, passing over all the bridegrooms there assembled, selected the forest as her lord. Descending from her chariot and saluting all her friends, the daughter of Yayati went into the forest which is always sacred, and devoted herself to ascetic austerities. Reducing her body by means of fasts of various kinds and religious rites and rigid vows, she adopted the deer's mode of life And subsisting upon soft and green grass-blades, resembling the sprouts of *lapis lazuli* and which were both bitter and sweet to the taste, and drinking the sweet, pure, cool, crystal, and very superior water of sacred mountain-streams, and wandering with the deer in forests destitute of lions and tigers, in deserts free from forest-conflagration, and in thick woods, that maiden, leading the life of a wild doe, earned great religious merit by the practice of *Brahmacharya* austerities.

'(Meanwhile) king Yayati, following the practice of kings before him, submitted to the influence of Time, after having lived for many thousands of years. The progeny of two of his sons—those foremost of men —Puru and Yadu, multiplied greatly, and in consequence thereof, Nahusha's son won great respect both in this and the other world. O monarch, dwelling in heaven, king Yayati, resembling a great Rishi, became an object of much regard, and enjoyed the highest fruits of those regions. And after many thousands of years had passed away in great happiness, on one occasion while seated among the illustrious royal sages and great Rishis, king Yayati, from folly, ignorance, and pride, mentally disregarded all the gods and Rishis, and all human beings. Thereat the divine Sakra—the slayer of Vala—at once read his heart. And those royal sages also addressed him saying, 'Fie, fie.' And beholding the son of Nahusha, the questions were asked, 'Who is this person? What king's son is he? Why is he in heaven? By what acts hath he won success? Where did he earn ascetic merit? For what hath he been known here? Who knoweth him? The dwellers of heaven, thus speaking of that monarch, asked one another these questions about Yayati, that ruler of men. And hundreds of heaven's charioteers, and hundreds of those that kept heaven's gates, and of those what were in charge of heaven's seats, thus questioned, all answered, 'We do not know him.' And the minds of all were temporarily clouded, so that none recognised the king and thereupon the monarch was soon divested of his splendour.' ''

SECTION CXXI

"Narada said, 'Removed from his place and pushed away from his seat with heart trembling in fear, and consumed by burning remorse, with his garlands dimmed in lustre and his knowledge clouded, shorn of his crown and bracelets, with head swimming and every limb relaxed divested of ornaments and robes, incapable of being recognised, sometimes not seeing the other residents of heaven, filled with despair, and his understanding a perfect blank, king Yayati fell headlong towards the earth. And before the king fell down, he thought within himself, 'What inauspicious and sinful thought was entertained by me in consequence of which I am hurled from my place?' And all the kings there, as also the Siddhas and the Apsaras, laughed at seeing Yayati losing his hold, and on the point of falling down. And soon, O king, at the command of the king of the gods, there came a person whose business it was to hurl down those whose merits were exhausted. And coming there, he said unto Yayati, 'Extremely intoxicated with pride, there is none whom thou hast not disregarded. In consequence of this thy pride, heaven is no longer for thee. Thou deservest not a residence here, O son of a king. Thou art not recognised here, go and fall down.' Even thus the celestial messenger spoke unto him, Nahusha's son then said, repeating the words three times, 'If fall I must, let me fall amongst the righteous.' And saying this, that foremost of persons that had won high regions by their acts, began to think of the particular region whereon he should fall. Beholding meanwhile four mighty kings, *viz.*, Pratarddana, Vasumanas, Sivi, the son of Usinara, and Ashtaka, assembled together in the woods of Naimisha, the king fell amongst them. And those monarchs were then engaged in gratifying the lord of the celestials by performance of the sacrifice known by the name of Vajapeya. And the smoke arising from their sacrificial altar reached the very gates of heaven. And the smoke that rose thus, looked like a river connecting both the earth and the heaven. And it resembled the sacred stream Ganga while descending from heaven to earth. And smelling that smoke and guiding his course by it. Yayati, the lord of the universe, descended on the earth. And the king thus fell amongst those four lions among rulers, who were all endued with great beauty, who were foremost of all the performers of sacrifices, who were, indeed, his own relatives, and who resembled the four regents of the four quarters, and looked like four mighty sacrificial fires. And thus, in consequence of the exhaustion of his merits, the royal sage Yayati fell amongst them. And beholding him blazing with beauty, those kings asked him, saying, "Who art thou? Of what race, country, or city art thou? Art thou a Yaksha, or a god, a Gandharva, or a Rakshasa? Thou does not seem to be a human being. What object hast thou in view?' Thus questioned, Yayati answered, 'I am the royal sage Yayati. Fallen am I from heaven in consequence of the expiration

of my virtue. Having desired to fall amongst the righteous, I have fallen amongst you.' The kings then said, 'O foremost of persons, may that wish of thine, be realized. Accept thou our virtues and the fruits of all our sacrifices.' Yayati replied saying, 'I am not a Brahmana competent to accept a gift. On the other hand, I am a Kshatriya. Nor is my heart inclined towards lessening the virtues of others.'

"Narada continued, 'About this time, Madhavi, in course of her purposeless wanderings, came there. Beholding her, those monarchs saluted her and said, 'What object hast thou in coming here? What command of thine shall we obey? Thou deservest to command us, for all of us are thy sons, O thou that art endued with wealth of asceticism!' Hearing these words of theirs, Madhavi was filled with delight and approaching then her father, she reverentially saluted Yayati. And touching the heads of all her sons, that lady engaged in ascetic austerities said to her father, 'Being my sons these all are thy daughter's sons, O king of kings. They are not strangers to thee. These will save thee. The practice is not new, its origin extends to antiquity. I am thy daughter Madhavi, O king, living in the woods after the manner of the deer. I also have earned virtue. Take thou a moiety. And because, O king, all men have a right to enjoy a portion of the merits earned by their offspring, it is for this that they desire to have daughter's sons. Even this was the case with thyself, O king (when thou madest me over to Galava.' At these words of their mother, those monarchs saluted her, and bowing down unto also their maternal grandsire, repeated those very words in a loud, incomparable, and sweet voice, and making, as it were, the whole earth resounded therewith, in order to rescue that maternal grandsire of theirs who had fallen down from heaven. And at that time Galava also came there, and addressing Yayati, said, 'Accepting an eighth part of my ascetic austerities, ascend thou to heaven again.' "

SECTION CXXII

"Narada said, 'As soon as that bull among men, king Yayati was recognised by those virtuous persons, he rose again to heaven, without having had to touch the surface of the earth. And he regained his celestial form and had all his anxieties entirely dispelled. And he rose again, decked with celestial garlands and robes, adorned with celestial ornaments, sprinkled with celestial scents, and furnished with heavenly attributes, and without having been compelled to touch the earth with his feet. Meanwhile, Vasumanas who was celebrated in the world for his liberality, first addressing the king, uttered these words in a loud voice,

'The merit that I have won on earth by my unblamable conduct towards men of all orders, I give unto thee. Be it all thine, O king. The merit that one winneth by liberality and forgiveness, the merit that is mine in consequence of the sacrifices I have performed, let all that also be thine.' After this, Pratarddana, that bull among Kshatriyas, said, 'Ever devoted to virtue as also to war, the fame that hath here been mine as a Kshatriya, in consequence of the appellation of hero (by which I am known),—be that merit thine. After this, Sivi, the intelligent son of Usinara, said these sweet words, 'Unto children and women in jest, danger, or calamity, in distress, or at dice, I have never spoken a falsehood. By that truth which I never sacrificed ascend thou to heaven. I can, O king, give up all objects of desire and enjoyment, my kingdom, yea, life itself, but truth I cannot give up. By that truth, ascend thou to heaven; that truth for which Dharma, that truth for which agni, that truth for which he of a hundred sacrifices, have each been gratified with me, by that truth ascend thou to heaven.' And lastly, the royal sage Ashtaka, the offspring of Kusika's son and Madhavi, addressing Nahusha's son Yayati who had performed many hundreds of sacrifices, said, 'I have, O lord, performed hundreds of Pundarika, Gosava and Vajapeya sacrifices. Take thou the merit of these. Wealth, gems, robes, I have spared nothing for the performance of sacrifices. By that truth ascend thou to heaven.' And that king thereupon leaving the earth, began to ascend towards heaven higher and higher, as those daughter's sons of his, one after another, said those words unto him. And it was thus that those kings by their good acts, speedily saved Yayati, who had been hurled from heaven It was thus that those daughter's sons born in four royal lines, those multipliers of their races, by means of their virtues, sacrifices, and gifts, caused their wise maternal grandfather to ascend again to heaven. And those monarchs jointly said, 'Endued with the attributes of royalty and possessed of every virtue, we are, O king, thy daughter's sons! (By virtue of our good deeds) ascend thou to heaven.' "

SECTION CXXIII

"Narada said, 'Sent back to heaven by those righteous kings, distinguished by the liberality of their sacrificial presents, Yayati possessed of daughter's sons, dismissed them and reached the celestial regions. Attaining to the eternal region obtained through the merit of his daughter's sons, and adorned by his own deeds, Yayati, bathed in shower of fragrant flowers and hugged by perfumed and delicious breezes, blazed forth with great beauty. And cheerfully, received back into heaven with sounds of cymbals, he was entertained with songs and dances by

various tribes of Gandharvas and Asuras. And diverse celestial and royal Rishis and Charanas began to pay their adorations to him. And deities worshipped him with an excellent Arghya and delighted him with other honours. And after he had thus regained heaven and tranquillity of heart, and had once more become freed from anxiety, the Grandsire, gratifying him by his words said, 'Thou hadst earned the full measure of virtue by thy earthly deeds, and this region (that thou hadst won) is eternal, as thy deeds are in heaven. Thou hadst, however, O royal sage, destroyed thy acquisition by thy vanity alone, and thereby covered the hearts of all the denizens of heaven with darkness in consequence of which none of them could recognise thee. And since thou couldst not be recognised, thou wert hurled hence! Saved once more by the love and affection of thy daughter's sons, thou hast once more arrived here, and regained this unchangeable, eternal, sacred, excellent, stable, and indestructible region won before by thy own deeds.' Thus addressed, Yayati said, 'O holy one, I have a doubt, which, it behoveth thee, to dispel. O Grandsire of all the worlds, it behoveth me not to ask any one else. Great was my merit, augmented by a (virtuous) rule over my subjects for many thousands of years and won by innumerable sacrifices and gifts. How could merit (so great) be exhausted so soon in consequence of which I was hurled hence? Thou knowest, O holy one, that the regions created for me were all eternal. Why were all those regions of mine destroyed, O thou of great effulgence? The Grandsire answered, saying, 'Thy merit, augmented by a (virtuous) rule over thy subjects for many thousands of years and won by innumerable sacrifices and gifts, was exhausted by only one fault, in consequence of which thou wert hurled (from this region). That fault, O king of kings, was thy vanity for which thou hadst become an object of contempt with all the residents of heaven. O royal sage, this region can never be rendered eternal by vanity, or pride of strength, or malice, or deceitfulness, or deception. Never disregard those that are inferior, or superior, or in the middle station. There is not a greater sinner than he who is consumed by the fire of vanity. Those men that will converse upon this fall and re-ascension of thine, will, without doubt, be protected even if overtaken by calamity.'

"Narada continued, 'O monarch, even such was the distress into which Yayati fell in consequence of vanity, and such was the distress into which Galava fell owing to his obstinacy. They that desire their own good should listen to friends that wish them well. Obstinacy should never be entertained, for obstinacy is always the root of ruin. For this reason, O son of Gandhari, forsake vanity and wrath. O hero, make peace with the sons of Pandu. Avoid anger, O king, that which is given away, that which is done, the austerities that are practised, the libations that are poured on fire, nor one of these is ever destroyed or suffereth any diminution. None else, again, enjoyeth the fruits of these save he that is their agent. He that succeedeth in understanding this truly superior

and excellent history, that is approved by persons of great learning as well as by those that are freed from anger and lust, and that is enforced by various references to scriptures and reason, obtaineth a knowledge of virtue and profit and desire, and enjoyeth the sovereignty of the whole world!' "

SECTION CXXIV

"Dhritarashtra said, 'O holy one, it is even so as thou, O Narada, sayest. My wish also is precisely such, but, O holy one, I have no power (to carry them out)!'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'The Kuru king, having said these words unto Narada, then addressed Krishna and said, 'Thou hast, O Kesava, told me that which leadeth to heaven, what is beneficial to the world, consistent with virtue, and fraught with reason. I am not, however, O sire, independent. Duryodhana never doth what is agreeable to me. Do thou, therefore, O mighty-armed Krishna, O best of persons, strive to persuade that foolish and wicked son of mine, who disobeyeth my commands. O mighty-armed one, he never listeneth to the beneficial words, O Hrishikesa, of Gandhari, or of wise Vidura, or of other friends headed by Bhishma, all of whom seek his good. Do thou, therefore, thyself counsel that crooked, senseless, and wicked-souled prince, of evil diposition and sinful heart. By doing this, O Janardana, thou shalt have done that noble act which a friend should ever do.' Thus addressed, he of Vrishni's race, conversant with the truths of virtue and profit, approached nearer to the ever-wrathful Duryodhana and said unto him these sweet words, 'O Duryodhana, O best of the Kurus, listen to these words of mine, uttered especially for thy good, as also, O Bharata, for that of thy followers. Thou art born in a race that is distinguished for its great wisdom. It behoveth thee to act righteously as I indicate. Possessed of learning and endued with excellent behaviour, thou art adorned with every excellent quality. They that are born in ignoble families, or are wicked-souled, cruel, and shameless, they only, O sire, act in the way that seemeth acceptable to thee. In this world, the inclinations of those only that are righteous seem to be consistent with the dictates of virtue and profit. The inclinations, however, of those that are unrighteous seem to be perverse. O bull of Bharata's race, the disposition that thou art repeatedly manifesting is of that perverse kind. Persistence in such behaviour is sinful, frightful, highly wicked, and capable of leading to death itself. It is besides, causeless, while, again, thou canst not, O Bharata, adhere to it long. If by avoiding this which is productive only of woe, thou wilt achieve thy own good, if, O chastiser of foes, thou

wilt escape from the sinful and disreputable deeds of thy brothers, followers, and counsellors, then, O tiger among men, make peace, O bull among the Bharatas, with the sons of Pandu who are all endued with great wisdom and great bravery with great exertion and great learning and all of whom have their souls under complete control. Such conduct will be agreeable to and conducive to the happiness of Dhritarashtra who is endued with great wisdom, of grandsire (Bhishma), Drona, the high-souled Kripa, Somadatta, wise Vahlika, Aswatthaman, Vikarna, Sanjaya, Vivingsati, and of many of thy kinsmen, O chastiser of foes, and many of thy friends also. The whole world, O sire, will derive benefit from that peace. Thou art endued with modesty, born in a noble race, hast learning and kindness of heart. Be obedient, O sire, to the commands of thy father, and also of thy mother, O bull of Bharata's race. They that are good sons always regard that to be beneficial which their fathers command. Indeed, when overtaken by calamity, every one recollects the injunctions of his father. Peace with the Pandavas, O sire, recommend itself to thy father. Let it, therefore, O chief of the Kurus recommend itself to thee also with thy counsellors. That mortal who having listened to the counsels of friends doth not act according to them, is consumed at the end by the consequences of his disregard, like him who swalloweth the fruit called *Kimpaka*. He that from folly doth not accept beneficial counsels, unnerved by procrastination and unable to attain his object, is obliged to repent at last. He, on the other hand, who having listened to beneficial counsels accepteth them at once, abandoning his opinion, always winneth happiness in the world. He that rejects the words of well-meaning friends, regarding those words as opposed to his interest, but accepts words that are really so opposed, is soon subjugated by his foes. Disregarding the opinions of the righteous he that abideth by the opinions of the wicked, soon maketh his friends weep for him in consequence of his being plunged into distress. Forsaking superior counsellors he that seeketh the advice of inferior ones, soon falleth into great distress and succeedeth not in saving himself. That companion of the sinful, who behaveth falsely and never listeneth to good friends, who honoureth strangers but hateth those that are his own, is soon, O Bharata, cast off by the Earth. O bull of Bharata's race, having quarrelled with those (the sons of Pandu), thou seekest protection from others *viz.*, those that are sinful, incapable, and foolish. What other man is there on earth besides thee, who, disregarding kinsmen, that are all mighty charioteers, and each of whom resembleth Sakra himself, would seek protection and aid from strangers? Thou hast persecuted the sons of Kunti from their very birth. They have not been angry with thee, for the sons of Pandu are indeed virtuous. Although thou hast behaved deceitfully towards the Pandavas from their very birth, yet, O mighty-armed one, those distinguished persons have acted generously towards thee. It behoveth thee, therefore, O bull of Bharata's race, to act towards those principal kinsmen of thine with equal generosity. Do

not yield thyself to the influence of wrath. O bull of Bharata's race. th exertions of the wise are always associated with virtue, profit, an desire. If, indeed, all these three cannot be attained, men follow at leas virtue and profit. If, again, these three are pursued separately, it is see that they that have their hearts under control, choose virtue; they tha are neither good nor bad but occupy a middle station, choose profit which is always the subject of dispute; while they that are fools choos the gratification of desire. The fool that from temptation giveth u virtue and pursueth profit and desire by unrighteous means, is soo destroyed by his senses. He that speaketh profit and desire, shoul yet practise virtue at the outset, for neither profit nor desire is (really dissociated from virtue. O king, it hath been said that virtue alone i the cause of the three, for he that seeketh the three, may, by the aid o virtue alone, grow like fire when brought into contact with a heap of dr grass. O bull of Bharata's race, thou seeketh, O sire, by unrighteou means this extensive empire, flourishing with prosperity and well-know to all the monarchs of the earth. O king, he that behaveth falsel towards those that live and conduct themselves righteously, certainl cutteth down his own self, like a forest with an axe. One must not see to confound his understanding whose overthrow one doth not like, fo if one's understanding is confounded, one can never devote his attentio to what is beneficial. One that hath his soul under control never, O Bharata, disregardeth anybody in the three worlds,—no, not even the com monest creature, far less those bulls among men, the sons of Pandu. H that surrendereth himself to the influence of anger loseth his sense of righ and wrong. Rank growth must always be cut off. Behold, O Bharata this is the proof. At present, O sire, union with the sons of Pandu i better for thee than thy union with the wicked. If thou makest peace wit them, thou mayst obtain the fruition of all thy wishes. O best of kings while enjoying the kingdom that has been founded by the Pandavas thou seekest protection from others, disregarding the Pandavas them selves. Reposing the cares of thy state on Dussasana, Durvisaha, Karna and Suvala's son, thou desirest the continuance of thy prosperity, O Bharata. These, however, are far inferior to the Pandavas in knowledge in virtue, in capacity for acquiring wealth, and in prowess. Indeed, O Bharata, (let alone the four I have mentioned) all these kings together with thee at their head, are incapable of even looking at the face o Bhima, when angry, on the field of battle. O sire, this force consisting of all the kings of the earth is, indeed, at thy elbow. There are also Bhishma, and Drona, and this Karna, and Kripa, and Bhurisrava, an Somadatta, and Aswatthaman, and Jayadratha. All these together ar incapable of fighting against Dhananjaya. Indeed, Arjuna is incapabl of being vanquished in battle even by all the gods, *Asuras*, men, an Gandharvas. Do not set thy heart for battle. Seest thou the man in an of the royal races of the earth, who having encountered Arjuna in battl can return home safe and sound? O bull of Bharata's race, what advantag

is there in a universal slaughter? Show me a single man who will defeat that Arjuna, by defeating whom alone victory may be thine? Who will encounter that son of Pandu in battle, who had vanquished all the celestials with the Gandharvas, Yakshas and Pannagas at Khandavaprastha? Then also the marvellous account that is heard of what happened at Virata's city, touching that encounter between one and many, is sufficient proof of this, Hopest thou to vanquish in battle Arjuna who when excited with rage is invincible, irresistible, ever-victorious, and undeteriorating Arjuna, that hero, who gratified the God of gods, Siva himself in fight? With myself again as his second when that son of Pritha will rush to the field of battle against an enemy, who is there that is competent to challenge him then? Can Purandara himself do so? He that would vanquish Arjuna in battle would support the Earth on his arms, consume in rage the whole population of the Earth, and hurl the very gods from heaven. Look at thy sons, thy brothers, kinsmen, and other relatives. Let not these chiefs of Bharata's race all perish on thy account. Let not the race of Kauravas be exterminated or reduced. O king, let not people say that thou art the exterminator of thy race and the destroyer of its achievements. Those mighty car-warriors, the Pandavas (if peace be made) will instal thee as the *Yuvaraja*, and thy father Dhritarashtra, that lord of men, as the sovereign of this extensive empire. Do not, O sire, disregard the prosperity that is awaiting thee and is sure to come. Giving to the sons of Pritha half the kingdom, win thou great prosperity. Making peace with the Pandavas and acting according to the counsels of thy friends, and rejoicing with them, thou art sure to obtain what is for thy good for ever and ever.' "

SECTION CXXV

"Vaisampayana said, 'Hearing, O bull of Bharata's race, these words of Kesava, Bhishma, the son of Santanu, then said unto vindictive Duryodhana, 'Krishna hath spoken to thee, desirous of bringing about peace between kinsmen. O sire, follow those counsels, and do not yield to the influence of wrath. If thou dost not act, O sire, according to the words of the high-souled Kesava, neither prosperity, nor happiness nor what is for thy good, wilt thou ever have. The mighty-armed Kesava, O sire, hath said unto thee what is consistent with virtue and profit. Accept thou that object, and do not, O king, exterminate the population of the earth. This resplendent prosperity of the Bharatas amongst all the kings of the earth, thou wilt, during the very life of Dhritarashtra, destroy through thy wickedness, and thou wilt also, through this arrogant disposition of thine, deprive thyself with all thy counsellors, sons,

brothers, and kinsmen, of life, if, O thou foremost of Bharata's race, thou transgressest the words of Kesava, thy father, and of wise Vidura,—words that are consistent with truth and fraught with benefit to thyself. Be not the exterminator of thy race, be not a wicked man, let not thy heart be sinful, do not tread the path of unrighteousness. Do not sink thy father and mother into an ocean of grief.' After Bhishma had concluded, Drona also said these words unto Duryodhana, who, filled with wrath, was then breathing heavily, 'O sire, the words that Kesava hath spoken unto thee are fraught with virtue and profit, Santanu's son Bhishma also hath said the same. Accept those words, O monarch. Both of them are wise, endued with great intelligence, with souls under control, desirous of doing what is for thy good, and possessed of great learning. They have said what is beneficial. Accept their words, O king, O thou possessed of great wisdom, act according to what both Krishna and Bhishma have said. O chastiser of foes, do not, from delusion of understanding, disregard Madhava. They that are always encouraging thee, are unable to give thee victory. During the time of battle they will throw the burthen of hostility on other's necks. Do not slaughter the Earth's population. Do not slay thy sons and brothers. Know that host is invincible in the midst of which are Vasudeva and Arjuna. If, O Bharata, thou dost not accept the truthful words of thy friends, Krishna and Bhishma, then, O sire, thou wilt surely have to repent. Arjuna is even greater than what Jamadagni's son hath described him to be. As regards Krishna, the son of Devaki, he is incapable of being resisted by even the gods. O bull of Bharata's race, what use is there in telling thee what is really conducive to thy happiness and good? Everything hath now been said unto thee. Do what thou wishest. I do not wish to say anything more unto thee, O foremost of Bharata's race.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'After Drona had ceased, Vidura also, otherwise called Kshattri, casting his eyes on Duryodhana, said unto that vindictive son of Dhritarashtra, 'O Duryodhana, O bull of Bharata's race, I do not grieve for thee. I grieve, however, for this old couple, *viz.*, Gandhari and thy father. Having thee, of wicked soul for their protector (of whom they will shortly be deprived), they will have to wander with anybody to look after them, and deprived also of friends and counsellors, like a pair of birds shorn of their wings. Having begotten such a wicked son who is the exterminator of his race, alas, these two will have to wander over the earth in sorrow, subsisting on alms.' After this, king Dhritarashtra, addressing Duryodhana, seated in the midst of his brothers and surrounded by all the kings, said, 'Listen, O Duryodhana, to what the high-souled Sauri hath said. Accept those words which are eternal, highly beneficial and conducive to what is for thy highest good. With the aid of this Krishna of faultless deeds, we amongst all the kings, are sure to have all our cherished objects. Firmly united by Kesava, be reconciled, O sire, with Yudhishthira. Seek thou this great good of the Bharatas like unto an august ceremony of

propitiation. Through Vasudeva's agency, bind thyself closely with the Pandavas. I think, the time for that is come. Do not let the opportunity pass away. If, however, thou disregardest Kesava, who from a desire of achieving what is for good, is soliciting thee to make peace, then victory will never be thine.' "

SECTION CXXVI

"Vaisampayana said, 'Hearing these words of Dhritarashtra, both Bhishma and Drona who sympathised with the old king, again addressed disobedient Duryodhana and said, 'As yet the two Krishnas are not accoutred in mail, as yet Gandiva resteth inactive, as yet Dhaumya doth not consume the enemy's strength by pouring libations on the war-fire, as yet that mighty bowman Yudhishthira, having modesty for his ornament, doth not cast angry glances on thy troops, so let hostility cease. As yet that mighty bowman, Bhimasena, the son of Pritha, is not seen stationed in the midst of his division, so let hostility cease. As yet Bhimasena, doth not, mace in hand, stalk on the field of battle, grinding (hostile) divisions, so let peace be made with the Pandavas. As yet Bhima doth not, with his hero-slaying mace, make the heads of warriors fighting from the backs of elephants roll on the field of battle, like the palmyra-fruits in the season of their ripening, so let hostility cease. As yet Nakula, and Sahadeva, Dhrishtadyumna of Prishata's race, and Virata, and Sikhandin, and Sisupal's son, accoutred in mail and all well-versed in arms, do not penetrate thy ranks, like huge crocodiles penetrating the deep, and pour their arrowy showers, so let hostility cease. As yet fierce-winged shafts do not fall upon the delicate bodies of the assembled kings, so let hostility cease. As yet fierce weapons made of iron and steel, shot unerringly by mighty bowmen well-skilled in arms, endued with lightness of hand and capable of hitting howsoever long distance, do not penetrate the breasts of warriors, smeared with sandal and other fragrant unguents, and adorned with golden garlands and gems, so let hostility cease. Let that elephant among kings, Yudhishthira the Just, receive thee with an embrace while thou salutest him bending thy head. O bull of Bharata's race, let that king, distinguished for the liberality of his sacrificial presents, place on thy shoulder that right arm of his, the palm of which beareth the marks of the banner and the hook. Let him, with hands begemmed and red, adorned with fingers, pat thy back while thou art seated. Let the mighty-armed Vrikodara, with shoulder broad as those of the *sala* tree, embrace thee, O bull of Bharata's race, and gently converse with thee for peace. And, O king, saluted with reverence by those three, *viz.*, Arjuna and the Twins, smell thou their

heads and converse with them affectionately. And beholding the united with thy heroic brothers—the sons of Pandu—let all these monarchs shed tears of joy. Let the tidings of this cordial union be proclaimed in the cities of all the kings. Let the Earth be ruled by thee with feelings of brotherly affection (in thy bosom), and let thy heart be freed from the fever (of jealousy and wrath).' "

SECTION CXXVII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Hearing in that assembly of the Kurus these words that were disagreeable to him, Duryodhana replied unto the mighty-armed Kesava of great fame, saying. 'It behoveth thee, O Kesava, to speak after reflecting on all circumstances. Indeed, uttering such harsh words, thou, without any reason, findest fault with me alone, addressed regardfully as thou always art by the sons of Pritha, O slayer of Madhu. But dost thou censure me, having surveyed the strength and weakness (of both sides)? Indeed, thyself and Kshattri, the King, the Preceptor, and the Grandsire, all reproach me alone and not any other monarch. I, however, do not find the least fault in myself. Yet all of you, including the (old) king himself, hate me. O repressor of foes, I do not, even after reflection, behold any grave fault in me, or even O Kesava, any fault however minute. In the game at dice, O slayer of Madhu, that was joyfully accepted by them, the Pandavas were vanquished and their kingdom was won by Sakuni. What blame can be mine as regards that? On the other hand, O slayer of Madhu, the wealth that was won from the Pandavas then, was ordered by me, to be returned unto them. It cannot, again, O foremost of victors, be any fault of ours that the invincible Pandavas, were defeated once again at dice and had to go to the woods. Imputing what fault to us, do they regard us as their enemies? And, O Krishna, though (really) weak, why do the Pandavas yet so cheerfully seek a quarrel with us, as if they were strong? What have we done to them? For what injury (done to them) do the sons of Pandu, along with the Srinjayas, seek to slaughter the sons of Dhritarashtra? We shall not in consequence of any fierce deed, or (alarming) word (of theirs), bow down to them in fear, deprived of our senses. We cannot bow down to Indra himself, let alone the sons of Pandu. I do not, O Krishna, see the man, observant of Kshatriya virtues, who can, O slayer of foes, venture to conquer us in battle. Let alone the Pandavas, O slayer of Madhu, the very gods are not competent to vanquish Bhishma, Kripa, Drona and Karna, in battle. If, O Madhava, we are, in the observance of the practices of our order, cut off with weapons in battle, when our end comes, even that will lead us to heaven. Even this, O Janardana, is

our highest duty as Kshatriyas, *viz.*, that we should lay ourselves down on the field of battle on a bed of arrows. If, without bowing to our enemies, ours be the bed of arrows in battle, that, O Madhava, will never grieve us. Who is there, born in a noble race and conforming to Kshatriya practices, that would from fear bow to an enemy, desirous only of saving his life? Those Kshatriyas that desire their own good, accept regardfully this saying of Matanga, *viz.*, that (as regards a Kshatriya), one should always keep himself erect, and never bow down, for exertion alone is manliness; one should rather break at the knots than bend. A person like me should only bow down to the Brahmanas for the sake of piety, without regarding anybody else. (As regards persons other than Brahmanas), one should, as long as one lives, act according to Matanga's saying. Even this is the duty of Kshatriyas; even this is ever my opinion. That share in the kingdom which was formerly given them by my father shall never again, O Kesava, be obtainable by them as long as I live. As long, O Janardana, as king Dhritarashtra liveth, both ourselves and they, sheathing our weapons, O Madhava, should live in dependence on him. Given away formerly from ignorance or fear, when I was a child and dependent on others, the kingdom, O Janardana, incapable of being given away again, shall not, O delighter of Vrishni's race, be obtainable by the Pandavas. At present, O Kesava of mighty arms, as long as I live, even that much of our land which may be covered by the point of a sharp needle shall not, O Madhava, be given by us unto the Pandavas.' "

SECTION CXXVIII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Reflecting (for a moment), with eyes red in anger, he, of Dasarha's race, addressing Duryodhana in that assembly of the Kurus, then said these words, 'Wishest thou for a bed of heroes? Verily, thou shalt have it, with thy consellors. Wait (for a short while), a great slaughter will ensue. Thou thinkest, O thou of little understanding, that thou hast committed no offence against the Pandavas? Let the (assembled) monarchs judge. Grieved at the prosperity of the high-souled Pandavas, thou conspirest, O Bharata, with Suvala's son about the gambling match. O sire, how could those virtuous, honest, and superior kinsmen of thine (otherwise) engage in such a wicked act with the deceitful Sakuni? O thou that art endued with great wisdom, gambling robs even the good of their understanding, and as regards the wicked, disunion and dire consequence spring from it. It was thou who hadst devised with thy wicked counsellors, that terrible source of calamity in the form of the gambling match, without consulting with persons of righteous behaviour. Who else is there, capable of insulting a brother's wife in the

way thou didst or of dragging her into the assembly and addressing her in language thou hadst used towards Draupadi? Of noble parentage, and endued with excellent behaviour, and dearer to them than their very lives, the queen-consort of Pandu's sons was treated even thus by thee. All the Kauravas know what words were addressed in their assembly by Dussasana unto those chastisers of foes,—the sons of Kunti,—when they were about to set out for the woods. Who is there capable of behaving so wretchedly towards his own honest kinsmen, that are ever engaged in the practice of virtue, that are untainted by avarice, and that are always correct in their behaviour? Language such as becomes only those that are heartless and despicable, was frequently repeated by Karna and Dussasana and also by thee. Thou hadst taken great pains to burn to death, at Varanavata, the sons of Pandu with their mother, while they were children, although that effort of thine was not crowned with success. After this, the Pandavas with their mother were obliged to live for a long while, concealed in the town of Ekachakra in the abode of a Brahmana. With poison, with snakes and cords, thou hadst, by every means, sought the destruction of the Pandavas, although none of thy designs was successful. With such feelings when thou hadst always acted towards them so deceitfully, how canst thou say that thou hast not offended against the high-souled Pandavas? Thou art not, O sinful man, willing to give them their paternal share in the kingdom, although they are begging it of thee. Thou shalt have to give it them, this, when divested of prosperity, thou shalt be laid low. Having, like a heartless fellow, done innumerable wrongs to the Pandavas and behaved so deceitfully towards them, thou seekest now to appear in a different garb. Though repeatedly solicited by thy parents, by Bhishma, Drona, and Vidura, to make peace, thou dost not yet, O king, make peace. Great is the advantage in peace, O king, both to thyself and Yudhishthira. Peace, however, does not recommend itself to thee. To what else can it be due, but to thy loss of understanding? Transgressing the words of thy friends, thou canst never attain to what is for thy benefit. Sinful and disreputable is that act, which thou, O king, art about to do.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'While he, of Dasarha's race, was saying this, Dussasana addressed vindictive Duryodhana and said unto him these words in the midst of the Kurus, 'If, O king, thou dost not willingly make peace with the Pandavas, verily the Kauravas will bind thee (hand and foot) and make over thee to the son of Kunti. Bhishma, and Drona, and thy (own) father, O bull amongst men, will make over us three, *viz.*, Vikartana's son, thyself, and myself, to the Pandavas!'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Hearing these words of his brother, Dhritarashtra's son, wicked, shameless, disobedient, disrespectful, and vain Suyodhana, breathing heavily like a great snake rose up from his seat in anger, and disregarding Vidura, and Dhritarashtra and the great king Vahlika, and Kripa, and Somadatta, and Bhishma, and Drona, and Janardana, in fact, all of them, went out of the court. And beholding

that bull among men leave the court, his brother and all his counsellors, and all the kings, followed him. And seeing Duryodhana rise and leave the court in anger with his brothers, Santanu's son, Bhishma said, 'The enemies of that person, who, abandoning both virtue and profit, followeth the impulses of wrath, rejoice on beholding him plunged into distress at no distant date. This wicked son of Dhritarashtra, this one unacquainted with the true means (of accomplishing his objects), this fool that is wrongly vain of his sovereignty, obeyeth only the dictates of wrath and avarice. I see also, O Janardana, that the hour of all those Kshatriyas is arrived, for all those kings, from delusion, have with their counsellors followed Duryodhana.' Hearing these words of Bhishma, the lotus-eyed hero of Dasarha's race, possessed of great powers, addressing all those (that were still there) headed by Bhishma and Drona, said, 'Even this is great transgression, of which all the elders of the Kuru race are becoming guilty, for they do not forcibly seize and bind this wicked king in the enjoyment of sovereignty. Ye chastiser of foes, I think the time hath come for doing this. If this is done, it may still be productive of good. Listen to me, ye sinless ones. The words I will speak will soon lead to beneficial results, if, indeed, ye Bharatas, ye accept what I say in consequence of its recommending itself to you. The wicked son, of ill-regulated soul, of the old Bhoja king, having usurped his father's sovereignty during the latter's life-time, subjected himself to death. Indeed, Kansa, the son of Ugrasena, abandoned by his relatives, was slain by me in a great encounter, from desire of benefiting my kinsmen. Ourselves with our kinsmen then, having paid due honours to Ugrasena, the son of Ahuka, installed that extender of Bhoja's kingdom on the throne. And all the Yadavas and Andhakas and the Vrishnis, abandoning a single person, *viz.*, Kansa for the sake of their whole race, have prospered and obtained happiness. O king, when the gods and *Asuras* were arrayed for battle and weapons were upraised for striking, the lord of all creatures, Parameshthin said thus (something which applies to the case at hand). Indeed, O Bharata, when the population of the worlds was divided into two parties and was about to be slaughtered, the divine and holy Cause of the universe, *viz.*, the Creator, said, 'The Asuras and the Daityas with the Danavas will be vanquished, and the Adityas, the Vasus, the Rudras and other dwellers of heaven will be victorious. Indeed, the gods, and Asuras, and human beings, and Gandharvas, and Snakes, and Rakshasas, will in rage slaughter one another in this battle.' Thinking so, the Lord of all creatures, Parameshthin, commanded Dharma, saying, 'Binding fast, the Daityas and the Danavas, make them over to Varuna.' Thus addressed, Dharma, at the command of Parameshthin, binding the Daityas and the Danavas, made them over to Varuna. And Varuna, the Lord of the waters, having bound those Danavas, with Dharma's noose, as also with his own, keepeth them within the depths of the ocean, always guarding them carefully. Binding in the same way Duryodhana and Karna and Sakuni, the son of Suvala, and Dussasana, make them

over to the Pandavas. For the sake of a family, an individual may be sacrificed. For a village, a family may be sacrificed. For the sake of a province, a village may be sacrificed. And lastly, for the sake of one's self, the whole earth may be sacrificed. O monarch, binding Duryodhana fast, make peace with the Pandavas. O bull among Kshatriyas, let not the whole Kshatriya race be slaughtered on thy account.' "

SECTION CXXIX

"Vaisampayana said, 'Hearing these words of Krishna, king Dhritarashtra lost no time in addressing Vidura, who was conversant with all dictates of virtue. And the king said, 'Go, O child, unto Gandhari, possessed of great wisdom and foresight and bring her hither. With her I will solicit this wicked-hearted (son of mine). If she can pacify this wicked wretch, of evil heart, we may yet be able to act according to the words of our friend Krishna. It may be that speaking words in recommendation of peace, she may yet succeed in pointing out the right path to this fool, afflicted by avarice and having wicked allies. If she can dispel this great and dreadful calamity (about to be) occasioned by Duryodhana, it will then conduce to the attainment and preservation of happiness and peace for ever and ever.' Hearing these words of the king, Vidura, at Dhritarashtra's command, brought (thither) Gandhari, possessed of great foresight. And Dhritarashtra then addressed Gandhari and said, 'Behold, O Gandhari, this thy son of wicked soul, transgressing all my commands, is about to sacrifice both sovereignty and life in consequence of his lust for sovereignty. Of wicked soul and little understanding, he hath, like one of uncultivated mind, left the court, with his sinful counsellors, disregarding his superiors and setting at naught the words of his well-wishers.'

"Vaisampayana said, 'Hearing these words of her husband, that princess of great fame, Gandhari, desirous of what was highly beneficial, said these words, 'Bring hither, without loss of time, that kingdom-coveting, sick son of mine. He that is of uncultivated heart and sacrificeth both virtue and profit, doth not deserve to govern a kingdom. For all that, however, Duryodhana, who is destitute of humility hath, by every means, obtained a kingdom. Indeed, O Dhritarashtra, thou so fond of thy son, art very much to be blamed for this, for knowing well his sinfulness, thou followest yet his counsel. That son of thine, completely possessed by lust and wrath is now the slave of delusion, and is, therefore, incapable, O king, of being now forcibly turned back by thee. Thou art now reaping the fruit, O Dhritarashtra, of having made over the kingdom to an ignorant fool of wicked soul, possessed by avarice

and having wicked counsellors. Why is the king indifferent (today) to that disunion, which is about to take place between persons related so closely? Indeed, beholding thee disunited with those that are thy own, thy enemies will laugh at thee. Who is there that would use force for getting over that calamity, O king, which can be overcome by conciliation and gift?'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Kshattri then, and at Dhritarashtra's command, and of his mother's also, once more caused vindictive Duryodhana to enter the court. Expectant of his mother's words, the prince re-entered the court, with eyes red as copper from wrath, and breathing heavily as a snake. And beholding her son, who was treading in a wrong path, enter the court, Gandhari rebuked him severely and said these words for bringing about peace.'

"Gandhari said, 'O Duryodhana, attend, O dear son, to these words of mine that are beneficial to thee as also to all thy followers,—words that thou art competent to obey and that will conduce to thy happiness. O Duryodhana, obey thou the words of thy well-wishers, those words, *viz.*, which that best of the Bharatas—thy father—and Bhishma, and Drona, and Kripa, and Kshattri, have spoken. If thou makest peace, thou wouldst by that render homage to Bhishma, to thy father, to me, and to all thy well-wishers with Drona at their head. O thou of great wisdom, nobody, O best of the Bharatas, succeedeth by his own desire alone in acquiring and keeping or enjoying a kingdom. One that hath not his senses under control, cannot enjoy sovereignty for any length of time. He that hath his soul under control and is endued with great intelligence,can rule a kingdom. Lust and wrath wean away a man from his possessions and enjoyments. Conquering these foes first, a king bringeth the earth under his subjection. Sovereignty over men is a great thing. Those that are of wicked souls may easily desire to win a kingdom, but they are not competent to retain a kingdom (when won). He that desireth to obtain extensive empire must bind his senses to both profit and virtue, for if the senses are restrained, intelligence increaseth, like fire that increaseth when fed with fuel. If not controlled, these can even slay their possessor, like unbroken and furious horses, capable of killing an unskilful driver. One that seeketh to conquer his counsellors without conquering his own self, and to conquer foes without conquering his counsellors, is soon vanquished himself and is ruined. He who conquereth his own self first, taking it for a foe, will not seek in vain to conquer his counsellors and enemies afterwards. Prosperity worshippeth greatly that person who hath conquered his senses and his counsellors, who inflicteth punishments on transgressors, who acteth after deliberation, and who is possessed of wisdom. Lust and wrath that dwell in the body are deprived of their strength by wisdom, like a couple of fishes ensnared in a net with close holes. Those two in consequence of which the gods shut the gates of heaven against one, who freed from worldly propensities is desirous of going thither, are excited by lust and wrath. That king

who knoweth well how to conquer lust and wrath and avarice and boastfulness and pride, can own the sovereignty of the whole earth. That king who is desirous of gaining wealth and virtue and vanquishing his enemies, should always be engaged in controlling his passions. Influenced by lust, or from wrath, he that behaveth deceitfully towards his own kinsmen or others, can never win many allies. Uniting thyself with those chastisers of foes—the heroic sons of Pandu—who are all endued with great wisdom, thou canst, O son, enjoy the earth in happiness. What Bhishma, the son of Santanu, and that mighty car-warrior, Drona, have told thee is, O son, quite true,—Krishna and Dhananjaya are invincible. Seek thou, therefore, the protection of this mighty-armed one, this one that is not worried by exertion, for if Kesava becometh gracious, both sides will be happy. That man, who is not obedient to the wishes of wise and learned friends, always seeking his prosperity, only gladdeneth his enemies. O son, there is no good in battle, no virtue, no profit. How can it bring happiness then? Even victory is not always certain. Do not set thy heart, therefore, on battle. O thou of great wisdom, Bhishma and thy father and Vahlika (formerly) gave unto the Pandavas their share (of the kingdom) from fear. O chastiser of foes, never think of disunion with them. Thou beholdest today the fruit of that (peaceful) cession in the fact of thy sovereignty over the whole earth, with all its thorns removed by those heroes. Give, O chastiser of foes, unto the son of Pandu what is their due. If thou wishest to enjoy, with the counsellors even half (the empire), let their share then be given unto them. Half the earth is sufficient to yield the means of support unto thee and thy counsellors. By acting according to the words of thy well-wishers, thou wilt, O Bharata, win great fame. A quarrel with the sons of Pandu who are all endued with prosperity, who have their souls under complete control, who are possessed of great intelligence and have conquered their passions, will only divest thee of thy great prosperity. Dispelling the wrath of all thy well-wishers, rule thou thy kingdom as becometh thee, giving, O bull of Bharata's race, unto the sons of Pandu the share that belongeth to them. O son, persecution of the sons of Pandu for full thirteen years hath been enough. Augmented by lust and wrath, quench (that fire) now, O thou of great wisdom. Thou that covetest the wealth of the Pandavas are not a match for them, nor this *Suta's* son, who is exceedingly wrathful, nor this thy brother Dussasana. Indeed, when Bhishma and Drona and Kripa and Karna and Bhimasena and Dhananjaya and Dhrishtadyumna will be enraged, the population of the earth will be exterminated. Under the influence of wrath, do not, O son, exterminate the Kurus. Let not the wide earth be destroyed for thy sake. Of little understanding as thou art, thou thinkest that Bhishma, and Drona, and Kripa, all others will fight (for thee) with all their might. That will never happen, for as regards these, that are endued with self-knowledge, their affection towards the Pandavas and yourselves is equal. If for the sake of the sustenance they have obtained from the king

(Dhritarashtra), they consent to yield up their very lives, they will not yet be able to cast angry glances upon king Yudhishthira. It is never seen in this world that men acquire wealth by avarice. Give up thy avarice then, O son, and desist, O bull of Bharat's race.' "

SECTION CXXX

"Vaisampayana said, 'Disregarding these words of grave import, spoken by his mother, Duryodhana went away, in anger, from that place to the presence of wicked persons. And wending away from the court, the Kuru prince began to consult with Suvala's royal son, Sakuni, most clever in dice. And this was the resolution which Duryodhana and Karna and Suvala's son Sakuni, with Dussasana as their fourth, arrived at, 'This Janardana, quick in action, seeketh, with the king Dhritarashtra and Santanu's son, to seize us first. We, however, shall forcibly seize this tiger among men, Hrishikesa, first, like Indra forcibly seizing Virochana's son (Vali). Hearing that this one of Vrishni's race hath been seized, the Pandavas will lose their heart and become incapable of exertion, like snakes whose fangs have been broken. This mighty-armed one is, indeed, the refuge and protection of them all. If this grantor of wishes, this bull of all the Satwatas, be confined, the Pandavas with the Somakas will become depressed and incapable of any exertion. Therefore, disregarding Dhritarashtra's cries, we will seize even here this Kesava, who is quick in action, and then fight with the foe.' After those sinful men of wicked souls had come to this sinful resolution, highly intelligent Satyaki, capable of reading the heart by signs, soon came to know of it. And because of that knowledge, he soon issued out of the court, accompanied by Hridika's son (Kritavarman). And Satyaki addressed Kritavarman, saying, 'Array the troops soon. And accoutred in mail and with thy troops arrayed for battle, wait thou at the entrance of the court, till I represent this matter unto Krishna, unwearied by exertion.' Saying this, that hero re-entered the court, like a lion entering a mountain-cave. And he (first) informed the high-souled Kesava and then Dhritarashtra, and then Vidura of that conspiracy. And having informed them of that resolution, he laughingly said, 'These wicked men intended to commit an act here, that is disapproved by the good from consideration of virtue, profit, and desire. They will, however, never be able to actually achieve it. These fools of sinful souls assembled together, these wretches overwhelmed by lust, anger and yielding themselves upto wrath and covetousness, are about to perpetrate a highly unbecoming deed. Those wretches of little understanding and desirous of seizing the lotus-eyed, are like idiots and children desiring to seize a blazing fire by

means of their garments.' Hearing these words of Satyaki, Vidura, endued with great foresight, said these words unto the mighty-armed Dhritarashtra in the midst of the Kurus, 'O king, O chastiser of foes, the hour of all thy sons is come, for they are endeavouring to perpetrate a highly infamous act, however incapable they may be of actually accomplishing it. Alas, united together they desire to vanquish this younger brother of Vasava, and seize this lotus-eyed one. Indeed, encountering this tiger among men, this invincible and irresistible one, they will all perish like insects in a blazing fire. If Janardana wisheth, he can send all of them, even if they fight in a body, unto the abode of Yama, like an enraged lion despatching a herd of elephants. He will, however, never do any such sinful and censurable act. This best of persons, of unfading glory, will never deviate from virtue.' After Vidura had said these words, Kesava, casting his eyes on Dhritarashtra, said in the midst of those well-meaning persons, who listen to others' words, 'O king, if these (men) desire to chastise me by using voilence, permit them to chastise me. O monarch, as regards my chastising them, for I dare chastise all of them together that are so excited with rage, I will not, however, perpetrate any sinful and censurable act. Coveting the possessions of the Pandavas, thy sons will lose their own. If they desire to perpetrate such a deed, Yudhishthira's object will then be (easily) accomplished, for, this very day, O Bharata, seizing these with all that follow them, I can make them over to the sons of Pritha. What is there that is difficult of attainment by me? I will not, however, O Bharata, commit in thy presence, O great monarch, any such censurable deed, that can proceed only from wrath and a sinful understanding. Let it be, O king, as this Duryodhana desireth. I give permission, O monarch, to all thy sons to do it.'

"Hearing these words (of Kesava), Dhritarashtra addressed Vidura saying, Quickly bring hither sinful Duryodhana, who is so covetous of sovereignty, with his friends, counsellors, brothers, and followers. I shall see if indeed, making one more effort I can bring him to the right path.

'Thus addressed by Dhritarashtra, Kshattri once more caused unwilling Duryodhana to enter the court with his brothers, and surrounded by the kings (that followed him). King Dhritarashtra then addressed Duryodhana, surrounded by Karna and Dussasana and all those kings, saying, 'O wretch of accumulated sins, having for thy allies men of despicable acts, infamous is the deed that thou, uniting with sinful friends, seekest to do. Of little understanding, thou, infamy of thy race, one like thee alone can seek to do an act so infamous and disapproved by the good, however impossible it may be of being actually achieved. Uniting with sinful allies, wishest thou to chastise this invincible and irresistible one of eyes like lotus-leaves? Like a child wishing to have the moon, seekest thou, O fool, to do what cannot be done by the very gods, headed by Vasava with all their strength? Knowest thou not, that Kesava is incapable of being withstood in battle by gods and men and

Gandharvas and *Asuras* and *Uragas*? Like the wind which none can seize with his hands, like the moon which no hand can reach, like the Earth which none can support on his head, Kesava is incapable of being seized by force.'

"After Dhritarashtra had said these words, Vidura (casting) his eyes on Duryodhana, addressed that vindictive son of Dhritarashtra, saying, 'O Duryodhana, listen now to these words of mine. At the gates of *Saubha*, that foremost of monkeys, known by the name of Dwivida, covered Kesava with a mighty shower of stones. Desirous of seizing Madhava by putting forth all his prowess and exertion, he did not yet succeed in seizing him. Seekest thou to apprehend that Kesava by force? When Sauri went to Pragjyotisha, Naraka with all the Danavas succeeded not in seizing him there. Seekest thou to seize him by force? Slaying that Naraka in battle, he brought away (from his city) a thousand damsels and married them all, according to the ordinance. In the city of Nirmochana, six thousand mighty Asuras failed to seize him with their nooses. Seekest thou to seize that Kesava by force? While only a child, he slew Putana and two *Asuras* assuming the shape of birds, and O bull of Bharata's race, he held up the mountains of Govardhana (on his little finger) for protecting the kine (from a continuous rain). He hath also slain *Aristha*, and *Dhenuka* and *Chanura* of great strength, and *Aswaraja*, and Kansa, the doer of evil. He hath slain Jarasandha, and Vakra, and Sisupala of mighty energy, and Vana in battle, and numerous other kings also have been slain by him. Of immeasurable might, he vanquished king Varuna and also Pavaka (Agni), and on the occasion of bringing (down from the celestial regions) the (heavenly flower called) *Parijata*, he defeated the lord of Sachi himself. While floating on the vast deep, he slew Madhu and Kaitabha, and in another birth he slew *Hayagriva* (Horse-necked). He is the maker of everything but is himself made by none. He is the Cause of all power. Whatever Sauri wisheth, he accomplisheth without any effort. Knowest thou not sinless Govinda, of terrible prowess and incapable of deterioration? This one, resembling an angry snake of virulent poison, is the never-ending source of energy. In seeking to use violence towards Krishna, endued with mighty arms and unwearied by exertion, thou wilt, with all thy followers, perish like an insect falling into fire.' "

SECTION CXXXI

"Vaisampayana said, 'After Vidura had said this, Kesava, that slayer of hostile divisions, endued with great energy, addressed Dhritarashtra's son, Duryodhana, and said, 'From delusion, O Suyodhana, thou regardest

me to be alone, and it is for this, O thou of little understanding, that thou seekest to make me a captive after vanquishing me by violence. Here, however, are all the Pandavas and all the Vrishnis and Andhakas. Here are all the Adityas, the Rudras, and the Vasus, with all the great Rishis. Saying this Kesava, that slayer of hostile heroes burst out into a loud laughter. And as the high-souled Sauri laughed, from his body, that resembled a blazing fire, issued myriads of gods, each of lightning effulgence, and not bigger than the thumb. And on his forehead appeared Brahman, and on his breast Rudra. And on his arms appeared the regents of the world, and from his mouth issued Agni, the *Adityas*, the *Sadhyas*, the *Vasus*, the *Aswins*, the *Marutas*, with Indra, and the *Viswedevas*. And myriads of *Yakshas*, and the *Gandharvas*, and *Rakshasas* also, of the same measure and form, issued thence. And from his two arms issued Sankarshana and Dhananjaya. And Arjuna stood on his right, bow in hand, and Rama stood on his left, armed with the plough. And behind him stood Bhima, and Yudhishthira, and the two sons of Madri, and before him were all the Andhakas and the Vrishnis with Pradyumna and other chiefs bearing mighty weapons upraised. And on his diverse arms were seen the conch, the discus, the mace, the bow called *Saranga*, the plough, the javelin, the *Nandaka*, and every other weapon, all shining with effulgence, and upraised for striking. And from his eyes and nose and ears and every part of his body, issued fierce sparks of fire mixed with smoke. And from the pores of his body issued sparks of fire like unto the rays of the sun. And beholding that awful form of the high-souled Kesava, all the kings closed their eyes with affrighted hearts, except Drona, and Bhishma, and Vidura, endued with great intelligence, greatly blessed Sanjaya, and the *Rishis*, possessed of wealth of asceticism, for the divine Janardana gave unto them this divine sight on the occasion. And beholding in the (Kuru) court that highly wonderful sight, celestial drums beat (in the sky) and a floral shower fell (upon him). And the whole Earth trembled (at the time) and the oceans were agitated. And, O bull of the Bharata's race, all the denizens of the earth were filled with great wonder. Then that tiger among men, that chastiser of foes, withdrew that divine and highly wonderful, and extremely varied and auspicious form. And arm-in-arm with Satyaki on one side and Hridika's son (Kritavarman) on the other, and obtaining permission of the Rishis, the slayer of Madhu went out. And during the uproar that then took place, the Rishis, Narada and others vanquished, for repairing to their respective places. And this also was another wonderful incident that happened. And seeing that tiger among men leave the court, the Kauravas with all the kings followed him, like the gods following Indra. Sauri, however, of immeasurable soul, without bestowing a single thought on those that followed him, issued from the court, like a blazing fire mixed with smoke. And he beheld (at the gate his charioteer) Daruka waiting with his large white car, furnished with rows of tinkling bells, decked with golden ornaments, and endued with

great speed, the clatter of whose wheels resounded like the rumbling of the clouds, and which was covered all over with white tiger-skins, and unto which were harnessed his steeds Saivya (and others). And there also appeared, mounted on his car, that favourite hero of Vrishnis, the mighty car-warrior Kritavarman, the son of Hridika. And that chastiser of foes, Sauri, who had his car ready, was about to depart, king Dhritarashtra addressed him once more and said, 'O grinder of foes, thou hast seen, O Janardana, the power I wield over my sons! Thou hast, indeed, witnessed all with thy own eyes. Nothing now is unknown to thee. Seeing me endeavour to bring about peace between the Kurus, and the Pandavas, in fact, knowing the state (in which I am), it behoveth thee not to entertain any suspicion regarding me. O Kesava, I have no sinful feelings towards the Pandavas. Thou knowest what words have been spoken by me to Suyodhana. The Kauravas and all the kings of the Earth, also know, O Madhava, that I have made every endeavour to bring about peace.'

"'Vaisampayana continued, 'The mighty-armed Janardana then addressed Dhritarashtra, Drona, grandsire Bhishma, Kshattri, Vahlika, and Kripa and said, 'Ye have yourselves witnessed all that hath happened in the assembly of the Kurus, *viz.*, how wicked Duryodhana, like an uneducated wretch, left the court from anger, and how king Dhritarashtra also describeth himself to be powerless. With the permission of you all, I shall now go back to Yudhishthira.' Saluting them, that bull amongst men, Sauri then mounted his car and set out. And those heroic bulls amongst the Bharatas, those mighty bowmen, *viz.*, Bhishma, Drona, and Kripa, and Kshattri, and Aswatthaman and Vikarna, and that mighty car-warrior Yuyutsu, all began to follow him. And Kesava, on his large white car, furnished with rows of tinkling bells, proceeded then, in the very sight of the Kurus, to the abode of his paternal aunt (Kunti).' "

SECTION CXXXII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Entering her abode and worshipping her feet, Kesava represented to her briefly all that had transpired in the assembly of the Kurus. And Vasudeva said, 'Diverse words, worthy of being accepted and fraught with reasons, were said both by myself and the Rishis, but Duryodhana accepted them not. As regards Suyodhana and his followers, their hour is come. With thy leave now, I shall speedily repair unto the Pandavas. What should I say unto the Pandavas as thy instructions to them? Tell me that, O thou endued with great wisdom. I desire to hear thy words.'

"Kunti said, 'O Kesava, say unto king Yudhishthira of virtuous soul these words, 'Thy virtue, O son, is decreasing greatly. Do not act vainly. O king, like a reader of the Vedas incapable of catching their real meaning, and, therefore, truly unlearned. Thy understanding, affected by only the words of the Vedas, vieweth virtue alone. Cast thy eyes on the duties of thy own order, as ordained by the Self-create. For all ruthless deeds and for the protection of the people, from his (Brahmana's) arms was created the Kshatriya, who is to depend upon the prowess of his own arms. Listen, an instance is cited in this connection, that hath been heard by me from the aged. In days of yore, Vaisravana, having been gratified, made a gift of this Earth to the royal sage Muchukunda. The latter without accepting the gift, said, 'I desire to enjoy that sovereignty which is won by prowess of arms.' At this, Vaisravana was highly delighted and filled with wonder. King Muchukunda then, fully observing the duties of the Kshatriya order ruled this earth, having conquered it by the prowess of his arms. Then again, a sixth part of the virtue, practised by subjects well-protected by the king, is obtained, 'O Bharata, by the king. The virtue again that the king himself practiseth conferreth godhead on him, while if he perpetrateth sin, he goeth to hell. The penal code properly applied by the ruler, maketh the four orders adhere to their respective duties, and leadeth to an acquisition (by the ruler himself) of virtue (profit, and salvation). When the king properly abideth by the penal code, without making any portion of it a dead letter, then that best of periods called the *Krita Yuga* setteth in. Let not this doubt be thine, *viz.*, whether the era is the cause of the king, or the king the cause of the era, for (know this to be certain that) the king is the cause of the era. It is the king that createth the *Krita*, the *Treta*, or the *Dwapara* age. Indeed, it is the king that is the cause of also the fourth *Yuga* (*viz.*, the *Kali*). That king who causeth the *Krita* age to set in, enjoyeth heaven exceedingly. That king who causeth the *Treta* age to set in, doth enjoy heaven but not exceedingly. For thus causing the *Dwapara* age to set in, a king enjoyeth heaven according to his due. The king, however, who causeth the Kali age to set in, earneth sin exceedingly. Thereupon, that king of wicked deeds resideth in hell for countless years. Indeed, the king's sins affect the world, and the world's sins affect him. Observe thou those kingly duties of thine that befit thy ancestry. That is not the conduct of a royal sage in which thou wishest to abide. Indeed, he that is stained by weakness of heart and adhereth to compassion, and is unsteady, never obtaineth the merit born of cherishing his subjects with love. That understanding according to which thou art now acting was never wished (to thee) by Pandu, or myself, or thy grandsire, while we uttered blessings on thee before; sacrifice, gift, merit, and bravery, subjects and children, greatness of soul, and might, and energy, these were always prayed by me for thee. Well-wishing Brahmanas duly worshipped and gratified the gods and the Pitris for your long life, wealth, and children, by adding *Swaha* and *Swadha*. The mother and the father, as also the

gods always desire for their children liberality and gift and study and sacrifice and sway over subjects. Whether all this be righteous or unrighteous, you are to practise it, in consequence of your very birth. (Behold, O Krishna, so far from doing all this), though born in a high race, they are yet destitute of the very means of support, and are afflicted with misery. Hungry men, approaching a brave and bountiful monarch, are gratified, and live by his side. What virtue can be superior to this? A virtuous person, upon acquiring a kingdom, should in this world make all persons his own, attaching some by gift, some by force, and some by sweet words. A Brahmana should adopt mendicancy; a Kshatriya should protect (subjects); a Vaisya should earn wealth; and a Sudra should serve the other three. Mendicancy, therefore, is forbidden to thee. Nor is agriculture suited to thee. Thou art a Kshatriya and therefore, the protector of all in distress. Thou art to live by the prowess of thy arms. O thou of mighty arms, recover thy paternal share of the kingdom which thou hast lost, by conciliation, or by working disunion among thy foes, or by gift of money or violence, or well-directed policy. What can be a matter of greater grief than that I, deprived of friends, should live upon food supplied by others, after having brought thee forth. thou enhancer of the joys of friends? Fight, according to the practices of kings. Do not sink thy ancestors (in infamy). With thy merit worn out, do not, with thy younger brothers, obtain a sinful end.' "

SECTION CXXXIII

"Kunti said, 'In this connection, O chastiser of foes, is cited an old story of the conversation between Vidula and her son. It behoveth thee to say unto Yudhishthira anything that can be gathered from this or anything more beneficial than that.

'There was a high-born dame of great foresight, named Vidula. She was famous, slightly wrathful, of crooked disposition, and devoted to Kshatriya virtues. Well-educated, she was known to all the kings of the earth Of great learning, she had listened to the speeches and instructions of diverse mien. And the princess Vidula, one day, rebuked her own son, who, after his defeat by the king of the *Sindhus*, lay prostrate with heart depressed by despair. And she said, 'Thou art not my son, O enhancer of the joys of foes. Begotten thou hast not been by myself and thy father! Whence hast thou come? Without wrath as thou art, thou canst not be counted as a man. Thy features betray thee to be a eunuch. Sinkest thou in despair as long as thou livest? If thou art desirous of thy own welfare, bear thou the burthen (of thy affairs on thy shoulders). Do not disgrace thy soul. Do not suffer it to be gratified with a little. Set thy heart on thy

welfare, and be not afraid. Abandon thy fears. Rise, O coward. Do not lie down thus, after thy defeat, delighting all thy foes and grieving the friends, and reft of all sense of honour. Little streams are filled up with only a quantity of water. The palms of a mouse are filled with only a small quantity. A coward is soon gratified, with acquisitions that are small. Rather perish in plucking the fangs of a snake than die miserable like a dog. Put forth thy prowess even at the risk of thy life. Like a hawk that fearlessly rangeth the sky, do thou also wander fearlessly or put forth thy prowess, or silently watch thy foes for an opportunity. Why dost thou lie down like a carcass or like one smitten by thunder? Rise, O coward, do not slumber after having been vanquished by the foe. Do not disappear from the sight of all so miserably. Make thyself known by thy deeds. Never occupy the intermediate, the low, or the lowest station. Blaze up (like a well-fed fire). Like a brand of *Tinduka* wood, blaze up even for a moment, but never smoulder from desire, like a flameless fire of paddy chaff. It is better to blaze up for a moment than smoke for ever and ever. Let no son be born in a royal race, who is either exceedingly fierce or exceedingly mild. Repairing to the field of battle and achieving every great feat that is possible for man to achieve, a brave man is freed from the debt he oweth to the duties of the Kshatriya order. Such a person never disgraceth his own self. Whether he gaineth his object or not, he that is possessed of sense never indulgeth in grief. On the other hand, such a person accomplisheth what should be next done, without caring for even his life. Therefore, O son, display thy prowess, or obtain that end which is inevitable. Why, Indeed, dost thou live, disregarding the duties of thy order? All thy religious rites, O eunuch, and all thy achievements are gone. The every root of all thy enjoyments is cut off. What for then dost thou live? If fall and sink one must, he should seize the foe by the hips (and thus fall *with* the foe). Even if one's roots are cut off, he should not yet give way to despair. Horse of high mettle put forth all their prowess for dragging or bearing heavy weights. Remembering their behaviour, muster, all thy strength and sense of honour. Know also in what thy manliness consists. Exert thyself in raising that race which hath sunk in consequence of thee. He that hath not achieved a great feat forming the subject of men's conversation, only increaseth the number of population. He is neither man nor woman. He whose fame is not founded in respect of charity, asceticism, truth, learning and acquisition of wealth, is only his mother's excreta. On the other hand, he that surpasseth others in learning, asceticism, wealth, prowess, and deeds, is (truly) a man. It behoveth thee not to adopt the idle, wretched, infamous, and miserable profession of mendicancy that is worthy only of a coward. Friends never derive any happiness on obtaining that weak person for a friend, at whose sight foes are delighted, who is despised by men, who is without seats and robes, who is gratified with small acquisitions, who is destitute, and who hath no courage, and is low. Alas, exiled from our kingdom, driven from

home, deprived of all means of enjoyment and pleasure, and destitute of resources, we shall have to perish from want of the very means of life! Misbehaving in the midst of those that are good, and the destroyer of thy race and family, by bringing thee forth, O Sanjaya, I have brought forth Kali himself in the shape of a son. Oh, let no woman bring forth such a son (as thou) that art without wrath, without exertion, without energy, and that art the joy of foes. Do not smoulder. Blaze thou up, effectively displaying thy prowess. Slay thy foes. For but a moment, for ever so small a space of time, blaze thou up on the heads of thy enemies. He is a man who cherisheth wrath and forgiveth not. He, on the other hand, who is forgiving and without wrath, is neither a man nor woman. Contentment and softnests of heart and these two, *viz.*, want of exertion and fear, are destructive of prosperity. He that is without exertion never winneth what is great. Therefore, O son, free thyself, by thy own exertions, from these faults that lead to defeat and downfall. Steel thy heart and seek to recover thy own. A man is called *Purusha* because he is competent to trouble his foe (*param*). He, therefore, who liveth like a woman is misnamed *Purusha* (man). A brave king, of mighty strength, and who moveth like a lion, may go the way of all creatures. The subjects, however, that reside in his dominions do not yet become unhappy. That king, who, disregarding his own happiness and pleasures, seeketh the prosperity of his kingdom, succeedeth soon in gladdening his counsellors and friends.'

"Hearing these words, the son said, 'If thou dost not behold me, of what use would the whole earth be to thee, of what use thy ornaments, of what use all the means of pleasure and even life itself?' The mother said, 'Let those regions be obtained by our foes which belong to those that are low. Let those again that are friends go to those regions which are obtainable by persons whose souls are held in respect. Do not adopt the course of life that is followed by those wretched persons, who, destitute of strength, and without servants and attendants (to do their bidding) live upon the food supplied by others. Like the creatures of the earth that depend on the clouds, or the gods depending on Indra, let the Brahmanas and thy friends all depend on thee for their sustenance. His life, O Sanjaya, is not vain on whom all creatures depend for their sustenance, like birds repairing to a tree abounding with ripe fruits. The life of that brave man is; indeed, praiseworthy, through whose prowess friends derive happiness, like the gods deriving happiness through the prowess of Sakra. That man who liveth in greatness depending on the prowess of his own arms, succeedeth in winning fame in this world and blessed state in the next!' "

SECTION CXXXIV

"Vidula said, 'If, having fallen into such a plight, thou wishest to give up manliness, thou shalt then have, in no time, to tread the path that is trod by those that are low and wretched. That Kshatriya, who, from desire of life, displayeth not his energy according to the best of his might and prowess, is regarded as a thief. Alas, like medicine to a dying man, these words that are fraught with grave import, and are proper and reasonable, do not make any impression on thee! It is true, the king of the Sindhus hath many followers. They are, however, all discounted. From weakness, and ignorance of proper means, they are waiting for the distress of their master (without being able to effect a deliverance for themselves by their own exertions). As regards others (his open enemies), they will come to thee with their auxiliaries if they behold thee put forth thy prowess. Uniting with them, seek refuge now in mountain fastness, waiting for that season when calamity will overtake the foe, as it must, for he is not free from disease and death. By name thou art *Sanjaya* (the victorious). I do not, however, behold any such indication in thee. Be true to thy name. Be *my son*. Oh, do not make thy name untrue. Beholding thee while a child, a Brahmana of great foresight and wisdom, said, 'This one falling into great distress will again win greatness.' Remembering his words, I hope for thy victory. It is for that, O son, I tell thee so, and shall tell thee again and again. That man who pursueth the fruition of his objects according to the ways of policy and for the success of whose objects other people strive cordially, is always sure to win success. Whether what I have is gained or lost, I will not desist, with such a resolve, O Sanjaya, O learned one, engage in war, without withdrawing thyself from it. Samvara hath said, 'There is no more miserable state than that in which one is anxious for his food from day to day.' A state such as his hath been said to be more unhappy than the death of one's husband and sons. That which hath been called poverty is only a form of death. As regards myself, born in a high race, I have been transplanted from one lake into another. Possessed of every auspicious thing, and worshipped by my husband, my power extended over all. Staying in the midst of friends, our friends formerly beheld me decked in costly garlands and ornaments, with body well-washed, attired in excellent robes, and myself always cheerful. When thou wilt behold both me and thy wife weakened (from want of food), thou wilt then, O Sanjaya, scarcely desire to live. Of what use will life be to thee when thou wilt behold all our servants engaged in attending on us, our preceptors and our ordinary and extraordinary priests, leaving us from want of sustenance? If, again, I do not now see in thee those laudable and famous achievements in which thou wert formerly engaged, what peace can my heart know? If I have to say—Nay—to a Brahmana, my heart will burst, for neither I nor my husband ever said—Nay—to a Brahmana before. We were the refuge

of others, without ourselves having ever taken refuge with others. Having been such, if I have to support life by depending on another, I will surely cast off my life. Be thou our means of crossing the ocean that is difficult to cross. In the absence of boats, be thou our boat. Make for us a place where place there is none. Revive us that are dead. Thou art competent to encounter all foes if thou dost not cherish the desire of life. If, however, thou art for adopting this mode of life that is fit only for a eunuch, then with troubled soul and depressed heart it would be better for thee to sacrifice thy life. A brave man winneth fame by slaying even a single foe. By slaying Vritra, Indra became the great Indra and acquired the sovereignty of all the gods and the cup for drinking *Soma*, and the lordship of all the worlds. Proclaiming his name in battle, challenging his foes accoutred in steel, and grinding or slaying the foremost warriors of hostile ranks, when a hero winneth far-extending fame in fair fight, his enemies then are pained and bow down unto him. They that are cowards become helpless and contribute by their own conduct to bestow every object of desire on those that are skilled and brave and that fight reckless of their lives. Whether kingdoms be overtaken by mighty ruin, or whether life itself be endangered, they that are noble never desist till they exterminate the foes within their reach. Sovereignty is either the door of heaven or *Amrita*. Regarding it as one of these, and bearing it in mind that is now shut against thee, fall thou like a burning brand in the midst of thy foes. O king, slay thy foes in battle. Observe the duties of thy order. Let me not behold thee cheerless, O enhancer of the fears of thy foes. Let me not in dejection behold thee standing in misery, surrounded by our sorrowing selves and rejoicing foes. Rejoice, O son, and make thyself happy in the possession of wealth in the company of the daughters of the *Sauviras* and do not, in weakness of heart, be ruled over by the daughters of the *Saindhavas*. If a young man like thee, who is possessed of beauty of person, learning and high birth, and world-wide fame, acteth in such unbecoming a way, like a vicious bull in the matter of bearing its burthen, then that, I think, would be equal to death itself. What peace can my heart know if I behold thee uttering laudatory speeches in honour of others or walking (submissively) behind them? Oh, never was one born in this race that walked behind another. O son, it behoveth thee not to live as a dependant on another. I know what the eternal essence of Kshatriya virtues is as spoken of by the old and the older ones and by those coming late and later still. Eternal and unswerving, it hath been ordained by the Creator himself. He that hath, in this world, been born as a Kshatriya in any high race and hath acquired a knowledge of the duties of that order, will never from fear or the sake of sustenance, bow down to any body on earth. One should stand erect with courage and not bow down, for exertion is manliness. One should rather break in the joints than yield in this world here to any body. A high-souled Kshatriya should always roam like an infuriated elephant. He should, O Sanjaya, bow down unto

Brahmanas only, for the sake of virtue. He should rule over all other orders, destroying all evil-doers. Possessed of allies, or destitute of them, he should be so as long as he liveth.' "

SECTION CXXXV

"Kunti said, 'Hearing these words of his mother the son said, O ruthless and wrathful mother, O thou that thinkest highly of martial heroism, thy heart is surely made of steel beat into that shape. Fie on Kshatriya practices, in accordance with which thou urgest me to battle, as if I were a stranger to thee, and for the sake of which thou speakest to me—thy only son—such words as if thou wert not my mother. If thou beholdest me not, if thou art dissociated with me—thy son, of what use then would the whole earth be to thee, of what use all thy ornaments and all the means of enjoyment, indeed, of what use would life itself be to thee?'

"The mother said, 'All the acts of those that are wise, are (undertaken), O son, for the sake of virtue and profit. Eyeing these (virtue and profit) only, I urge thee, O Sanjaya, to battle. The fit hour hath come for exhibiting thy prowess. If at such a time thou dost not resort to action, then disrespected by the people thou wouldst do that which would be most disagreeable to me. If, O Sanjaya, thou art about to be stained with infamy and I do not (from affection) tell thee anything, then that affection, worthless and unreasonable, would be like that of the she-ass's for her young. Do not tread the path that is disapproved by the wise and adopted by the fool. Great is the ignorance here. Innumerable creatures of the world have taken refuge in it. If thou, however, adoptest the behaviour of the wise, thou wilt then be dear to me. Indeed, if thou hast recourse to virtue and profit, if with God above thou reliest upon human exertion, if thy conduct becometh like that of the good, then it is by this and not by any other means that thou wilt become dear to me. He that taketh delight in sons and grandsons that are well-instructed (enjoyeth a delight that is real). He, on the other hand, that taketh delight in a son who is destitute of exertion, refractory, and wicked minded, hath not the very object accomplished for which a son is desired. Those worst of men that never do what is proper and always do what is censurable, do not obtain happiness here or hereafter. A Kshatriya, O Sanjaya, hath been created for battle and victory. Whether he winneth or perisheth, he obtaineth the region of Indra. The happiness that a Kshatriya obtaineth by reducing his foes to subjection is such that the like of it doth not exist in heaven in the sacred region of Indra. Burning with wrath, a Kshatriya of great energy, if vanquished many times, should wait desiring to vanquish his foes. Without either casting

away his own life or slaying his foes, how can he obtain peace of mind by any other course? He that is possessed of wisdom regardeth anything little as disagreeable. Unto that person to whom anything little becomes agreeable, that little (ultimately) becometh a source of pain. The man that hath not what is desirable soon becometh wretched. Indeed, he soon feeleth every want and is lost like the Ganga on entering the ocean.'

"The son said, 'Thou shouldst not, O mother, give expression to such views before thy son. Show him kindness now, staying by his side, like a silent and dumb being.'

"The mother said, 'Great is my gratification since thou sayest so. I who may be urged (by thee to what is my duty) am thus urged by thee. I shall, therefore, urge thee more (for doing what thou shouldst do). I will, indeed, honour thee then when I will behold thee, crowned with complete success after the slaughter of all the Saindhavas.'

"The son said, 'Without wealth, without allies, how can success and victory be mine? Conscious of this exceedingly miserable state of mine, I have myself abstained from desire of kingdom, like an evil-doer abstaining from desire of heaven. If, therefore, O thou of mature wisdom, thou seest any means (by which all this can be effected), speak fully of it to me as I ask thee, for I shall do all that thou mayst command me to do.'

"The mother said, 'Do not disgrace thy soul, O son, by anticipations of failure. Objects unattained have been attained; while those attained have been lost. The accomplishment of objects should never be sought with wrath and folly. In all acts, O son, the attainment of success is always uncertain. Knowing that success is uncertain, people still act, so that they sometimes succeed, and sometimes do not. They, however, who abstain from action, never obtain success. In the absence of exertion, there is but one result, *viz.*, the absence of success. There are, however, two results in the case of exertion, *viz.*, the acquisition of success or its non-acquisition. He, O prince, who hath settled beforehand that all acts are uncertain in respect of their results, maketh both success and prosperity unattainable by himself. *This will be*,—with such a belief should one, casting off all sloth, exert and wake up and address himself to every act. That wise king, who, O son, engageth in acts, having performed all auspicious rites and with the gods and the Brahmanas on his side, soon winneth success. Like the sun embracing the east, the goddess of prosperity embraceth him. I see thou hast shown thyself fit for the various suggestions and means and encouraging speeches thou hast had from me. Display (now) thy prowess. It behoveth thee to win, by every exertion, the object thou hast in view. Bring together to thy own side those that are angry (with thy foes), those that are covetous, those that have been weakened (by thy foes), those that are jealous (of thy foes), those that have been humiliated (by them), those that always challenge (them) from excess of pride, and all others of this class. By this means thou wilt be able to break the mighty host (of thy enemy) like an impetuous and fierce-rising tempest scattering the clouds. Give them (thy

would be allies) wealth before it is due, seek their food, be up and doing, and speak sweetly unto them all. They will then do the good, and place thee at their head. When the enemy cometh to know that his foe hath become reckless of his life, then is he troubled on the latter's account, from a snake living in his chamber? If, knowing one to be powerful, one's enemy doth not strive to subjugate him, he should at least make one friendly by the application of the arts of conciliation, gift, and the like. Even that would be tantamount to subjugation. Obtaining a respite by means of the art of conciliation, one's wealth may increase. And if one's wealth increaseth, one is worshipped and sought as a refuge by one's friends. If, again, one is deprived of wealth, one is abandoned by friends and relatives, and more than that mistrusted and even despised by them. It is perfectly impossible for him to ever regain his kingdom, who, having united himself with his foe, liveth confidently.' "

SECTION CXXXVI

"The mother said, 'Into whatever calamity a king may fall, he should not still betray it. Beholding the king afflicted with fright, the whole kingdom, the army, the counsellors, all yield to fear, and all the subjects become disunited. Some go and embrace the side of the enemy; others simply abandon the king; and others again, that had before been humiliated, strive to strike. They, however, that are intimate friends wait by his side, and though desiring his welfare yet from inability to do anything wait helplessly, like a cow whose calf hath been tethered. As friends grieve for friends that are plunged into distress, so those well-wishers also grieve upon beholding their lord plunged into grief. Even thou hast many friends whom thou hadst worshipped before. Even thou hast many friends after thy heart, who feel for thy kingdom and who desire to take a state of thy calamities on themselves. Do not frighten those friends, and do not suffer them to abandon thee on beholding thee afflicted with fear. Desiring to test thy might, manliness, and understanding, and wishing also to encourage thee, I have said all this for enhancing thy energy. If thou understandest what I have said, and if all I have said appears proper and sufficient, then, O Sanjaya, muster thy patience and gird up thy lions for victory. We have a large number of treasure-houses unknown to thee. I alone know of their existence, and no other person. I will place all these at thy disposal. Thou hast also, O Sanjaya, more than one friend who sympathise with thee in thy joys and woes, and who, O hero, never retreat from the field of battle. O grinder of foes, allies such as these, always play the part of faithful counsellors to a person who seeketh his own welfare and desireth to acquire what is agreeable to himself.'

"Kunti continued, 'Hearing this speech of his mother fraught with excellent words, and sense, the despair that had overtaken Sanjaya's heart left instantly, although that prince was not gifted with great intelligence. And the son said, 'When I have thee that are so observant of my future welfare for my guide, I shall certainly either rescue my paternal kingdom that is sunk in water or perish in the attempt. During thy discourse I was almost a silent listener. Now and then only I interposed a word. It was, however, only with the view of drawing thee out, so that I might hear more on the subject. I have not been satiated with thy words, like a person not satiated with drinking *amrita*. Deriving support from any allies, behold, I gird up my loins for repressing my foes and obtaining victory.'

"Kunti continued, 'Pierced by the wordy arrows of his mother, the son roused himself like a steed of proud mettle and achieved all that his mother had pointed out. When a king is afflicted by foes and overcome with despair, his minister should make him hear this excellent history that enhanceth energy and inspireth might. Indeed, this history is called Jaya and should be listened to by every one desirous of victory. Indeed, having listened to it, one may soon subjugate the whole earth and grind his foes. This history causeth a woman to bring forth a heroic son, the woman quick with child that listeneth to it repeatedly, certainly giveth birth to a hero. The Kshatriya woman that listeneth to it bringeth forth a brave son of irresistible prowess, one that is foremost in learning, foremost in ascetic austerities, foremost in liberality, devoted to asceticism. blazing forth with Brahmic beauty, enumerable with the good, radiant with effulgence, endued with great might, blessed, a mighty car-warrior, possessed of great intelligence, irresistible (in battle), ever victorious, invincible, a chastiser of the wicked and a protector of all practisers of virtue.' "

SECTION CXXXVII

"Kunti said, 'Say unto Arjuna, these words, when thou wert brought forth in the lying-in room and when I was sitting in the hermitage surrounded by ladies, a celestial and delightful voice was heard in the sky, saying, 'O Kunti, this thy son will rival the deity of a thousand eyes. This one will vanquish in battle all the assembled Kurus. Aided by Bhima, he will conquer the whole Earth and his fame will touch the very heavens. With Vasudeva as his ally, he will slay the Kurus in battle and recover his lost paternal share in the kingdom. Endued with great prosperity, he will, with his brothers, perform three great sacrifices.' O thou of unfading glory, thou knowest how steady, in truth, is Vibhatsu,

otherwise called Savyasachin, how irresistible he is. O thou of Dasarha's race, let it be as that (celestial) voice said. If, O thou of Vrishni's race, there is anything like righteousness, those words will be true, for then, Krishna, thou wilt thyself accomplish it all. I do not doubt what that voice said. I bow to righteousness which is superior to all. It is righteousness that supports all creatures. Thou shalt say these words unto Dhananjaya. Unto Vrikodara again, who is always ready for exertion, thou shalt say these words, 'The time hath come for that in view of which Kshatriya lady bringeth forth a son! They that are foremost among men never become cheerless when they have hostilities to wage—Thou knowest what the state of Bhima's mind is. That grinder of foes is never pacified until he exterminates his foes. Thou shalt, O Madhava, next say unto the auspicious Krishna of great fame, that daughter-in-law of the high-souled Pandu, who is conversant with the details of every virtue, these words, 'O thou that art highly blessed, O thou of noble parentage, O thou that art endued with great fame, that becoming behaviour which thou always showest towards my sons is, indeed, worthy of thee.' Thou must also say unto the sons of Madri who are always devoted to Kshatriya virtues, these words, 'Covet ye more than life itself, those enjoyments that are acquired by prowess. Objects won by prowess always please the heart of a person that liveth according to Kshatriya practices. Engaged as ye are in acquiring every kind of virtue, before your eyes the princess of Panchala was addressed in cruel and abusive epithets. Who is there that can forgive that insult? The deprivation of their kingdom grieved me not. Their defeat at dice grieved me not. But that noble and fair Draupadi, however, while weeping in the midst of the assembly, had to hear those cruel and insulting words is what grieveth me most. Alas, exceedingly beautiful Krishna, ever devoted to Kshatriya virtues, found no protector on that occasion, though she was wedded to such powerful protectors. O thou of mighty arms, say unto that tiger among men, Arjuna, that foremost of all wielders of weapons, that he should always tread in the path that may be pointed out by Draupadi. Thou knowest it very well, Kesava, that Bhima and Arjuna,—that pair of fierce and all-destroying Yamas, are capable of making the very gods go the way of all creatures. Is not this an insult to them that (their wife) Krishna was dragged into the assembly? O Kesava, recall to their remembrance all those cruel and harsh words that Dussasana said unto Bhima in the very presence of all the warriors of Kuru's race. Enquire (in my name) after the welfare of the Pandavas with their children and Krishna. Say unto them, O Janardana, that I am well. Go thou on thy auspicious way, and protect my sons!'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Saluting and walking round her, the mighty-armed Krishna whose gait resembled the majestic gait of the lion, then issued out of Pritha's abode. And he then dismissed those chiefs among the Kurus with Bhishma at their head (who had followed him), and taking Karna upon his chariot, left (the Kuru city), accompanied

by Satyaki. And after he of Dasarha's race had departed, the Kurus assembled together and began to talk of that highly wonderful and marvellous incident connected with him. And they said, 'Overcome with ignorance, the whole earth hath been entangled in the meshes of death!' And they also said, 'Through Duryodhana's folly, all this is doomed to destruction.'

'Having issued out of the (Kuru) city, that foremost of persons proceeded, deliberating with Karna for a long time. And that delighter of all the Yadavas then dismissed Karna and urged his steeds to greater speed. And driven by Daruka, those swift coursers endued with the speed of the tempest of the mind, went on as if drinking the skies. And quickly transversing a long way like fleet hawks, they reached Upaplavya very soon, bearing the wielder of *Saranga*.' "

SECTION CXXXVIII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Hearing the words of Kunti, the mighty car-warriors, Bhishma and Drona, then spoke these words unto the disobedient Duryodhana, 'Hast thou, O tiger among men, heard the fierce words of grave import, excellent and consistent with virtue, that Kunti had spoken in the presence of Krishna? Her sons will act according to them, especially as they are approved by Vasudeva. O Kaurava, they will not assuredly desist, without their share of the kingdom (being given to them). Thou hast inflicted much pain on the sons of Pritha. And Draupadi also was afflicted by thee in the assembly. They were, however, bound then by the bounds of truth and it was for this that, they tolerated that treatment. Obtaining Arjuna now, who is skilled in every weapon, and Bhima of firm resolution, and Gandiva and the couple of (inexhaustible) quivers, and that car (of Arjuna) and that banner (bearing the device of the ape), and Nakula and Sahadeva, both endued with great might and energy, and Vasudeva also, as his allies, Yudhishthira will not forgive (thee). O mighty-armed one, thou hast witnessed with thy own eyes how intelligent Arjuna vanquished us all in battle before, in the city of Virata. Indeed, after this, that Ape-bannered (warrior) consumed in battle, taking up his fierce weapons, those *Danavas* of terrible deeds called the *Nivatakavachas*. On the occasion also of the tale of cattle, when captured by the Gandharvas, this Karna and all these thy counsellors and thyself accouted in mail and on thy car, were all liberated from the grasp of the Gandharvas by that Arjuna. That is a sufficient proof. Therefore, O foremost of the Bharatas, with all thy brothers make peace with the sons of Pandu. Save this whole earth from the Destruction's jaws. Yudhishthira is thy elder brother, virtuous in behaviour,

affectionate towards thee, sweet-speeched and learned. Abandoning thy sinful intentions, unite thyself with that tiger among men. If Pandu's son beholdeth thee divested of thy bow, and without the wrinkles of rage on thy brow, and cheerful, even that would be for the good of our race. Approaching with all thy counsellors embrace him fraternally. O repressor of foes, salute the king respectfully as before. And let Yudhishthira, the son of Kunti, the elder brother of Bhima, hold from affection, thy saluting self with his arms. And let that foremost of smiters, Bhima, possessed of leonine shoulders and thighs round, and long, and mighty arms, embrace thee. And then let that son of Kunti, Dhananjaya, called also Partha, of eyes like lotus-petals, and curly hair and conch-like neck salute thee respectfully. Then let those tigers among men, the twin Aswins, unrivalled on earth for beauty, wait on thee with affection and reverence as on their preceptor. And let all the kings with him of Dasarha's race at their head, shed tears of joy. Abandoning thy pride, unite thyself with thy brothers. Rule thou the whole earth, with thy brothers. Let all the kings joyfully return to their respective homes, having embraced one another. There is no need of battle, O king of kings. Listen to the dissuasions of thy friends. In the battle that will ensue a great destruction of the Kshatriyas is certainly indicated. The stars are all hostile. The animals and birds have all assumed fearful aspects. Diverse portents, O hero, are visible, all indicating the slaughters of the Kshatriyas. All these portents, again, are particularly visible in our abodes. Blazing meteors are afflicting thy host. Our animals are all cheerless and seem, O king, to be crying. Vultures are wheeling around thy troops. Neither the city nor the palace looks as before. Jackals, setting forth ominous yells, are running about the four quarters which are ablaze with conflagrations. Obey thou the counsels of thy father and mother as also of ourselves who are thy well-wishers. War and peace, O thou of mighty arms, are within thy control. If, O grinder of foes, thou dost not act according to the words of thy friends, thou shalt have to repent upon beholding thy army afflicted with the arrows of Partha. Hearing in battle the terrible yells uttered by the mighty Bhima and the twang of Gandiva, thou wilt remember our these words. Indeed, if what we say appears unacceptable to thee, then it will be as we say.' "

SECTION CXXXIX

"Vaisampayana said, 'Thus addressed by them, Duryodhana, contracting the space between his eye-brows, became cheerless, and with face bent down began to cast oblique glances. And he said not a word in

reply. Beholding him cheerless, those bulls among men, Bhishma and Drona, looking at each other, once more addressed him, and said (these words).'

"Bhishma said, 'What can be a matter of greater grief to us than that we shall have to fight against that Yudhishthira who is devoted to the service of his superiors, destitute of envy, conversant with Brahma, and truthful in speech.'

"Drona said, 'My affection for Dhananjaya is greater than that which I bear for my son Aswatthaman. There is greater reverence also and humility (towards me) in that Ape-bannered hero (than in Aswatthaman). Alas, in observance of the Kshatriya duties, I shall have to fight even against that Dhananjaya who is dearer to me than my son. Fie on the Kshatriya profession. That Vibhatsu who hath no other bowman in the world as his equal, hath, through my grace, acquired this superiority over all bowmen. He that hateth his friends, he that is of wicked disposition, he that denieth Godhead, he that is crooked and deceitful, never obtaineth the worship of the righteous, like an ignorant person present at a sacrifice. Though dissuaded from sin, a sinful man would still wish to commit sinful acts; while he that is righteous, though tempted by sin, would not yet abandon righteousness. Though thou hast conducted thyself with falsehood and deceit towards them, the Pandavas are still desirous of doing what is agreeable to thee. As regards thyself, O thou best of the Bharatas, all thy faults are calculated to bring about disasters on thee. Thou hast been addressed by the eldest of the Kurus, by me, by Vidura, and by Vasudeva. Thou dost not yet understand what is beneficial for thyself. I have a large force,—with this conviction thou desirest to pierce the Pandava host, abounding with heroes, like the current of the Ganga piercing the ocean abounding with sharks and alligators and *makaras*. Having obtained Yudhishthira's prosperity like the cast off robes or garlands of another, thou regardest it as thy own. If the son of Pritha and Pandu stayeth even in the woods with Draupadi, and surrounded by his armed brothers, who is there, even in the possession of a kingdom, that is competent to vanquish him? In the presence of even that Ailavila (Kuvera) under whose command all the Yakshas live as servants, Yudhishthira the Just, shone with splendour. Having proceeded to Kuvera's abode and having procured wealth therefrom, the Pandavas are now desirous of attacking thy swelling kingdom and winning sovereignty for themselves. (As regards us two), we have made gifts, poured libations on fire, studied (the scriptures), and gratified the Brahmanas by presents of wealth. The (allotted) periods of our life have also run out. Know that our work has been done. (As regards thyself however), giving up happiness, kingdom, friends, and wealth, great will be thy calamity if thou seekest war with the Pandavas. How canst thou vanquish the son of Pandu, when Draupadi who is truthful in speech and devoted to rigid vows and austerities, prayeth for his success? How wilt thou vanquish that son of Pandu who hath Janardana for his counsellor, and

who hath for a brother that Dhananjaya who is the foremost of wielders of weapons? How wilt thou vanquish that son of Pandu, of severe austerities, who hath for his allies so many Brahmanas,endued with intelligence and mastery over their senses? In accordance with what a prosperity-wishing friend should do when he sees his friends sinking in an ocean of distress, I again tell thee, there is no necessity for war. Make peace with those heroes for the sake of prosperity to the Kurus. Do not court defeat, with thy sons, counsellors, and the army!' "

SECTION CXL

"Dhritarashtra said, 'O Sanjaya, in the midst of all the princes and the servants, the slayer of Madhu took Karna upon his car and went out (of our city). What did that slayer of hostile heroes, that one of immeasurable soul, say unto Radha's son? What conciliatory words did Govinda speak unto the Suta's son? Tell me, O Sanjaya, what those words were, mild or fierce, that Krishna, possessed of a voice deep as that of newly-risen clouds during the rainy season said unto Karna?'

"Sanjaya said, 'Listen to me, O Bharata, as I repeat in due order those words, both intimidating and mild, agreeable and consistent with virtue, true and beneficial, and pleasing to the heart, which the slayer of Madhu, of immeasurable soul, said unto Radha's son.'

"Vasudeva said, 'O son of Radha, thou hast worshipped many Brahmanas fully conversant with the *Vedas*. With concentrated attention and mind free from envy thou hast also (on many an occasion) enquired of them after truth. Thou knowest, therefore, O Karna, what the eternal saying of the *Vedas* are. Thou art also well-versed in all the subtile conclusions of the scriptures. It is said by those conversant with the scriptures that the two kinds of sons called *Kanina* and *Sahoda* that are born of a maiden, have him for their father who weddeth the maid. Thou, O Karna, hast been born in this way. Thou art, therefore, morally the son of Pandu. Come, be a king, according to the injunction of the scriptures. On the side of thy father, thou hast the sons of Pritha, on the side of thy mother, thou hast the Vrishnis, (for thy kinsmen). O bull among men, know that thou hast these two for thy own. Proceeding this very day with me hence, O sire, let the Pandavas know thee as a son of Kunti born before Yudhishthira. The brothers, the five Pandavas, the son of Draupadi, and the invincible son of Subhadra, will all embrace thy feet. All the kings and princes, again, that have been assembled for the Pandava-cause, and all the Andhakas and Vrishnis, will also embrace thy feet. Let queens and princesses bring golden and silver and earthen jars (full of water) and delicious herbs and all kinds

of seeds and gems, and creepers, for thy installation. During the sixth period, Draupadi also will come to thee (as a wife). Let that best of Brahmanas, Dhaumya, of restrained soul, pour libations of clarified butter on the (sacred) fire, and let those Brahmanas regarding all the four *Vedas* as authoritative (and who are acting as priests unto the Pandavas), perform the ceremony of thy installation. Let the family priest of the Pandavas who is devoted to *Vedic* rites, and those bulls among men—those brothers, the five sons of Pandu,—and the five sons of Draupadi, and the Panchalas, and the Chedis, and myself also, install thee as the lord of the whole earth. Let Dharma's son Yudhishthira, of righteous soul and rigid vows, be thy heir presumptive, ruling the kingdom under thee. Holding the white *chamara* in his hand (for fanning thee), let Yudhishthira, the son of Kunti, ride on the same car behind thee. After thy installation is over, let that other son of Kunti, the mighty Bhimasena, hold the white umbrella over thy head. Indeed, Arjuna then will drive thy car furnished with a hundred tinkling bells, its sides covered with tiger-skins, and with white steeds harnessed to it. Then Nakula and Sahadeva, and the five sons of Draupadi, and the Panchalas with that mighty car-warrior Sikhandin, will all proceed behind thee. I myself, with all the Andhakas and the Vrishnis, will walk behind thee. Indeed, all the Dasarhas and the Dasarnas, will, O king, be numbered with thy relatives. Enjoy the sovereignty of the earth, O thou of mighty arms, with thy brothers the Pandavas, with *yapas* and *homas* and auspicious rites of diverse kinds performed in thy honour. Let the Dravidas, with the Kuntalas, the Andhras, and the Talacharas, and the Shuchupas, and the Venupas, all walk before thee. Let chanters and panegyrists praise thee with innumerable laudatory hymns. Let the Pandavas proclaim,—*Victory to Vasusena.* Surrounded by the Pandavas, like the moon by the stars, rule thou the kingdom, O son of Kunti, and gladden Kunti herself. Let thy friends rejoice, and thy enemies grieve. Let there be, this day, a brotherly union between thee and thy brothers, the sons of Pandu."

SECTION CXLI

"Karna said, 'Without doubt, O Kesava, thou hast said these words from thy love, affection, and friendship for me, as also in consequence of thy desire of doing me good, O thou of Vrishni's race. I know all that thou hast said unto me. Morally, I am the son of Pandu, as also in consequence of the injunctions of the scriptures, as thou, O Krishna, thinkest. My mother, while a maiden, bore me in her womb, O Janardana, through her connection with *Surya*. And at the command of Surya

himself, she abandoned me as soon as I was born. Even thus, O Krishna, I came into the world. Morally, therefore, I am the son of Pandu. Kunti, however, abandoned me without thinking of my welfare. The *Suta*, Adhiratha, as soon as he beheld me, took me to his home, and from her affection for me, Radha's breasts were filled with milk that very day, and she, O Madhava, cleansed my urine and evacuations. How can one like us, conversant with duties and ever engaged in listening to scriptures deprive her of her *Pinda*? So also Adhiratha of the *Suta* class regardeth me as a son, and I too, from affection, always regard him as (my) father. O Madhava, that Adhiratha, O Janardana, from paternal affection caused all the rites of infancy to be performed on my person. according to the rules prescribed in the scriptures. It is that Adhiratha, again, who caused the name Vasusena to be bestowed upon me by the Brahmanas. When also I attained to youth, I married wives according to his selections. Through them have been born my sons and grandsons, O Janardana. My heart also, O Krishna, and all the bonds of affection and love, are fixed on them. From joy or fear. O Govinda. I cannot venture to destroy those bonds even for the sake of the whole earth or heaps of gold. In consequence also of my connection with Duryodhana of Dhritarashtra's race, I have, O Krishna, enjoyed sovereignty for thirteen years, without a thorn on my side. I have performed many sacrifices, always however in connection with persons of the *Suta* tribe. All my family rites and marriage rites have been performed with the *Sutas*. Obtaining me, O Krishna, Duryodhana hath, O thou of Vrishni's race, made this preparations for an armed encounter and provoked hostilities with the sons of Pandu. And it is for this, O *Achyuta*, that in the battle (that will ensue), I, O Krishna, have been chosen as the great antagonist of Arjuna to advance against him in a single combat. For the sake of death, or the ties of blood, or fear, or temptation, I cannot venture, O Janardana, to behave falsely towards the intelligent son of Dhritarashtra. If I do not now engage in a single combat with Arjuna, this will, O Hrishikesa, be inglorious for both myself and Partha. Without doubt, O slayer of Madhu, thou hast told me all this for doing me good. The Pandavas also, obedient as they are to thee, will, without doubt, do all that thou hast said. Thou must, however, conceal this our discourse for the present, O slayer of Madhu. Therein lies our benefit, I think, O delighter of all the Yadavas. If king Yudhishthira, of virtuous soul and well-controlled senses, cometh to know me as the first-born son of Kunti, he will never accept the kingdom. If, again, O slayer of Madhu, this mighty and swelling empire becometh mine. I shall, O repressor of foes, certainly make it over to Duryodhana only. Let Yudhishthira of virtuous soul become king for ever. He that hath Hrishikesa for his guide, and Dhananjaya and that mighty car-warrior Bhima for his combatants, as also Nakula and Sahadeva, and the sons of Draupadi, is fit, O Madhava, to rule over the whole earth. Dhrish-

tadyumna, the prince of the Panchalas, that mighty car-warrior Satyaki, Uttamaujas, Yudhamanyu, the prince of Somakas who is devoted to truth, the ruler of the Chedis, Chekitana, the invincible Sikhandin, the Kekaya brothers, all of the hue of *Indragopaka* insects, Bhimasena's uncle Kuntibhoja of high soul and possessed of steeds endued with the colours of the rainbow, the mighty car-warrior Syenajit, Sanka the son of Virata, and thyself, O Janardana, like an ocean,—great is this assemblage, O Krishna, of Kshatriyas (that hath been made by Yudhishthira). This blazing kingdom, celebrated among all the kings of the earth, is already won (by Yudhishthira). O thou of Vrishni's race, a great sacrifice of arms is about to be celebrated by Dhritarashtra's son. Thou, O Janardana, wilt be the *Upadrashtri* of that sacrifice. The office of *Adhyaryu* also, O Krishna, in that sacrifice, will be thine. The ape-bannered Vibhatsu accoutred in mail will be the *Hotri* (his bow), *Gandiva* will be the sacrificial ladle, and the prowess of the warriors will be the clarified butter (that is to be consumed). The weapons called *Aindra*, *Pasupata*, *Brahma*, and *Sthunakarna*, applied by Arjuna, will, O Madhava, be the *mantras* (of that sacrifice). Resembling his father, or perhaps, excelling him in prowess, Subhadra's son (Abhimanyu) will be the chief *Vedic* hymn to be chanted. That destroyer of elephant ranks that utterer of fierce roars in battle, that tiger among men, the exceedingly mighty Bhima, will be *Udgatri* and *Prastotri* in this sacrifice. King Yudhishthira of virtuous soul, ever engaged in *Yapa* and *Homa*, will himself be the Brahma of that sacrifice. The sounds of conchs, tabors, and drums, and the leonine roaring rising high in the welkin, will be the calls upon the invited to eat. The two sons of Madri, Nakula and Sahadeva, of great fame and prowess, will be the slayers of the sacrificial animals; rows of bright cars furnished with standards of variegated hue, will, O Govinda, be stakes (for tying the animals), O Janardana, in this sacrifice. Barbed arrows and *Nalikas*, and long shafts, and arrows with heads like calf's tooth, will play the part of spoons (wherewith to distribute the *Soma* juice) while *Tomaras* will be the vessels of *Soma*, and bows will be *pavitras*. The swords will be *Kapalas*, the heads (of slain warriors) the *Purodasas* and the blood of warriors the clarified butter. O Krishna, in this sacrifice. The lances and bright maces (of the warriors) will be pokers (for stirring the sacrificial fire) and the corner stakes (for keeping the fire-wood from falling down). The disciples of Drona and Kripa, the son of Saradwat, will be the *Sadasyas* (assisting priests). The arrows shot by the wielder of *Gandiva* and by (other) mighty car-warriors, and by Drona and Drona's son, will play the part of ladles for distributing the *Soma*. Satyaki will discharge the duties of the chief assistant of the *Adhyaryu*. Of this sacrifice, Dhritarashtra's son will be installed as the performer, while this vast army will be his wife. O thou of mighty arms, when the nocturnal rites of sacrifice will begin, the mighty Ghatotkacha will play the part of the slayer of (devoted) victims. The mighty Dhrishtadyumna, who sprang into life from the

sacrificial fire, having for its mouth the rites celebrated with *mantras*, will, O Krishna, be the *Dakshina* of that sacrifice. For those harsh words, O Krishna, that I said before unto the sons of Pandu for the gratification of Dhritarashtra's son,—for that wicked conduct of mine,—I am consumed with repentance. When O Krishna, thou wilt behold me slain by Arjuna, then will the *Punachiti* of this sacrifice commence. When the (second) son of Pandu will drink the blood of the loudly roaring Dussasana, then will the *Soma*-drinking of this sacrifice have taken place! When the two princes of Panchala (Dhrishtadyumna and Sikhandin) will overthrow Drona and Bhishma, then, O Janardana, will this sacrifice be suspended for an interval. When mighty Bhimasena will slay Duryodhana, then, O Madhava, will this sacrifice of Dhritarashtra's son be concluded. When the wives of Dhritarashtra's sons and grandsons assembled together, deprived, O Kesava, of their husbands and sons and without protectors, will indulge in lamentations with Gandhari in their midst, on the field of battle haunted by dogs and vultures and other carnivorous birds, then, O Janardana, will the final bath of this sacrifice take place.

'I pray to thee, O bull of the Kshatriya race, let not the Kshatriyas, old in learning and old in years, perish miserably, O Janardana, for thy sake. Oh, let this swelling host of Kshatriyas perish by means of weapons on that most sacred of all spots in the three worlds, *viz.* Kurukshetra, O Kesava. O thou of eyes like lolus-leaves, accomplish on this spot what thou hast in thy mind, so that, O thou of Vrishni's race, the whole Kshatriya order may attain to heaven. As long, O Janardana, as the hills and the rivers will last, so long will the fame of these achievements last. The Brahmanas will recite this great war of the Bharatas. The fame, O thou of Vrishni's race, that they achieve in battles is the wealth that Kshatriyas own. O Kesava, bring Kunti's son (Arjuna) before me for battle, keeping for ever this our discourse a secret, O chastiser of foes.'' '

SECTION CXLII

"Sanjaya said, 'Hearing these words of Karna, Kesava, that slayer of hostile heroes, spoke unto him these words smilingly, 'Do not the means of winning an empire recommend themselves to thee. O Karna? Wishest thou not to rule over the whole earth given by me to thee? The victory of the Pandavas, therefore, is very certain. There seems to be no doubt in this. The triumphal banner of Pandu's son, with the fierce ape on it, seems to be already set up. The divine artificer, Bhaumana, hath applied such celestial illusion (in its construction) that it standeth

high, displayed like Indra's banner. Various celestial creatures of terrific shape, indicating victory, are seen on that standard. Extending for a *yojana* upwards and all around, that beautiful standard of Arjuna, resembling fire in radiance, is never, O Karna, when set up, obstructed by hills or trees. When thou wilt behold in battle Arjuna, on his car drawn by white steeds and driven by Krishna, applying *Aindra*, *Agneya* and *Maruta* weapons, and when thou wilt hear the twang of *Gandiva* piercing the welkin like the very thunder, then all signs of the *Krita*, the *Treta*, and the *Dwapara* ages will disappear (but, instead, *Kali* embodied will be present). When thou wilt behold in battle *Kunti's* son, invincible Yudhishthira, devoted to *Yapa* and *Homa* and resembling the very sun in brilliance, protecting his own mighty army and burning the army of his foes, then all signs of the *Krita*, the *Treta*, and the *Dwapara* ages will disappear. When thou wilt behold in battle the mighty Bhimasena dancing, after having quaffed the blood of Dussasana, like a fierce elephant with rent temples after having killed a mighty antagonist, then all signs of the *Krita*, the *Treta*, and the *Dwapara* ages will disappear. When thou wilt behold in battle Arjuna checking Drona and Santanu's son and Kripa and king Suyodhana, and Jayadratha of Sindhu's race, all rushing fiercely to the encounter, then all signs of the *Krita*, the *Treta* and the *Dwapara* ages will disappear. When thou wilt behold in battle the two mighty sons of Madri,—those heroic car-warriors, capable of breaking into pieces all hostile cars,—agitating, from the very moment when weapons will begin to clash, the army of Dhritarashtra's sons like a couple of infuriated elephants, then all signs of the *Krita*, the *Treta* and the *Dwapara* ages will disappear. Returning hence, O Karna, say unto Drona and Santanu's son and Kripa that the present month is a delightful one, and that food, drink, and fuel are abundant now. All plants and herbs are vigorous now, all trees full of fruits, and flies there are none. The roads are free from mire, and the waters are of agreeable taste. The weather is neither very hot nor very cold and is, therefore, highly pleasant. Seven days after, will be the day of the new moon. Let the battle commence then, for that day, it hath been said, is presided over by Indra. Say also unto all the kings that have come for battling that I will fully accomplish the desire cherished by them. Indeed, all the kings and princes that are obedient to the orders of Duryodhana, obtaining death by weapons, will attain to an excellent state.' "

SECTION CXLIII

"Sanjaya said, 'Hearing these beneficial and auspicious words of Kesava, Karna worshipped Krishna, the slayer of Madhu, and said these words,

'Knowing (everything), why dost thou yet, O thou of mighty arms, seek to beguile me? The destruction of the whole earth that is at hand for its cause, Sakuni, and myself, and Dussasana, and king Duryodhana, the son of Dhritarashtra. Without doubt, O Krishna, a great and fierce battle is at hand between the Pandavas and the Kurus which will cover the earth with bloody mire. All the kings and princes following the lead of Duryodhana, consumed by the fire of weapons will proceed to the abode of Yama. Diverse frightful visions are seen, O slayer of Madhu, and many terrible portents, and fierce disturbances also. All these omens, making the hairs (of the spectators) stand on their ends, indicate, O thou of Vrishni's race, the defeat of Dhritarashtra's son and the victory of Yudhishthira. That fierce planet of great effulgence, *Sanaischara* (Saturn), is afflicting the constellation called *Rohini*, in order to afflict greatly the creatures of the earth. The planet *Angaraka* (Mars), wheeling, O slayer of Madhu, towards the constellation *Jeshthya*, approacheth towards *Anuradhas*, indicating a great slaughter of friends. Without doubt, O Krishna, a terrible calamity approacheth the Kurus when specially, O thou of Vrishni's race, the planet *Mahapat* afflicteth the constellation *Chitra*. The spot on the lunar disc hath changed its position; and *Rahu* also approacheth towards the sun. Meteors are falling from the sky with loud noise and trembling motion. The elephants are sending forth frightful cries, while the steeds, O Madhava, are shedding tears, without taking any delight in food and drink. They say, O thou of mighty arms, that on the appearance of these portents, a terrible calamity approacheth, productive of a great slaughter. O Kesava, amongst the steeds, elephants and soldiers, in all the divisions of Duryodhana's army, it is seen, O slayer of Madhu, that while small is the food these take, ample is the excreta they evacuate. The wise have said that this is an indication of defect. The elephants and steeds of the Pandavas, O Krishna, all seem to be cheerful, while all the animals wheel along their right. This also is an indication of their success. The same animal, O Kesava, pass by the left side of Duryodhana's army, while incorporeal voices are constantly heard (over their heads). All this is an indication of defeat. All auspicious birds, such as peacocks, swans, cranes, *Chatakas*, *Jivajivas*, and large flights of *Vakas*, follow the Pandavas, while vultures, *Kankas*, hawks, *Rakshasas*, wolves and bees, in flights and herds, follow the Kauravas. The drums in the army of Dhritarashtra's son yield no sounds, while those of the Pandavas yield sounds without being struck. The wells in the midst of Duryodhana's encampment send forth loud roars like those of huge bulls. All this is an indication of defeat. The gods are showering flesh and blood, O Madhava, on Duryodhana's soldiers. Vapoury edifices of great effulgence with high walls, deep trenches, and handsome porches, are suddenly appearing in the skies (over the Kuru encampment). A black circle surrounding the solar disc appears to the view. Both twilights at sunrise and sunset indicate great terrors. The jackals yell hideously. All this

is an indication of defeat. Diverse birds, each having but one wing, one eye, and one leg, utter terrible cries. All this, O slayer of Madhu, indicates defeat. Fierce birds with black wings and red legs hover over the Kuru encampment at nightfall. All this is an indication of defeat. The soldiers of Duryodhana betray hatred for Brahmanas first, and then for their preceptors, and then for all their affectionate servants. The eastern horizon of (Duryodhana's encampment) appeareth red; the southern of the hue of weapons; and western, O slayer of Madhu, of an earthy hue. All the quarters around Duryodhana's encampment seem, O Madhava, to be ablaze. In the appearance of all these portents, great is the danger that is indicated.

'I have in a vision, O Achyuta, beheld Yudhishthira ascending with his brothers a palace supported by a thousand columns. All of them appeared with white head-gears and in white robes. And all of them appeared to me to be seated on white seats. In the midst of the same vision, thou, O Janardana, wast beheld by me to be employed in enveloping the blood-dyed earth with weapons. Yudhishthira at the same time, of immeasurable energy, ascending upon a heap of bones, was gladly eating buttered *payasa* of a golden cup. I further beheld Yudhishthira to be employed in swallowing the earth handed over to him by thee. This indicates that he will verily rule the earth I beheld that tiger among men, Vrikodara, of fierce deeds, standing on the summit, mace in hand, and as if devouring this earth. This plainly indicates that he will slay all of us in fierce battle. It is known to me, O lord of the senses, that victory is there where righteousness is. I saw also Dhananjaya, the wielder of *Gandiva*, seated on the back of a white elephant, with thee, O lord of the senses, and blazing forth with great beauty. I have no doubt, O Krishna, that ye will slay in battle all the kings headed by Duryodhana. I saw Nakula and Sahadeva and that mighty car-warrior Satyaki, adorned with white bracelets, white curasses, white garlands, and white robes. This tiger among men were seated upon excellent vehicles borne on the shoulders of men. And I saw that umbrellas were held over the heads of all the three. Amongst the soldiers of Dhritarashtra's son, these three, O Janardana, were beheld by me decked with white head-gears. Know, O Kesava, that those three were Aswatthaman, Kripa, and Kritavarman of Satwata's race. All other kings, O Madhava, were seen by me to have blood-red headgears. I saw also, O thou of mighty arms, that those mighty car-warriors Bhishma and Drona, ascending on a vehicle drawn by camels, and by myself, and Dhritarashtra's son, proceeded, O lord, to the quarter, O Janardana, ruled by Agastya. This indicates that we shall soon have to proceed to Yama's abode. I have no doubt that myself and the other kings, indeed, the entire assemblage of Kshatriyas shall have to enter into the *Gandiva* fire.'

Krishna said, 'Indeed, the destruction of the earth is at hand when my words, O Karna, do not become acceptable to thy heart. O sire, when the destruction of all creatures approacheth, wrong assuming the semblance of right leaveth not the heart.'

"Karna said, 'If, O Krishna, we come out of this great battle that will be so destructive of heroic Kshatriyas, with life, then, O thou of mighty arms may we meet here again. Otherwise, O Krishna, we shall certainly meet in heaven. O sinless one, it seemeth to me now that there only it is possible for us to meet.'

"Sanjaya said, 'Having spoken these words, Karna closely pressed Madhava to his bosom. Dismissed by Kesava, he then descended from the car. And riding on his own car decked with gold, Radha's son greatly dejected, came back with us! "

SECTION CXLIV

"Vaisampayana said, 'Upon the failure of Krishna's solicitations (for peace), and after he had started for the Pandavas from the Kurus, Kshatri approached Pritha and said these words slowly in grief, 'O mother of living children, thou knowest that my inclination is always for peace, and although I cry myself hoarse, yet Suyodhana doth not accept my words. King Yudhishthira, having the Chedis, the Panchalas, and the Kekayas, Bhima and Arjuna, Krishna, Yuyudhana, and the twins for his allies, stayeth yet at Upaplavya, and from affection for kinsmen, looketh up to righteousness only, like a weak man, though he is possessed of great strength. King Dhritarashtra here, though old in years, doth not effect peace, and intoxicated with pride of children, treadeth a sinful path. In consequence of the wickedness of Jayadratha and Karna and Dussasana and Suvala's son, intestine dissensions will break out. They that behave unrighteously towards him that is righteous, verily that sin of theirs soon produceth its consequences. Who is there that will not be filled with sorrow at the sight of the Kurus persecuting righteousness in this way? When Kesava returneth without being able to bring about peace, the Pandavas will certainly address themselves for battle. Thereupon, the sin of the Kurus will lead to a destruction of heroes. Reflecting on all this, I do not get sleep by day or by night.'

"Hearing these words uttered by Vidura, who always wished her sons the accomplishment of their objects, Kunti began to sigh heavily, afflicted with grief, and began to think within herself, 'Fie to wealth, for the sake of which this great slaughter of kinsmen is about to take place. Indeed, in this war, they that are friends will sustain defeat. What can be a greater grief than this that the Pandavas, the Chedis,

the Panchalas, and the Yadavas, assembled together, will fight with the Bharatas? Verily, I behold demerit in war. (On the other hand) if we do not fight, poverty and humiliation would be ours. As regards the person that is poor, even death is beneficial (to him). (On the other hand) the extermination of one's kinsmen is not victory. As I reflect on this, my heart swelleth with sorrow. The grandsire (Bhishma), the son of Santanu, the preceptor (Drona), who is the foremost of warriors, and Karna, having embraced Duryodhana's side, enhance my fears. The preceptor Drona, it seemeth to me, will never fight willingly against his pupils. As regards the Grandsire, why will he not show some affection for the Pandavas? There is only this sinful Karna then, of deluded understanding and ever following the deluded lead of the wicked Duryodhana, that hateth the Pandavas. Obstinately pursuing that which injureth the Pandavas, this Karna is, again, very powerful. It is this which burneth me at present. Proceeding to gratify him. I will today disclose the truth and seek to draw his heart towards the Pandavas. Pleased with me, while I was living in the inner apartments of the palace of my father, Kuntibhoja, the holy Durvasa gave me a boon in the form of an invocation consisting of *mantras*. Long reflecting with a trembling heart on the strength or weakness of those *mantras* and the power also of the Brahmana's words, and in consequence also of my disposition as a woman, and my nature as a girl of unripe years, deliberating repeatedly and while guarded by a confidential nurse and surrounded by my waiting-maids, and thinking also of how not to incur any reproach, how to maintain the honour of my father, and how I myself might have an accession of good fortune without being guilty of any transgression, I, at last, remembered that Brahmana and bowed to him, and having obtained that *mantras* from excess of curiosity and from folly, I summoned, during my maidenhood, the god *Surya*. He, therefore, who was held in my womb during my maidenhood,—why should *he* not obey my words that are certainly acceptable and beneficial to his brothers? And reflecting in this strain, Kunti formed an excellent resolution. And having formed that resolution, she went to the sacred stream called after Bhagiratha. And having reached the banks of *Ganga*, Pritha heard the chanting of the *Vedic* hymns by her son, endued with great kindness and firmly devoted to truth. And as Karna stood with face directed to the east and arms upraised, then helpless Kunti, for the sake of her interest stayed behind him, waiting the completion of prayers. And the lady of Vrishni's race. that wife of Kuru's house, afflicted by the heat of the sun began to look like a faded garland of lotuses. And, at last, she stood in the shade afforded by the upper garments of Karna. And Karna, of regulated vows, said his prayers until his back became heated by the rays of the sun. Then turning behind, he behold Kunti and was filled with surprise. And saluting him in proper form and with joined palms that foremost of virtuous persons, endued with great energy and

pride, *viz.*, Vrisha, the son of Vikartana, bowed to her and said (the following words)." '

SECTION CXLV

"'Karna said, 'I am Karna, son of Radha and Adhiratha. For what, O lady, hast thou come here? Tell me what I am to do for thee?'

"Kunti said, 'Thou art Kunti's son, and not Radha's. Nor is Adhiratha thy father. Thou, O Karna, art not born in the Suta order. Believe what I say. Thou wert brought forth by me while a maiden. I held thee first in my womb. O son, thou wert born in the palace of Kuntiraja. O Karna, that divine Surya who blazeth forth in light and maketh everything visible, O foremost of all wielders of weapons, begat thee upon me. O irresistible one, thou, O son, wert brought forth by me in my father's abode, decked with (natural) ear-rings and accoutred in a (natural) coat of mail, and blazing forth in beauty. That thou, without knowing thy brothers, shouldst, therefore, from ignorance, wait upon Dhritarashtra's son, is not proper. It is improper in thee especially, O son. The gratification of one's father and one's mother, who is the sole displayer of affection (for her child), hath, O son, in the matter of ascertaining the duties of men, been declared to be the highest of all duties. Acquired formerly by Arjuna, the prosperity of Yudhishthira hath, from avarice, been wrested by wicked persons. Snatching it back from Dhritarashtra's sons, do thou enjoy that prosperity. Let the Kurus behold today the union of Karna and Arjuna. Beholding thee and thy brother united together in bonds of brotherly love, let those wicked persons bow down unto ye. Let Karna and Arjuna be named in the same breath as Rama and Janardana. If you two are united together, what cannot be accomplished in the world? O Karna, surrounded by thy brothers, thou wilt, without doubt, blaze forth like Brahma Himself, surrounded by the gods on the platform of a great sacrifice. Endued with every virtue, thou art the first of all my relations. Let not the epithet Suta's son attach to thee. Thou art a Partha, endued with great energy.' "

SECTION CXLVI

"Vaisampayana said '(After Kunti had said this), Karna heard an affectionate voice issued out of the solar circle. Coming from a great

distance, that voice was uttered by Surya himself with paternal affection. (And it said)—The words said by Pritha are true. O Karna, act according to the words of thy mother. O tiger among men, great good will result to thee if thou fully followest those words.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Though, thus addressed by his mother, and by also his father Surya himself, Karna's heart did not yet waver, for he was firmly devoted to truth. And he said, 'O Kshatriya lady, I cannot admit what thou hast said, *viz.*, that obedience to thy commands constituteth (in my case) the highest of my duties. O mother, I was abandoned by thee as soon as I was born. This great injury, involving risk to life itself, that thou didst me, hath been destructive of my achievements and fame. If, indeed, I am a Kshatriya, I have, for thee, been deprived of all the rites of a Kshatriya. What enemy would have done me a greater injury? Without showing me mercy, when thou shouldst have shown it, and having kept me divested of all the rites (that are obligatory in consequence of the order of my birth), thou wouldst however, lay thy command on me today! Thou hadst never before sought my good as a mother should. Thou addressest me today, however, desiring to do good to thyself. Who is there that would not be afraid of Dhananjaya having Krishna with him (for the driver of his car)? If, therefore, I go today unto the Parthas, who is there that would not regard me as doing so from fright? Hitherto, nobody knew me to be their brother. If, giving out on the eve of battle that I am their brother, I go to the Pandavas, what would all the Kshatriyas say? Furnished with every object of desire, and worshipped by them with a view to make me happy, how can I render that friendship of Dhritarashtra's sons utterly futile? Having provoked hostilities with others, they always wait on me respectfully, and always bow down to me, as the Vasus bow down to Vasava. They think that aided by my might, they are capable of encountering the foe. How can I then frustrate that cherished hope of theirs? With me as their boat, they desire to cross the impassable ocean of battle. How can I then abandon them that are desirous of crossing that ocean which hath no other ferry? This is the time when all those have been supported by Dhritarashtra's sons should exert themselves for their masters. I shall certainly act for them, reckless of even my life. Those sinful men of unsteady heart, who, well-fed and well-furnished (with every necessary) by their masters, undo the benefit received by them when the time cometh for paying back, are thieves of their master's cakes, have neither this nor the other world for them. I will not speak deceitfully unto thee. For the sake of Dhitarashtra's son, I shall fight against thy sons to the best of my strength and might. I must not, however, abandon kindness and the conduct that becometh the good. Thy words, therefore, however beneficial cannot be obeyed by me now. This thy solicitation to me will not yet be fruitless. Except Arjuna, thy other sons, Yudhishthira, Bhima, and the twins, though capable of being withstood by me in fight and capable also of being

slain, shall not yet be slain by me. It is with Arjuna alone, among all the combatants of Yudhishthira, that I will fight. Slaying Arjuna in battle, I shall achieve great merit, or slain by Savyasachin, I shall be covered with glory. O famous lady. the number of thy sons will never be less than five. Five it will always be,—either with me, or with Arjuna, and myself slain.'

"Hearing these words of Karna, Kunti who was trembling with grief, embraced her son who was unmoved in consequence of his fortitude, and said, 'Indeed, O Karna, even if what thou sayest seemeth to be possible, the Kauravas will certainly be exterminated. Destiny is all. Thou hast, however, O grinder of foes, granted to four of thy brothers the pledge of safety. Let that pledge be borne in thy remembrance at the time of shooting of weapons in battle.' And having told all this, Pritha also addressed Karna, saying, 'Blessed be thou, and let health be thine.' And Karna replied unto her, saying, 'Be it so!' And they then left the spot, wending in different directions.' "

SECTION CXLVII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Coming back to Upaplavya from Hastinapura, that chastiser of foes, Kesava, represented unto the Pandavas all that had happened, and conferring with them for a long space of time, and holding repeated consultations, Sauri went to his own quarters for rest. And dismissing all the kings, with Virata and others at their heads, the five brothers—the Pandavas—when the sun had set, said their evening prayers. And with hearts ever fixed on Krishna they began to think of him. And, at last, bringing Krishna of Dasarha's race into their midst, they began to deliberate again about what they should do. And Yudhishthira said, 'O thou of eyes like lotus-petals, it behoveth thee to tell us all that thou saidst unto Dhritarashtra's son in the assembly (of the Kurus), having gone to Nagapura.' Vasudeva said, 'Having gone to Nagapura, I addressed Dhritarashtra's son in the assembly such words as were true, reasonable, and beneficial. That wicked minded fellow did not, however, accept them.'

"Yudhishthira said, 'When Duryodhana desired to tread along the wrong path, what did the aged Kuru grandsire say, O Hrishikesa, unto that vindictive prince? What also did the highly-blessed preceptor—the son of Bharadwaja, say? And what did his parents Dhritarashtra and Gandhari say? What did our junior father Kshattri, who is the foremost of all persons conversant with virtue, and who is always afflicted with sorrow on account of ourselves whom he regards as his sons, say unto Dhritarashtra's son? What also did all the kings who sat in that assembly

say? O Janardana, say it all unto us, exactly as it happened. Thou hast already told us all the disagreeable words that the Kuru chiefs (Bhishma and Dhritarashtra) and others in that assembly of the Kurus said unto the wicked Duryodhana who is overwhelmed with lust and covetousness, and who regardeth himself wise. Those words, however, O Kesava, have flitted away from my memory. O Govinda, I desire to hear, O lord, all those words again. Act thou in such a way that the opportunity may not pass away. Thou, O Krishna, art our refuge, thou art our lord, thou art our guide!'

"Vasudeva said, 'Hear, O king, the words that were addressed to king Suyodhana in the midst of the assembly of the Kurus, and, O king of kings, bear them in thy mind. After my words were ended, Dhritarashtra's son laughed aloud. Highly incensed at this, Bhishma then said, 'Hear, O Duryodhana, what I say for (the preservation of) our race, and having heard it, O tiger among kings, do what is beneficial to thy own house. O sire, O king, my father Santanu, was widely known in the world. I was, at first, his only son. A desire sprung up in his heart as to how he might obtain a second son, for the wise say that an only son is no son,—*Let not my race be extinct may my fame be spread.* Even this was his desire. Knowing this to have been his desire, I procured Kali to become my mother, having myself made a promise highly difficult to observe, for the sake of my father as also for the sake of our race. How, in consequence of that promise I could not be king and have drawn up my vital seed, are, of course, well-known to thee. (I do not grieve for that). Observing that vow of mine, behold, I am living in happiness and joy. In her, O king, was born my younger brother, that mighty-armed and handsome supporter of Kuru's race, *viz.*, Vichitravirya of virtuous soul. After my father's ascension to heaven, I installed Vichitravirya as a ruler of the kingdom, that was mine, while I placed myself under him as a servant of his. O king of kings, I then brought him suitable wives, having vanquished many assembled monarchs. Thou hast heard of it often. Sometime after, I was engaged in a single combat with the (great) Rama. From fear of Rama, my brother fled, the more so as his subject deserted him. During this period, he became very much attached to his wives and accordingly had an attack of pthisis. Upon his death, there was anarchy in the kingdom and the chief of the gods poured not a drop of rain (on the realm).' The subjects then, afflicted by fear of hunger, hastened to me and said, 'Thy subjects are on the point of being exterminated. Be thou our king for the sake of our good. Dispel this drought. Blessed be thou, O perpetuator of Santanu's race. Thy subjects are being greatly afflicted by severe and frightful maladies. Very few of them are still alive. It behoveth thee, O son of Ganga, to save them. Dispel these tortures. O hero, cherish thy subjects righteously. When thou art alive, let not the kingdom go to destruction.' Hearing these words of theirs uttered in a weeping voice, my heart was undisturbed. Remembering the behaviour of good, I desired to maintain

my vow. Then, O king, the citizens, my auspicious mother Kali herself, our servants, the priests and the preceptors (of our house), and many Brahmanas of great learning, all afflicted with great woe, solicited me to occupy the throne.' And they said, 'When thou art alive, shall the kingdom, ruled by Pratipa (of old), go to ruin? O thou of magnanimous heart, be thou the king for our good.' Thus addressed by them, I joined my hands together and, myself filled with grief and greatly afflicted, I represented to them the vow I had made from filial respect. I repeatedly informed them that for the sake of our race, I had vowed to live with vital seed drawn up and foreswearing the throne. It was especially for my mother, again, that I did so. I, therefore, begged them not to put me to the yoke. I again joined my hands and conciliated my mother, saying, 'O mother, begot by Santanu and being a member of Kuru's race, I cannot falsify my promise.' I repeatedly told her this. And, O king, I said further, 'It is for thee especially, O mother, that I took this vow; I am verily thy servant and slave, O mother, thou that art distinguished for parental affection.' Having begged my mother and the people thus, I then solicited the great sage Vyasa for begetting children upon the wives of my brother. Indeed, O king, both myself and my mother gratified that Rishi. At last, O king, the Rishi granted our prayers in the matter of the children. And he begot three sons in all, O best of Bharata's race. Thy father was born blind, and in consequence of this congenital defect of a sense, he could not become king. The high-souled and celebrated Pandu became king. And when Pandu became king, his sons must obtain their paternal inheritance. O sire, do not quarrel, give them half the kingdom. When I am alive, what other man is competent to reign? Do not disregard my words. I only wish that there should be peace amongst you. O sire, O king, I make no distinction between thee and then (but love all of you equally). What I have said unto thee represents also the opinion of thy father, of Gandhari, and also of Vidura. The words of those that are old should always be listened to. Do not disregard these words of mine. Do not destroy all thou hast and the earth also.' "

SECTION CXLVIII

"Vasudeva said, 'After Bhishma had said these words, Drona, always competent to speak, then addressed Duryodhana in the midst of the (assembled) monarchs and said these words that are beneficial to thee. And he said, 'O sire, as Pratipa's son, Santanu, was devoted to the welfare of his race, and as Devavrata, otherwise called Bhishma was devoted to the welfare of his race, so was the royal Pandu, that king of

the Kurus, who was firmly devoted to truth, who had his passions under control, who was virtuous, of excellent vows, and attentive to all duties. (Though king by right) that perpetuator of Kuru's race yet made over the sovereignty to his elder brother, Dhritarashtra, endued with great wisdom, and to his younger brother *Kshattri* (Vidura). And placing this Dhritarashtra of unfading glory on the throne, that royal son of Kuru's race went to the woods with his two wives. And that tiger among men, Vidura, with great humility, placing himself in subjection to Dhritarashtra, began to wait on him like a slave, fanning him with the branch of a tender palm. And all the subjects then, O sire, duly tendered their submission to king Dhritarashtra just as they had done to king Pandu himself. And having made over the kingdom to Dhritarashtra and Vidura, that conqueror of hostile cities, Pandu, wandered over the whole earth. Always devoted to truth, Vidura then took charge of the finances, gifts, sperintendence of the servants (of the state), and the feeding of all, while that conqueror of hostile cities, Bhishma, of mighty energy, supervised the making of war and peace and the necessity of making or withholding gifts to kings. When king Dhritarashtra of great strength was on the throne, the high-souled Vidura was near him. Born in Dhritarashtra's race how dost thou venture to bring about a disunion in the family? Uniting with thy brothers (the Pandavas) enjoy all objects of enjoyment. O king, I do not say this to you from cowardice, nor for the sake of wealth. I am enjoying the wealth that Bhishma gave me, and not thou, O best of kings. I do not desire, O king, to have from thee my means of sustenance. Where Bhishma is, there Drona must be. Do what Bhishma hath told thee. O grinder of foes, give unto the sons of Pandu half the kingdom. O sire, I acted as their preceptor as much as thine. Indeed, even as Aswatthaman is to me, so is Arjuna of white steeds. What use is there of much declamation? Victory is there where righteousness is.'

"Vasudeva continued, 'After Drona, of immeasurable energy, had said this, the virtuous Vidura then, O king, who is devoted to truth, said these words, turning towards his uncle (Bhishma) and looking at his face. And Vidura said, 'O Devavrata, attend to the words I speak. This race of Kuru, when it became extinct, was revived by thee. It is for this that thou art indifferent to my lamentations now. In this our race, its stain is this Duryodhana, whose inclinations are followed by thee, although he is enslaved by avarice, and is wicked and ungrateful and deprived of his senses by lust. The Kurus will certainly bear consequence of the acts of that Duryodhana who transgresseth the command of his father, observant of virtue and profit. O great king, act thou so that the Kurus may not perish. Like a painter producing a picture, it was thou, O king, who hadst caused me and Dhritarashtra to spring into life. The Creator, having created creatures, destroys them again. Do not act like him. Seeing before thy very eyes this extinction of thy race, be not indifferent to it. If, however, thy understanding is gone in

consequence of the universal slaughter that is at hand, go then to the woods, taking me and Dhritarashtra with thee. Otherwise, binding this very day wicked Duryodhana that hath deceit for his wisdom, rule this kingdom with the sons of Pandu guarding it around. Relent, O tiger among kings. A great slaughter of the Pandavas, the Kurus, and of other kings of immeasurable energy is before us.'

'Having said this, Vidura ceased, his heart overflowing with sorrow. And reflecting on the matter, he began to draw repeated sighs. Then the daughter of king Suvala, alarmed at the prospect of the destruction of a whole race, said, from wrath, these words fraught with virtue and profit, to cruel Duryodhana of wicked heart, in the presence of the assembled monarchs, 'Let all the kings present in this royal assembly and let the regenerate *Rishis* that form the other members of this conclave, listen (to me) as I proclaim the guilt of thy sinful self backed by all thy counsellors. The kingdom of the Kurus is enjoyable in due order of succession. Even this hath always been the custom of our race. Of sinful soul and exceedingly wicked in acts, thou seekest the destruction of the Kuru kingdom by thy unrighteousness. Wise Dhritarashtra is in possession of the kingdom, having Vidura of great foresight under him (as his adviser). Passing over these two, why, O Duryodhana, dost thou, from delusion, covet the sovereignty now? Even the highsouled king and Kshattri, when Bhishma is alive, should both be subordinate to him. Indeed, this foremost of men, this offspring of Ganga, the high-souled Bhishma, in consequence of his righteousness, doth not desire the sovereignty. It is for this reason that this invincible kingdom became Pandu's. His sons, therefore, are masters today and no other. The extensive kingdom, then by paternal right, belongeth to the Pandavas, and their sons and grandsons in due order. Observing the customs of our race and the rule with respect to our kingdom, we all fully accomplish that which this high-souled and wise chief of the Kurus, Devavrata, firmly adhering to truth, sayeth, 'Let this king (Dhritarashtra) and Vidura also, at the command of Bhishma of great vows, proclaim the same thing. Even that is an act that should be done by those that are well-wishers (of this race). Keeping virtue in front, let Yudhishthira, the son of Dharma, guided by king Dhritarashtra and urged by Santanu's son, rule for many long years this kingdom of the Kurus lawfully obtainable by him.' "

SECTION CXLIX

"Vasudeva said, 'After Gandhari had said this, that ruler of men, Dhritarashtra, then said these words to Duryodhana in the midst of the

(assembled) monarchs, 'O Duryodhana, listen, O son, to what I say, and blessed be thou; do that if thou hast any respect for thy father. The lord of creatures, Soma, was the original progenitor of the Kuru race. Sixth in descent from Soma, was Yayati, the son of Nahusha. Yayati had five best of royal sages as his sons. Amongst them, lord Yadu of mighty energy was the eldest-born. Younger to Yadu was Puru, who, as our progenitor, brought forth by Sarmistha the daughter of Vrisha-parvan. Yadu, O best of the Bharatas, was born of Devayani and, therefore, O sire, was the daughter's son of Sukra, otherwise called Kavya, of immeasurable energy. Endued with great strength and prowess, that progenitor of the Yadavas, filled with pride and possessed of wicked understanding, humiliated all the Kshatriyas. Intoxicated with pride of strength, he obeyed not the injunctions of his father. Invincible in battle, he insulted his father and brother. On this earth girt on four sides by the sea, Yadu became all-powerful, and reducing all to subjection, he established himself in this city called after the elephant. His father Yayati, the son of Nahusha, enraged with him, cursed that son of his, and, O son of Gandhari, even expelled him from the kingdom. Angry Yayati also cursed those brothers of Yadu who were obedient to that eldest brother of theirs, who was so proud of his strength. And having cursed his these sons, that best of kings placed on his throne his youngest son Puru who was docile and obedient to him. Thus even the eldest son may be passed over and deprived of the kingdom, and younger sons may, in consequence of their respectful behaviour to the aged, obtain the kingdom. So also, conversant with every virtue there was my father's grandfather, king Pratipa, who was celebrated over the three worlds. Unto that lion among kings, who ruled his kingdom virtuously were born three sons of great fame and resembling three gods. Of them, Devapi was the eldest, Vahlika the next and Santanu of great intelligence, who, O sire, was my grandfather, was the youngest. Devapi, endued with great energy, was virtuous, truthful in speech, and ever engaged in waiting upon his father. But that best of kings had a skin-disease. Popular with both the citizens and the subjects of the provinces, respected by the good, and dearly loved by the young and the old, Devapi was liberal firmly adhering to truth, engaged in the good of all creatures, and obedient to the instructions of his father as also of the Brahmanas. He was dearly loved by his brother Vahlika as also the high-souled Santanu. Great, indeed, was the brotherly love that prevailed between him and his high-souled brothers. In course of time, the old and best of kings, Pratipa, caused all preparations to be made according to the scriptures for the installation of Devapi (on the throne). Indeed, the lord Pratipa caused every auspicious preparation. The installation of Devapi, however, was forbidden by the Brahmanas and all aged persons amongst the citizens and the inhabitants of the provinces. Hearing that the installation of his son was forbidden, the voice of the old king became choked with tears and he began to grieve for his son. Thus,

though Devapi was liberal, virtuous, devoted to truth, and loved by the subjects, yet in consequence of his skin-disease, he was excluded from his inheritance. The gods do not approve of a king that is defective of a limb. Thinking of this, those bulls among Brahmanas forbade king Pratipa to install his eldest son. Devapi then, who was defective of one limb, beholding the king (his father) prevented (from installing him on the throne) and filled with sorrow on his account, retired into the woods. As regards Vahlika, abandoning his (paternal) kingdom he dwelt with his maternal uncle. Abandoning his father and brother, he obtained the highly wealthy kingdom of his maternal grandfather. With Vahlika's permission, O prince, Santanu of world-wide fame, on the death of his father (Pratipa), became king and ruled the kingdom. In this way also, O Bharata, though I am the eldest, yet being defective of a limb, I was excluded from the kingdom by intelligent Pandu, no doubt, after much reflection. And Pandu himself, though younger to me in age, obtained the kingdom and became king. At his death, O chastiser of foes, that kingdom must pass to his sons. When I could not obtain the kingdom, how canst thou covet it? Thou art not the son of a king, and, therefore, hast no right to this kingdom. Thou, however, desirest to appropriate the property of others. High-souled Yudhishthira is the son of a king. This kingdom is lawfully his. Of magnanimous soul, even he is the ruler and lord of this race of Kuru. He is devoted to truth, of clear perception, obedient to the counsels of friends, honest, loved by the subjects, kind to all well-wishers, master of his passions, and the chastiser of all that are not good. Forgiveness, renunciation, self-control, knowledge of the scriptures, mercy to all creatures, competence to rule according to the dictates of virtue, of all these attributes of royalty exist in Yudhishthira. Thou art not the son of a king, and art always sinfully inclined towards thy relatives. O wretch, how canst thou succeed in appropriating this kingdom that lawfully belongeth to others? Dispelling this delusion, give half the kingdom with (a share of the) animals and other possessions. Then, O king, mayest thou hope to live for some time with thy younger brothers.' "

SECTION CXLX

"Vasudeva said, 'Though thus addressed by Bhishma, and Drona, and Vidura, and Gandhari, and Dhritarashtra, that wicked wight could not yet be brought to his senses. On the other hand, the wicked Duryodhana, disregarding them all, rose (and left the assembly) with eyes red in anger. And all the kings (invited by him), prepared to lay down their lives, followed him behind. King Duryodhana then repeatedly ordered those

wicked-hearted rulers, saying, 'Today constellation Pushya is ascendant—march ye (this very day) to Kurukshetra. Impelled by Fate, those monarchs then, with their soldiers, gladly set out, making Bhishma their generalissimo. Eleven *Akshauhinis* of troops have been, O King, assembled for the Kauravas. At the head of that host, shineth Bhishma, with the device of the palmyra on the banner of his car. In view, therefore, of what hath happened, do now, O monarch, that which seemeth to be proper. I have told thee, O king, everything that, O Bharata, that was said by Bhishma, Drona, Vidura, Gandhari and Dhritarashtra, in my presence. The arts beginning with conciliation were all, O king, employed by me from desire of establishing brotherly feelings (between yourselves and your cousins), for the preservation of this race, and for the growth and prosperity of the (earth's) population. When conciliation failed, I employed the art of (producing) dissensions and mentioned, ye Pandavas, all your ordinary and extraordinary feats. Indeed, when Suyodhana showed no respect for the conciliatory words, (I spoke), I caused all the kings to be assembled together and endeavoured to produce dissension (amongst them). Extraordinary and awful and terrible and superhuman indications, O Bharata, were then manifested by me. O lord, rebuking all the kings, making a straw of Suyodhana, terrifying Radha's son and repeatedly censuring Suvala's son for the gambling match of Dhritarashtra's sons, and once again endeavouring to disunite all the kings by means of both words and intrigues, I again had recourse to conciliation. For the unity of Kuru's race and in view of the special requirements of the business (at hand), I spoke also of gift. Indeed, I said, 'Those heroes, the sons of Pandu, sacrificing their pride, will live in dependance on Dhritarashtra, Bhishma and Vidura. Let the kingdom be given to thee. Let them have no power. Let it all be as the king (Dhritarashtra), as Ganga's son (Bhishma) and as Vidura say for thy good. Let the kingdom be thine. Relinquish but five villages (to the Pandavas). O best of kings, without doubt they deserve to be supported by thy father. Though addressed thus, that wicked soul do not still give you your share. I, therefore, see that chastisement, and nothing else, is now the means that should be employed against those sinful persons. Indeed, all those kings have already marched to Kurukshetra. I have now told thee everything that had happened in the assembly of the Kurus. They will not, O son of Pandu, give thee thy kingdom without battle. With death waiting before them, they have all become the cause of a universal destruction.' "

SECTION CLI

"Vaisampayana said, 'Hearing these words of Janardana, king Yudhishthira the Just, of virtuous soul, addressed his brothers in the presence of Kesava and said, 'Ye have heard all that had happened in the court of the assembled Kurus Ye have also understood the words uttered by Kesava. Ye, best of men, draw up, therefore, my troops now in battle-array in which they are to fight. Here are seven *Akshauhinis* of troops assembled for our victory. Hear the names of those seven celebrated warriors that would lead those seven *Akshauhinis*. They are Drupada, and Virata, and Dhristadyumna, and Sikhandin, and Satyaki, Chekitana, and Bhimasena of great energy. Those heroes will be the leaders of my troops. All of them are conversant with the Vedas. Endued with great bravery, all of them have practised excellent vows. Possessed of modesty, all of them are conversant with policy, and accomplished in war. Well-skilled in arrows and weapons, all of them are competent in the use of every kind of weapon. Tell us now, O Sahadeva, O son of Kuru's race, who that warrior, is conversant with all kinds of battle-array, that may become the leader of these seven and may also withstand in battle Bhishma who is like unto a fire having arrows for its flames. Give us thy own opinion, O tiger among men, as who is fit to be our generalissimo.'

"Sahadeva said, 'Closely related to us, sympathising with us in our distress, endued with great might, conversant with every virtue, skilled in weapons, and irresistible in battle, the mighty king of the Matsyas, Virata, relying upon whom we hope to recover our share of the kingdom, will be able to bear in battle both Bhishma and all those mighty car-warriors.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'After Sahadeva had said this, eloquent Nakula then said these words, 'He that in years, in knowledge of scriptures, in perseverance, in family and birth, is respectable; he that is endued with modesty, strength, and prosperity; he that is well-versed in all branches of learning; he that studied the science of weapons (with the sage Bharadwaja); he, who is irresistible and firmly devoted to truth; he that always challenges Drona and mighty Bhishma; he that belongs to one of the foremost of royal houses; he that is a famous leader of hosts; he that resembles a tree of hundred branches in consequence of sons and grandsons that surround him; that king, who, with his wife, performed, moved by wrath, the austerest of penances for the destruction of Drona; that hero, who is an ornament of assemblies; that bull among monarchs who always cherishes us like a father; that father-in-law of ours, Drupada, should be our generalissimo. It is my opinion that he will be able to withstand both Drona and Bhishma rushing to battle, for that king is the friend of Angira's descendant Drona and is conversant with celestial weapons.'

'After the two sons of Madri had thus expressed their individual opinions, Vasava's son, Savyasachin, who was equal to Vasava himself, said these words, 'This celestial person of the hue of fire and endued with mighty arms, who sprang into life through the power of ascetic penances and the gratification of sages; who issued from the sacrificial fire-hole armed with bow and sword, accoutred in armour of steel. mounted on a car unto which were yoked excellent steeds of the best breed, and the clatter of whose car-wheels was as deep as the roar of mighty masses of clouds; this hero endued with that energy and strength and resembling the very lion in his frame of body and prowess, and possessed of leonine shoulders, arms, chest, and voice like the lion's roar; this hero of great effulgence; this warrior of handsome brows, fine teeth, round cheeks, long arms, of stout make, excellent thighs, large expansive eyes, excellent legs, and strong frame; this prince who is incapable of being penetrated by weapons of any kind, and who looks like an elephant with rent temples; this Dhrishtadyumna, truthful in speech, and with passions under control, was born for the destruction of Drona. It is this Dhrishtadyumna, I think, that will be able to bear Bhishma's arrows which strike with the vehemence of the thunderbolt and look like snakes with blazing mouths, which resemble the messengers of Yama in speed, and fall like flames of fire (consuming everything they touch), and which were borne before by Rama alone in battle. I do not, O king, see the man except Dhrishtadyumna, who is able to withstand Bhishma of great vows. This is just what I think. Endued with great lightness of hand and conversant with all the modes of warfare, accoutred in coat of mail that is incapable of being penetrated by weapons, this handsome hero, resembling the leader of a herd of elephants, is according to my opinion, fit to be our generalissimo.'

"Bhima then said, 'That son of Drupada, Sikhandin, who is born for the destruction of Bhishma, as is said, 'O king, by the sages and *Siddhas* assembled together, whose form on the field of battle, while displaying celestial weapons, will be seen by men to resemble that of the illustrious Rama himself; I see not, O king, the person who is able to pierce with weapons that Sikhandin, when he is stationed for battle on his car, accoutred in mail. Except the heroic Sikhandin, there is no other warrior who is able to slay Bhishma in single combat. It is for this, O king, that I think Sikhandin is fit to be our generalissimo.'

"Yudhishthira said, 'O sire, the strength and weakness, might and feebleness, of everything in the universe, and the intentions of every person here, are well-known to virtuous Kesava. Skilled or unskilled in weapons, old or young, let him be the leader of my forces, who may be indicated by Krishna of Dasarha's race. Even he is the root of our success or defeat. In him are our lives. our kingdom, our prosperity and adversity, our happiness and misery. Even he is the Ordainer and Creator. In him is established the fruition of our desires. Let him, therefore, be the leader of our host, who may be named by Krishna. Let

that foremost of speakers say, for the night approacheth. Having selected our leader, worshipped our weapons with offerings of flowers and perfumes, we will, at day-break, under Krishna's orders march to the field of battle!'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Hearing these words of the intelligent king, Yudhishthira the Just, the lotus-eyed Krishna said, eyeing Dhananjaya, the white, O king, I fully approve of all those powerful warriors whom ye have named for becoming the leaders of thy troops. All of them are competent to withstand thy foes. Indeed, they can frighten Indra himself in great battle, let alone the covetous and wicked-minded sons of Dhritarashtra. O thou of mighty arms, for thy good I made great efforts to prevent the battle by bringing about peace. By that we have been freed from the debt we owed to virtue. Fault-finding persons will not be able to reproach us for anything. Foolish Duryodhana, destitute of understanding, regardeth himself as skilled in weapons, and though really weak thinketh himself to be possessed of strength. Array thy troops soon, for slaughter is the only means by which they can be made to yield to our demands. Indeed, the sons of Dhritarashtra will never be able to keep their ground when they will behold Dhananjaya with Yuyudhana as his second, and Abhimanyu, and the five sons of Draupadi, and Virata, and Drupada, and the other kings of fierce prowess,—all lords of *Akshauhinis*. Our army is possessed of great strength, and is invincible and incapable of being withstood. Without doubt, it will slay the Dhartarashtra host. As regards our leader, I would name that chastiser of foes, Dhrishtadyumna.' "

SECTION CLII

"Vaisampayana said, 'When Krishna had said this, all the monarchs there were filled with joy. And the shout sent forth by those delighted kings was tremendous. And the troops began to move about with great speed, saying, 'Draw up, Draw up.' And the neighing of steeds and roars of elephants and the clatter of car-wheels and the blare of conchs and the sound of drums, heard everywhere, produced a tremendous din. And teeming with cars and foot-soldiers and steeds and elephants, that invincible host of the marching Pandavas moving hither and thither, donning their coats of mail, and uttering their war-cries, looked like the impetuous current of the Ganga when at its full, agitated with fierce eddies and waves. And in the van of that host marched Bhimasena, and the two sons of Madri encased in their coats of mail, and Subhadra's son and the five sons of Draupadi and Dhrishtadyumna of Prishata's race. And the Prabhadrakas and the Panchalas marched

behind Bhimasena. And the din made by the marching hosts, filled with joy, was like unto the roars of the deep when the tide is highest on the day of the new moon. Indeed, the tumult was such that it seemed to reach the very heavens. And capable of breaking hostile ranks, those warriors cased in armour marched thus, filled with joy. And Kunti's son, king Yudhishthira, amongst them marched, taking with him the cars and other vehicles for transport, the fodd-stores and fodder, the tents, carriages, and draught-cattle, the cash-chests, the machines and weapons, the surgeons and physicians, the invalids, and all the emaciated and weak soldiers, and all the attendants and camp-followers. And truthful Draupadi, the princess of Panchala, accompanied by the ladies of the household, and surrounded by servants and maids, remained at Upaplavya. And causing their treasure and ladies to be guarded by bodies of soldiers, some of whom were placed as permanent lines of circumvallation and some ordered to move about at a distance from this line, the Pandavas set out with their mighty host. And having made presents of kine and gold to the Brahmanas, who walked around them and uttered blessings, the sons of Pandu commenced the march on their cars decked with jewels. And the princes of Kekaya, and Dhrishtaketu, and the son of the king of the Kasis, and Srenimat, and Vasudana, and the invincible Sikhandin, all hale and hearty, cased in armour and armed with weapons and decked with ornaments, marched behind Yudhishthira, keeping him in their centre. And in the rear, were Virata, Yajnasena's son of the Somaka race (Dhrishtadyumna), Susarman, Kuntibhoja, Dhrishtadyumna's sons, forty thousand cars, five times as much cavalry, infantry ten times more numerous (than the last), and sixty thousand elephants. And Anadhrishti, and Chekitana and Dhrishtaketu and Satyaki all marched, surrounding Vasudeva and Dhananjaya. And reaching the field of Kurukshetra with their forces in battle-array, those smiters, the sons of Pandu, looked like roaring bulls. And entering the field, those chastisers of foes blew their conchs. And Vasudeva and Dhananjaya also blew their conchs. And hearing the blare of the conch called *Panchajanya*, which resembled the roll of the thunder, all the warriors (of the Pandava army) were filled with joy. And the leonine roars of those warriors, endued with lightness of hand and speed of motion, mingling with the blare of conchs and beat of Drums, made the whole earth, the welkin, and the oceans resound therewith.' "

SECTION CLIII

"Vaisampayana said, 'King Yudhishthira then caused his troops to encamp on a part of the field that was level, cool, and abounding with grass

and fuel. Avoiding cemeteries, temples and compounds consecrated to the deities, asylums of sages, shrines, and other sacred plots. Kunti's high-souled son, Yudhishthira, pitched his camp on a delightful, fertile, open and sacred part of the plain. And rising up, again, after his animals had been given sufficient rest, the king set out joyously surrounded by hundreds and thousands of monarchs. And Kesava accompanied by Partha began to move about, scattering numerous soldiers of Dhritarashtra (kept as outposts). And Dhrishtadyumna of Prishata's race and that mighty car-warrior of great energy, *viz.*, Yuyudhana, otherwise called Satyaki, measured the ground for the encampment. And arrived, O Bharata, at the holy Hiranwati which flows through Kurukshetra, which was filled with sacred water, and whose bed was divested of pointed pebbles and mire, and which was regarded as an excellent *tirtha*, Kesava caused a moat to be excavated there, and for its protection stationed a sufficient number of troops with proper instructions. And the rules that were observed in respect of the tents of the high-souled Pandavas, were followed by Kesava in the matter of the tents he caused to be set up for the kings (that came as their allies). And, O monarch, costly tents, incapable of being attacked, apart from one another, were, by hundreds and thousands, set up for those kings on the surface of the earth, that looked like palatial residences and abounded with fuels and edibles and drinks. And there were assembled hundreds upon hundreds of skilled mechanics, in receipt of regular wages and surgeons and physicians, well-versed in their own science, and furnished with every ingredient they might need. And king Yudhishthira caused to be placed in every pavilion large quantities, high as hills, of bow-strings and bows and coats of mail and weapons, honey and clarified butter, pounded lac, water, fodder of cattle, chaff and coals, heavy machines, long shafts, lances, battle-axes, bow-staffs, breast-plates, scimitars and quivers. And innumerable elephants cased in plates of steel with prickles thereon, huge as hills, and capable of fighting with hundreds and thousands, were seen there. And learning that the Pandavas had encamped on that field, their allies, O Bharata, with their forces and animals, began to march thither. And many kings who had practised *Brahmacharya* vows, drunk (consecrated) *Soma* and had made large presents to Brahmanas at sacrifices, came there for the success of the sons of Pandu.' "

SECTION CLIV

"Janamejaya said, 'Hearing that Yudhishthira had, with his troops marched from the desire of battle and encamped on Kurukshetra, protected by Vasudeva, and aided by Virata and Drupada with their sons,

and surrounded by the Kekayas, the Vrishnis, and other kings by hundreds, and watched over by numerous mighty car-warriors, like the great Indra himself by the *Adityas*, what measures were concerted by king Duryodhana? O high-souled one, I desire to hear in detail all that happened in Kurujangala on that frightful occasion. The son of Pandu, with Vasudeva and Virata and Drupada and Dhrishtadyumna, the Panchala prince and that mighty car-warrior Sikhandin and powerful Yudhamanyu, incapable of being resisted by the very gods, might trouble the deities themselves in battle with Indra at their head. I, therefore, desire to hear in detail, O thou that art possessed of wealth of asceticism, all the acts of the Kurus and the Pandavas as they had happened.'

"Vaisampayana said, 'When he of Dasarha's race had departed (from the Kuru court), king Duryodhana, addressing Karna and Dussasana and Sakuni, said these words, 'Kesava hath gone to the sons of Pritha, without having been able to achieve his object. Filled with wrath as he is, he will surely stimulate the Pandavas. A battle between myself and Pandavas is much desired by Vasudeva. Bhimasena and Arjuna are ever of the same mind with him. Yudhishthira, again, is very much under the influence of Bhimasena. Before this, Yudhishthira with all his brothers was persecuted by me. Virata and Drupada whom I had waged hostilities with, obedient to Vasudeva, both of them have become the leaders of Yudhishthira's host. The battle, therefore, that will take place, will be a fierce and terrific one. Casting off all sloth, cause every preparation to be made for the encounter. Let the kings (my allies) pitch their tents by hundreds and thousands on Kurukshetra, all of which must be spacious, incapable of being approached by enemies, near enough to places abounding with water and fuel, in such positions that the communications thereto for sending supplies may not be stopped at any time by the foe,—full of weapons of diverse kinds, and decked with streamers and flags. Let the road from our city to the camp be made level for their march. Let it be proclaimed this very day, without loss of time, that our march will commence tomorrow.' (Hearing these words of the king), they said, 'So be it,'—and when the morrow came, those high-souled persons did everything they had been commanded to do for the accommodation of the monarchs. And all those monarchs (meanwhile), hearing the king's command, rose up from their costly seats, with wrath having the foe for its objects. And they began to slowly rub their mace-like arms, blazing with bracelets of gold, and decked with the paste of sandal and other fragrant substances. And they also commenced, with those lotus-like hands of theirs, to wear their head-gears and lower and upper garments and diverse kinds of ornaments. And many foremost of car-warriors began to superintend the furnishing of their cars, and persons conversant with horse-lore began to harness their steeds, while those versed in matters relating to elephants began to equip those huge animals. And all those warriors began to wear diverse kinds of beautiful armour made of gold, and arm themselves with diverse weapons. And

the foot-soldiers began to take up various kinds of arms and case their bodies in various kinds of armour decorated with gold. And, O Bharata. the city of Duryodhana then, filled as it was with rejoicing millions, wore the bright aspect of a festive occasion. And, O king, the Kuru capital at the prospect of battle looked like the ocean on the appearance of the moon, with the vast crowds of humanity representing its waters with their eddies; the cars, elephants, and horses representing its fishes; the tumult of conchs and drums, its roar; the treasure-chests, its jewels and gems; the diverse kinds of ornaments and armour its waves; the bright weapons its white foam; the rows of houses the mountains on its beach; and the roads and shops, like lakes!' "

SECTION CLV

"Vaisampayana said, 'Recollecting the words spoken by Vasudeva, Yudhishthira once more addressed that scion of Vrishni's race, saying, 'How, O Kesava, could wicked Duryodhana say it? O thou of unfading glory, what should we do in view of the occasion that hath come? By acting in what way may we keep on the track of our duty? Thou, O Vasudeva, art acquainted with the views of Duryodhana, Karna, and Sakuni, the son of Suvala. Thou knowest also what views are entertained by myself and my brothers. Thou hast heard the words uttered by both Vidura and Bhishma. O thou of great wisdom, thou hast also heard in their entirety the words of wisdom spoken by Kunti. Overlooking all these, tell us, O thou of mighty arms, after reflection, and without hesitation, what is for our good.'

"Hearing these words of king Yudhishthira the Just, that were fraught with virtue and profit. Krishna replied, in a voice deep as that of the clouds or cymbals, saying, 'Responding to his advantage and consistent with both virtue and profit, those words that were uttered by me in the Kuru court found no response in the Kuru prince Duryodhana with whom deceit supplieth the place of wisdom. That wretch of wicked understanding listeneth not in the least to the counsels of Bhishma or Vidura or mine. He transgresseth everybody. He wisheth not to earn virtue, nor doth he wish for fame. That wicked-souled wight, relying upon Karna, regardeth everything as already won. Indeed, Suyodhana of wicked heart and sinful in his resolves, even ordered my incarceration but he did not, however, obtain the fruition of that wish. Neither Bhishma nor Drona said anything on that subject. Indeed, all of them follow Duryodhana, except Vidura, O thou of unfading glory, Sakuni, the son of Suvala, and Karna, and Dussasana, all equally foolish, gave foolish and vindictive Duryodhana much improper advice regarding thee.

Indeed, what use is there in my repeating to thee all that the Kuru prince hath said? In brief, that wicked-souled wight beareth no good will towards thee. Not even in all these kings together, that form thy army, is that measure of sinfulness and wickedness which resideth in Duryodhana alone. As regards ourselves, we do not desire to make peace with the Kauravas by abandoning our property. War, therefore, is that which should now take place.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Hearing these words uttered by Vasudeva, all the kings (there present), O Bharata, without saying anything, looked at Yudhishthira's face. And Yudhishthira, understanding the intention of those monarchs, said, with Bhima and Arjuna and the twins, 'Draw up the troops in battle array.' And the word of command having been passed, a great uproar rose amongst the Pandava army and all the soldiers were filled with joy. King Yudhishthira the Just, however, beholding the (impending) slaughter of those that deserved not to be slain, began to sigh deeply, and addressing Bhimasena and Vijaya, said, 'That for the sake of which I accepted an exile into the woods and for which I suffered so much misery, that great calamity overtaketh us of a set purpose. That for which we strove so much leaveth us as if on account of our very striving. On the other hand, a great distress overtaketh us, although we did nothing to invite it. How shall we fight with those reverend superiors (of ours) whom we on no account can slay? What kind of victory shall we achieve by slaying our preceptors of venerable age?'

"Hearing these words of king Yudhishthira the Just, Savyasachin repeated to his elder brother all those words that Vasudeva had said. And addressing Yudhishthira, Arjuna continued, 'Thou hast, O king, certainly understood all the words spoken by Kunti and Vidura, that were repeated to thee by Devaki's son. I know it for certain that neither Vidura nor Kunti would say anything that is sinful. Besides this, O son of Kunti, we cannot withdraw without engaging in battle.'

"Hearing this speech of Savyasachin, Vasudeva also said unto Partha, 'It is even so (as thou hast said). The sons of Pandu then, O great king, made up their minds for war, and passed that night with their soldiers in great happiness.' "

SECTION CLVI

"Vaisampayana said, 'After that night had passed away, king Duryodhana, O Bharata, distributed (in proper order) his eleven Akshauhinis of troops. And arranging his men, elephants, cars, and steeds, into three classes, *viz.*, superior, middling, and inferior, the king distributed them

amongst his divisions (by placing them in the van, centre, and rear of the ranks). And furnished with timber and planks for repairing the damages their cars might sustain in the press of battle, with large quivers borne on cars, with tiger-skins and other stiff leather for enveloping the sides of cars, with barbed javelins to be hurled by the hand, with quivers borne on the backs of steeds and elephants, with long-handled spears of iron and missiles, with quivers borne on the backs of foot-soldiers with heavy clubs of woods, with flagstaffs and banners, with long heavy shafts shot from bows, with diverse kinds of nooses and lassoes, with armour of various kinds, with short-pointed clubs of wood, with oil, treacle, and sand, with earthen pots filled with poisonous snakes, with pulverised lac and other inflammable matter, with short spears furnished with tinkling bells, with diverse weapons of iron, and machines, for hurling hot treacle, water, and stones, with whistling clubs of hard wood, with wax and heavy mallets, with clubs of wood having iron spikes, with plough-poles and poisoned darts, with long syringes for pouring warm treacle and planks of cane, with battle-axes and forked lances with spiked gauntlets, with axes and pointed iron-spikes, with cars having their sides covered with skins of tigers, and leopards, with sharp-edged circular planks of wood, with horns, with javelins and various other weapons of attack, with axes of the *kuthara* species, and spades, with cloths steeped in oil, and with clarified butter, the divisions of Duryodhana, glittering with robes embroidered with gold and decked with various kinds of jewels and gems and consisting of warriors endued with handsome persons, blazed forth like fire. And cased in coats of mail and well-skilled in weapons, accomplished in horse-lore, brave persons of good birth were employed as car-drivers. And all the cars were furnished with various drugs, and with horses having rows of bells and pearls on their heads, and with banners and flagstaffs, and with ornaments gracing their steeples and turrets and with shields, swords, and lances, and javelins and spiked maces. And unto each of those cars were yoked four steeds of the best breed. And upon each of them were kept a hundred bows. And each car had one driver in charge of the couple of steeds in front, and two drivers in charge of the couple of steeds attached to the wheels on the two sides. And both of the last-mentioned drivers were skilled car-warriors, while the car-warrior himself was also skilled in driving steeds. And thousands of cars thus furnished and decked with gold, and protected like fortified town and incapable of being conquered by foes, were stationed on all sides. And the elephants also were furnished with rows of bells and pearls and decked with diverse ornaments. And on the back of each of those animals, mounted seven warriors. And in consequence of such accoutrements those animals looked like hills graced with jewels. And amongst the seven, two were armed with hooks, two were excellent bowmen, two were first-rate swords-men, and one, O king, was armed with a lance and trident. And, O king, the army of the illustrious Kuru king, teemed with innumerable infuriate elephants, bear-

ing on their backs loads of weapons and quivers filled with arrows. And there were also thousands of steeds ridden by brave soldiers accoutred in mail, decked in ornaments, and furnished with flags. And numbering in hundreds and thousands, all those steeds were free from the habit of scratching the ground with their forehoofs. And they were all well-trained, and decked with ornaments of gold, and exceedingly obedient to their riders. And of foot-soldiers, there were hundreds of thousands of diverse mien, accoutred in armours of diverse kinds and armed also with weapons of diverse species, and decked with golden ornaments. And unto each car, were assigned ten elephants, and unto each elephant ten horses, and unto each horse ten foot-soldiers, as protectors. Again, a large body of troops was kept as a reserve for rallying the ranks that would be broken. And this reserve consisted of cars, unto each of which were attached fifty elephants; and unto each elephant were attached a hundred horses; and unto each horse were attached seven foot-soldiers. Five hundred cars, as many elephants (fifteen hundred horses, and two thousand five hundred foot-soldiers) constitute a *Sena*. Ten *Senas* constitute a *Pritana*; and ten *Pritanas*, a *Vahini*. In common parlance, however, the words *Sena*, *Vahini*, *Pritana*, *Dhwajini*, *Chamu*, *Akshauhini*, and *Varuthini* are used in the same sense.

'It was thus that the intelligent Kaurava arrayed his force. Between the two sides, the total number was eighteen Akshauhinis. Of this, the Pandava force consisted of seven Akshauhinis, while the Kaurava force consisted of ten Akshauhinis and one more. Five times fifty men constitute a *Patti*. Three *Pattis* make a *Senamukha* or *Gulma*. Three *Gulmas* make a *Gana*. In Duryodhana's army, there were thousands and hundred of such *Ganas* consisting of warriors capable of smiting (the foe) and longing for battle. And the mighty-armed king Duryodhana, selecting from among them brave and intelligent warriors, made them the leaders of his troops. And placing an Akshauhini of troops under each of those best of men, *viz.*, Kripa, Drona, Salya, Jayadratha, the king of the Sindhus, Sudakshina the ruler of the Kamvojas, Kritavarman, Drona's son (Aswatthaman), Karna, Bhurisravas, Sakuni, the son of Suvala, and the mighty Vahlika, the king used to bring them daily before him and at all hours, and speak to them. And he repeatedly offered them worship before his very eyes. And thus appointed, all warriors, with all their followers, became desirous of doing what was most agreeable to the king.' "

SECTION CLVII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Dhritarashtra's son, accompanied by all the kings, then addressed Bhishma, son of Santanu, and with joined hands said

these words, 'Without a commander, even a mighty army is routed in battle like a swarm of ants. The intelligence of two persons can never agree. Different commanders, again, are jealous of one another as regards their prowess. O thou of great wisdom, it is heard (by us) that (once on a time) the Brahmanas, raising a standard of *Kusa* grass, encountered in battle the Kshatriyas of the *Haihaya* clan endued with immeasurable energy. O grandsire, the Vaisyas and the Sudras followed the Brahmanas, so that all the three orders were on one side, while those bulls among the Kshatriyas were alone on the other. In the battles, however, that ensued, the three orders repeatedly broke, while the Kshatriyas, though alone, vanquished large army that was opposed to them. Then those best of Brahmanas enquired of the Kshatriyas themselves (as to the cause of this). O grandsire, those that were virtuous among the Kshatriyas returned the true answer to the enquirers, saying, 'In battle we obey the orders of one person endued with great intelligence, while ye are disunited from one another and act according to your individual understanding.' The Brahmanas then appointed one amongst themselves as their commander, who was brave and conversant with the ways of policy. And they then succeeded in vanquishing the Kshatriyas. Thus people always conquer their foes in battle who appoint a skilled, brave, and sinless commander, observing the good of the forces under him. As regards thee, thou art equal to Usanas himself, and always seekest my good. Incapable of being slain, thou art, again devoted to virtue. Be thou, therefore, our commander. Like the sun among all luminaries, like the moon unto all delicious herbs, like Kuvera among the *Yakshas*, like Vasava among the gods, like Meru among mountains, Suparna among the birds, Kumara among the gods, Havyavaha among Vasus, thou art amongst ourselves. Like the gods protected by Sakra, ourselves, protected by thee, will assuredly become invincible by the very gods. Like Agni's son (Kumara) at the head of the gods, march thou at our head, and let us follow thee like calves following the lead of a mighty bull.'

"Bhishma said, 'O mighty-armed one, it is even so, 'O Bharata, as thou sayest. But the Pandavas are as dear to me as ye yourselves. Therefore, O king, I should certainly seek their good as well, although I shall certainly fight for thee, having given thee a pledge (before) to that effect. I do not see the warrior on earth that is equal to me, except that tiger among men, Dhananjaya, the son of Kunti. Endued with great intelligence, he is conversant with innumerable celestial weapons. That son of Pandu, however, will never fight with me openly. With the power of my weapons, I can, in a trice, destroy this universe consisting of gods, Asuras, Rakshasas, and human beings. The sons of Pandu, however, O king, are incapable of being exterminated by me. I shall, therefore, slay every day ten thousand warriors. If, indeed, they do not slay me in battle first, I will continue to slaughter their forces thus. There is another understanding on which I may willingly become the commander of thy forces. It behoveth thee to listen to that. O lord of earth, either Karna

should fight first, or I will fight first. The Suta's son always boasts of his prowess in battle, comparing it with mine.'

"Karna said, 'As long as Ganga's son liveth, O king, I shall never fight. After Bhishma is slain, I shall fight with the wielder of Gandiva.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'After this, Dhritarashtra's son duly made Bhishma the commander of his force, distributing large presents. And after his installation in the command, he blazed forth with beauty. And at the king's behest, musicians cheerfully played upon drums and blew conchs by hundreds and thousands. And numerous leonine roars were sent forth and all the animals in the camp uttered their cries together. And although the sky was cloudless, a bloody shower fell and made the ground miry. And fierce whirl-winds, and earthquakes, and roars of elephants, occurring, depressed the hearts of all the warriors. Incorporeal voices and flashes of meteoric falls were heard and seen in the welkin. And jackals, howling fiercely, foreboded great calamity. And, O monarch, these and a hundred other kinds of fierce portents made their appearance when the king installed Ganga's son in the command of his troops. And after making Bhishma—that grinder of hostile hosts—his general, and having also caused by abundant gifts of kine and gold to the Brahmanas to pronounce benedictions on him, and glorified by those benedictions, and surrounded by his troops, and with Ganga's son in the van, and accompanied by his brothers, Duryodhana marched to Kurukshetra with his large host. And the Kuru king, going over the plain with Karna in his company, caused his camp to be measured out on a level part, O monarch, of that plain. And the camp, pitched on a delightful and fertile spot abounding with grass and fuel, shone like Hastinapura itself.' "

SECTION CLVIII

"Janamejaya said, 'When Yudhishthira heard that Bhishma, the high-souled son of Ganga, the foremost of all wielders of weapons, the grandsire of the Bharatas, the head of all the kings, the rival of Vrihaspati in intellect, resembling the ocean in gravity, the mountains of Himavat in calmness, the Creator himself in nobleness, and the sun in energy, and capable of slaying hostile hosts like great Indra himself by showering his arrows, was installed, till his removal by death, in the command of the Kuru army on the eve of the great sacrifice of battle, terrific in its mien and capable of making one's hairs stand on their ends, what did that mighty-armed son of Pandu, that foremost of wielders of weapons, say? What also did Bhima and Arjuna say? And what too did Krishna say?'

"Vaisampayana said, 'When news was received of this, Yudhishthira endued with great intelligence and well-acquainted with what should be done in view of dangers and calamities summoned all his brothers and also the eternal Vasudeva (to his presence). And that foremost of speakers then said in a mild voice, 'Make your rounds among the soldiers, and remain carefully, casing yourselves in mail. Our first encounter will be with our grandsire. Look ye for (seven) leaders for the seven Akshauhinis of my troops.'

"Krishna said, 'Those words of grave import, which, O bull of the Bharata race, it behoveth thee to utter on an occasion like this, have, indeed, been uttered by thee. Even this, O mighty armed one, is what I also like. Let therefore, that be done which should be done next. Let, indeed, seven leaders be selected for thy army.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Summoning then those warriors eager for battle, *viz.*, Drupada and Virata, and that bull of Sini's race, and Dhrishtadyumna the prince of Panchala, and king Dhrishtaketu, and prince Shikhandi of Panchala, and Sahadeva, the ruler of the Magadhas, Yudhishthira duly appointed them in the command of his seven divisions. And above them all was placed in command of all the troops that Dhrishtadyumna who had sprung from the blazing (sacrificial) fire for the destruction of Drona. And Dhananjaya, of curly hair, was made the leader of all those high-souled leaders. And handsome Janardana endued with great intelligence, he who was the younger brother of Sankarshana, was chosen as the guide of Arjuna and the driver of his steeds.'

"And beholding that a very destructive battle was about to take place, there came, O king, into the Pandava encampment, Halayudha, accompanied by Akrura, and Gada and Samva, and Uddhava, and Rukmini's son (Pradyumna), and Ahuka's sons, and Charudeshna, and others. And surrounded and guarded by those foremost warriors of the Vrishni race, resembling a herd of mighty tigers, like Vasava in the midst of the Maruts, the mighty-armed and handsome Rama, attired in garments of blue silk and resembling the peak of the *Kailasa* mountain, and endued with the sportive gait of the lion and possessed of eyes having their ends reddened with drink, came there (at such a time). And beholding him, king Yudhishthira the Just, and Kesava of great effulgence, and Pritha's son Vrikodara of terrible deeds, and (Arjuna) the wielder of *Gandiva*, and all the other kings that were, rose from their seats. And they all offered worship unto Halayudha as he came to that place. And the Pandava king touched Rama's hands with his own. And that chastiser of foes, Halayudha, in return, accosting them all with Vasudeva at their head, and saluting (respectfully) both Virata and Drupada who were senior in years, sat down on the same seat with Yudhishthira. And after all the kings had taken their seats, Rohini's son, casting his eyes on Vasudeva, began to speak. And he said, 'This fierce and terrible slaughter is inevitable. It is, without doubt, a decree

of fate, and I think that it cannot be averted. Let me hope, however, to behold all of you, with your friends, come safely out of this strife, with sound bodies and perfectly hale. Without doubt, all the Kshatriyas of the world that are assembled together have their hour come. A fierce melee covering with a mire of flesh and blood is sure to take place. I said unto Vasudeva repeatedly in private, 'O slayer of Madhu, unto those that bear equal relationship to us, observe thou an equal behaviour. As are the Pandavas to us, even so is king Duryodhana. Therefore, give him also the same aid. Indeed, he repeatedly soliciteth it. For thy sake, however, the slayer of Madhu regarded not my words. Looking at Dhananjaya, he hath with his whole heart, been devoted to your cause. Even this is what I certainly think, *viz.*, that the victory of the Pandavas is sure, for Vasudeva's wish, O Bharata, is even so. As regards myself, I dare not cast my eyes on the world without Krishna (on my side). It is for this that I follow whatever Krishna seeketh to achieve. Both of these heroes, well-skilled in encounter with the mace, are my disciples. My affection, therefore, for Bhima is equal to that for king Duryodhana. For these reasons, I shall now repair to the *tirtha* of the Saraswati for ablutions, for I shall not be able to behold with indifference the destruction of the Kauravas.

"Having said this, the mighty-armed Rama, obtaining the leave of the Pandavas, and making the slayer of Madhu desist (from following him farther), set out on his journey for the sacred waters.' "

SECTION CLIX

"Vaisampayana said, 'About this time, there came into the Pandava camp Bhishmaka's son, foremost among all persons of truthful resolution, and known widely by the name of Rukmi. The high-souled Bhishmaka, who was otherwise called king Hiranyaroman, was the friend of Indra. And he was most illustrious among the descendants of Bhoja and was the ruler of the whole southern country. And Rukmi was a disciple of that lion among the Kimpurushas who was known by the name of Drona, having his abode on the mountains of Gandhamadana. And he had learnt from his preceptor the whole science of weapons with its four divisions. And that mighty-armed warrior had obtained also the bow named *Vijaya* of celestial workmanship, belonging to the great Indra, and which was equal to Gandiva in energy and to also *Sarnga* (held by Krishna). There were three celestial bows owned by the denizens of heaven, *viz.*, Gandiva owned by Varuna, the bow called *Vijaya* owned by Indra, and that other celestial bow of great energy said to have been owned by Vishnu. This last (Sarnga), capable of striking

fear into the hearts of hostile warriors, was held by Krishna. The bow called Gandiva was obtained by Indra's son (Arjuna) from Agni on the occasion of the burning of *Khandava*, while the bow called *Vijaya* was obtained from Drona by Rukmi of great energy. Baffling the nooses of Mura and slaying by his might that Asura, and vanquishing Naraka, the son of the Earth, Hrishikesa, while recovering the begemmed ear-rings (of Aditi), with sixteen thousand girls and various kinds of jewels and gems, obtained that excellent bow called *Sarnga*. And Rukmi having obtained the bow called *Vijaya* whose twang resembled the roar of the clouds came to the Pandavas, as if inspiring the whole universe with dread. Formerly, proud of the might of his own arms, the heroic Rukmi could not tolerate the ravishment of his sister Rukmini by wise Vasudeva. He had set out in pursuit, having sworn that he would not return without having slain Janardana. And accompanied by a large army consisting of four kinds of forces that occupied (as it marched) a very large portion of the earth, accoutred in handsome coats of mail and armed with diverse weapons and resembling the swollen current of the Ganga, that foremost of all wielders of weapons set out in pursuit of Vasudeva of Vrishni's race. And having come up to him of Vrishni's race who was lord and master of everything obtainable by ascetic austerities, Rukmi, O king, was vanquished and covered with shame. And for this he returned not to (his city) Kundina. And on the spot where that slayer of hostile heroes was vanquished by Krishna, he built an excellent city named Bhojakata. And, O king, that city filled with large forces and teeming with elephants, steeds, is widely known on the earth by that name. Endued with great energy, that hero, cased in mail and armed with bows, fences, swords and quivers, quickly entered the Pandava camp, surrounded by an Akshauhini of troops. And Rukmi entered that vast army, under a standard effulgent as the sun, and made himself known to the Pandavas, from desire of doing what was agreeable to Vasudeva. King Yudhishthira, advancing a few steps, offered him worship. And duly worshipped and eulogised by the Pandavas, Rukmi saluted them in return and rested for a while with his troops. And addressing Dhananjaya, the son of Kunti in the midst of the heroes there assembled, he said, 'If, O son of Pandu, thou art afraid, I am here to render thee assistance in the battle. The assistance I will give thee will be unbearable by thy foes. There is no man in this world who is equal to me in prowess. I will slay those foes of thine whom thou, O son of Pandu, wilt assign to me. I will slay one of those heroes, *viz.*, Drona and Kripa, and Bhishma, and Karna. Or, let all these kings of the earth stand aside. Slaying in battle thy foes myself, I will give thee Earth.' And he said this in the presence of king Yudhishthira the Just and of Kesava and in the hearing of the (assembled) monarchs and all others (in the camp). Then casting his eyes on Vasudeva and Pandu's son king Yudhishthira the Just, Dhananjaya the intelligent son of Kunti smilingly but in a friendly voice said these words, 'Born in the

race of Kuru, being especially the son of Pandu, naming Drona as my preceptor, having Vasudeva for my ally, and bearing, besides the bow called Gandiva, how can I say that I am afraid? O hero, when on the occasion of the tale of cattle, I fought with the mighty Gandharvas, who was there to assist me? In that terrific encounter also with the Gods and Danavas banded together in great numbers at Khandava, who was my ally when I fought? When, again, I fought with the Nivata-kavachas and with those other Danavas called *Kalakeyas*, who was my ally? When, again, at Virata's city I fought with the numberless Kurus, who was my ally in that battle? Having paid my respects, for battle's sake, to Rudra, Sakra, Vaisravana, Yama, Varuna, Pavaka, Kripa, Drona, and Madhava, and wielding that tough celestial bow of great energy called Gandiva, and accoutred with inexhaustible arrows and armed with celestial weapons, how can a person like me, O tiger among men, say, even unto Indra armed with the thunderbolt, such words as I am afraid!—words that rob one of all his fame? O thou of mighty arms, I am not afraid, nor have I any need of thy assistance. Go therefore, or stay, as it pleaseth or suiteth thee.' Hearing these words of Arjuna, Rukmi taking away with him his army vast as the sea, repaired then, O bull of Bharata's race, to Duryodhana. And king Rukmi, repairing thither, said the same words unto Duryodhana. But that king proud of his bravery, rejected him in the same way.

'Thus, O king, two persons withdrew from the battle, *viz.*, Rohini's son (Rama) of Vrishni's race and king Rukmi. And after Rama had set out on his pilgrimage to the *tirthas*, and Bhishmaka's son Rukmi had departed thus, the sons of Pandu once more sat down for consulting with one another. And that conclave presided over by king Yudhishthira the Just, abounding with numerous monarchs, blazed forth like the firmament bespangled with lesser luminaries with the moon in their midst.' "

SECTION CLX

"Janamejaya said, 'After the soldiers had been arrayed thus in order of battle (on the field of Kurukshetra), what, O bull among Brahmanas, did the Kauravas then do, urged as they were by destiny itself?'

"Vaisampayana said, 'After the soldiers, O bull of the Bharata race, had been arrayed thus in order of battle, Dhritarashtra, O king, said these words to Sanjaya.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Come, O Sanjaya, tell me with the fullest details all that hath happened in the encampment of the Kuru and the Pandava troops. I regard destiny to be superior, and exertion useless, for

although I understand the evil consequences of war that will lead only to ruin, still I am unable to restrain my son who rejoices in gambling and considers deceit to be wisdom. Understanding everything, I am not yet able to secure my own welfare. *O Suta*, my understanding is capable of seeing the defects (of measures), but when I approach Duryodhana, that understanding of mine turneth away (from that right path). When such is the case, O Sanjaya, that will be which must be. Indeed, the sacrifice of one's corporeal body in battle is the laudable duty of every Kshatriya.'

"Sanjaya said, 'This question, O great king, that thou hast put, is indeed, worthy of thee. It behoveth thee not, however, to impute entire fault to Duryodhana only. Listen to me, O king, as I speak of this exhaustively. That man who cometh by evil in consequence of his own misconduct, should never impute the fault to either time or the gods. O great king, he amongst men who perpetrateth every wicked act, deserveth to be slain in consequence of his perpetrating those acts. Afflicted with injuries in consequence of the match at dice, the sons of Pandu, however, with all their counsellors quietly bore all those injuries, looking up, O best of men, to thy face alone. Hear from me fully, O king, of the slaughter that is about to take place in battle, of steeds and elephants and kings endued with immeasurable energy. Hearing patiently, O thou that art endued with great wisdom, of the destruction of the world in the fierce battle that has been brought about, come to this conclusion and no other, *viz.*, that man is never the agent of his acts right or wrong. Indeed, like a wooden machine, man is not an agent (in all he does). In this respect, three opinions are entertained; some say that everything is ordained by God; some say that our acts are the result of free-will; and others say that our acts are the result of those of our past lives. Listen then, therefore, with patience, to the evil that hath come upon us.' "

SECTION CLXI

(*Uluka Dutagamana Parva*)

"Sanjaya said, 'After the high-souled Pandavas, O king, had encamped by the side of the *Hiranwati*, the Kauravas also fixed their camps. And king Duryodhana having strongly posted his troops and paid homage to all the kings (on his side) and planted outposts and bodies of soldiers for the protection of warriors, summoned those rulers of men, *viz.*, Karna and Dussasana and Sakuni, the son of Suvala, and began, O Bharata, to consult with them. And king Duryodhana, O Bharata,

having (first) consulted with Karna, and (next), O monarch, with Karna and his (own) brother Dussasana, and Suvala's son all together, then summoned, O bull among men, Uluka and bringing him into his presence in private, told him, O king, these words, 'O Uluka, O son of an adept at dice, repair thou unto the Pandavas and the Somakas. And repairing thither, repeat these my words (unto Yudhishthira) in the hearing of Vasudeva. That terrible battle between the Kurus and the Pandavas which had been expected from a long time back has, at last come. Those boastful words which Sanjaya brought to me in the midst of the Kurus and which thou hadst, with Vasudeva and thy younger brothers, uttered in deep roar,—the time, O son of Kunti, hath at last come for making them good. Do ye achieve, therefore, all which ye have pledged yourselves to achieve. Unto the eldest son of Kunti thou must say, as my words, the following, 'Virtuous as thou art, how canst then, with all thy brothers, with the Somakas, and the Kekayas, set thy heart upon unrighteousness? How canst thou wish the destruction of the universe, when, as I think thou shouldst be the dispeller of the fears of all creatures. O bull of Bharata's race, this *sloka* sung of old by Prahlada when his kingdom had been wrested from him by the gods, hath been heard by us,—Ye gods, that person whose standard of righteousness is always up, but whose sins are always concealed is said to adopt the behaviour of the cat (in the story).' I will here repeat to thee, O king, this excellent story recited by Narada to my father. A wicked cat, O king, once on a time took up his abode on the banks of the Ganges, abandoning all work and with his hands upraised (after the manner of a devotee). Pretending to have purified his heart, he said unto all creatures these words, for inspiring confidence in them, *viz.*, —I am now practising virtue. After a long time, all oviparous creatures reposed trust in him, and coming unto him all together, O monarch, they all applauded that cat. And worshipped by all feathery creatures, that devourer of feathery creatures, regarded his purpose already accomplished, as also the purpose of his austerities. And after some more time, the mice went to that place. And these also all beheld him to be a virtuous person engaged in the observance of vows, and proudly exerting himself in a grand act. And having arrived at that settled conviction, they entertained the following wish, O king,—'Many foes we have. Let this one, therefore, become our maternal uncle, and let him always protect all the old and young ones of our race. And going at last to the cat, all of them said, 'Through thy grace we desire to roam in happiness. Thou art our gracious shelter, thou art our great friend. For this, all of us place ourselves under thy protection. Thou art always devoted to virtue, thou art always engaged in the acquisition of virtue. O thou of great wisdom, protect us, therefore, like the wielder of the thunderbolt protecting the celestials.' Thus addressed, O king, by all the mice, the cat answered them, saying, 'I do not see the consistency of these two, *viz.*, my ascetic pursuits and this protection (that I am

called upon to grant). I cannot avoid, however, doing good to you agreeably to your request. You all, at the same time, should always obey my words. Staying as I am in the observance of a severe vow, I am weakened by my ascetic practices. I do not, therefore, see the means of my moving from place to place. Ye all should, therefore, bear me hence every day to the river-side.' Saying, 'So be it,' the mice then, O bull of Bharata's race, made over all their old and young ones to that cat. Then that sinful creature of wicked soul, feeding on mice, gradually became fat and of good complexion and strong in his limbs. And thus while the mice began to be reduced in number, the cat began to grow in vigour and strength. Then all the mice, coming together, said unto one another, 'Our uncle is daily growing stout, while we are being daily reduced (in number)!' Then a certain mouse endued with wisdom, named Dindika, said, O king these words unto the large swarm of mice gathered there, 'Go all of ye to the river-side together. I will follow ye, accompanying our uncle.' 'Excellent, Excellent,' they said, and applauded that one of their number. And they all did just as those words of grave import spoken by Dindika seemed to indicate. The cat, however, not knowing all this, ate up Dindika that day. All the mice then, without losing much time, began to take counsel of one another. Then a very old mouse, named Kilika, said these just words, O king, in the presence of all his kinsfolk, 'Our uncle is not really desirous of earning virtue. He hath, like a hypocrite, become our friend when in reality he is our enemy. Indeed, the excreta of a creature that liveth only upon fruits and roots never containeth hair of fur. Then again, while his limbs are growing, our number is decaying. Besides, Dindika cannot be seen for these eight days.' Hearing these words, the mice ran away in all directions. And that cat also of wicked soul returned to whence he came. O thou of wicked soul, thou too art a practiser of such feline behaviour. Thou behavest towards thy kinsmen after the manner of the cat (in the story) towards the mice. Thy speech is of one kind, and thy conduct is of another. Thy (devotion to) scripture and thy peacefulness of behaviour are only for display before men. Giving up this hypocrisy, O king, adopt the practices of a Kshatriya and do all that one should do as such. Art thou not virtuous, O bull among men? Acquiring the earth by means of the prowess of thy arms, make gifts, O best of the Bharatas, unto the Brahmanas and to the means of thy deceased ancestors as one should. Seeking the good of that mother of thine who hath been afflicted with distress for a series of years, dry up her tears, and confer honours on her by vanquishing (thy foes) in battle. Thou hadst with great abjectness, solicited only five villages. Even that was rejected by us, for how could we bring about a battle, how could we succeed in angering the Pandavas, was all that we sought. Remembering that it was for thee that the wicked Vidura was driven (by us) and that we had tried to burn you all in the house of lac, be a man now; at the time of Krishna's setting out (from Upaplavya) for the Kuru court, thou

hadst through him communicated this message (to us), *viz.*,—Hear, O king, I am prepared for either war or peace! Know, O monarch, that the hour hath come for battle. O Yudhishthira, I have made all these preparations in view of that. What doth a Kshatriya regard as a more estimable accession (of good fortune) than battle? Born thou hast been in the Kshatriya order. Known also thou art in the world. Having obtained weapons again from Drona and Kripa, why, O bull of the Bharata race, dost thou rely on Vasudeva who belongeth to the same order of life as thyself and who is not superior to thee in might.'

'Thou must also say unto Vasudeva in the presence of the Pandavas these words,—For thy own sake, as also for the sake of the Pandavas, withstand me in battle to the best of thy power! Assuming once more that form which thou hadst assumed before in the Kuru court, rush thou with Arjuna against me (on the field)! A conjuror's tricks or illusions may (sometimes) inspire fright. But as regards the person that stands armed for fight, such deceptions (instead of inspiring fight) only provoke anger! We also are competent, by our powers of illusion, to ascend to heaven or the firmament, or penetrate into the nether region, or the city of Indra! We also can display various forms in our own body! The great Ordainer bringeth all creatures to subjection by a fiat of His will (and never by such conjuror's tricks)! Thou always sayest, O thou of Vrishni's race, these words, *viz.*,—Causing the sons of Dhritarashtra to be slain in battle, I will confer undisputed sovereignty on the sons of Pritha!—These words of thine were brought to me by Sanjaya. Thou hadst also said, 'Know, ye Kauravas that it is with Arjuna, having me for his second, ye have provoked hostilities!' Truthfully adhering to that pledge, put forth thy energy for the Pandavas and fight now in battle to the best of thy power! Show us that thou canst be a man! He is said to be truly alive, who, having ascertained (the wight of his) foes inspireth grief in them by resorting to true manliness! Without any reason, O Krishna, great hath been thy fame spread in the world! It will, however, presently be known that there are many persons, in the world that are really eunuchs though possessed of the signs of manhood. A slave of Kansa, especially as thou art, a monarch like me should not cover himself in mail against thee!

'Say (next) repeatedly, from me, O Uluka, unto that stupid, ignorant, gluttonous Bhimasena, who is even like a bull though divested of horns, these words, *viz.*,—O son of Pritha, a cook thou hadst become, known by the name of Vallabha, in the city of Virata! All this is evidence of thy manliness! Let not the vow thou hadst made before in the midst of the Kuru court be falsified! Let Dussasana's blood be drunk if thou art able! O son of Kunti, thou often sayest,—Speedily shall I slay Dhritarashtra's sons in battle!—The time for accomplishing it hath now come! O Bharata, thou deservest to be rewarded in cookery! The difference, however, is very great between dressing food and fighting! Fight now, be a man! Indeed, thou shalt have to lie down,

deprived of life, on the earth, embracing thy mace, O Bharata! The boast in which thou hadst indulged in the midst of thy assembly is all vain, O Vrikodara!

'Say, O Uluka, unto Nakula, from me, these words, *viz.*,—Fight now, O Bharata, patiently! We desire, O Bharata, to behold thy manliness, thy reverence for Yudhishthira, and thy hatred of myself! Recall to mind the sufferings in their entirety that Krishna had suffered!

'Next, thou must say these words of mine unto Sahadeva in the presence of the (assembled) monarchs,—Fight in battle now, to the best of thy power! Remember all your woes!

'Say next, from me, unto both Virata and Drupada, these words, *viz.*,—Since the beginning of the creation, slaves, endued even with great accomplishments, have never been able to fully understand their masters. Nor have affluent kings been always able to understand their slaves! This king deserveth no praise,—possibly, under such a belief, ye have come against me! United together, fight ye, therefore, against me for achieving my death, and accomplish the objects ye have in view, as also those that the Pandavas have!

'Say also, from me, unto Dhrishtadyumna, the prince of Panchalas, these words, *viz.*,—The hour hath now come for thee, and thou also hast come for thy hour! Approaching Drona in battle thou wilt know what is best for thee! Achieve thou the business of thy friend! Accomplish that feat which is difficult of accomplishment!

'Tell, next, repeatedly from me, O Uluka, unto Sikhandin, these words, *viz.*,—The mighty-armed Kaurava, foremost of all bowmen, Ganga's son (Bhishma), will not slay thee, knowing thee to be only a female! Fight now without any fear! Achieve in battle what canst to the best of thy power! We desire to behold thy prowess!'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Having said this, king Duryodhana laughed aloud. And addressing Uluka again, he said, 'Say once more unto Dhananjaya in the hearing of Vasudeva these words, *viz.*,—O hero, either vanquishing us rule thou this world, or vanquished by us lie thou down on the field (deprived of life)! Recalling to thy mind the sufferings occasioned by your banishment from the kingdom, the woes of your sojourn in the woods, and the affliction of Krishna, be a man, O son of Pandu! That for which a Kshatriya lady bringeth forth a son is now arrived! Displaying, therefore, in battle, thy might, energy, courage, manliness, and great dexterity and speed in the use of weapons, appease thy wrath! Afflicted with woe, and dispirited and exiled (from home) for a long time, and driven from his kingdom, who is there whose heart would not break? Who is there, well-born, and brave, and uncovetous of other's wealth, that would not have his wrath excited when his kingdom descending from generation to generation is attacked? Realise in deeds those high words that thou hadst said! One that only boasts without being able to do anything is regarded as a worthless man by

those that are good. Recover thy kingdom and those possessions that are now owned by thy foes! Even these two are the purposes which a person desirous of war hath in view. Exert, therefore, thy manliness! Thou wert won (as a slave) at dice! Krishna was caused by us to be brought into the assembly! One that regardeth himself a man should certainly display his wrath at this! For twelve long years hadst thou been exiled from home into the woods, and one whole year hadst thou passed in Virata's service! Remembering the pangs of banishment from the kingdom and of thy sojourn in the woods, as also those which Krishna had suffered, be thou a man! Display thy wrath towards those that repeatedly utter harsh words at thee and thy brothers! Indeed, wrath (such as that) would consist in manliness! Let thy anger, thy might and prowess, and knowledge, and thy lightness of hand in the use of weapons, be exhibited? Fight, O son of Pritha, and prove to be a man! The incantations in respect of all thy weapons have been performed. The field of Kurukshetra is free from mire. Thy steeds are hale and strong. Thy soldiers have received their pay. With Kesava, therefore, as (thy) second, fight (with us)! Without encountering Bhishma as yet, why dost thou indulge in such boasts? Like a fool, who, without having ascended the Gandhamadana mountains, boasts (of his would-be feat), thou, O son of Kunti, art indulging in a similar bragging, be a man! Without having vanquished in battle the invincible Karna of the *Suta* race, or Salya, that foremost of persons, or Drona, the first of all mighty warriors and equal unto the lord of Sachi in battle, how canst thou, O Partha, covet for thy kingdom? He that is a preceptor of both Vedic lore and bowmanship, he that hath crossed both those branches of learning, he that is foremost in battle and imperturbable (as a tower), he whose might knoweth no diminution, that commander of armies, Drona of great effulgence,—him, O Partha, thou wishest in vain to conquer! It is never heard that the *Sumeru* peak hath been crushed by the wind. Yet even the wind will bear away *Sumeru*, heaven itself will fall down on the earth, the very *Yugas* will be altered in respect of their course, if what thou hast said unto me becometh true! What man is there, desirous of life, be it Partha or any body else, who having approached that grinder of foes, would be able to return home with sound body? What person is there, treading upon the earth with his feet, who, encountered by Drona and Bhishma and struck with their arrows, would escape from the battle with life? Like a frog having its abode in a well, why art thou not able to realise the might of this vast army of the assembled monarchs, invincible, looking like the very celestial host, and protected by these lords of men, as the heavenly host by the gods themselves,—protected that is, by the kings of the East, the West, the South and the North, by the Kamvojas, the Sakas, the Khasas, the Salwas, the Matsyas, the Kurus of the middle country, the Mlechchhas, the Pulindas, the Dravidas, the Andhras, and the Kanchis,—this host of many nations, ready for battle, and resembling the uncrossable current of the Ganga.

O thou of little understanding, how canst thou, O fool, venture to fight with me when stationed in the midst of my elephant-host? Thy inexhaustible quivers, thy car given thee by Agni, and thy celestial banner, O Partha, will all, O Bharata, be tested by us in battle! Fight, O Arjuna, without bragging! Why dost thou indulge in too much boast! Success in battle resulteth from the method in which it is fought. A battle is never gained by bragging. If, O Dhananjaya, acts in this world succeeded in consequence of vauntings, all persons would then have succeeded in their objects, for who is there that is not competent to brag? I know that thou hast Vasudeva for thy ally. I know that thy *Gandiva* is full six cubits long. I know that there is no warrior equal to thee. Knowing all this, I retain thy kingdom yet! A man never winneth success in consequence of the attributes of lineage. It is the Supreme Ordainer alone who by his fiat of will maketh things (hostile) friendly subservient. For these thirteen years, I have enjoyed sovereignty while ye were weeping. I shall continue to rule in the same way, slaying thee with thy kinsmen. Where was thy *Gandiva* then, when thou wert made slave won at stake? Where, O Falguni, was Bhima's might then? Your deliverance then came neither from Bhimasena, armed with mace, nor from you armed with *Gandiva*, but from the faultless Krishna. It was she, the daughter to Prishata's house, that delivered you all, sunk in slavery, engaged in occupations worthy only of the low, and working as servitors. I characterised you all as sesame seeds without kernel. That is true. For, did not Partha (some time after) bear a braid when living in Virata's city? In the cooking apartments of Virata, Bhimasena was fatigued with doing the work of a cook. Even this, O son of Pritha, is (evidence of) my manliness! Flying from an encounter with hips and braids and waist-bands, thyself binding thy hair, wert engaged in teaching the girls to dance? It is thus that Kshatriyas always inflict punishment on Kshatriyas! From fear of Vasudeva, or from fear of thyself, O Falguni, I will not give up the kingdom! Fight with Kesava as thy ally! Neither deception, nor conjuror's tricks, nor jugglery, can terrify the armed man addressed for fight. On the other hand, these provoke only his wrath. A thousand Vasudevas, a hundred Falgunis, approaching me whose arms and weapons never go for nothing, will surely fly away in all directions. Encounter Bhishma in combat, or strike the hill with thy head, or cross with the aid of thy two arms alone the vast and deep main! As regards my army, it is a veritable main with Saradwat's son as its large fish, Vivingsati as its huge snake, Bhishma as its current of immeasurable might, Drona as its unconquerable alligator, Karna and Salwa and Salya its fishes and whirlpools, the ruler of the Kamvojas its equine head emitting fire, Vrihadvala its fierce waves, Somadatta's son its whale, Yuyutsu and Durmarshana its waters, Bhagadatta its gale, Srutayus and Hridika's son its gulfs and bays, Dussasana its current, Sushena and Chitrayuda its water-elephants (hippopotamus) and crocodile, Jayadratha its (submarine) rock, Puru-

mitra its depth, and Sakuni its shores! When having plunged into this surging ocean with its inexhaustible waves of weapons, thou wilt, from fatigue, be deprived of senses and have all thy relatives and friends slain, then will repentance possess thy heart! Then also will thy heart turn away from the thought of ruling the earth, like the heart of a person of impure deeds turning away from (hope of) heaven. Indeed, for thee to win a kingdom to rule is as impossible as for one not possessed of ascetic merit to obtain heaven!' "

SECTION CLXII

"Sanjaya said, 'Having reached the Pandava camp, the gambler's son (Uluka) presented himself before the Pandavas, and addressing Yudhishthira said, 'Thou art fully conversant with what envoys say! It behoveth thee not, therefore, to be angry with me if I repeat those words only which Duryodhana hath instructed me to tell!'

"Hearing this, Yudhishthira said, 'Thou hast no fear, O Uluka! Tell us, without any anxiety what are the views of the covetous Duryodhana of limited sight!' Then in the midst and presence of the illustrious and high-souled Pandavas, of the Srinjayas, and Krishna possessed of great fame, of Drupada with his sons, of Virata, and of all monarchs, Uluka said these words.'

"Uluka said, 'Even this is what the high-souled king Duryodhana hath in the presence of all the Kuru heroes, said unto thee! Listen to those words, O Yudhishthira! Thou wert defeated at dice, and Krishna was brought into the assembly! At this, a person who regardeth himself a man would be justified in giving way to wrath! For twelve years wert thou banished from home into the woods! For one whole year didst thou live in Virata's service. Remembering the reason there is for wrath, thy exile, and the persecution of Krishna, be a man, O son of Pandu! Though weak, Bhima yet, O Pandava, made a vow! Let him, if able, drink the blood of Dussasana! Thy weapons have been properly worshipped and their presiding deities have been invoked! The field of Kurukshetra also is without mire. The roads are even. Thy steeds are well-fed. Engage in battle, therefore, on the morrow, with Kesava as thy ally! Without having yet approached Bhishma in battle, why dost thou indulge in boasts? Like a fool that boasteth of his intention to ascend the mountains of Gandhamadana, thou, O son of Kunti, art indulging in a vain boast. Without having vanquished in battle the *Suta's* son (Karna) who is invincible, and Salya, that foremost of mighty persons, and that first of all warriors and equal unto Sachi's lord himself in combat, why, O son of Pritha, dost thou wish for sovereignty? A preceptor

in both the *Vedas* and the bow, he hath reached the end of both these branches of learning. Thou desirest in vain, O son of Pritha, to vanquish that leader of troops, the illustrious Drona, who fightest in the van, is incapable of being agitated, and whose strength knows no diminution. Never have we heard that the mountains of *Sumeru* have been crushed by the wind! But the wind will bear away *Sumeru*, heaven itself will fall down on the earth, the very *Yugas* will be reversed if what thou hast said unto me really taketh place! Who is there fond of life, fighting from the back of an elephant or of a horse or from a car, that would return home (safe and sound), after having encountered that grinder of foes? What creature treading the earth with his feet, would escape with life from battle, having been attacked by Drona and Bhishma, or pierced with their terrible shafts? Like a frog within a well, why dost thou not realise the strength of this assembled host of monarchs, which resembleth the very celestial host, and which is protected by these kings like the gods protecting theirs in heaven, and which, swarming with the kings of the East, West, South, and North, with Kamvojas, Sakas, Khasas, Salwas, Matsyas, Kurus of the middle country, Mlechchhas, Pulindas, Dravidas, Andhras, and Kanchis, indeed, with many nations, all addressed for battle, is uncrossable like the swollen tide of *Ganga*? O fool of little understanding, how wilt thou fight with me while I am stationed in the midst of my elephant force?'

'Having said these words unto king Yudhishthira, the son of Dharma, Uluka, turning his face then towards Jishnu, said unto him these words, 'Fight without bragging, O Arjuna! Why dost thou brag so much? Success resulteth from the application of method. A battle is never won by bragging. If acts in this world, O Dhananjaya, succeeded in consequence only of boasts, then all men would have succeeded in their objects, for who is there that is not competent to brag? I know that thou hast Vasudeva for thy ally. I know that thy *Gandiva* is full six cubits long. I know that there is no warrior equal to thee. Knowing all this, I retain thy kingdom yet! A man never winneth success in consequence of the attribute of lineage. It is the Supreme Ordainer alone who by his fiat maketh (things hostile) friendly and subservient. For these thirteen years have I enjoyed sovereignty, while ye were weeping! I shall continue to rule in the same way, slaying thee with thy kinsmen! Where was thy *Gandiva* then when thou wert made a slave won at dice? Where, O Falguni, was Bhimasena's might then? Your deliverance then came neither from Bhimasena armed with mace, nor from you armed with *Gandiva*, but from faultless Krishna. It was she, the daughter of Prishata's house, that delivered you all, sunk in slavery, engaged in occupations worthy only of the low, and working as servitors! I characterised ye as sesame seeds without kernel. That is very true, for, did not Partha bear a braid while living in Virata's city? In the cooking apartments of Virata, Bhimasena was fatigued with doing the work of a cook. Even this, O son of Kunti, is (evidence of) thy manliness! Flying

from an encounter with braids and waist-bands, thyself binding thy hair into a braid, thou wert employed in teaching the girls to dance! It is thus that Kshatriyas always inflict punishment on a Kshatriya! From fear of Vasudeva, or from fear of thyself, O Falguni, I will not give up the kingdom. Fight, with Kesava as thy ally! Neither deception, nor conjuror's tricks, nor jugglery can terrify an armed man ready for fight. On the other hand, all this provokes only his wrath! A thousand Vasudevas, a hundred Falgunis, approaching me whose aim and weapons never go for nothing, will fly away in all directions. Encounter Bhishma in combat, or pierce the hills with thy head, or cross with the aid of thy two arms the vast and deep main! As regards my army, it is a veritable ocean with Saradwat's son as its large fish; Vivingsati, its smaller fish; Vrihadvala its waves; Somadatta's son its whale; Bhishma its mighty force; Drona its unconquerable alligator; Karna and Salya, its fishes and whirlpools; Kamvoja its equine head vomiting fire, Jayadratha its (submarine) rock, Purumitra its depth, Durmatshana its waters, and Sakuni its shores! When having plunged into this swelling ocean with its inexhaustible waves of weapons thou wilt from fatigue be deprived of thy senses, and have all thy relatives and friends slain, then will repentance possess thy heart! Then will thy heart turn away, O Partha, from the thought of ruling the earth like the heart of a person of impure deeds turning away from (hope of) heaven. Indeed, for thee to win a kingdom to rule is as impossible as for one not possessed of ascetic merit to obtain heaven!' "

SECTION CLXIII

"Sanjaya said, 'O monarch, provoking Arjuna still further who was like a snake of virulent poison, by means of those wordy strokes of his Uluka once more repeated the words he had once spoken. The Pandavas had before such repetition, been sufficiently provoked, but hearing these words (a second time) and receiving those censures through the gambler's son, they were provoked beyond endurance. They all stood up, and began to stretch their arms. And looking like enraged snakes of virulent poison, they began to cast their eyes on one another. And Bhimasena, with face downwards, and breathing heavily like a snake, began to glance obliquely at Kesava, directing the blood-red corners of his eyes towards him. And beholding the Wind-god's son to be greatly afflicted and extremely provoked with rage, he of Dasarha's race smilingly addressed the gambler's son and said, 'Depart hence without a moment's delay. O gambler's son, and say unto Suyodhana these words, *viz.*,—*Thy words have been heard and sense understood. Let that take place which*

thou desirest.' Having said this, O best of monarchs, the mighty-armed Kesava looked once more at Yudhishthira endued with great wisdom. Then in the midst and presence of all the Srinjayas, of Krishna possessed of great fame, of Drupada with his sons, of Virata, and all the kings (there assembled), Uluka once more repeated unto Arjuna the words he had said, provoking him still further thereby, like one annoying wrathful snake of virulent poison by means of a stake. And he also said unto all of them, *viz.*,—Krishna and others, those words that Duryodhana had instructed him to say. And hearing those harsh and highly disagreeable words uttered by Uluka, Partha was greatly excited and wiped the sweat off his forehead. And beholding Partha, O king, in that condition, that assembly of monarchs could not bear it at all. And at that insult to Krishna and the high-souled Partha, the car-warriors of the Pandavas were greatly agitated. Though endued with great steadiness of mind, those tigers among men began to burn with anger. And Dhrishtadyumna and Sikhandin and that mighty car-warrior, Satyaki, and the five Kekaya brothers, and the *Rakshasa* Ghatotkacha, the sons of Draupadi, and Abhimanyu, and king Dhrishtaketu, and Bhimasena, endued with great prowess, and those mighty car-warriors —the twins,—jumped up from their seats, their eyes red with anger, tossing their handsome arms decked with red sandal-paste and ornaments of gold. Then Vrikodara, the son of Kunti, understanding their gestures and hearts, sprang up from his seat. And gnashing his teeth, and licking with his tongue the corners of his mouth, and burning with rage, and squeezing his hands and turning his eyes fiercely, said these words unto Uluka, 'Ignorant fool, thy words have now been heard which Duryodhana said unto thee for the object of provoking us as if we were a set of imbeciles! Hear now the words which I say and which *thou* art to repeat unto the inaccessible Suyodhana in the midst of all the Kshatriyas and in the hearing of the Suta's son and the wicked-hearted Sakuni. We always seek to gratify our elder brother! It was for this, O thou of wicked behaviour, that we tolerated thy acts. Dost thou not regard this as highly fortunate for thee? It was for only the good of our race that king Yudhishthira the Just, endued with great intelligence, sent Hrishikesa to the Kurus for bringing about a peace! Impelled by Fate, without doubt, thou art desirous of repairing unto Yama's abode! Come, fight with us. That, however, is certainly to take place tomorrow! I have, indeed, vowed to slay thee with thy brothers! O sinful fool, do not entertain the slightest doubt, for it will be as I have vowed! The very ocean, the abode of Varuna—may all on a sudden transgress its continents. The very mountains may split, yet my words can never be false! If Yama himself, or Kuvera, or Rudra, assisteth thee, the Pandavas will still accomplish what they have vowed! I shall certainly drink Dussasana's blood according to my pleasure! And I also vow that Kshatriya whatsoever may then angrily approach me, even if he cometh with Bhishma himself at the van, I will send him to Yama's

abode! That which I have said in the midst of a Kshatriya assembly will certainly be true. I swear this by my soul!

'Hearing these words of Bhimasena, the wrathful Sahadeva also, with eyes red in anger, said these words in the presence of the (assembled) troops,—words that become that proud hero. And he said, 'Listen, O sinful one, to the words I utter and which must be repeated to thy father! A difference would never have arisen between us and the Kurus, if Dhritarashtra had no relationship with thee! Of sinful acts and the exterminator of thy own race, thou hast been born as an embodiment of quarrel for the destruction of the whole world as also for the destruction of Dhritarashtra's race! From our very birth, O Uluka, that sinful father of thine hath always sought to do us injury and evil. I desire to attain the opposite shore of that hostile relation. Slaying thee first before the very eyes of Sakuni, I shall then slay Sakuni himself in the sight of all bowmen!'

'Hearing these words of both Bhima and Sahadeva, Falguni smilingly addressed Bhima, saying, 'O Bhimasena, they that have provoked hostilities with thee, cannot live! Though they may dwell happily in their homes, those fools become yet entangled in the meshes of death! O best of men, Uluka doth not deserve to be addressed harshly by thee! What fault do envoys commit, repeating as they only do what they are instructed (to say)?' And having thus addressed Bhima of terrible prowess that mighty-armed hero then addressed his heroic allies and well-wishers headed by Dhrishtadyumna, saying, 'Ye have heard the words of the sinful son of Dhritarashtra in dispraise of Vasudeva and especially of myself! And hearing them ye have been filled with anger because ye wish us well! But through Vasudeva's might and your endeavours, I do not reckon even all the Kshatriyas of the earth assembled together! With your permission I will now communicate to Uluka what the reply to those words is, what, indeed, he should say unto Duryodhana!—*When the morrow cometh, stationed at the head of my division, the answer to these words shall I give through Gandiva! For they that are eunuchs answer in words!*'

'Hearing this, all those best of kings applauded Dhananjaya, wondering at the ingenuity of that reply. King Yudhishthira the Just, then, having spoken mildly unto all the kings each according to his age and as each deserved said, at last, unto Uluka these words so that he might carry them to Duryodhana. And Yudhishthira said, 'No good king should patiently bear an insult. Having so long heard what thou hadst to say, I shall now tell thee what my reply is!'

'Having heard then, O best of Bharata's race, those words of Duryodhana, Yudhishthira, that bull of the Bharata race, with eyes exceedingly red in anger and himself sighing like a snake of virulent poison, licking the corners of his mouth with his tongue, as if swelling with wrath, and casting his eyes on Janardana and his own brothers, said unto Uluka these words that were fraught with both mildness and

vigour. And tossing his massive arms he said unto the gambler's son, 'Go, O Uluka, and say unto Duryodhana, that ungrateful, wicked-minded embodiment of hostilities, that infamous wretch of his race, these words, *viz.*,— O sinful wretch, thou always behavest with crookedness towards the Pandavas! O sinful fool, he that displayeth his prowess relying on his own might and summoneth his foes (to battle) and fulfilleth his own words, even he is a man of the Kshatriya order! Be thou a Kshatriya, O sinful wretch, and summon us to battle! O infamous one of thy race, do not come to battle, placing at thy head others for whom we profess respect! O Kaurava, relying on thy own might and on that of thy servants, summon the sons of Pritha to battle! Be Kshatriya in every way! He, who summoneth his foes, relying on the might of others, and incapable of receiving them himself is, indeed, a eunuch! Thou, however, thinkest highly of thyself, relying on the might of others! Being weak and unable thyself, why then dost thou roar so (in words) at us?'

"Krishna said, 'My words also, O gambler's son, should be communicated unto Suyodhana. Let that morrow come to thee on which the battle is to take place. O thou of wicked soul, be a man! O fool, thou thinkest Janardana will not fight, since he hath been chosen by the Pandavas to act only as a charioteer, so thou art not alarmed. That, however, will not be, even for a moment. If my wrath is excited, I may then consume all the kings (assembled by thee) like a fire consuming a heap of straw. At Yudhishthira's command, however, I shall only discharge the functions of charioteer to the high-souled Falguni, of senses under complete control and who alone (amongst us two) will fight! If thou fliest beyond the limits of the three worlds, if thou sinkest into the depths of the earth, thou shalt, even at these places, behold Arjuna's car tomorrow morning. Thou thinkest that Bhima's words have been spoken in vain! But know that Dussasana's blood hath already been quaffed. Know this also that although thou hast uttered such cross and perverse words, yet neither Partha, nor king Yudhishthira, nor Bhimasena, nor any of the twins, regardeth thee as straw!' "

SECTION CLXIV

"Sanjaya said, 'Having heard those words of Duryodhana, Gudakesha of great fame looked at the gambler's son with eyes exceedingly red. And eyeing Kesava also and tossing his massive arms, he addressed the gambler's son, saying, 'He, who, relying on his own strength, summoneth his foes and fighteth with them fearlessly, is spoken of as a man. He, however, who, relying on the strength of others, summoneth his foes, is an infamous Kshatriya. In consequence of his incapacity, such a one is

regarded as the lowest of men. Relying on the strength of others, thou (O Duryodhana), being a coward thyself, desirest yet, O fool, to rebuke thy foes. Having installed (Bhishma) the oldest of all the Kshatriyas, whose heart is ever bent in doing what is good, who hath all his passions under control, and who is endued with great wisdom, in the command of thy troops and made him liable to certain death, thou indulgest in brag! O thou of wicked understanding, thy object (in doing this) is fully known to us, O wretch of thy race! Thou hast done it, believing that sons of Pandu will not, from kindness, slay the son of Ganga. Know, however, O Dhritarashtra's son, that I will slay that Bhishma first in the sight of all the bowmen, relying upon whose strength thou indulgest in such boasts! O gambler's son, repairing (hence) unto the Bharatas and approaching Duryodhana the son of Dhritarashtra, say unto him that Arjuna hath said,—So be it! After this night will have passed away, the fierce encounter of arms will take place. Indeed, Bhishma of unfailing might and firmly adhering to truth, hath told thee in the midst of the Kurus these words, *viz.*,—I will slay the army of the Srinjayas and the Salweyas. Let that be my task. Excepting Drona I can slay the whole world. Thou needest not, therefore, entertain any fear of the Pandavas! At this, thou, O Duryodhana, regardest the kingdom as thy own and thinkest that the Pandavas have sunk into distress. Thou hast been filled with pride at this. Thou seest not, however, danger that is in thy own self. I shall, therefore, in battle, first slay before thy very eyes, Bhishma the eldest of the Kurus! At sunrise (tomorrow) at the head of the troops, with standards and cars protect ye that leader of thy forces firm in his promises. I shall, with my arrows, throw him down who is your refuge from his car before the eyes of you all! When the morrow cometh, Suyodhana will know what it is to indulge in brag, beholding the grandsire covered with my arrows! Thou shalt, O Suyodhana, very soon see the fulfilment of that which Bhimasena in anger had said, in the midst of the assembly, unto thy brother, that man of limited sight, *viz.*, Dussasana, wedded to unrighteousness, always quarrelsome, of wicked understanding, and cruel in behaviour. Thou shalt soon see the terrible effects of vanity and pride, of wrath and arrogance, of bragging and heartlessness, cutting words and acts, of aversion from righteousness, and sinfulness and speaking ill of others, of transgressing the counsels of the aged, of oblique sight, and of all kinds of vices! O scum of humanity, how canst thou, O fool, hope for either life or kingdom, if I, having Vasudeva for my second, give way to anger? After Bhishma and Drona will have been quieted and after the *Suta's* son will have been overthrown, thou shalt be hopeless of life, kingdom and sons! Hearing of the slaughter of thy brothers and sons, and struck mortally by Bhimasena, thou wilt, O Suyodhana, recollect all thy misdeeds!—Tell him, O gambler's son, that I do not vow a second time. I tell thee truly that all this will be true!—Departing hence, O Uluka, say, O sire, these words of mine, unto Suyodhana! It behoveth thee not to apprehend my behaviour by the light of thy own!

Know the difference there is between thy conduct and mine, which is even the difference between truth and falsehood! I do not wish harm to even insects and ants. What shall I say, therefore, of my ever wishing harm to my kinsmen? O sire, it was for this that five villages only were solicited by me! Why, O thou of wicked understanding, dost thou not see the dire calamity that threatens thee? Thy soul overwhelmed with lust, thou indulgest in vauntings from defectiveness of understanding. It is for this also thou acceptest not the beneficial words of Vasudeva. What need now of much talk? Fight (against us) with all thy friends! Say, O gambler's son, unto the Kuru prince who always doth what is injurious to me (these words also, *viz.*,)—Thy words have been heard; their sense also hath been understood. Let it be as thou wishest!'

'O son of king, Bhimasena then once more said these words, 'O Uluka, say those words of mine unto the wicked-minded, deceitful, and unrighteous Suyodhana, who is an embodiment of sin, who is wedded to guile, and whose behaviour is exceedingly wicked. Thou shalt have to dwell in the stomach of a vulture or in Hastinapura. O scum of human kind, I shall assuredly fulfil the vow I have made in the midst of the assembly. I swear in the name of Truth, slaying Dussasana in battle, I shall quaff his life-blood! Slaying also thy (other) brothers, I shall smash thy own thighs. Without doubt, O Suyodhana, I am the destroyer of all the sons of Dhritarashtra, as Abhimanyu is of all the (younger) princes! I shall by my deeds, gratify you all! Hearken once more to me. O Suyodhana, slaying thee, with all thy uterine brothers, I shall strike the crown of thy head with my foot in the sight of the king Yudhishthira the Just!'

'Nakula, then, O king, said these words, 'O Uluka, say unto Dhritarashtra's son, Suyodhana, of Kuru's race that all the words uttered by him have now been heard and their sense understood. I shall, O Kauravya, do all that thou hast commended me to do.'

'And Sahadeva also, O monarch, said these words of grave import, 'O Suyodhana, it will all be as thou wishest! Thou shalt have to repent, O great king, along with thy children, kinsmen, and counsellors, even as thou art now bragging joyously in view of our sufferings.'

'Then Virata and Drupada, both venerable in years, said these words unto Uluka, 'It is even our wish that we become slaves of a virtuous person! Whether, however, we are slaves or masters, will be known tomorrow, as also who owns what manliness!'

'After them, Sikhandin said these words unto Uluka, 'Thou must say unto king Duryodhana who is always addicted to sinfulness, these words, *viz.*,—See, O king, what fierce deed is perpetrated by me in battle! I shall slay grandsire of thine from his car, relying upon whose prowess thou art certain of success in battle! Without doubt, I have been created by the high-souled Creator for the destruction of Bhishma. I shall assuredly slay Bhishma in the sight of all bowmen.'

'After this, Dhrishtadyumna also said unto Uluka, the gambler's son, these words, 'Say unto prince Suyodhana these my words, *viz.*, I shall

slay Drona with all his followers and friends. And I shall do a deed which none else will ever do.'

'King Yudhishthira once more said these high words fraught with clemency, *viz.*,—O monarch, I never desire the slaughter of my kinsmen. O thou of wicked understanding, it is from thy fault that all this will assuredly take place. I shall, of course, have to sanction the fulfilment of their great feats by all these (around me). Go hence, O Uluka, without delay or stay here, O sire, for, blessed be thou, we too are thy kinsmen.'

'Uluka, then, O king, thinking permission of Yudhishthira, the son of *Dharma*, went thither where king Suyodhana was. Thus addressed, the gambler's son carefully bearing in mind all he had heard, returned to the place from which he had come. And arriving there, he fully represented unto the vindictive Duryodhana all that Arjuna had charged him with. And he also faithfully communicated unto Dhritarashtra's son the words of Vasudeva, of Bhima, of king Yudhishthira the Just, of Nakula and Virata and Drupada, O Bharata and the words of Sahadeva and Dhrishtadyumna and Sikhandin, and the words also that were spoken (subsequently) by Kesava and Arjuna. And having listened to the words of the gambler's son, Duryodhana, that bull of Bharata's race, ordered Dussasana and Karna and Sakuni, O Bharata, and their own troops and the troops of the allies, and all the (assembled) kings, to be arrayed in divisions and be ready for battle before sunrise (next morrow). Messengers then, instructed by Karna and hastily mounting on cars and camels and mares and good steeds endued with great fleetness, quickly rode through the encampment. And at Karna's command they promulgated the order—*Array (yourselves) before sunrise tomorrow!*' "

SECTION CLXV

"Sanjaya said, 'Having listened to Uluka's words, Yudhishthira, the son of Kunti, moved his army headed by Dhrishtadyumna and others. And that vast army commanded by Dhrishtadyumna, consisting of four kinds of forces, *viz.*, foot-soldiers and elephants and cars and cavalry, terrible, and immovable like the earth herself, and guarded by mighty car-warriors led by Bhimasena and Arjuna, could be compared to the vast ocean lying in stillness. And at the head of that vast force was that mighty bowman, the prince of Panchalas, invincible in battle, *viz.*, Dhrishtadyumna, desirous of obtaining Drona for his antagonist. And Dhrishtadyumna began to select combatants (from his own army) for pitting them against particular warriors of the hostile force. And he gave orders unto his car-warriors, suited to their strength and courage. And he pitted

Arjuna against the *Suta's* son (Karna), Bhima against Duryodhana, Dhrishtaketu against Salya, Uttamaujas against Gautama's son (Kripa), Nakula against Kritavarman, Yuyudhana against the ruler of the Sindhus (Jayadratha). And he placed Sikhandin in the van, pitting him against Bhishma. And he urged Sahadeva against Sakuni, and Chekitana against Sala, and the five sons of Draupadi against the Trigartas. And he urged Subhadra's son (Abhimanyu) against Vrishasena (the son of Karna), and also against all the rest of the kings, for he regarded Abhimanyu as superior to Arjuna himself in battle. And distributing his warriors thus, individually and collectively, that mighty bowman, of the hue of blazing fire, kept Drona for his own share. And that leader of leaders of troops, the mighty and intelligent bowman Dhrishtadyumna, having arrayed his troops duly, waited for battle with a firm heart. And having arrayed the combatants, as indicated above, of the Pandavas, he waited, with collected mind, on the field for securing victory to the sons of Pandu.' "

SECTION CLXVI

"Dhritarashtra said, After Falguni had vowed the slaughter of Bhishma in battle, what did my wicked sons headed by Duryodhana do? Alas, I already behold my father, Ganga's son, slain in battle, by that bowman of firm grasp, *viz.*, Partha, having Vasudeva for his ally! And what also did that mighty bowman, that foremost of smiters, Bhishma, endued with immeasurable wisdom, say on hearing the words of Partha. Having accepted also the command of the Kauravas, what did that foremost of warriors, Ganga's son, of exceeding intelligence and prowess, do?'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Thus questioned, Sanjaya told him everything about what that eldest one of the Kurus, Bhishma of immeasurable energy, had said.'

"Sanjaya said, 'O monarch, obtaining the command, Bhishma, the son of Santanu said these words unto Duryodhana, gladdening him greatly, 'Worshipping the leader of celestial forces, *viz.*, Kumara, armed with the lance, I shall, without doubt, be the commander of thy army today! I am well-versed in all mighty affairs, as also in various kinds of array. I know also how to make regular soldiers and volunteers act their parts. In the matter of marching the troops and arraying them, in encounters and withdrawing, I am as well-versed, O great king, as Vrihaspati (the preceptor of the celestials), is! I am acquainted with all the methods of military array prevalent amongst the celestials, Gandharvas, and human beings. With these I will confound the Pandavas. Let thy (heart's) fever be dispelled. I will fight (the foe), duly protecting thy army and according to the rules of (military) science! O king, let thy heart's fever be dispelled!'

Hearing these words, Duryodhana said, 'O Ganga's son of mighty arms, I tell thee truly, I have no fear from even all the gods and *Asuras* united together! How much less, therefore, is my fear when thy invincible self hath become the leader of my forces and when that tiger among men, Drona, also waiteth willingly for battle! When you two foremost of men, are addressed for battle on my side, victory, nay, the sovereignty of even the celestial cannot assuredly be unattainable by me! I desire, however, O Kaurava, to know who amongst all the warriors of the foe and my own are to be counted as *Rathas* and who *Atirathas*. Thou, O grandsire, art well-acquainted with the (prowess of the) combatants of the foe, also of ourselves! I desire to hear this, with all these lords of earth!'

"Bhishma said, 'Listen, O son of Gandhari, O king of kings, to the tale of *Rathas* in thy own army! Hear, O king, as to who are *Rathas* and who *Atirathas*! They are in thy army, many thousands, many millions, and many hundreds of millions of *Rathas*. Listen, however, to me as I name only the principal ones. Firstly, with thy country of brothers including Dussasana and others, thou art of the foremost of *Rathas!* All of you are skilled in striking, and proficient in cutting chariots and piercing. All of you are accomplished drivers of chariots while seated in the driver's box, and accomplished managers of elephants while seated on the necks of those animals. All of you are clever smiters with maces and bearded darts and swords and bucklers. You are accomplished in weapons and competent in bearing burthens of responsibility. Ye all are disciples of Drona and of Kripa, the son of Saradwat, in arrows and other arms. Wronged by the sons of Pandu, these Dhartarashtras, endued with energy, will assuredly slay in the encounter the Panchalas irresistible in combat. Then, O foremost of the Bharatas, come I, the leader of all thy troops, who will exterminate thy foes, vanquishing the Pandavas! It behoveth me not to speak of my own merits. I am known to thee. The foremost of all wielders of weapons, Bhoja (chief) Kritavarman is *Atiratha*. Without doubt, he will accomplish thy purpose in battle. Incapable of being humiliated by persons accomplished in arms, shooting or hurling his weapons to a great distance, and a severe smiter, he will destroy the ranks of the foe, as the great Indra destroying the Danavas. The ruler of the Madras, the mighty bowman Salya, is, as I think, an *Atiratha*. That warrior boasteth himself as Vasudeva's equal, in every battle (that he fighteth). Having abandoned his own sister's sons, that best of kings, Salya, hath become thine. He will encounter in battle the *Maharathas* of the Pandava party, flooding the enemy with his arrows resembling the very surges of the sea. The mighty bowman Bhurisravas, the son of Somadatta, who is accomplished in arms and is one of thy well-meaning friends, is a leader of leaders of car-divisions. He will, certainly, make a great havoc among the combatants of thy enemies. The king of the Sindhus, O monarch, is in my judgment, equal to two *Rathas*. That best of car-warriors will fight in battle, displaying great prowess. Humiliated, O king, by the Pandavas on the occasion of his

abducting Draupadi, and bearing that humiliation in mind, that slayer of hostile heroes will fight (for thee). Having practised after that, O king, the severest austerities, he obtained a boon, highly difficult of acquisition, for encountering the Pandavas in battle. That tiger among car-warriors, therefore, remembering his old hostility, will, O sire, fight with the Pandavas in battle, reckless of his very life which is so difficult to lay down.' ''

SECTION CLXVII

"Bhishma said, 'Sudhakshina, the ruler of the Kamvojas, is in my judgment, equal to a single *Ratha*. Desiring the success of thy object, he will certainly fight with the enemy in battle. O best of kings, the Kauravas will behold the prowess of this lion among car-warriors exerted for thee, to be equal to that of Indra himself in battle. As regards the car-army of this king, O monarch, those smiters of fierce impetus, the Kamvojas, will cover a large area like a flight of locusts! Coming from (the province of) Mahishmati, Nila, accoutred in blue mail, is one of thy *Rathas*. With his car-army he will cause a great havoc among thy foes, O child, he had hostilities with Sahadeva. O king, he will continually fight for thee O thou of Kuru's race. Accomplished in battle, and of fierce energy and prowess, (the princes) Vinda and Anuvinda of Avanti are both regarded as excellent *Rathas*. These two heroes among men will consume the troops of thy foes, with maces and bearded darts, and swords and long shafts, and javelins hurled from their hands. Like a couple of (elephant) leaders sporting in the midst of their herds, these two princes, O monarch, longing for battle, will range the field, each like Yama himself. The five (royal) brothers of Trigarta are, in my judgment, all foremost of *Rathas*. The sons of Pritha provoked hostilities with them at Virata's city on that (well-known) occasion. Like huge *Makaras*, O king, agitating the stream of the Ganges crested with high waves, they will agitate the ranks of the Parthas in battle. All the five, O king, are *Rathas*, having Satyaratha (amongst them) as their first. Remembering the wrongs inflicted on them of old by that son of Pandu who is Bhima's younger brother, when the latter, O Bharata, on his car drawn by white steeds, was engaged, O monarch, in subjugating all the kings of the earth, they will certainly exert themselves bravely in battle. Encountering many *Maharathas*—chief of bowmen—leaders of Kshatriyas—on the side of the Parthas, they will certainly slay them. Thy son Lakshmana and the son also of Dussasana—those tigers among men are both unretreating in battle. In prime of youth, of delicate limbs, endued with great activity, those two princes, well-versed with battles and capable of leading all,

those tigers among Kurus, those car-warriors, are, I think, two of our best *Rathas*. Devoted to the duties of the Kshatriya order, those two heroes will achieve great feats. Dandadhara, O monarch, is, O bull among men, equal to a single *Ratha*. Guarded by his own soldiers, he will fight in battle for thee. Endued with great impetus and prowess, king Vrihadvala, the ruler of the Kosalas, is, in my judgment, O sire, equal to one *Ratha*. Fierce in arms, this mighty bowman, devoted to the good of the Dhartarashtras, will exert himself powerfully in battle, gladdening his own friends. Kripa, the son of Saradwat is, O king, a leader of leaders of car-ranks. Reckless even of life which is so dear, he will consume thy foes. Born among a clump of heath as the son of that great sage, *viz.*, the preceptor Gautama, otherwise called Saradwat, he is invincible like Kartikeya himself. Consuming untold warriors armed with various weapons and bows, he will, O sire, roam forth on the field of battle like a blazing fire.' "

SECTION CLXVIII

"Bhishma said, 'This thy maternal uncle Sakuni is, O king, equal to a single Ratha. Having caused the (present) hostilities (to break out) with the sons of Pandu, he will fight. There is no doubt in this. His troops are irresistible when rushing to battle. Armed with various kinds of weapons in abundance, in speed, they are equal to the very wind. The mighty bowman (Aswatthaman) who is Drona's son surpasseth all bowmen. Acquainted with all modes of warfare, and of unbaffled weapons, he is a *Maharatha*. Like the wielder of Gandiva, the shafts of this warrior, shot from his bow, proceed in a continuous line, touching one another. If he wishes it, this Maharatha is capable of consuming the three worlds. Engaged in austerities in his hermitage, he hath, by these, increased both his fury and energy. Possessed of great intelligence, he hath been favoured by Drona with (the gift of all) celestial weapons. There is, however, O bull of Bharata's race, one great defect in him, in consequence of which, O best of kings, I do not regard him either as a Ratha or a Maharatha. This regenerate man is exceedingly fond of living, life being very dear to him. Amongst the warriors of both armies there is no one who can be regarded as his peer. Or even a single car he can annihilate the very army of the celestials. Possessed of a strong frame, he can split the very mountains by the flaps of his bow-string, striking against the leathern fence on his left arm. Endued with innumerable qualities, this smiter of fierce effulgence will wander (over the field of battle), incapable of being withstood like Yama himself, mace in hand. Resembling the fire at the end of the Yuga as regards his fury, possessed

of leonine neck, and endued with great lustre, Aswatthaman will extinguish the embers of this battle between the Bharata's. His father (Drona) is endued with great energy, and though aged, is still superior to many young men. He will achieve great feats in battle. I have no doubt of this. Staying immovably (on the field), he will consume Yudhishthira's troops. The Pandava army will play the part of the dry grass and fuel in which that fire will originate, while the impetus of his own weapons will be the wind for fanning it into a (mighty) flame. This bull among men, is a leader of bands of car-warriors. The son of Bharadwaja will achieve fierce feats for thy good! The preceptor of all Kshatriyas of royal lineage, the venerable preceptor, will exterminate the Srinjayas. Dhananjaya, however, is dear to him. This mighty bowman, therefore, remembering his own celebrated and highly meritorious services as preceptor, will never be able to slay Partha who is capable of achieving great feats without any trouble. O hero, Drona always boasteth of the numerous accomplishments of Partha. Indeed, Bharadwaja looketh on him with greater affection than on his own son. Endued with great prowess, he can, on a single car, beat in battle, by means of his celestial weapons, all the gods, Gandharvas, and human beings united together. That tiger among kings, is, O monarch, one of thy Maharathas. Capable of breaking the car-ranks of hostile heroes, he, in my judgment, is one of thy foremost of car-warriors. Afflicting the ranks of the enemy at the head of his own large force, he will consume the Panchalas like fire consuming a heap of dry grass. Possessed of true fame, prince Vrihadvala is equal to single Ratha. He, O monarch, will roam amid thy enemy's troops like Death himself. His troops, O king of kings, accoutred in various kinds of mail and armed with diverse kinds of weapons, will wander on the field, slaying all the warriors opposed to them. Vrishasena, the son of Karna, is one of thy foremost of car-warriors and is a Maharatha. That foremost of mighty men will consume the troops of thy enemy. Endued with great energy, Jalasandha, O king, is one of thy foremost of Rathas. Born in Madhu's race, that slayer of hostile heroes, is prepared to cast away his very life in battle. Skilled in battle, that mighty-armed warrior, scattering the enemy's ranks before him, will fight in battle mounted on car or from the elephant's back. That best of kings, O monarch, is in my judgment, a Ratha. He will, in fierce battle, cast away for thy sake his very life with all, his troops Possessed of great prowess and acquainted with all the modes of warfare, he will, O king, fight fearlessly with thy foes in battle. Never retreating from battle, brave, and resembling Yama himself, Vahlika, O king, is in my judgment, an Atiratha. Rushing to the encounter he never cometh back. Indeed, he will slay hostile warriors in battle like the Wind-god himself. That router of hostile car-ranks, that car-warrior of wonderful feats in battle, commander of thy forces, Satyavan is, O king, a Maharatha. He never cherisheth grief at the prospect of battle. Confounding those warriors that stand in the way of his car, he falleth upon them. Always displaying his prowess against the

enemy, that best of men will, for thy sake, in fierce press of battle, achieve all that a good Kshatriya should. That chief of Rakshasas, Alambhusha, of cruel deeds, is a *Maharatha*, Remembering his old hostilities (with the Pandavas), he will commit great execution among the foe. He is the best of Rathas amongst all the Rakshasa-warriors. Possessing powers of illusion, and firm in enmity, he will wander fiercely on the field. The ruler of *Pragjyotisha*, the brave Bhagadatta of exceeding prowess, is the foremost of those holding the elephant hook, and is skilled also in fighting from a car. An encounter took place between him and the wielder of Gandiva for days together, O king, each desirous of victory over the other. Then Bhagadatta, O son of Gandhari, who regarded Indra as his friend, made friendship with (Indra's son) the high-souled Pandava. Skilled in fight from the elephant's neck, this king will fight in battle, like Vasava among the celestials, fighting from his Airavata.' "

SECTION CLXIX

"Bhishma said, 'Both the brothers Achala and Vrisha are Rathas. Invincible (in battle) they will slay thy foes. Endued with great strength, those tigers among men, those foremost of Gandharvas, are firm in wrath. Young and handsome, they are possessed of great strength. As regards this thy ever dear friend, this one who is always boastful of his skill in battle, this one who always urgeth thee, O king, to fight with the Pandavas, this vile braggart, Karna, the son of Surya, this one who is thy counsellor, guide, and friend, this vain wight who is destitute of sense, this Karna, is neither a Ratha nor an Atiratha. Without sense, this one hath been deprived of his natural coat of mail. Always kind, he hath also been deprived of his celestial ear-rings. In consequence of the curse of Rama (his preceptor in arms) as also of the words of a Brahmana (who cursed him on another occasion), owing also to his deprivation of the accoutrements of battle, he, in my judgment, is only half a Ratha. Having approached Falguni (in battle), he will not certainly escape with life!' Hearing this, Drona, that foremost of all wielders of weapons, said, 'It is even so as thou hast said. That is not untrue! He boasteth on the eve of every battle, but yet he is seen to retreat from every engagement. Kind (out of season) and blundering, it is for this that Karna, in my judgment, is only half a Ratha!'

"Hearing these words, Radha's son, expanding his eyes in rage, and afflicting Bhishma with words like sharp hooks, said unto Ganga's son these words, 'O grandsire, though I am innocent yet from thy aversion to me, thou manglest me thus, according to thy pleasure, with thy wordy

arrows at every step. I tolerate, however, all this for the sake of Duryodhana. Indicating me as only half a Ratha, thou regardest me worthless, as if, indeed, I were a coward! What doubt is there in this? I do not speak an untruth when I say that thou, O Ganga's son, art an enemy of the whole universe, and especially of all the Kurus! The king, however, doth not know this! Who else is there that would thus seek to disunite and abate the energy of these kings that are all equal and that are all equally brave, as thou, from thy hatred of merit, seekest to do? O Kaurava, neither years, nor wrinkles, nor wealth, nor possession of friends, would entitle a Kshatriya to be regarded as a Maharatha! It hath been said that a Kshatriya acquireth eminence only through might, as Brahmanas acquire eminence through superiority in mantras, as Vaisyas through wealth, and Sudras through age. Influenced, however, by lust and envy, and acting from ignorance, thou hast indicated Rathas and Atirathas according only to thy own caprice! Blessed be thou, O mighty-armed Duryodhana, judge properly! Let this wicked Bhishma, who only wrongeth thee, be abandoned by thee! Thy warriors, once disunited, can with difficulty be united again. O tiger among men, thy main army, under such circumstances, can with difficulty be united; far greater will the difficulty be in uniting an army gathered from various provinces! Behold, O Bharata, doubt (of success) hath already arisen in the hearts of thy warriors! This Bhishma weakeneth our energy in our very presence! Where is the task of ascertaining the merits of Rathas, and where is Bhishma of little understanding? I alone will withstand the army of Pandavas. Coming in contact with me, whose arrows never go for nothing, the Pandavas and the Panchalas will fly away in all directions like oxen when they come in contact with a tiger! Where, Oh, are battle, the press of armed encounter, good counsels and well-expressed words, and where is Bhishma, who is superannuated and of wicked soul, and who is impelled by the very fates to become their victim? Alone he challengeth the whole universe! Of false vision he regardeth none else as a man. It is true the scriptures teach that the words of the old should be listened to. That, however, doth not refer to those that are very old, for these, in my judgment, become children again. Alone I will exterminate the army of the Pandavas! The fame, however, of such a feat will attach to Bhishma, O tiger among kings, for this Bhishma, O monarch, hath been made by thee the commander of thy forces, and the renown always attacheth to the leader and not to those that fight under him. I will not, therefore, O king, fight as long as Ganga's son liveth! After Bhishma, however, hath been laid low, I will fight with all the Maharathas of the enemy united together!'

"Bhishma said, 'This burden, vast as the ocean, in the matter of Duryodhana's battle (with the Pandavas), is about to be taken up by me. I have thought of it for many years. Now that the hour is come for that terrible encounter, dissensions amongst ourselves should not be created by me. It is for this, Suta's son, that thou livest! Else, superannuated

though I am and young in years thou art, I would quell thy desire for battle and crush thy hope of life! (Thy preceptor) Rama, the son of Jamadagni, shooting his great weapons, could not cause me the slightest pain. What canst thou, therefore, do to me? They that are good, do not approve self-praise. Infamous wretch of thy race, know that I indulge in little boast because I am enraged. Vanquishing on a single car all the assembled Kshatriyas of the world at the Swyamvara of the daughters of the ruler of Kasi, I abducted those maidens. Alone, I stopped on the field of battle the rush of countless kings with their soldiers! Obtaining thee as embodiment of strife, a great calamity is ready to overtake the Kurus! Strive then for slaying our antagonists. Be a man, fight with that Partha, whom thou so often challengest. O thou of wicked understanding, I desire to see thee come out of that encounter with thy life!'

"King Duryodhana then said unto Bhishma, of great prowess, 'Cast thy eyes on me, O Ganga's son! Great is the business that is at hand! Think earnestly as how I may be most benefited! Both of you will render me great services! I desire now to hear of the best car-warriors among the enemy, that is, of those that are *Atirathas* among them and of those that are leaders of car-division. O Kaurava, I desire to hear of the strength and weakness of my foes, since when this night will dawn, our great battle will take place.' "

SECTION CLXX

"Bhishma said, 'I have now, O king, indicated who thy *Rathas* are and who thy *Atirathas* and half Rathas. Listen now to the tale of Rathas and Atirathas among the Pandavas. If thou feelest any curiosity, listen then, O king, with these monarchs, to the tale of Rathas in the army of the Pandavas. The king himself, son of Pandu and Kunti, is a mighty Ratha. Without doubt, O sire, he will glide along the field of battle like a blazing fire; Bhimasena, O king, is regarded equal to eight Rathas. In an encounter with the mace or even with arrows, there is none equal to him. Endued with the strength of ten thousand elephants, and filled with pride, in energy he is superhuman. Those two bulls among men, the sons of Madri, are both Rathas. In beauty, they are equal to the twin Aswinis, and they are endued with great energy. Stationed at the head of their divisions, all of them, remembering their great sufferings, without doubt, wander along the field like so many Indras! All of them are endued with high souls, and are tall in stature like the trunks of *Sala* trees. Taller than other men by half-a-cubit in stature, all the sons of Pandu are brave as lions and endued with great strength. All of them,

O sire, have practised *Brahmacharya* vows and other ascetic austerities. Endued with modesty, those tigers among men are possessed of fierce strength like the veritable tigers. In speed, in smiting, and in crushing (foes), all of them are more than human. All of them, on the occasion of the campaign of universal conquest, vanquished great kings, O bull of Bharata's race! No other men can wield their weapons, maces, and shafts. Indeed, O Kaurava, there are no men that can even string their bows, or uplift their maces, or shoot their arrows in battle. In speed, in hitting the aim, in eating, and in sports on the dust, they used to beat all of you even when they were children. Possessed of fierce might they will, when they encounter this force, exterminate it in battle. A collision, therefore, with them is not desirable. Each of them can alone slay all the kings of the earth! That which happened, O great king, on the occasion of the *Rajasuya* sacrifice, had occurred before thy very eyes! Remembering the sufferings of Draupadi and the harsh speeches uttered after their defeat at dice, they will wander in battle like so many *Rudras*. As regards Gudakesha, of reddish eyes, having Narayana for his ally, there is not among both the armies any brave car-warrior that can be regarded as his equal. Let men alone, it hath not been heard by us that even among gods, *Asuras*, *Uragas*, *Rakshasas* and *Yakshas*, there ever was born before, or there ever will be born hereafter, any car-warrior like unto him! O great king, intelligent Partha owneth that car which is furnished with the banner bearing the device of the ape; the driver of that car is Vasudeva! Dhananjaya himself is the warrior who fighteth from it; his, again, is that celestial bow called *Gandiva*; he owneth again those steeds fleet as the wind; his coat of mail is impenetrable and of celestial make; his two large quivers are inexhaustible; his arms have been obtained from the great *Indra*, *Rudra*, *Kuvera*, *Yama* and *Varuna*; and upon his car, again, are those maces of frightful mien, and diverse other great weapons having the thunderbolt amongst them! What car-warrior can be regarded as his equal, who, stationed on a single car, slew in battle a thousand *Danavas*, having their abode in Hiranyapura? Inflamed with wrath, possessed of great might and prowess, incapable of being baffled, that mighty-armed warrior, while protecting his own army, will certainly exterminate thy troops! Myself and preceptor (Drona) among the two armies, and no third car-warrior, O great king, can advance against Dhananjaya, that scatterer of arrowy showers! Pouring his shafts, like the very clouds during the rainy season when propelled by mighty winds, that son of Kunti when Vasudeva as his second, steppeth for battle! He is skilful and young, while both of us are old and worn out!'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Hearing these words of Bhishma, and recollecting with trembling heart, the well-known valour of the sons of Pandu and thinking of it, as if it were present before their eyes, the massive arms of kings, decked with bracelets and smeared with sandal-paste, seemed to hang down divested of might.' "

SECTION CLXXI

"Bhishma said, 'All the five sons of Draupadi, O monarch, are *Maharathas*. Virata's son Uttara is, in my judgment, one of the foremost of *Rathas*. The mighty-armed Abhimanyu is a leader of leaders of car-divisions. Indeed, that slayer of foes is equal in battle to Partha himself or Vasudeva. Endued with great lightness of hand in shooting weapons, and acquainted with all the modes of warfare, he is possessed of great energy and is steady in the observance of vows. Remembering the sufferings of his own father, he will put forth his prowess. The brave Satyaki of Madhu's race is a leader of leaders of car-divisions. Foremost among the heroes of the Vrishni race, he is endued with great wrath, and is perfectly dauntless. Uttamaujas also, O king, is an excellent car-warrior in my judgment. And Yudhamanyu, too, of great prowess, is, in my judgment, an excellent car-warrior. All those chiefs own many thousands of cars and elephants and horses, and they will fight, reckless of their very lives, from desire of doing what is agreeable to Kunti's sons. Uniting with the Pandavas, they will, O great king, sweep through thy ranks like fire or the wind, challenging thy warriors. Invincible in battle, those bulls among men, old Virata and old Drupada, both endued with great prowess, are, in my judgment, both *Maharathas*. Though old in years yet both of them are devoted to the observance of Kshatriya virtues. Treading along the path that is trod by heroes, both of them will exert to the best of their might. In consequence of their relationship (to the Pandavas) and owing also, O king, to their being endued with strength and prowess, those great bowmen devoted to pure vows, have both derived additional strength from the strength of their affection. According as the cause is, all strong-armed men become, O bull of Kuru's race, heroes or cowards. Actuated by a singleness of purpose, both these kings, who are powerful bowmen, will lay down their very lives in causing a great massacre of thy troops to the best of their might, O slayer of foes! Fierce in battle, these distinguished heroes, these mighty bowmen, regardless, O Bharata, of their lives, will, at the head of their respective '*Akshauhinis*, achieve great feats, justifying their relationship and the confidence that is reposed on them (by the Pandavas).' "

SECTION CLXXII

"Bhishma said, 'That subjugator of hostile cities, Sikhandin, the son of the king of the Panchalas, is, O king, in my judgment, one of the foremost of Yudhishthira's *Rathas*. Having divested himself on his former

sex, he will fight in battle and earn great fame, O Bharata, among thy troops! He hath a large number of troops,—Panchalas and Prabhadrakas,—to support him. With those hosts of cars he will achieve great feats. Dhrishtadyumna also, O Bharata, the leader of all Yudhishthira's army, that mighty car-warrior who is also a disciple of Drona, is, O king, in my judgment, an *Atiratha*. Afflicting all foes in battle, he will singly sweep the field, like *Pinaka*,-bearing God himself in rage on the occasion of the universal dissolution. Even great warriors will speak of his car-divisions, so multitudinous are they, as resembling the very ocean or that of the gods, in battle! Kshattradharman, the son of Dhrishtadyumna, owing to his immature years, as also in consequence of his want of exercise in arms, is, in my judgment, O king, only half a *Ratha*. That relative of the Pandavas, the mighty bowman Dhrishtaketu, the heroic son of Sisupala, the king of the Chedis, is a *Maharatha*. That brave ruler of the Chedis will, O king, with his son, achieve feats such as are difficult for even a *Maharatha*. Kshattradeva, that subjugator of hostile cities, who is devoted to Kshatriya virtues, is, O great king, in my judgment, one of the best Rathas among the Pandavas. Those brave warriors among the Panchalas, *viz*., Jayanta and Amitaujas and the great car-warrior Satyajit are all, O king, high-souled Maharathas. They will all, O sire, fight in battle like furious elephants. Aja and Bhoja, both endued with great prowess, are both Maharathas. Possessed of great might, those two heroes will fight for the Pandavas. Both of them are endued with great lightness of hand in the use of weapons. Both of them are conversant with all the modes of warfare, both are well-skilled and possessed of firm prowess. The five Kshatriya brothers, O king, who are difficult of being vanquished, and all of whom have blood red banners, are foremost of the Rathas. Kasika, and Sukumara, and Nila, and that other one, *viz*., Suryadatta, and Sankha, otherwise called Madiraswa. are all in my judgment, the foremost of Rathas. Possessed of every qualification that renders them fit for battle, they are acquainted with all weapons, and all of them are endued with high souls. Vardhakshemi, O king, is in my judgment, a Maharatha. King Chitrayudha is, in my judgment, one of the best of Rathas. He is, besides, an asset in battle and devotedly attached to the diadem-decked (Arjuna). Those mighty car-warriors, those tigers among men, Chekitana, and Satyadhriti, are two of the best Rathas of the Pandavas in my judgment. Vyaghradatta, O monarch, and Chandrasena also, O Bharata, are without doubt two of the best Rathas, as I think, of the Pandavas. Senavindu, O king, otherwise called Krodhahantri by name, who, O lord, is regarded as equal of Vasudeva and of Bhimasena, will contend with great prowess in battle against your warriors. Indeed, that best of kings, ever boasting of his feats in battle, should be regarded by thee, precisely as myself, Drona and Kripa are regarded by thee! That best of men, worthy of praise, *viz*., Kasya, is endued with great lightness of hand in the use of weapons. Indeed, that subjugator of hostile cities is known to me as equal to one

Ratha. Drupada's son, Satyajit, young in years and displaying great prowess in battle, should be regarded as equal to eight Rathas. Indeed, being Dhrishtadyumna's equal, he is an *Atiratha*. Desirous of spreading the fame of the Pandavas, he will achieve great feats. Devoted to the Pandavas and endued with great bravery, there is another great Ratha of the Pandavas, *viz.*, king Pandya, that bowman of mighty energy. The mighty bowman Dhridadhanwan is another *Maharatha* of the Pandavas. O subjugator of hostile cities, that foremost of Kurus, *viz.*, Srenimat and king Vasudeva are both, in my judgment, *Atirathas*.' "

SECTION CLXXIII

"Bhishma said, 'O great king, Rochamana is another *Maharatha* of the Pandavas. He will, O Bharata, contend in battle against hostile warriors, like a second god. That subjugator of foes, the mighty bowman Kuntibhoja of great strength, the maternal uncle of Bhimasena, is, in my judgment, an Atiratha. This mighty and heroic bowman is well-versed and highly skilled in fight. Acquainted with all modes of warfare, this bull among car-warriors is regarded by me as exceedingly competent. Displaying his prowess he will fight, like a second Indra against the Danavas. Those celebrated soldiers that he owns are all accomplished in figqt. Stationed on the side of the Pandavas and devoted to what is agreeable and beneficial to them, that hero will, for the sake of his sister's sons achieve extra-ordinary feats. That prince of Rakshasas (Ghatotkacha), O king, born of Bhima and Hidimva, and endued with ample powers of illusion, is, in my judgment, a leader of the leaders of car-divisions. Fond of battle, and endued with powers of illusion, he will, O sire, fight earnestly in battle. Those heroic Rakshasas who are his counsellors or dependents will also fight under him.

'These and many other rulers of provinces, headed by Vasudeva, have assembled for the sake of Pandu's son. These, O king, are principally the Rathas, Atirathas, and half Rathas of the high-souled Pandava, and these, O king, will lead in battle the terrible army of Yudhishthira which is protected, again, by that hero, the diadem-decked (Arjuna), who is even like the great Indra himself. It is with them (thus) endued with powers of illusion and fired by the desire of success that I sahall contend in battle, expectant of victory or death. I shall advance against these two foremost of car-warriors, Vasudeva and Arjuna, bearing (respectively) Gandiva and the discus, and resembling the sun and the moon as seen together in the evening. I shall, on the field of battle, encounter also those other car-warriors of Yudhishthira (whom I have mentioned) at the head of their respective troops.

'The Rathas and Atirathas, according to their precedence, have now been declared by me to thee, and they also that are half Rathas, belonging to thee or them, O chief of the Kauravas! Arjuna and Vasudeva and other lords of earth that may be there, all of them, upon whom my eyes may fall, I will withstand, O Bharata! But, thou of mighty arms, I will not strike or slay Sikhandin the prince of Panchalas, even if I behold him rushing against me in battle with weapons upraised. The world knows how from a desire of doing what was agreeable to my father, that I gave up the kingdom that had become mine and lived in the observance of the *Brahmacharya* vow. I then installed Chitrangada in the sovereignty of the Kauravas, making at the same time the child Vichitravirya the *Yuvaraja*. Having notified my god-like vow among all the kings of the earth, I shall never slay a woman or one that was formerly a woman. It may be known to you, O king, that Sikhandin was formerly a woman. Having been born as a daughter, she afterwards became metamorphosed into the male sex. I shall not, O Bharata, fight against him. I shall certainly smite all other kings, O bull of Bharata's race, whom I may encounter in battle. I will not, however, O king, be able to slay the sons of Kunti!' "

SECTION CLXXIV

"Duryodhana said, 'For what reason, O chief of the Bharatas, wilt thou not slay Sikhandin even if thou beholdest him approach thee as a foe with arms upraised? Thou hadst, O mighty-armed one, formerly told me,—I will slay the Panchalas with the Somakas!—O son of Ganga, tell me, O grandsire (the reason of the present reservation).'

"Bhishma said, 'Listen, O Duryodhana, to this history, with all these lords of earth, as to why I will not slay Sikhandin even if I behold him in battle! My father, Santanu, O king, was celebrated over all the world. O bull of the Bharata race, that king of virtuous soul paid his debt to nature in time. Observing my pledge, O chief of the Bharatas, I then installed my brother, Chitrangada, on the throne of the extensive kingdom of the Kurus. After Chitrangada's demise, obedient to the counsels of Satyavati, I installed, according to the ordinance, Vichitravirya as king. Although young in age, yet being installed duly by me, O monarch, the virtuous Vichitravirya looked up to me in everything. Desirous of marrying him, I set my heart upon procuring daughters from a suitable family. (At that time) I heard, O thou of mighty arms, that three maidens, all unrivalled for beauty, daughters of the ruler of Kasi, by name Amva, Amvika, and Amvalika would select husbands for themselves, and that all the kings of the earth, O bull of the Bharata's race, had

been invited. Amongst those maidens Amva was the eldest, Amvika the second, while the princess Amvalika, O monarch, was the youngest. Myself repairing on a single car to the city of the ruler of Kasi, I beheld, O thou of mighty arms, the three maidens adorned with ornaments and also all the kings of the earth invited thither on the occasion. Then, O bull of Bharata's race, challenging to battle all those kings who were ready for the encounter, I took up those maidens on my car and repeatedly said unto all the kings assembled there these words—Bhishma, the son of Santanu, is carrying away by force these maidens. Ye kings, strive ye all to the best of your power for rescuing them! By force do I take them away, ye bulls among men, making you spectators of my act!—At these words of mine those rulers of the earth sprang up with weapons unsheathed. And they angrily urged the drivers of their cars, saying, 'Make ready the cars,—Make ready the cars.' And those monarchs sprang upto the rescue, with weapons unsheathed; car-warriors on their cars resembling masses of clouds, those fighting from elephants, on their elephants, and others on their stout and plump steeds. Then all those kings, O monarch, surrounded me on all sides with a multitudinous number of cars. With a shower of arrows, I stopped their onrush on all sides and vanquished them like the chief of celestials vanquishing hordes of Danavas. Laughingly, with easiness I cut down the variegated standards, decked with gold, of the advancing kings, with blazing shafts, O bull of Bharata's race! In that combat I overthrew their steeds and elephants and car-drivers, each with a single arrow. Beholding that lightness (of hand) of mine, they desisted (from the fight) and broke. And having vanquished all those rulers of the earth, I came back to Hastinapura, I then, O thou of mighty arms, made over those maidens, intending them for my brothers to Satyavati and represented unto her everything I had done.' "

SECTION CLXXV

"Bhishma said, 'Then, O chief of the Bharatas, approaching my mother, that daughter of the *Dasa* clan, and saluting that parent of heroes, I said these words,—Having vanquished all the kings, these daughters of the ruler of Kasi, having beauty alone for their dowry, have been abducted by me for the sake of Vichitravirya!—Then, O king, Satyavati with eyes bathed in tears, smelt my head, and joyously said, 'By good luck it is, O child, that thou hast triumphed!' When next, with Satyavati's acquiescence, the nuptials approached, the eldest daughter of the ruler of Kasi said these words in great bashfulness,—O Bhishma, thou art conversant with morality, and art well-versed in all our scriptures! Hearing my words,

it behoveth thee to do towards me that which is consistent with morality. The ruler of the Salwas was before this mentally chosen by me as my lord. By him also, without my father's knowledge, I was privately solicited. How wouldst thou, O Bhishma, born especially as thou art in Kuru's race, transgress the laws of morality and cause one that longeth for another to live in thy abode? Knowing this, O bull of Bharata's race, and deliberating in thy mind, it behoveth thee, O mighty-armed one, to accomplish what is proper. O monarch, it is clear that the ruler of the Salwas waiteth (for me). It behoveth thee, therefore, O best of the Kurus, to permit me to depart. O mighty-armed one, be merciful to me, O foremost of righteous persons! Thou, O hero, art devoted to truth, it is well-known all over the earth!' "

SECTION CLXXVI

"Bhishma said, 'I then placed the matter before (my mother) Kali, otherwise called Gandhavati, as also all our counsellors, and also before our special and ordinary priests and then permitted, O king, the eldest of those maidens, Amva, to depart. Permitted by me, that maiden then went to the city of the ruler of the Salwas. And she had for her escort a number of old Brahmanas and was also accompanied by her own nurse. And having travelled the whole distance (between Hastinapura and Salwa's city), she approached king Salwa and said these words, 'I come, O thou of mighty arms, expectant of thee, O high-souled one! Unto her, however, O king, the lord of the Salwas said with a laughter, 'O thou of the fairest complexion, I no longer desire to make a wife of thee who wast to be wedded to another. Therefore, O blessed one, go back thither unto Bhishma's presence. I no longer desire thee that was forcibly ravished by Bhishma. Indeed, when Bhishma, having vanquished the kings, took thee away, thou didst go with him cheerfully. When having humiliated and vanquished all the kings of the earth, Bhishma took thee away, I no longer desire thee, O thou of the fairest complexion, for a wife,—thee that was to have been wedded to another! How can a king like myself, who is acquainted with all branches of knowledge and who lays down laws for the guidance of others, admit (into his abode) a woman who was to have been wedded to another? O blessed lady, go whithersoever thou wishest, without spending thy time in vain!' Hearing these words of his, Amva then, O king, afflicted with the arrows of the god of love, addressed Salwa, saying, 'Say not so, O lord of the earth, for it is not so! O grinder of foes, cheerful I was not when taken away by Bhishma! He took me away by force, having routed all the kings, and I was weeping all the while. An innocent girl that I am and attached

to thee, accept me, O lord of the Salwas! The abandonment (by one) of those that are attached (to him) is never applauded in the scriptures. Having solicited Ganga's son who never retreats from battle, and having at last obtained his permission, I come to thee! Indeed, the mighty-armed Bhishma, O king, desireth me not! It hath been heard by me that his action (in this matter) hath been for the sake of his brother. My two sisters Amvika and Amvalika, who were abducted with me at the same time, have, O king, been bestowed by Ganga's son on his younger brother, Vichitravirya! O lord of the Salwas, I swear, O tiger among men, by touching my own head that I have never thought of any other husband than thee! I do not, O great king, come to thee as one who was to have been wedded to another! I tell thee the truth, O Salwa, truly swearing by my soul! Take me, O thou of large eyes, me—a maiden come to thee of her own accord—one unbetrothed to another, one desirous of thy grace!' Although she spoke in this strain, Salwa, however, O chief of the Bharatas, rejected that daughter of the ruler of Kasi, like a snake casting off his slough. Indeed, although that king was earnestly solicited with diverse expressions such as these, the lord of the Salwas still did not, O bull of the Bharata race, manifest any inclination for accepting the girl. Then the eldest daughter of the ruler of Kasi, filled with anger, and her eyes bathed in tears, said these words with a voice choked with tears and grief, 'Cast off, O king, by thee, whithersoever I may go, the righteous will be my protectors, for truth is indestructible!'

"It thus, O thou of Kuru's race, that the lord of the Salwas rejected that maiden who addressed him in language such as this and who was sobbing in grief so tenderly. *Go, go*,—were the words that Salwa said unto her repeatedly. I am in terror of Bhishma, O thou of fair hips, thou art Bhishma's capture! Thus addressed by Salwa destitute of foresight, that maiden issued out of his city sorrowfully and wailing like a she-osprey.' "

SECTION CLXXVII

"Bhishma said, 'Issuing out of the city, Amva reflected sorrowfully in this strain. 'There is not in the whole world a young woman in such a miserable plight as I! Alas, destitute of friends, I am rejected by Salwa also! I cannot go back to the city named after an elephant, for I was permitted by Bhishma to leave that city, expectant of Salwa! Whom then shall I blame? Myself? Or, the invincible Bhishma? Or, that foolish father of mine who made arrangements for my self-choice? Perhaps, it is my own fault! Why did I not leap down before from Bhishma's car, when that fierce battle took place, for coming to Salwa? That I am so

afflicted now, as if deprived of my senses, is the fruit of that omission of mine! Cursed be Bhishma! Cursed be my own wretched father of foolish understanding, who had arranged prowess to be my dower, sending me out as if I were a woman (disposed) for a consideration! Cursed be myself! Cursed be king Salwa himself and cursed be my creator too! Cursed be they through whose fault such great misery hath been mine! Human beings always suffer what is destined for them. The cause, however, of my present affliction is Bhishma, the son of Santanu; I, therefore, see that at present my vengeance should fall upon him, either through ascetic austerities or by battle, for he is the cause of my woe! But what king is there that would venture to vanquish Bhishma in battle? Having settled this, she issued out of the city for repairing to an asylum of the high-souled ascetics of virtuous deeds. The night she stayed there, surrounded by those ascetics. And that lady of sweet smiles told those ascetics, O Bharata, all that had happened to herself with the minutest details, O mighty-armed one, about her abduction, and her rejection by Salwa.'

"There lived in that asylum an eminent Brahmana of rigid vows, and his name was Saikhavatya. Endued with ascetic merit of a high order, he was a preceptor of the scriptures and the *Aranyakas*. And the sage Saikhavatya, of great ascetic merit, addressed that afflicted maiden, that chaste girl sighing heavily in grief, and said, 'If it hath been so, O blessed lady, what can high-souled ascetics residing in their (woody) retreats and engaged in penances do?' That maiden, however, O king, answered him, saying, 'Let mercy be shown to me; I desire a life in the woods, having renounced the world. I will practise the severest of ascetic austerities. All that I now suffer is certainly the fruit of those sins that I had committed from ignorance in my former life. I do not venture to go back to my relatives, ye ascetics, rejected and cheerless that I am knowing that I have been humiliated by Salwa! Ye that have washed away your sins, godlike as ye are, I desire that ye should instruct me in ascetic penance! Oh, let mercy be shown to me!' Thus addressed, that sage then comforted the maiden by examples and reasons borrowed from the scriptures. And having consoled her thus, he promised, with the other Brahmanas, to do what she desired.' "

SECTION CLXXVIII

"Bhishma said, 'Those virtuous ascetics then set themselves about their usual avocations, thinking all the while as to what they should do for that maiden. And some amongst them said, 'Let her be taken to her father's abode.' And some amongst them set their hearts upon reproach-

ing ourselves. And some thought that repairing to the ruler of the Salwas, he should be solicited to accept the maiden. And some said, 'No, that should not be done, for she hath been rejected by him.' And after some time had passed thus, those ascetics of rigid vows once more said unto her, 'What, O blessed lady, can ascetics with senses under control do? Do not devote thyself to a life in the woods, renouncing the world! O blessed lady, listen to these words that are beneficial to thee! Depart hence, blessed be thou, to thy father's mansion! The king, thy father, will do what should next be done. O auspicious one, surrounded by every comfort, thou mayest live there in happiness. Thou art a woman! At present, therefore, O blessed one, thou hast no other protector save thy father. O thou of the fairest complexion, as regards a woman, she hath her father for her protector or her husband. Her husband is her protector when she is in comfortable circumstances, but when plunged in misery, she hath her father for her protector. A life in the woods is exceedingly painful, especially to one that is delicate. Thou art a princess by birth; over this, thou art, again, very delicate, O beautiful dame! O blessed lady, there are numerous discomforts and difficulties attaching to a life in a (woody) retreat, none of which, O thou of the fairest complexion, shalt thou have to bear in thy father's abode!' Other ascetics, beholding that helpless girl said to her, 'Seeing thee alone in deep and solitary woods, kings may court thee! Therefore, set not thy heart upon such a course!'

"Hearing these words, Amva said, 'I am incapable of going back to my father's abode in the city of Kasi, for without doubt I shall then be disregarded by all my relatives. Ye ascetics, I lived there, in my father's abode, during my childhood. I cannot, however, now go to thither where my father is. Protected by the ascetics, I desire to practise ascetic austerities, so that in even future life of mine such sore afflictions may not be mine! Ye best of ascetics, I desire, therefore, to practise ascetic austerities!'

"Bhishma continued, 'When those Brahmanas were thinking thus about her, there came into that forest that best of ascetics, the royal sage Hotravahana. Then those ascetics reverenced the king with worship, enquiries of welcome and courtesy, a seat, and water. And after he was seated and had rested for a while, those denizens of the forest once more began to address that maiden in the hearing of that royal sage. Hearing the story of Amva and the king of Kasi, that royal sage of great energy became very anxious at heart. Hearing her speak in that strain, and beholding her (distressed), that royal sage of rigid austerities, *viz.*, the high-souled Hotravahana, was filled with pity. Then, O lord, that maternal grandsire of her rose up with trembling frame and causing that maiden to sit on his lap, began to comfort her. He then acquired of her in details about that distress of hers from its beginning. And she, thereupon, represented to him minutely all that had happened. Hearing all she said, the royal sage was filled with pity and grief. And

that great sage settled in mind what she would do. Trembling from agitation he addressed the afflicted maiden sunk in woe, saying, 'Do not go back to thy father's abode, O blessed lady! I am the father of thy mother. I will dispel thy grief. Rely on me, O daughter! Great, indeed, must thy affliction he when thou art so emaciated! At my advice, go unto the ascetic Rama, the son of Jamadagni. Rama will dispel this great affliction and grief of thine. He will slay Bhishma in battle if the latter obeyeth not his behest. Go, therefore, unto that foremost one of Bhrigu's race who resembleth the Yuga-fire itself in energy! That great ascetic will place thee once more on the right track!' Hearing this, that maiden, shedding tears all the while, saluted her maternal grandsire, Hotravahana, with a bend of her head and addressed him, saying, 'Go I will at thy command! But shall I succeed in obtaining a sight of that reverend sire celebrated over the world? How will he dispel this poignant grief of mine? And how shall I go to that descendant of Bhrigu? I desire to know all this.'

"Hotravahana said, 'O blessed maiden, thou wilt behold Jamadagni's son, Rama, who is devoted to truth and endued with great might and engaged in austere penances in the great forest. Rama always dwelleth in that foremost of the mountains called Mahendra. Many Rishis, learned in the Vedas, and many Gandharvas and Apsaras also dwell there. Go, blessed be thou, and tell him these words of mine, having saluted with thy bent head that sage of rigid vows and great ascetic merit. Tell him also, O blessed girl, all that thou seekest. If thou namest me, Rama will do everything for thee, for Rama, the heroic son of Jamadagni, that foremost of all bearers of arms, is a friend of mine highly pleased with me, and always wisheth me well!' And while king Hotravahana, was saying all this unto that maiden, thither appeared Akritavrana, a dear companion of Rama. And on his advent those Munis by hundreds, and the Srinjaya king Hotravahana, old in years, all stood up. And those denizens of the forest, uniting with one another, did him all the rites of hospitality. And they all took their seats surrounding him. And filled, O monarch, with gratification and joy, they then started various delightful, laudable, and charming subjects of discourse. And after their discourse was over, that royal sage, the high-souled Hotravahana enquired of Akritavrana about Rama that foremost of great sages, saying, 'O thou of mighty arms, where, O Akritavrana, may that foremost of persons acquainted with the Vedas, *viz.*, Jamadagni's son of great prowess be seen?' Akritavrana answered him saying, 'O lord, Rama always speaketh of thee, O king, saying,—That royal sage of the Srinjayas is my dear friend,—I believe, Rama will be here tomorrow morning. Thou wilt see him even here when he cometh to behold thee. As regards this maiden, for what, O royal sage, hath she come to the wood? Whose is she, and what is she to thee? I desire to know all this.' Hotravahana said, 'The favourite daughter of the ruler of Kasi, she is, O lord, my daughter's child! The eldest daughter of the

king of Kasi, she is known by the name of Amva. Along with her two younger sisters, O sinless one, she was in the midst of her *Swayamvara* ceremonies. The names of her two younger sisters are Amvika and Amvalika, O thou endued with wealth of asceticism! All the Kshatriya kings of the earth rere assembled together at the city of Kasi. And, O regenerate *Rishi*, great festivities were going on there on account of (the self-choice of) these maidens. In the midst of these, Santanu's son, Bhishma, of mighty valour, disregarding all the kings, abducted the girls. Vanquishing all the monarchs, the pure-souled prince Bhishma of Bharata's race then reached Hastinapura, and representing everything unto Satyavati, ordered his brother Vichitravirya's marriage to take place with the girls he had brought. Beholding the arrangements for those nuptials complete, this maiden, O bull among Brahmanas, then addressed Ganga's son in the presence of his ministers and said,—I have, O hero, within my heart chosen the lord of the Salwas to be my husband. Conversant as thou art with morality, it behoveth thee not to bestow me on thy brother, whose heart is given away to another!—Hearing these words of hers, Bhishma took counsel with his ministers. Deliberating on the matter, he, at last, with Satyavati's consent, dismissed this maiden, Permitted thus by Bhishma, this girl gladly repaired to Salwa, the lord of Saubha, and approaching him said,—Dismissed I have been by Bhishma. See that I do not fall off from righteousness! In my heart, I have chosen thee for my lord, O bull among kings. Salwa, however, rejected her, suspecting the purity of her conduct. Even she hath come to these woods, sacred for asceticism, being ardently inclined to devote herself to ascetic penances! She was recognised by me from the account that she gave of her parentage. As regards her sorrow, Bhishma is considered by her to be its root!' After Hotravahana had ceased, Amva herself said, 'O holy one, it is even so as this lord of earth, this author of my mother's body, Hotravahana of the Srinjaya race hath said. I cannot venture to go back to my own city, O thou that art endued with wealth of asceticism, for shame and fear of disgrace, O great Muni! At present, O holy one, even this is what hath been my determination, *viz.*, that that would be my highest duty which the holy Rama, O best of Brahmanas, might point out to me!' "

SECTION CLXXIX

"Akritavrana said, 'Of these two afflictions of thine, for which, O blessed lady, dost thou seek a remedy? Tell me this. Is it thy wish that the lord of *Saubha* should be urged to wed thee, the high-souled Rama will certainly urge him from desire of doing thee good? Or, if thou wishest

to behold Ganga's son, Bhishma, defeated in battle by intelligent Rama Bhargava will gratify even that wish of thine. Hearing what Srinjaya has to say, and what thou also, O thou of sweet smiles, may have to say, let that be settled this very day what should be done for thee.' Hearing these words, Amva said, 'O holy one, abducted I was by Bhishma acting from ignorance, for, O regenerate one, Bhishma knew not that my heart had been given away to Salwa. Thinking of this in thy mind, let that be resolved upon by thee which is consistent with justice, and let steps be taken for accomplishing that resolution. Do that, O Brahmana, which is proper to be done towards either that tiger among the Kurus, viz., Bhishma, singly, or towards the ruler of the Salwas, or towards both of them! I have told thee truly about the root of my grief. It behoveth thee, O holy one, to do that which is consistent with reason.'

"Akritavrana said, 'This, O blessed lady, O thou of the fairest complexion, that thou sayest with eyes fixed upon virtue, is, indeed, worthy of thee. Listen, however, to what I say! If Ganga's son had never taken thee to the city called after the elephant, then, O timid girl, Salwa would have, at Rama's behest, taken thee on his head! It is because Bhishma bore thee away by force that king Salwa's suspicions have been awakened in respect of thee, O thou of slender-waist! Bhishma is proud of his manliness and is crowned with success. Therefore, thou shouldst cause thy vengeance to fall upon Bhishma (and no other)!' Hearing these words of the sage, Amva said, 'O regenerate one, this desire hath been cherished by me also in my heart, *viz.*, that, if possible. Bhishma should be caused by me to be slain in battle! O thou of mighty arms, be it Bhishma or be it king Salwa, punish that man whom thou thinkest to be guilty and through whose act I have been so miserable!'

"Bhishma continued, 'In conversation such as this, that day passed and the night also, O best of Bharata's race, with its delicious breeze which was neither cold nor hot. Then Rama appeared there, beaming with energy. And that sage wearing matted-locks on his head and attired in deer-skins was surrounded by his disciples. And endued with magnanimous soul, he had his bow in hand. And bearing also a sword and a battle-axe, that sinless one, O tiger among kings, approached the Srinjaya king (Hotravahana) in that forest. And the ascetics dwelling there and that king also who was endued with great ascetic merit, beholding him, all stood up and waited, O king, with joined hands. And that helpless maiden too did the same. And they all cheerfully worshipped Bhargava with the offer of honey and curds. Being worshipped duly by them, Rama sat with them seated round him. Then, O Bharata, Jamadagni's son and Hotravahana, seated thus together, began to discourse. And after their discouse was over, the sage Hotravahana opportunately said in a sweet voice these words of grave import unto that foremost one of Bhrigu's race, *viz.*, Rama of mighty strength, 'O Rama, this is my daughter's daughter, O lord, being the daughter of the king of Kasi.

She hath something to be done for her! Oh, listen to it duly, O thou that art skilled in all tasks!' Hearing these words of his friend, Rama addressed that maiden saying. 'Tell me what thou hast to say.' At these words, Amva approached Rama who resembled a blazing fire, and worshipping both his feet with her bent head, touched them with her two hands that resembled, in radiance, a couple of lotuses and stood silently before him. And filled with grief, she wept aloud, her eyes bathed in tears. And she then sought the protection of that descendant of Bhrigu, who was the refuge of all distressed persons. And Rama said, 'Tell me what grief is in thy heart. I will act according to thy words!' Thus encouraged, Amva said, 'O thou of great vows, O holy one, today I seek thy protection! O lord, raise me from this unfathomable ocean of sorrow.'

"Bhishma continued, 'Beholding her beauty and her youthful body and its great delicacy, Rama began to think,—*What will she say?* And that perpetuator of Bhrigu's line, thinking inwardly of this, sat long in silence, filled with pity. He then addressed that maiden of sweet smiles again, saying, 'Tell us what thou hast to say!' Thus encouraged, she represented everything truly unto Bhargava. And Jamadagni's son, hearing these words of the princess, and having first settled what he should do, addressed that damsel of the fairest complexion, saying, 'O beautiful lady, I will send word unto Bhishma, that foremost one of Kuru's race. Having heard what my behest is, that king will certainly obey it. If, however, the son of Jahnavi do not act according to my words, I will then consume him in battle, O blessed girl, with all his counsellors! Or, O princess, if thou desirest it, I may even address the heroic ruler of the Salwas to the matter in hand.' Hearing these words of Rama, Amva said, 'Dismissed I was by Bhishma, O son of Bhrigu's race, as soon as he heard that my heart had previously been freely given away to the ruler of the Salwas. Approaching then the lord of Saubha, I addressed him in language that was unbecoming. Doubtful of the purity of my conduct, he refused to accept me. Reflecting on all this, with the aid of thy own understanding, it behoveth thee, O son of Bhrigu's race, to do that which should be done in view of these circumstances. Bhishma, however, of great vows is the root of my calamity, for he brought me under his power taking me up (on his car) by violence! Slay that Bhishma, O thou of mighty arms, for whose sake, O tiger of Bhrigu's race, overwhelmed with such distress, I suffer such poignant misery! Bhishma, O thou of Bhrigu's race, is covetous, and mean, and proud of his victory. Therefore, O sinless one, thou shouldst give him his deserts. While, of lord, I was being abducted by him, even this was the desire that I cherished in my heart, *viz.*, that I should cause that hero of great vows to be slain. Therefore, O sinless Rama, gratify this desire of mine! O thou of mighty arms, slay Bhishma, even as Purandara slew Vritra.' "

SECTION CLXXX

"Bhishma said, 'O lord, repeatedly urged by that maiden to slay Bhishma, Rama replied unto that weeping girl, saying, 'O daughter of Kasi, O thou of the fairest complexion, I do not, on any account, take up arms now except for the sake of those that are conversant with the *Vedas*. Tell me, therefore, what else I can do for thee? Both Bhishma and Salwa are, O princess, exceedingly obedient to me. Do not grieve, I will accomplish thy object. I will not, however, O beautiful lady, take up arms, except at the command of Brahmanas. This hath been my rule of conduct.'

"Amva said, 'My misery, O holy one, should by any means be dispelled by thee. That misery of mine hath been caused by Bhishma. Slay him, therefore, O lord, without much delay.'

"Rama said, 'O daughter of Kasi, say but the word and Bhishma, however, deserving of reverence from thee, will, at my word, take up thy feet on his head!'

"Amva said, 'O Rama, slay in battle that Bhishma who roareth like an *Asura*. Indeed, summoned to the encounter (by him), slay him, O Rama, if thou wishest (to do) what is agreeable to me. It behoveth thee, besides, to make thy promise true.'

"Bhishma continued, 'While, O king, Rama and Amva were talking thus with each other, the Rishi (Akritavrana) of highly virtuous soul said these words, 'It behoveth thee not, O mighty-armed one, to desert this girl that seeketh thy protection! If summoned to battle, Bhishma cometh to the encounter and sayeth—I am vanquished, or, if he obeyeth thy words, then that which this maiden seeketh will be accomplished, O son of Bhrigu's race, and the words spoken by thee, O hero, will also, O lord, be true! This also was, O great Muni, the vow then made by thee, O Rama,—the vow made by thee before Brahmanas after thou hadst conquered all the Kshatriyas, *viz.*, that thou wouldst slay in battle the person, be he a Brahmana, a Kshatriya, a Vaisya, or a Sudra, who would be a foe to the Brahmanas. Thou hadst further promised that as long as thou wouldst live thou wouldst not abandon those that would come to thee in fright and seek thy protection, and that thou wouldst, O Bhargava, slay that proud warrior who would vanquish in battle all the assembled Kshatriyas of the earth! O Ram, even Bhishma, that perpetuator of Kuru's race, hath achieved such success (over all the Kshatriyas)! Approaching him, O son of Bhrigu's race, encounter him now in battle!'

"Rama said, 'O best of *Rishis*, I recollect that vow of mine made before. I will, however (in the present instance) do that which conciliation may point out. That task which the daughter of Kasi hath in her mind is a grave one, O Brahmana! Taking this maiden with me, I will repair myself to the place where Bhishma is. If Bhishma, proud of his achievements in battle, do not obey my behest, I will then slay that arrogant

wight. Even this is my fixed resolve. The arrows shot by me do not stick to the bodies of embodied creatures (but pass them through). This is known to you from what you saw in my encounters with the Kshatriyas!' Having said this, Rama then, along with all those seekers of *Brahma*, resolved to depart from that asylum! and the great ascetic then rose from his seat. Then all those ascetics passing that night there, performed (on the next morning) their *homa*-rites and recited their prayers. And then they all set out, desirous of taking my life. And Rama, accompanied by all those devotees of Brahma, then came to Kurukshetra, O monarch, with that maiden, O Bharata, in their company. And those high-souled ascetics, with that foremost one of Bhrigu's race at head, having arrived on the banks of the stream of Saraswati, quartered themselves there.' ''

SECTION CLXXXI

''Bhishma said, 'After he had quartered there, on third day, O king, Jamadagni's son of high vows, sent a message to me, saying, 'I have come here, do what is agreeable to me.' Hearing that Rama, of great might, had come to the confines of our kingdom, I speedily went with a joyous heart to that master who was an ocean of energy. And I went to him, O king, with a cow placed in the van of my train, and accompanied by many Brahmanas, and (ordinary) priests (of our family), and by others, resembling the very gods in splendour, employed by us on special occasions. And beholding me arrived at his presence, Jamadagni's son, of great prowess, accepted the worship I offered unto him and said these words unto me.'

''Rama said, 'Thyself, divested of desire, with what mood of mind, O Bhishma, didst thou abduct, on the occasion of her self-choice, his daughter of the king of Kasi and again dismiss her subsequently? By thee hath this famous lady been dissociated from virtue! Contaminated by the touch of thy hands before, who can marry her now? Rejected she hath been by Salwa, because thou, O Bharata, hadst abducted her. Take her therefore, to thyself, O Bharata, at my command. Let this daughter of a king, O tiger among men, be charged with the duties of her sex! O king, O sinless one, it is not proper that this humiliation should be hers!

'Seeing him plunged into sorrow (on account of the maiden) I said unto him,—O Brahmana, I cannot, by any means, bestow this girl on my brother. O thou of Bhrigu's race, it was to myself that she said, I am Salwa's! And it was by me that she was permitted to go to Salwa's city. As regards myself, even this is my firm vow that I cannot abandon

Kshatriya practices from fear or pity, or avarice of wealth, or lust!—Hearing these words of mine, Rama addressed me, with eyes rolling in anger, saying, 'If, O bull among, men, thou dost not act according to my words, I will slay thee this very day along with all thy counsellors!' Indeed, with eyes rolling in anger, Rama in great wrath told me these words repeatedly. I, however, O chastiser of foes, then beseeched him in sweet words. But though beseeched by me, he did not cool down. Bowing down with my head unto that best of Brahmanas I then enquired of him the reason for which he sought battle with me. I also said,—O thou of mighty arms, while I was a child it was thou who instructed me in the four kinds of arms.[1] I am, therefore, O thou of Bhrigu's race, thy disciple! Then Rama answered me with eyes red in anger, 'Thou knowest me, O Bhishma, to be thy preceptor, and yet, O Kauravya, thou acceptest not, for pleasing me, this daughter of the ruler of Kasi! O delighter of the Kurus, I cannot be gratified unless thou actest in this way! O mighty-armed one, take this maiden and preserve thy race! Having been abducted by thee, she obtaineth not a husband. Unto Rama that subjugator of hostile cities, I replied, saying.—This cannot be, O regenerate Rishi! All thy labour is vain, O son of Jamadagni, remembering thy old preceptorship, I am striving, O holy one, to gratify thee! As regards this maiden, she hath been refused by me before knowing what the faults, productive of great evils, of the female sex are, who is there that would admit into his abode a woman whose heart is another's and who (on that account) is even like a snake of virulent poison? O thou of high vows, I would not, even from fear of Vasava, forsake duty! Be gracious unto me, or do me without delay that which thou hast thought proper. This *sloka* also, O thou of pure soul, is heard in the *Puranas*, O lord, sung by the high-souled Marutta, O thou of great intelligence! The renunciation is sanctioned by the ordinance of a preceptor who is filled with vanity, who is destitute of the knowledge of right and wrong, and who is treading in a devious path.—Thou art my preceptor and it is for this that I have from love reverenced thee greatly. Thou, however, knowest not the duty of a preceptor, and it is for this that I will fight with thee. I would not slay any preceptor in battle, especially again a Brahmana, and more specially one endued with ascetic merit. It was for this that I forgive thee. It is well-known truth, gatherable from the scriptures, that he is not guilty of slaying a Brahmana who killeth in battle a person of that order that taketh up weapons like Kshatriya and fighteth wrathfully without seeking to fly. I am a Kshatriya stationed in the practice of Kshatriya duties. One doth not

[1]The science of arms (Dhanurved) classes arms under four heads, *viz.*, *Mukta*, *Amukta*, *Muktamukta*, and *Yantramukta*. A *Mukta* weapon is one that is hurled from the hand, as a discus. An Amukta is not hurled from the hand, as a sword. A *Muktamukta* is one that is sometimes hurled and sometimes not, as a mace. A *Yantramukta* is one shot from a machine, as an arrow or a ball. All Mukta weapons are Astras, while all *Amukta* ones are called sastras.

ncur sin, nor doth one incur any harm by behaving towards a person xactly as that person deserveth. When a person acquainted with the roprieties of time and place and well-versed in matters affecting both rofit and virtue, feels doubtful, as regards anything, he should without cruples of any kind, devote himself to the acquisition of virtue which vould confer the highest benefit on him. And since thou, O Rama, in matter connected with profit of doubtful propriety, actest unrightously, I would certainly fight with thee in a great battle. Behold the trength of my arms and my prowess that is superhuman! In view of uch circumstances, I shall certainly do, O son of Bhrigu, what I can. shall fight with thee, O regenerate one, on the field of Kurukshetra! O Rama of great effulgence, equip thyself as thou listest for single combat! Come and station thyself on the field of Kurukshetra where, afflicted with my shafts in great battle, and sanctified by my weapons, thou mayest obtain those regions that have been won by thee (thought for thy austerities). O thou of mighty arms and wealth of asceticism, there I will approach thee for battle,—thee that art so fond of battle! There, O Rama, where in days of yore thou hadst propitiated thy (deceased) fathers (with oblations of Kshatriya blood), slaying thee there, O son of Bhrigu, I will propitiate the Kshatriya slain by thee! Come there, O Rama, without delay! There, O thou that art difficult of being vanquished, I will curb thy old pride about which the Brahmanas speak! For many long years, O Rama, thou hast boasted, saying,—I have, single-handed, vanquished all the Kshatriyas of the Earth!—Listen now to what enabled thee to indulge in that boast! In those days no Bhishma was born, or no Kshatriyas like unto Bhishma! Kshatriyas really endued with valour have taken their births later on! As regards thyself, thou hast consumed only heaps of straw! The person that would easily quell thy pride of battle hath since been born! He, O mighty-armed one, is no other than myself, even Bhishma, that subjugator of hostile cities! Without doubt, O Rama, I shall just quell thy pride of battle!'

"Bhishma continued, 'Hearing these words of mine. Rama addressed me, laughingly saying, 'By good luck it is, O Bhishma, that thou desirest to fight with me in battle! O thou of Kuru's race, even now I go with thee to Kurukshetra! I will do what thou hast said! Come thither, O chastiser of foes! Let thy mother, Jahnavi, O Bhishma, behold thee dead on that plain, pierced with my shafts, and become the food of vultures, crows, and other carnivorous birds! Let that goddess worshipped by *Siddhas* and *Charanas*, that blessed daughter of Bhagiratha, in the form of a river, who begat thy wicked self, weep today, O king, beholding thee slain by me and lying miserable on that plain, however undeserving she may be of seeing such a sight! Come, O Bhishma, and follow me, O proud wight, always longing for battle! O thou of Kuru's race, take with thee, O bull of Bharatas' line, thy cars and all other equipments of battle!' Hearing these words of Rama that subjugator of hostile

towns, I worshipped him with a bend of my head and answered him, saying,—*So be it!* Having said all this, Rama then went to Kurukshetra from desire of combat, and I also, entering our city, represented everything unto Satyavati. Then causing propitiatory ceremonies to be performed (for my victory), and being blessed also by my mother, and making the Brahmanas utter benedictions on me, I mounted on a handsome car made of silver and unto which, O thou of great glory, were yoked steeds white in hue. And every part of that car was well-built, and it was exceedingly commodious and covered on all sides with tiger-skin. And it was equipped with many great weapons and furnished with all necessaries. And it was ridden by charioteer who was well-born and brave, who was versed in horse-lore, careful in battle, and well-trained in his art, and who had seen many encounters. And I was accoutred in a coat of mail, white in hue, and had my bow in hand. And the bow I took was also white in hue. And thus equipped, I set out, O best of Bharata's race! And an umbrella, white in hue, was held over my head. And, O king, I was fanned with fans that also were white in colour. And clad in white, with also a white head-gear, all my adornments were white. And eulogised (with laudatory hymns) by Brahmanas wishing me victory. I issued out of the city named after the elephant, and proceeded to Kurukshetra, which, O bull of Bharata's race, was to be the field of battle! And those steeds, fleet as the mind or the wind, urged by my charioteer, soon bore me, O king, to that great encounter. And arrived in the field of Kurukshetra, both myself and Rama, eager for battle, became desirous of showing each other our prowess. And arrived within view of the great ascetic Rama, I took up my excellent conch and blew a loud blast. And many Brahmanas, O king, and many ascetics having their abodes in the forest, as also the gods with Indra at their head, were stationed there for beholding the great encounter. And many celestial garlands and diverse kinds of celestial music and many cloudy canopies could be noticed there. And all those ascetics who had come with Rama, desiring to become spectators of the fight, stood all around the field. Just at this juncture, O king, my divine mother devoted to the good of all creatures, appeared before me in her own form and said, 'What is this that thou seekest to do? Repairing to Jamadagni's son, O son of Kuru's race, I will repeatedly solicit him saying,—*Do not fight Bhishma who is thy disciple!*—O son, being a Kshatriya do not obstinately set thy heart on an encounter in battle with Jamadagni's son who is a Brahmana!' Indeed, it was thus that she reproved me. And she also said, 'O son, Rama, equal in prowess unto Mahadeva himself, is the exterminator of the Kshatriya order! It is not known to thee, that thou desirest an encounter with him.' Thus addressed by her, I saluted the goddess reverentially and replied unto her with joined hands, giving her, O chief of the Bharatas, an account of all that had transpired in that self-choice (of the daughter of Kasi). I also told her every thing, O king of kings, about how I had urged

Rama (to desist from the combat). I also gave her a history of all the past acts of the (eldest) daughter of Kasi. My mother then, the great River, wending to Rama, began, for my sake, to beseech the Rishi of Bhrigu's race. And she said unto him these words, *viz.*,—Do not fight Bhishma who is thy disciple!—Rama, however, said unto her while she was beseeching him thus, 'Go and make Bhishma desist! He doth not execute out my wish! It is for this that I have challenged him!'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Thus addressed by Rama, Ganga, from affection for her son, came back to Bhishma. But Bhishma, with eyes rolling in anger, refused to do her bidding. Just at this time, the mighty ascetic Rama, that foremost one of Bhrigu 's race, appeared in Bhishma's sight. And then that best of the twice-born ones challenged him to the encounter.' "

SECTION CLXXXII

"Bhishma said, 'I then smilingly addressed Rama stationed for battle, saying,—Myself on my car, I do not wish to fight with thee that art on the earth! Mount on a car, O hero, and case thy body in mail, O mighty-armed one, if indeed, O Rama, thou wishest to fight me in battle!—Then Rama smilingly replied unto me on that field of battle, saying, 'The Earth, O Bhishma, is my car, and Vedas, like good steeds, are the animals that carry me! The wind is my car-driver, and my coat of mail is constituted by those mothers in the Vedas (*viz.*, Gayatri, Savitri and Saraswati). Well-covered by these in battle, O son of Kuru's race, I will fight!' Having said this, O Gandhari's son. Rama of prowess incapable of being baffled, covered me on all sides with a thick shower of arrows. I then beheld Jamadagni's son stationed on a car equipped with every kind of excellent weapons! And the car he rode was exceedingly handsome and was of wonderful appearance. And it had been created by a fiat of his will, and it was beautiful like a town. And celestial steeds were yoked unto it, and it was well-protected by the necessary defences. And it was decked all over with ornaments of gold. And it was well-covered with tough skins all around, and bore the device of the sun and the moon. Rama was armed with bow and equipped with a quiver, and with fingers cased in leathern fences! Akritavrana, the dear friend of Bhargava, well-versed in the Vedas, did the duties of a car-driver for that warrior. And he, of Bhrigu's race, repeatedly summoning me to battle, saying,—Come, come,—gladden my heart. And I then, myself, singly obtained for my adversary that invincible and mighty exterminator of the Kshatriya race, *viz.*, Rama risen like the sun himself in splendour, desirous (on his part) of fighting singly! And after he

had poured three showers of arrows on me curbing my steeds, I came down from my car and placing my bow aside I proceeded on foot to that best of Rishis. And arriving before him, I worshipped the best of Brahmanas with reverence. And having saluted him duly, I told him these excellent words,—O Rama, whether thou art equal or superior to me, I will fight with thee, my virtuous preceptor, in battle! O lord, bless me, wishing me victory!'

"Rama, thus addressed, said, 'O foremost one of Kuru's race, he that desires prosperity should act even thus! O thou of mighty arms, they that fight with warriors more eminent than themselves, have this duty to perform. O king, I would have cursed thee if thou hadst not approached me thus! Go, fight carefully and summoning all thy patience, O thou of Kuru's race! I cannot, however, wish thee victory, for I myself stand here to vanquish thee! Go, fight fairly! I am pleased with thy behaviour!—Bowing unto him, I then speedily came back, and mounting on my car, I once more blew my conch decked with gold, And then, O Bharata, the combat commenced between him and me. And it lasted for many days. each of us, O king, having been desirous of vanquishing the other. And in that battle, it was Rama who struck me first with nine hundred and sixty straight arrows furnished with vulturine wings. And with that arrowy shower, O king, my four steeds and charioteer were completely covered! Notwithstanding all this, however, I remained quiet in that encounter, accoutred in my coat of mail! Bowing unto the gods, and especially unto the Brahmanas, I then smilingly addressed Rama stationed for battle, saying,—Although thou hast shown little regard for me, yet I have fully honoured thy preceptorship! Listen again, O Brahmana, to some other auspicious duty that should be discharged if virtue is to be earned! The Vedas that are in thy body, and the high status of Brahmana that is also in thee, and the ascetic merit thou hast earned by the severest of austerities, I do not strike at these! I strike, however, at that Kshatriyahood which thou, O Rama, hast adopted! When a Brahmana taketh up weapons, he becometh a Kshatriya. Behold now the power of my bow and the energy of my arms! Speedily shall I cut off that bow of thine with a sharp shaft!—Saying this I shot at him, O bull of Bharata's race, a sharp broad-headed arrow, And cutting off one of the horns of his bow with it. I caused it to drop on the ground. I then shot at Jamadagni's car a hundred straight arrows winged with vulturine feathers. Piercing through Rama's body and borne along by the wind, those arrows coursing through space seemed to vomit blood (from their mouths) and resembled veritable snakes. Covered all over with blood and with blood issuing out of his body. Rama, O king, shone in battle, like the Sumeru mountain with streams of liquid metal rolling down its breast, or like the Asoka tree at the advent of spring, when covered with red bunches of flowers, or, O king, like the Kinsuka tree when clad in its flowery attire! Taking up then another bow, Rama, filled with wrath, showered upon

me numerous arrows of excessive sharpness, furnished with golden wings. And those fierce arrows of tremendous impetus, resembling snakes, or fire, or poison, coming at me from all sides, pierced my very vitals and caused me to tremble. Summoning all my coolness then addressed myself for the encounter, and filled with rage I pierced Rama with a hundred arrows. And afflicted with those hundred blazing shafts resembling either fire, or the sun or looking like snakes of virulent poison, Rama seemed to lose his senses! Filled, O Bharata, with pity (at the sight), I stopped of my own accord and said,—Oh, fie on battle! Fie on Kshatriya practices! And overwhelmed, O king, with grief, I repeatedly said,—Alas, great is the sin committed by me through observance of Kshatriya practices, since I have afflicted with arrows my preceptor who is a Brahmana endued with a virtuous soul!—After that, O Bharata, I ceased striking Jamadagni's son any more. At this time, the thousand-rayed luminary, having heated the earth with his rays, proceeded at the close of day to his chambers in the west and the battle also between us ceased.' "

SECTION CLXXXIII

"Bhishma said, 'After the battle had ceased, my charioteer, well-skilled in such operations, drew out from his own body, from the bodies of my steeds, and from my body as well, the arrows that struck there. Next morning, when the sun rose, the battle commenced again, my horses having (a little while before) been bathed and allowed to roll on the ground and having had their thirst slaked and thereby re-invigorated. And beholding me coming quickly to the encounter attired in a coat of mail and stationed on my car, the mighty Rama equipped his car with great care. And I myself also, beholding Rama coming towards me from desire of battle, placed aside my bow and quickly descended from my car. Saluting Rama I re-ascended it, O Bharata, and desirous of giving battle, stood fearlessly before that son of Jamadagni. I then overwhelmed him with a thick shower of arrows, and he too covered me with an arrowy shower in return. And filled with wrath Jamadagni's son once more shot at me a number of fierce shafts of great force and blazing mouths looking like veritable snakes! And I too, O king, shooting sharp shafts by hundreds and thousands, repeatedly cut off Rama's arrows in mid-air before they could come at me. Then the mighty son of Jamadagni began to hurl celestial weapons at me, all of which I repelled, desirous of achieving mightier feats, O thou of strong arms, with my weapons. And loud was the din that then arose in the welkin all around. At that time, I hurled at Rama the weapon named Vayavya

which Rama neutralised, O Bharata, by the weapon called Guhyaka. Then I applied, with proper *mantras*, the weapon called Agneya but the lord Rama neutralised that weapon of mine by one (of his) called Varuna. And it was in this way that I neutralised the celestial weapons of Rama, and that chastiser of foes, Rama also, endued with great energy and acquainted with celestial weapons, neutralised the weapons shot by me. Then, O monarch, that best of Brahmanas, the mighty son of Jamadagni, filled with wrath, suddenly wheeling to my right, pierced me in the breast. At this, O best of the Bharatas, I swooned on my best of cars. And beholding me, reft of consciousness, my charioteer quickly bore me away from the field. And seeing me afflicted and pierced with Rama's weapons and borne away drooping and in a swoon, all the followers of Rama, including Akritavrana and others and the princess of Kasi, filled with joy, O Bharata, began to shout aloud! Regaining consciousness then, I addressed my charioteer, saying,—Go where Rama stayeth! My pains have left me, and I am ready for battle!—Thus instructed, my charioteer soon took me where Rama was, with the aid of those exceedingly handsome steeds of mine that seemed to dance as they coursed (through the plain) and that were endued with the speed of the wind. And approaching Rama then, O thou of Kuru's race, and filled with wrath, from desire of vanquishing his angry self, I overwhelmed him with an arrowy shower! But Rama, shooting three for every single of mine, cut into fragments every one of my straight-going arrows in mid air before any of them could reach him! And beholding those well-furnished arrows of mine by hundreds and thousands, each cut off in twain by Rama's arrows, all the followers of Rama were filled with joy. Impelled then by the desire of slaying him, I shot at Rama, the son of Jamadagni, a good-looking arrow of blazing effulgence with Death's self sitting at its head. Struck very forcibly therewith and succumbing to its impetus, Rama fell into a swoon and dropped down on the ground. And when Rama thus dropped on the ground, exclamations of *Oh* and *Alas* arose on all sides, and the whole universe, O Bharata, was filled with confusion and alarm, such as may be witnessed if the sun himself were ever to fall down from the firmament! Then all those ascetics together with the princess of Kasi, quietly proceeded, O son of Kuru's race, with great anxiety towards Rama. And embracing him, O Kaurava, they began to comfort him softly with the touch of their hands, rendered cold by contact with water, and with assurances of victory. Thus comforted, Rama rose up and fixing an arrow to his bow he addressed me in an agitated voice, saying, 'Stay, O Bhishma! Thou art already slain! And let off by him, that arrow quickly pierced my left side in that fierce encounter. And struck therewith, I began to tremble like a tree shaken by the tempest. Slaying my horses then in terrific combat, Rama, fighting with great coolness, covered me with swarms of winged arrows, shot with remarkable lightness of hand. At this, O mighty-armed one, I also began to shoot arrows with great

lightness of hand for obstructing Rama's arrowy shower. Then those arrows shot by myself and Rama covering the welkin all around, stayed even there (without falling down). And, thereupon, enveloped by clouds of arrows the very sun could not shed its rays through them. And the very wind, obstructed by those clouds, seemed to be unable to pass through them. Then, in consequence of the obstructed motion of the wind, the rays of the sun, and the clash of the arrows against one another, a conflagration was caused in the welkin. And then those arrows blazed forth in consequence of the fire generated by themselves, and fell on the earth, consumed into ashes! Then Rama, O Kaurava, filled with rage, covered me with hundreds and thousands and hundreds of thousands and hundreds of millions arrows! And I also, O king, with my arrows resembling snakes of virulent poison, cut into fragments all those arrows of Rama and caused them to fall down on the earth like snakes cut into pieces. And it was thus, O best of the Bharatas, that combat took place. When, however, the shades of evening approached, my preceptor withdrew from the fight.' "

SECTION CLXXXIV

'Bhishma said, 'The next day, O bull of Bharata's race, frightful again was the combat that took place between me and Rama when I encountered him once more. That hero of virtuous soul, conversant with celestial weapons,—the lord Rama, from day to day, began to use diverse kinds of celestial weapons. Regardless of life itself, which is so difficult of being sacrificed, in that fierce combat, O Bharata, I baffled all those weapons with such of mine as are capable of baffling them. And, O Bharata, when diverse weapons were in this way neutralised and baffled by means of counter-weapons, Rama, of mighty energy began to contend against me in that battle, reckless of his own life. Seeing all his weapons baffled, the high-souled son of Jamadagni then hurled at me a fierce lance, blazing like a meteor, with flaming mouth, filling the whole world, as it were, with its effulgence, and resembling the dart hurled by Death himself! I, however, with my arrows cut into three fragments that blazing dart rushing against me, and resembling in effulgence the sun that rises at end of the Yuga! At this, breezes charged with fragrant odours began to blow (around me). Beholding that dart of his cut off, Rama, burning with anger, hurled a dozen other fierce darts. Their forms, O Bharata, I am incapable of describing in consequence of their great effulgence and speed. How, indeed, shall I describe their forms? Beholding those diverse-looking darts approach me from all sides, like long tongues of fire and blazing forth with fierce energy

like the dozen suns that arise at the time of the destruction of the universe, I was filled with fear. Seeing an arrowy net advancing against me, I baffled it with an arrowy downpour of mine, and then sent a dozen shafts by which I consumed those fierce-looking dozen darts of Rama. Then, O king, the high-souled son of Jamadagni showered on me numerous fierce-looking darts, furnished with variegated handles decked with gold, possessed of golden wings, and resembling flaming meteors! Baffling those fierce darts by means of my shield and sword, and causing them in that combat to fall down on the ground, I then, with clouds of excellent arrows, covered Rama's excellent steeds and his charioteer. Then that high-souled smiter of the lord of the Haihayas,[1] beholding those darts of mine equipped with gold-decked handles and resembling snakes emerged out of their holes, and filled with wrath at the sight, had recourse once more to celestial weapons! Then swarms of fierce arrows, looking like flights of locusts fell upon me and overwhelmed me, my steeds, my charioteer, and my car! Indeed, O king, my car, horses, and charioteer, were covered all over with those arrows! And the yoke, shaft, wheels, and the wheel-spokes of my car, overwhelmed with that arrowy shower, at once broke. After that arrowy shower, however, was over, I also covered my preceptor with a thick shower of arrows. Thereupon, that mass of Brahmic merit, mangled with that arrowy downpour, began to bleed copiously and continuously. Indeed, like Rama afflicted with my clouds of arrows, I too was densely pierced with his arrows. When at last in the evening, the sun set behind the western hills, our combat came to an end.' "

SECTION CLXXXV

"Bhishma said, 'Next morning, O king, when the sun rose brightly, the combat between myself and him of Bhrigu's race, again, commenced. Then Rama, that foremost of smiters, stationed on his quickly-moving car, rained on me a thick downpour of arrows like the clouds on the mountain-breast. My beloved charioteer then, afflicted by that arrowy shower, swerved from his place in the car, filling me with grief on his account. A total unconsciousness then came over him. And thus wounded by that arrowy downpour he fell down upon the earth in a swoon. And afflicted as he had been by Rama's shafts, he soon gave up his life. Then, O great king, fear entered my heart. And when, on the death of

[1]The thousand-handed Arjuna, called also Kartaviryarjuna, the vanquisher of Ravana, the chief of Haihaya clan of Kshatriyas having his capital at Mahishmati on the banks of the Narmada (Nerbuda), was slain by Rama.

my charioteer, I was still lamenting for him with heart unhinged by sorrow, Rama began to shoot at me many death-dealing shafts. Indeed, even when endangered at the death of my charioteer I was lamenting for him, he of Bhrigu's race, drawing the bow with strength, pierced me deep with an arrow! O king, that blood-drinking shaft, falling upon my breast, pierced me through and fell simultaneously with my person upon the earth! Then, O bull of Bharata's race, thinking I was dead, Rama repeatedly roared aloud like the clouds and rejoiced exceedingly! Indeed, O king, when thus I fell down on the earth, Rama, filled with joy, sent forth loud shouts along with his followers, while all the Kauravas who stood beside me and all those who came there to witness the combat were afflicted with great woe on seeing me fall. While lying prostrate, O lion among kings, I beheld eight Brahmanas endued with the effulgence of the sun or the fire. They stood surrounding me on that field of battle and supporting me on their arms. Indeed, borne up by those Brahmanas I had not to touch the ground. Like friends they supported me in mid-air while I was breathing heavily. And they were sprinkling me with drops of water. And bearing me up as they stood, they then, O king, repeatedly said unto me, 'Do not fear! Let prosperity be thine!' Comforted then by those words of theirs, I quickly rose up. I then beheld my mother Ganga—that foremost of the rivers, stationed on my car. Indeed, O king of the Kurus, it was that great river-goddess who had controlled my steeds in the combat (after my charioteer's fall)! Worshipping then the feet of my mother and of the spirits of my ancestors, I ascended my car. My mother then protected my car, steeds, and all the implements of battle. With joined hands I entreated her to go away. Having dismissed her, I myself restrained those steeds endued with the speed of the wind, and fought with Jamadagni's son, O Bharata, till the close of the day! Then, O chief of the Bharatas, in course of that combat, I shot at Rama a powerful and heart-piercing arrow endued with great speed. Afflicted with that shaft, Rama then, his bow loosened from his grasp, fell down upon the earth on his knees, reft of consciousness! And when Rama, that giver of many thousands (of golden coins) fell, masses of clouds covered the firmament, pouring a copious shower of blood! And meteors by hundreds fell, and thunder-rolls were heard, causing everything to tremble! And suddenly *Rahu* enveloped the blazing sun, and rough winds began to blow! And the earth itself began to tremble. And vultures and crows and cranes began to alight in joy! And the points of the horizon seemed to be ablaze and jackals began repeatedly to yell fiercely! And drums, unstruck (by human hands), began to produce harsh sound! Indeed, when the high-souled Rama embraced the earth, reft of consciousness, all these frightful and alarming omens of evil were seen! Then all on a sudden rising up, Rama approached me once more, O Kaurava, for battle, forgetting everything and deprived of his senses by anger. And that mighty-armed one took up his bow endued with great

strength and also a deadly arrow. I, however, resisted him successfully. The great *Rishis* then (that stood there) were filled with pity at the sight, while he, however, of Bhrigu's race, was filled with great wrath. I then took up a shaft, resembling the blazing fire that appears at the end of the *Yuga*, but Rama of immeasurable soul baffled that weapon of mine. Then covered by clouds of dust, the splendour of the solar disc was dimmed, and the sun went to the western mount. And night came with its delicious and cool breezes, and then both of us desisted from the fight. In this way, O king, when evening came the fierce battle ceased, and (next day) with the re-appearance of the sun it commenced again. And it lasted for three and twenty days together.' "

SECTION CLXXXVI

"Bhishma said, 'Then, O great king, during the night, having bowed unto the Brahmanas, the Rishis, the gods, and all those creatures that wander during the dark, and also all the kings of the earth, I laid myself down on my bed, and in the solitude of my room, I began to reflect in the following way.—For many days hath this fierce combat of terrible consequence lasted between myself and Jamadagni. I am unable, however, to vanquish on the field of battle that Rama of mighty energy. If indeed, I am competent to vanquish in battle that Brahmana of mighty strength, *viz.*, Jamadagni's son of great prowess, then let the gods kindly show themselves to me this night!—Mangled with arrows as I lay asleep, O great king, that night on my right side, towards the morning, those foremost of Brahmanas who had raised me when I had fallen down from my car and held me up and said unto me—Do not fear—and who had comforted me, showed themselves to me, O king, in a dream! And they stood surrounding me and said these words. Listen to them as I repeat them to thee, O perpetuator of Kuru's race! Rise, O Ganga's son, thou needst have no fear! We will protect thee, for thou art our own body! Rama, the son of Jamadagni, will never be able to vanquish thee in battle! Thou, O bull of Bharata's race, wilt be the conqueror of Rama in combat! This beloved weapon, O Bharata, called *Praswapa*, appertaining to the lord of all creatures, and forged by the divine artificer, will come to thy knowledge, for it was known to thee in thy former life! Neither Rama, nor any person on earth is acquainted with it. Recollect it, therefore, O thou of mighty arms, and apply it with strength! O king of kings, O sinless one, it will come to thee of itself! With it, O Kaurava, thou wilt be able to check all persons endued with mighty energy! O king, Rama will not be slain outright by it, thou shalt not, therefore, O giver of honours, incur any sin by using it! Afflicted by the

force of this thy weapon, the son of Jamadagni, will fall asleep! Vanquishing him thus, thou wilt again awaken him in battle, O Bhishma, with that dear weapon called *Samvodhana*! Do what we have told thee, O Kauravya, in the morning, stationed on thy car. Asleep or dead we reckon it as the same, O king, Rama will not surely die! Apply, therefore, this *Praswapa* weapon so happily thought of!—Having said this, O king, those foremost of Brahmanas, eight in number and resembling one another in form, and possessed of effulgent bodies, all vanished from my sight!' "

SECTION CLXXXVII

"Bhishma said, 'After the night had passed away, I awoke, O Bharata, and thinking of my dream I was filled with great joy. Then, O Bharata, the combat began between him and me—a combat that was fierce and unrivalled and that made the hairs of all creatures stand on their ends. And Bhargava poured on me an arrowy shower which I baffled with an arrowy shower of mine. Then filled with wrath at what he had seen the day before and what he saw that day, Rama hurled at me a dart, hard as Indra's thunderbolt and possessed of effulgence, resembling the Yama's mace! It came towards me like a blazing flame of fire and drinking up, as it were, all the quarters of that field of battle! Then, O tiger among the Kurus, it fell, O perpetuator of Kuru's line, upon my shoulder, like the lightning's flame that ranges the sky. Wounded thus by Rama, O thou of red eyes, my blood, O mighty-armed one, began to flow copiously like streams of red earth from a mountain (after a shower)! Filled with great wrath, I then shot at Jamadagni's son a deadly shaft, fatal as the poison of a snake. That heroic and best of Brahmanas, struck therewith at the forehead, O monarch, then appeared as beautiful as a crested hill! Extremely angry, that hero then, changing his position and drawing the bow-string with great strength, aimed at me a terrible shaft resembling all-destructive Death himself, and capable of grinding all foes! That fierce arrow fell upon my breast, hissing (through the air) like a snake. Covered with blood, I fell down on the earth, O king, thus struck. Regaining consciousness, I hurled at Jamadagni's son a frightful dart, effulgent as the thunderbolt. That dart fell upon the bosom of that foremost of Brahmanas. Deprived of his senses at this, Rama began to tremble all over. That great ascetic then, *viz.*, his friend, the regenerate Akritavrana, embraced him and with diverse words of comfort soothed him. Reassured thus, Rama of high vows was then filled wtth wrath and vindictiveness. He invoked the great Brahma weapon. For baffling it

I also used the same excellent weapon. Clashing against each other, the two weapons began to blaze forth brightly, showing what happens at the end of the Yuga! Without being able to reach either myself or Rama, those two weapons, O best of the Bharatas, met each other in the mid-air. Then the whole welkin seemed to be ablaze, and all creatures, O monarch, became highly distressed. Afflicted by the energy of those weapons, the Rishis, the Gandharvas, and the gods were all greatly pained. Then earth, with her mountains and seas and trees began to tremble, and all creatures, heated with the energy of the weapons, were greatly afflicted. The firmament, O king, became ablaze and the ten points of the horizon became filled with smoke. Creatures, therefore, that range the welkin were unable to stay in their element. When, at all this, the whole world with the gods, the Asuras and the Rakshasas began to utter exclamations of woe.—This is the time—thought I and became desirous, O Bharata, of speedily shooting the *Praswapa* weapon at the command of those utterers of Brahma (that had appeared to me in my dream! The Mantras also for invoking excellent weapon suddenly came to my mind!' "

SECTION CLXXXVIII

"Bhishma said, 'When I had formed this resolution, O king, a din of tumultuous voices arose in the sky. And it said,—O son of Kuru's race, do not let off the *Praswapa* weapon!—Notwithstanding this, I still aimed that weapon at Bhrigu's descendant. When I had aimed it, Narada addressed me, saying, 'Yonder, O Kauravya, stay the gods in the sky! Even they are forbidding thee today! Do not aim the *Praswapa* weapon! Rama is an ascetic possessed of Brahma merit, and he is, again, thy preceptor! Never, Kauravya, humiliate him.' While Narada was telling me this, I beheld those eight utterers of Brahma stationed in the sky. Smilingly, O king, they said unto me slowly,—O chief of the Bharatas, do even what Narada sayeth. Even that, O best of Bharata's race, is highly beneficial to the world!' I then withdrew that great weapon called *Praswapa* and invoked according to the ordinance the weapon called Brahma in the combat. Beholding the *Praswapa* weapon withdrawn, O lion among kings, Rama was in great huff, and suddenly exclaimed, 'Wretch that I am, I am vanquished, O Bhishma!' Then Jamadagni's son behold before him his venerable father and his father's fathers. They stood surrounding him there, and addressed him in these words of consolation, 'O sire, never display such rashness again, the rashness, *viz.*, of engaging in battle with Bhishma, or especially with any Kshatriya, O descendant of Bhrigu's race, to fight is the duty of a

Kshatriya! Study (of the Vedas) and practice of vows are the highest wealth of Brahmanas! For some reason, before this, thou hadst been ordered by us to take up weapons. Thou hadst then perpetrated that terrible and unbecoming feat. Let this battle with Bhishma be thy very last, for enough of it thou hadst already. O thou of mighty arms, leave the combat. Blessed be thou, let this be the very last instance of thy taking up the bow! O invincible one, throw thy bow aside, and practice ascetic austerities, O thou of Bhrigu's race! Behold, Bhishma, the son of Santanu, is forbidden by all the gods! They are endeavouring to pacify him, repeatedly saying,—Desist from this battle! Do not fight with Rama who is thy preceptor. It is not proper for thee, O perpetuator of Kuru's race, to vanquish Rama in battle! O son of Ganga, show this Brahmana every honour on the field of battle! As regards thee, we are thy superiors and therefore forbid thee! Bhishma is one of the foremost of Vasus! O son, it is fortunate, that thou art still alive! Santanu's son by Ganga—a celebrated Vasu as he is,—how can he be defeated by *thee*? Desist, therefore, O Bhargava! That foremost of the Pandavas, Arjuna, the mighty son of Indra, hath been ordained by the Self-create to be the slayer of Bhishma!'

"Bhishma continued, 'Thus addressed by his own ancestors, Rama answered them, saying, 'I cannot give up the combat. Even this is the solemn vow I have made. Before this, I never left the field, giving up battle! Ye grandsires, if you please, cause Ganga's son to desist from the fight! As regards myself, I can, by no means, desist from the combat!' Hearing these words of his, O king, those ascetics with *Richika* at their head, coming to me with Narada in their company, told me, 'O sire, desist from battle! Honour that foremost of Brahmanas!' For the sake of Kshatriya morality, I replied unto them, saying. Even this is the vow I have taken in this world, *viz.*, that I would never desist from battle turning my back, or suffer my back to be wounded with arrows! I cannot, from temptation or distress, or fear, or for the sake of wealth, abandon my eternal duty! Even this is my fixed resolution! Then all those ascetics with Narada at their head, O king, and my mother Bhagirathi, occupied the field of battle (before me). I, however, stayed quietly with arrows and bow as before, resolved to fight. They then once more turned towards Rama and addressed him, saying. 'The hearts of Brahmanas are made of butter. Be pacified, therefore, O son of Bhrigu's race! O Rama, O Rama, desist from this battle, O best of Brahmanas! Bhishma is incapable of being slain by thee, as indeed, thou, O Bhargava, art incapable of being slain by him!' Saying these words while they stood obstructing the field, the Pitris caused that descendant of Bhrigu's race to place aside his weapons. Just at this time, I once more beheld those eight utterers of Brahma, blazing with effulgence and resembling bright stars risen on the firmament. Stationed for battle as I was, they said these words unto me with great affection, 'O thou of mighty arms, go unto Rama who is thy preceptor! Do what

is beneficial to all the worlds. Beholding then that Rama had desisted owing to the words of his well-wishers, I also, for the good of the worlds, accepted the words of my well-wishers. Though mangled exceedingly, I still approached Rama and worshipped him. The great ascetic Rama then, smilingly, and with great affection, said unto me, 'There is no Kshatriya equal to thee on the earth! Go now, O Bhishma, for in this combat thou hast pleased me highly'! Summoning then in my presence that maiden (the daughter of Kasi), Bhargava sorrowfully said unto her these words in the midst of all those high-souled persons.' "

SECTION CLXXXIX

"Rama said, 'O damsel, in the very sight of all these persons, I have fought according to the best of my power and displayed my prowess! By using even the very best of weapons I have not been able to obtain any advantage over Bhishma, that foremost of all wielders of weapons! I have exerted now to the best of my power and might. O beautiful lady, go withersoever thou wishest! What other business of thine can I accomplish? Seek the protection of Bhishma himself! Thou hast no other refuge now! Shooting mighty weapons Bhishma hath vanquished me!' Having said this, the high-souled Rama sighed and remained silent. That maiden then addressed him, saying, 'O holy one, it is even so as thy holy self hath said! This Bhishma of great intelligence is incapable of being vanquished in battle by even the gods! Thou hast done my business to the best of thy exertion and power. Thou hast displayed in this battle energy incapable of being baffled and weapons also of diverse kinds. Thou hast yet been unable to obtain any advantage over Bhishma in combat. As regards myself, I will not go a second time to Bhishma. I will, however, O perpetuator of Bhrigu's race, go thither, O thou endued with wealth of asceticism, where I may (obtain the means to) myself slay Bhishma in battle!' Having said the words, that maiden went away, with eyes agitated with wrath, and thinking to compass my death, she firmly resolved to devote herself to asceticism. Then that foremost one of Bhrigu's race, accompanied by those ascetics, bidding me farewell, departed, O Bharata, for the mountains whence he had come. I also, ascending my car, and praised by the Brahmanas, entered our city and represented, everything unto my mother Satyavati, everything that had transpired, and she, O great king, uttered benedictions on me. I then appointed persons endued with intelligence to ascertain the doings of that maiden. Devoted to the good of myself—their well-wisher, those spies of mine, with great application brought to me accounts of her course of action, her words and actions, from

day to day. When that maiden went to the woods, resolved on ascetic austerities, even then I became melancholy, and afflicted with pain, I lost my heart's tenour. Except one acquainted with Brahma and observant of vows, that are praiseworthy owing to the austerities they involve, no Kshatriya hath ever by his prowess, vanquished me in battle! I then, O king, humbly represented to Narada as also to Vyasa all that the maiden did. They both told me, 'O Bhishma, do not give way to sorrow on account of the daughter of Kasi. Who is there that would venture to baffle destiny by individual exertion?' Meanwhile, O great king, that maiden, entering a cluster of retreats practised austerities, that were beyond human powers (of endurance). Without food, emaciated, dry, with matted-locks and begrimmed with filth, for six months she lived on air only, and stood unmoved like a street-post. And that lady, possessed of wealth of asceticism, foregoing all food in consequence of the fast she kept, passed a whole year after this, standing in the waters of the *Yamuna*. Endued with great wrath, she passed the next whole year standing on her front toes and having eaten only one fallen leaf (of a tree). And thus for twelve years, she made the heavens hot by her austerities. And though dissuaded by her relatives, she could not by any means be weaned off (from that course of action). She then went unto Vatsabhumi resorted to by the Siddhas and Charanas, and which was the retreat of high-souled ascetics of pious deeds. Bathing frequently in the sacred waters of that retreat, the princess of Kasi roamed about according to her will. Proceeding next (one after another) to the asylum, O king, of Narada, and to the auspicious asylum of Uluka and to that of Chyavana, and to the spot sacred to Brahmana, and to Prayaga the sacrificial platform of the gods, and to that forest sacred to the gods, and to Bhogawati, and, O monarch, to the asylum of Kusika's son (Viswamitra), and to the asylum of Mandavya, and also to the asylum of Dwilipa, and to Ramhrada, and, O Kaurava, to the asylum of Garga, the princess of Kasi, O king, performed ablutions in the sacred waters of all these, observing all the while the most difficult of vows. One day, my mother from the waters asked her, O Kauravya, saying, 'O blessed lady, for what dost thou afflict thyself so? Tell me the truth!' Thus asked, O monarch, that faultless damsel answered her with joined hands, saying, 'O thou of handsome eyes, Rama hath been vanquished in battle by Bhishma. What other (Kshatriya) king then would venture to defeat the latter when ready with his weapons? As regards myself, I am practising the severest penances for the destruction of Bhishma. I wander over the earth, O goddess, so that I may slay that king! In every thing I do, O goddess, even this is the great end of my vows!' Hearing these words of hers, the Ocean-going (river Ganga) replied unto her, saying, 'O lady, thou art acting crookedly! O weak girl, this wish of thine thou shalt not be able to achieve, O faultless one? If, O princess of Kasi, thou observest these vows for destruction of Bhishma, and if thou takest leave of thy

body while observing them, thou shalt (in thy next birth) become a river, crooked in her course and of water only during the rains! All the bathing places along thy course will be difficult of approach, and filled only during the rains, thou shalt be dry for eight months (during the year)! Full of terrible alligators, and creatures of frightful mien thou shalt inspire fear in all creatures! Addressing her thus, O king, my mother, that highly-blessed lady, in seeming smiles, dismissed the princess of Kasi. That highly fair damsel then once more began to practise vows, foregoing all food, aye, even water, sometimes for eight months and sometimes for ten months! And the daughter of the king of Kasi, wandering hither and thither for her passionate desire of tirthas, once more came back, O Kauravya, to Vatsabhumi. And it is there, O Bharata, that she is known to have become a river, filled only during the rainy seasons, abounding with crocodiles, crooked in her course, and destitute of easy access to her water. And, O king, in consequence of her ascetic merit only half her body became such a river in Vatsabhumi, while with the other half, she remained a maiden as before!' "

SECTION CXC

"Bhishma said, 'Then all those ascetics (that dwell in *Vatsabhumi*), beholding the princess of Kasi firmly resolved on ascetic austerities, dissuaded her and enquired of her, saying, 'What is thy business?' Thus addressed, the maiden answered those ascetics, old in ascetic penances, saying, 'Expelled I have been by Bhishma, prevented by him from the virtue that would have been mine by living with a husband! My observance of this vow is for *his* destruction and not for the sake of regions of bliss, ye that are endued with wealth of asceticism! Having compassed the death of Bhishma, peace will be mine. Even this is my resolve. He for whom mine hath been this state of continuous grief, he for whom I have been deprived of the region that would have been mine if I could obtain a husband, he for whom I have become neither woman nor man, without slaying in battle that son of Ganga I will not desist, ye that are endued with wealth of asceticism. Even this that I have said is the purpose that is in my heart. As a woman, I have no longer any desire. I am, however, resolved to obtain manhood, for I will be revenged upon Bhishma. I should not, therefore, be dissuaded by you.' Unto them she said these words repeatedly. Soon, the divine lord of Uma, bearing the trident, showed himself in his own form unto that female ascetic in the midst of those great Rishis. Being asked to solicit the boon she wished, she begged of the deity my defeat. Thou shalt slay him,—were the words the god said unto that lady of great force of mind. Thus assured,

the maiden, however, once more said unto Rudra, 'How can it happen, O god, that being a woman I shall yet be able to achieve victory in battle. O lord of Uma, as a woman, my heart is quite stilled. Thou hast, however, promised me, O lord of creatures, the defeat of Bhishma. O lord, having the bull for thy mount, act in such a way that promise of thine may become true, that encountering Bhishma, the son of Santanu, in battle I may be able to slay him.' The god of gods, having the bull for his symbol, then said unto that maiden, 'The words I have uttered cannot be false. O blessed lady, true they will be. Thou shalt slay Bhishma, and even obtain manhood. Thou shalt also remember all the incidents (of this life) even when thou shalt obtain a new body. Born in the race of Drupada, thou shalt become a *Maharatha*. Quick in the use of weapons and a fierce warrior, thou shalt be well-skilled in battle. O blessed lady, all that I have said will be true. Thou shalt become a man at the expiration of sometime (from thy birth)!' Having said so, the god of gods, called also Kapardin, having the bull for his symbol, disappeared then and there, in the very sight of those Brahmanas. Upon this, that faultless maiden of the fairest complexion, the eldest daughter of the king of Kasi, procuring wood from that forest in the very sight of those great Rishis, made a large funeral pyre on the banks of the Yamuna, and having set fire to it herself, entered that blazing fire, O great king, with a heart burning with wrath, and uttering, O king, the words,—(I do so) for Bhishma's destruction!' "

SECTION CXCI

"Duryodhana said, 'Tell me, O grandsire, how Sikhandin, O Ganga's son, having before been born a daughter, afterwards became a man, O foremost of warriors.'

"Bhishma said, 'O great king, the eldest and beloved queen of king Drupada was, O monarch, childless (at first). During those years, king Drupada, O monarch, paid his adoration to the god Sankara for the sake of offspring, resolving in his mind to compass my destruction and practising the austerest of penances. And he begged Mahadeva, saying, 'Let a son, and not a daughter, be born unto me. I desire, O god, a son for revenging myself upon Bhishma.' Thereupon, that god of gods said unto him, 'Thou shalt have a child who will be a female and male. Desist, O king, it will not be otherwise.' Returning then to his capital, he addressed his wife, saying, 'O great goddess, great hath been the exertion made by me. Undergoing ascetic austerities, I paid my adorations to Siva, and I was told by Sambhu that my child becoming a daughter (first) would subsequently become a male person. And though

I solicited him repeatedly, yet Siva said,—This is Destiny's decree. It will not be otherwise. That which is destined must take place!' Then that lady of great energy, the queen of king Drupada, when her season came, observing all the regulations (about purity), approached Drupada. And in due time the wife of Prishata conceived, agreeably to Destiny's decree, as I was informed, O king, by Narada. And that lady, of eyes like lotus-petals, continued to hold the embryo in her womb. And, O son of Kuru's race, the mighty-armed king Drupada, from paternal affection, attended to every comfort of that dear wife of his. And, O Kaurava, the wife of that lord of earth, the royal Drupada, who was childless, had all her wishes gratified. And in due time, O monarch, that goddess, the queen of Drupada, gave birth to a daughter of great beauty. Thereupon, the strong-minded wife of that king, the childless Drupada, gave out, O monarch, that the child she had brought forth was a son. And then king Drupada, O ruler of men, caused all the rites prescribed for a male child to be performed in respect of that misrepresented daughter, as if she were really a son. And saying that the child was a son, Drupada's queen kept her counsels very carefully. And no other man in the city, save Prishata, knew the sex of that child. Believing these words of that deity of unfading energy, he too concealed the real sex of his child, saying,—*She is a son.* And, O king, Drupada caused all the rites of infancy, prescribed for a son, to be performed in respect of that child, and he bestowed the name of Sikhandin on her. I alone, through my spies and from Narada's words, knew the truth, informed as I previously was of the words of the god and of the ascetic austerities of Amva!' "

SECTION CXCII

"Bhishma said, 'Drupada, O chastiser of foes, bestowed great attention on everything in connection with that daughter of his, teaching her writing and painting and all the arts. And in arrows and weapons that child became a disciple of Drona. And the child's mother, of superior complexion, then urged the king (her husband) to find, O monarch, a wife for her, as if she were a son. Then Prishata, beholding that daughter of his to have attained the full development of youth and assured of her sex began to consult with his queen. And Drupada said, 'This daughter of mine that so enhanceth my woe, hath attained her youth. Concealed, however, she hath hitherto been by me at the words of the trident-bearing deity!' The queen replied, 'That, O great king, can never be untrue! Why, indeed, would the Lord of the three worlds say that would not occur? If it pleases thee, O king, I will speak, and listen to my words, and, O son of Prishata's race, having listened to me, follow thy own

inclination! Let the wedding of this child with a wife be caused to be performed carefully. The words of that god will be true. This is my certain belief!' Then that royal couple, having settled their resolution of that affair, chose the daughter of the king of the Dasarnakas as their son's wife. After this, the royal Drupada, that lion among kings, having enquired about the purity of descent, of all the rulers of the earth, selected the daughter of the king of Dasarnakas for wife to Sikhandin. He, who was called the king of the Dasarnakas was named Hiranyavarman; and he gave away his daughter to Sikhandin. And Hiranyavarman, the king of the Dasarnakas, was a powerful monarch, incapable of being easily vanquished. Incapable of being resisted, that high-souled monarch possessed a large army. And sometimes after the wedding, the daughter of Hiranyavarman, O best of monarchs, attained her youth while the daughter of Drupada also had attained hers. And Sikhandin, after marriage, came back to Kampilya. And the former soon came to know that the latter was a woman like herself. And the daughter of Hiranyavarman, having ascertained that Sikhandin was really a woman, bashfully represented unto her nurses and companions everything about the so-called son of the king of the Panchalas. Then, O tiger among kings, those nurses of the Dasarnakas country were filled with great grief and sent emissaries unto their king. And those emissaries represented unto the king of the Dasarnakas everything about the imposture that had taken place. And, thereupon, the king of the Dasarnakas was filled with wrath. Indeed, O bull of the Bharata race, Hiranyavarman, hearing the news after the expiry of a few days was much afflicted with wrath. The ruler of the Dasarnakas then, filled with fierce wrath, sent a messenger to Drupada's abode. And the messenger of king Hiranyavarman, having alone approached Drupada, took him aside and said unto him in private, 'The king of the Dasarnakas, O monarch, deceived by thee and enraged, O sinless one, at the insult thou hast offered him, hath said these words unto thee,—Thou hast humiliated me! Without doubt it was not wisely done by thee! Thou hadst, from folly, solicited my daughter for thy daughter! O wicked one, reap now the consequence of that act of deception! I will now slay thee with all thy relatives and advisers! Wait a little!' "

SECTION CXCIII

'Bhishma said, 'Thus addressed, O king, by that messenger, king Drupada, like a thief caught (in the act), could not speak. He exerted himself greatly, by sending sweet-speeched emissaries with his own instruction to them, saying,—This is not so,—in order to pacify his brother. King

Hiranyavarman, however, ascertaining once again, that the child of the king of the Panchalas was really a daughter, issued out of his city without losing any time. He then sent messages unto all his powerful friends about that deception practised on his daughter, of which he had heard from her nurses. Then, that best of kings, having mustered a large army, resolved, O Bharata, to march against Drupada. Then, O monarch, king Hiranyavarman held a consultation with his ministers about the ruler of the Panchalas. And it was settled among those high-souled kings that if, O monarch, Sikhandin was really a daughter, they should bind the ruler of the Panchalas and drag him from his city, and installing another king over the Panchalas they should slay Drupada with Sikhandin. Taking that to be the fixed resolution (of all whom he had summoned) king Hiranyavarman once more sent an envoy to the descendant of Prishata, saying 'I will slay thee, be calm.'

"Bhishma continued, 'King Drupada was not naturally courageous. In consequence, again, of that offence of his, he became filled with fear. Sending his envoys again to the ruler of the Dasarnakas, king Drupada, afflicted with grief, approached his wife and took counsel with her. And possessed with great fright and with heart afflicted with grief, the king of the Panchalas said unto his favourite wife, the mother of Sikhandin, these words, 'My powerful brother, king Hiranyavarman, having mustered a large force, is coming towards me in anger. Fools that we both are, what are we now to do in respect of this our daughter? Thy son, Sikhandin, hath been suspected to be a daughter. Under this suspicion, Hiranyavarman with his allies and followed by his army wisheth to slay me thinking that he hath been received by me! O thou of beautiful hips, tell us now what is true or false in this, O beautiful lady! O blessed lady, hearing from thee first, I will settle how to act. I am very much endangered and this child, Sikhandin, also is equally so. Indeed, O queen, O lady of the fairest complexion, thou too art threatened with danger! For the relief of all, tell me who asketh thee what the truth is! O thou of beautiful hips and sweet smiles, hearing what thou hast to say I shall act suitably. Although I have been deceived by thee as to the duties I owe towards a son, yet, O beautiful lady, from kindness I will act towards you both in a suitable manner. Therefore, do not fear, nor let this daughter of thine fear anything. Indeed, I have deceived the king of the Dasarnakas. Tell me, O highly blessed lady, how may I act towards him so that all may yet turn up well!' Indeed, although the king knew everything, yet he addressed his wife in the presence of others in this way, to proclaim his own innocence before others. His queen then answered him in the following words.' "

SECTION CXCIV

"Bhishma said. 'Then, O mighty-armed king, Sikhandin's mother represented unto her lord the truth about her daughter, Sikhandin. And she said, 'Childless, O great king, as I was, from fear of my co-wives, when Sikhandini, my daughter, was born, I represented unto you that it was a son! For thy love of me, thou also hadst corroborated it, and, O bull among kings, thou hadst performed all the rites prescribed for a son in respect of this daughter of mine! Thou then didst marry her, O king, to the daughter of the king of the Dasarnakas. I also approved of this act, remembering the words of the (great) god! Indeed, I did not prevent it, remembering the words of Siva,—Born a daughter, she will become a son!' Hearing all this, Drupada, otherwise called Yajnasena, informed all his counsellors of these facts. And, O monarch, the king then took counsel with ministers for the proper protection of his subjects (from the would-be invader). Although he had himself deceived the king of the Dasarnakas, yet giving it out that the alliance he had made was proper, he began to settle his plans with undivided attention. King Drupada's city was, O Bharata, naturally well-protected. Yet at the advent of danger, O monarch, they began to protect it all the more carefully and fortify it (with defensive works). The king, however, with his queen, was greatly afflicted, thinking of how a war might not take place with his brother. Reflecting on this, he began to pay his adorations to the gods. His respected wife, beholding him relying on the god and paying his adorations to them, than addressed him, O king, and said, 'Homage to the gods is productive of benefits! It is, therefore, approved by the righteous. What shall I say, again, of those that are sunk in an ocean of distress? Therefore, pay homage to those that are thy superiors and let all the gods also be worshipped, making large presents the while (unto the Brahmanas)! Let oblations be poured on the fire for pacifying the ruler of the Dasarnakas. O lord, think of the means by which, without a war, thou mayst be able to pacify thy brother! Through the grace of the gods all this will happen. For the preservation of this city, O thou of large eyes, thou hast taken counsel with thy ministers. Do all, O king, that those counsels seem to indicate, for reliance on the gods, when supported by human exertion, always, O king, leadeth to success! If these two do not go hand-in-hand, success becometh unattainable. Therefore, with all thy advisers, make such arrangements in thy city as are proper, and pay homage, O monarch, as thou pleasest, to the gods.' While husband and wife were conversing with each other thus, both filled with grief, their helpless daughter, Sikhandini, was filled with shame. She then reflected, saying, 'It is for me that these two are plunged into grief!' Thinking so, she resolved upon putting an end to her own life. Having formed this determination, she left home, filled with heavy sorrow, and went into a dense and solitary forest that was

the haunt, O king, of a very formidable *Yaksha* called Sthunakarna. From fear of that *Yaksha* men never went into that forest. And within it stood a mansion with high walls and a gateway, plastered over with powdered earth, and rich with smoke bearing the fragrance of fried paddy. Entering that mansion, Sikhandini, the daughter of Drupada, O king, began to reduce herself by foregoing all food for many days. Thereupon, the *Yaksha* named Sthuna, who was endued with kindness, showed himself unto her. And he enquired of her, saying, 'For what object is this endeavour of thine? I will accomplish it, tell me without delay!' Thus asked, the maiden answered him, repeatedly saying, 'Thou art unable to accomplish it!' The *Guhyaka*, however, rejoined, without a moment's delay, saying, 'Accomplish it I will! I am a follower of the Lord of treasures, I can, O princess, grant boons! I will grant thee even that which cannot be given! Tell me what thou hast to say!' Thus assured, Sikhandini represented in detail everything that had happened, unto that chief of *Yakshas* called Sthunakarna. And she said, 'My father, *O Yaksha*, will soon meet with destruction. The ruler of the Dasarnakas marcheth against him in rage. That king cased in golden mail is indued with great might and great courage. Therefore, *O Yaksha*, save me, my mother, and my father! Indeed, thou hast already pledged thyself to relieve my distress! Through thy grace, *O Yaksha*, I would become a perfect man! As long as that king may not depart from my city, so long, O great *Yaksha*, show me grace, *O Guhyaka!*' "

SECTION CXCV

"Bhisma said, 'Hearing, O bull of Bharata's race, those words of Sikhandini, afflicted by destiny, that *Yaksha*, said after reflecting in his mind, these words, 'Indeed, it was ordained to be so, and, O Kaurava, it was ordained for my grief!' The *Yaksha* said, 'O Blessed lady, I will certainly do what thou wishest! Listen, however, to the condition I make. For a certain period I will give thee my manhood. Thou must, however, come back to me in due time. Pledge thyself to do so! Possessed of immense power, I am a ranger of the skies, wandering at my pleasure, and capable of accomplishing whatever I intend. Through my grace, save the city and thy kinsmen wholly! I will bear thy womanhood, O princess! Pledge thy truth to me, I will do what is agreeable to thee!' Thus addressed, Sikhandini said unto him, 'O holy one of excellent vows, I will give thee back thy manhood! O wanderer of the night, bear thou my womanhood for a short time! After the ruler of the Dasarnakas who is cased in a golden mail will have departed (from my city) I will once more become a maiden and thou wilt become a man!'

"Bhishma continued, 'Having said this (unto each other), they both. O king, made a covenant, and imparted unto each other's body their sexes. And the *Yaksha* Sthuna, O Bharata, became a female, while Sikhandini obtained the blazing form of the *Yaksha*. Then, O king, Sikhandini of Panchala's race, having obtained manhood, entered his city in great joy and approached his father. And he represented unto Drupada everything that had happened. And Drupada, hearing it all became highly glad. And along with his wife the king recollected the words of Maheswara. And he forthwith sent, O king, messenger unto the ruler of the Dasarnakas, saying, 'This my child is a male. Let it be believed by thee!' The king of the Dasarnakas meanwhile, filled with sorrow and grief, suddenly approached Drupada, the ruler of the Panchalas. And arrived at Kampilya, the Dasarnaka king despatched, after paying him proper honours, an envoy who was one of the foremost of those conversant with the Vedas. And he addressed the envoy, saying, 'Instructed by me, O messenger, say unto that worst of kings the ruler of the Panchalas, these words,—*viz.*, O thou of wicked understanding, having selected my daughter as a wife for one who is thy daughter, thou shalt today, without doubt, behold the fruit of that act of deception.' Thus addressed and despatched by him, O best of kings, the Brahmana set out for Drupada's city as Dasarnaka's envoy. And having arrived at the city, the priest went unto Drupada's presence. The king of the Panchalas then, with Sikhandin, offered the envoy, O king, a cow and honey. The Brahmana, however, without accepting that worship, said unto him these words that had been communicated through him by the brave ruler of the Dasarnakas who was cased in a golden mail. And he said, 'O thou of vile behaviours, I have been deceived by thee through thy daughter (as the means)! I will exterminate thee with thy counsellors and sons and kinsmen!' Having, in the midst of his counsellors, been made by that priest to hear those words fraught with censure and uttered by the ruler of the Dasarnakas, king Drupada then, O chief of Bharata's race, assuming a mild behaviour from motives of friendship, 'said, The reply to these words of my brother that thou hast said unto me, O Brahmana, will be carried to that monarch by my envoy!' And king Drupada then, sent unto the high-souled Hiranyavarman a Brahmana learned in the *Vedas* as his envoy. And that envoy, going unto king Hiranyavarman, the ruler of the Dasarnakas, said unto him, 'O monarch, the word that Drupada had entrusted him with.' And he said, 'This my child is really a male. Let it be made clear by means of witness! Somebody has spoken falsely to thee. That should not be believed!' Then the king of the Dasarnakas, having heard the words of Drupada, was filled with sorrow and despatched a number of young ladies of great beauty for ascertaining whether Sikhandin was a male or female. Despatched by him, those ladies, having ascertained (the truth) joyfully told the king of the Dasarnakas everything, *viz.*, that Sikhandin, O chief of the Kurus, was a powerful person of the masculine sex. Hearing that testimony, the ruler

of the Dasarnakas was filled with great joy, and wending then unto his brother Drupada, passed a few days with him in joy. And the king, rejoiced as he was, gave unto Sikhandin much wealth, many elephants and steeds and kine. And worshipped by Drupada (as long as he stayed), the Dasarnaka king then departed, having rebuked his daughter. And after king Hiranyavarman, the ruler of the Dasarnakas had departed in joy and with his anger quelled, Sikhandin began to rejoice exceedingly. Meanwhile, sometime after (the exchange of sexes had taken place) Kuvera, who was always borne on the shoulders of human beings, in course of a journey (through the earth), came to the abode of Sthuna. Staying (in the welkin) above that mansion, the protector of all the treasures saw that the excellent abode of the Yaksha Sthuna was well-adorned with beautiful garland of flowers, and perfumed with fragrant roots of grass and many sweet scents. And it was decked with canopies, and scented incense. And it was also beautiful with standards and banners. And it was filled with edibles and drink of every kind. And beholding that beautiful abode of the Yaksha decked all over, and filled also with garlands of jewels and gems and perfumed with the fragrance of diverse kinds of flowers, and well-watered, and well-swept, the lord of the Yakshas addressed the Yakshas that followed him, saying, 'Ye that are endued with immeasurable prowess, this mansion of Sthuna is well-adorned! Why, however, doth not that wight of wicked understanding come to me? And since that wicked-souled one, knowing I am here, approacheth me not, therefore, some severe punishment should be inflicted on him! Even this is my intention!' Hearing these words of his, the Yakshas said, 'O king, the royal Drupada had a daughter born unto him, of the name of Sikhandini! Unto her, for some reason, Sthuna had given his own manhood, and having taken her womanhood upon him, he stayeth within his abode having become a woman! Bearing as he doth a feminine form, he doth not, therefore, approach thee in shame! It is for this reason, O king, that Sthuna cometh not to thee! Hearing all this, do what may be proper!' Let the car be stopped here! Let Sthuna be brought to me,—were the words that the lord of the Yakshas uttered, and repeatedly said,—I will punish him!—Summoned then by the Lord of Yakshas, Sthuna bearing a feminine form came thither, O king, and stood before him in shame. Then, O thou of Kuru's race, the giver of wealth cursed him in anger, saying, 'Ye *Guhyakas*, let the femininity of the wretch remain as it is!' And the high-souled lord of the Yakshas also said, 'Since humiliating all the Yakshas, thou hast, O thou of sinful deeds, given away thy own sex to Sikhandini and taken from her, O thou of wicked understanding, her femininity,—since, O wicked wretch, thou hast done what hath never been done by anybody,—therefore from this day, thou shalt remain a woman and she shall remain a man!' At these words of his, all the Yakshas began to soften Vaisravana for the sake of Sthunakarna repeatedly saying, 'Set a limit to thy curse!' The high-souled lord of the Yakshas then said unto all these Yakshas that followed him,

from desire of setting a limit to his curse, these words, *viz.*,—After Sikhandin's death, ye Yakshas, this one will regain his own form! Therefore, let this high-souled Yaksha Sthuna be freed from his anxiety! Having said this, the illustrious and divine king of the Yakshas, receiving due worship, departed with all his followers who were capable of traversing a great distance within the shortest space of time. And Sthuna, with that curse pronounced on him, continued to live there. And when the time came, Sikhandin without losing a moment came unto that wanderer of the night. And approaching his presence he said, 'I have come to thee, O holy one!' Sthuna then repeatedly said unto him, 'I am pleased with thee!' Indeed, beholding that prince return to him without guile, Sthuna told Sikhandin everything that had happened. Indeed, the Yaksha said, 'O son of a king, for thee I have been cursed by Vaisravana. Go now, and live happily amongst men as thou choosest. Thy coming here and the arrival of Pulastya's son were, I think, both ordained from beforehand. All this was incapable of being prevented!'

"Bhishma continued, 'Thus addressed by the Kaksha, Sthuna, Sikhandin, O Bharata, came to his city, filled with great joy. And he worshipped with diverse scents and garlands of flower and costly presents persons of the regenerate class, deities, big trees and crossways. And Drupada, the ruler of the Panchalas, along with his son Sikhandin whose wishes had been crowned with success, and with also his kinsmen, became exceedingly glad. And the king then, O bull of Kuru's race, gave his son, Sikhandin, who had been a woman, as a pupil, O monarch, to Drona. An prince Sikhandin obtained, along with yourselves, the whole science of arms with its four divisions. And (his brother) Dhrishtadyumna of Prishata's race also obtained the same. Indeed, all this way represented unto me, O sire, by the spies, disguised as idiots and as persons without the senses of vision, and hearing whom I had set upon Drupada. It is thus, O king, that that best of *Rathas*. Sikhandin, the son of Drupada, having first been born a female, subsequently became a person of the other sex. And it was the eldest daughter of the ruler of Kasi, celebrated by the name of Amva, who was, O bull of Bharata's race, born in Drupada's line as Sikhandin. If he approacheth me bow in hand and desirous of fight, I will not look at him even for a moment nor smite him, O thou of unfading glory! Even this is my vow, known over all the world, *viz.*, that I will not, O son of Kuru's race, shoot weapons upon a woman, or one that was a woman before or one bearing a feminine name, or one whose form resembleth a woman's. I will not, for this reason, slay Sikhandin. Even this, O sire, is the story that I have ascertained of Sikhandin's birth. I will not, therefore, slay him in battle even if he approacheth me weapon in hand. If Bhishma slayeth a woman the righteous will all speak ill of him. I will not, therefore, slay him even if I behold him waiting for battle!'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Hearing these words of Bhishma, king Duryodhana of Kuru's race, reflecting for a moment, thought even that behaviour was proper for Bhishma.' "

SECTION CXCVI

"Sanjaya said, 'When the night passed away and morning came, thy sons once more, in the midst of all the troops, asked their grandsire, saying, 'O son of Ganga, this army that is ready for fight, of Pandu's son, that abounds with men, elephants, and steeds, that is crowded with *Maharathas*, that is protected by these mighty bowmen endued with great strength, *viz.*, Bhima and Arjuna and others headed by Dhrishtadyumna and all resembling the very regents of the world, that is invincible and incapable of being withstood, that resembles the unbounded sea —this sea of warriors incapable of being agitated by the very gods in battle, in how many days, O son of Ganga, O thou of great effulgence, canst thou annihilate it, and in what time can that mighty bowman, our preceptor (Drona), in what time also the mighty Kripa, in what time Karna who taketh a pleasure in battle, and in what time that best of Brahmanas, *viz.*, the son of Drona, can each annihilate it? Ye that are in my army are all acquainted with celestial weapons! I desire to know this, for the curiosity I feel in my heart is great! O thou of mighty arms, it behoveth thee to say this to me!'

"Bhishma said, 'O foremost one of the Kurus, O lord of the earth, thou enquirest about the strength and weakness of the foe. This, indeed, is worthy of thee. Listen, O king, as I tell thee the utmost limit of my power in battle, or of the energy of my weapons, or of the might of my arms, O thou of mighty arms! As regards ordinary combatants, one should fight with them artlessly. As regards those that are possessed of powers of deception, one should fight with them aided by the ways of deception. Even this is what hath been laid down in respect of the duties of warriors. I can annihilate the Pandava army, O blessed monarch, taking every morning ten thousand (ordinary) warriors and one thousand car-warriors as my share from day to day. Cased in mail and always exerting myself actively, I can, O Bharata, annihilate this large force according to this arrangement as regards both number and time. If, however, stationed in battle, I shoot my great weapons that slay hundreds and thousands at a time, then I can, O Bharata, finish the slaughter in a month.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Hearing these words of Bhishma, king Duryodhana then asked Drona, O monarch, that foremost one of Angira's race, saying, 'O preceptor, in what time canst thou annihilate the troops

of Pandu's son?' Thus addressed by him, Drona said smilingly, 'I am old, O mighty-armed one! My energy and activity have both become weak. With the fire of my weapons I can consume the army of the Pandavas, like Santanu's son Bhishma, I think, in a month's time.' Even this is the limit of my power, even this is the limit of my strength.' Then Saradwat's son Kripa said that he could annihilate the foe in two month's time. Dron's son (Aswatthaman) pledged himself to annihilate the Pandava army in ten nights, Karna, however, acquainted as he was with weapons of high efficacy, pledged himself to achieve that feat in five days. Hearing the words of the Suta's son the son of the ocean-going (Ganga) laughed aloud and said, 'As long, O son of Radha, as thou encounterest not in battle Partha with his arrows, conch, and bows and rushing to the combat on his car with Vasudeva in his company, so long mayest thou think so! Why, thou art capable of saying anything, even what thou pleasest!' "

SECTION CXCVII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Hearing these words (of the leaders of the Kuru army), Kunti's son Yudhishthira, summoning all his brothers, said unto them these words in private.'

"Yudhishthira said, 'The spies I had placed in the army of Dhritarashtra's son, brought me this news in the morning. Duryodhana asked Ganga's son of great vows, saying, 'O lord, in what time cant thou annihilate the troops of Pandu's sons?' Indeed, the wicked Duryodhana was answered by him in these words, *viz.*,—In a month! Drona also declared that he could do the same feat in about the same time. Gautama (Kripa) indicated twice that period, as hath been heard by us. Drona's son acquainted with weapons of high efficacy declared the period (in his case) to be ten nights. Karna also, acquainted with weapons of high efficacy, asked in the midst of the Kurus, declared that the could complete the slaughter in five days. Therefore, I also, O Arjuna, am desirous of hearing thy words, 'In what time canst thou, O Falguni, exterminate the foe?' Thus addressed by the king, Dhananjaya of curly hair, casting a look upon Vasudeva, said these words, 'All these (Bhishma and others) are high-souled (warriors), accomplished in arms and acquainted with all modes of warfare. Without doubt, O king, they can exterminate (our forces) even thus! Let thy heart's anguish, however, be dispelled. I tell thee truly that with Vasudeva as my ally, I can, on a single car, exterminate the three worlds with even the immortals, indeed, all mobile creatures that were, are, will be, in the twinkling of the eye. This is what I think. That terrible and mighty weapon

which the Lord of all creatures (Mahadeva) gave me on the occasion of my hand-to-hand encounter with him (in the guise of) a hunter, still existeth with me. Indeed, O tiger among men, that weapon which the Lord of all creatures useth at the end of Yuga for destroying created things, existeth with me. Ganga's son knoweth not that weapon; nor Drona nor Gautama (Kripa); nor Drona's son, O king! How, therefore, can the Suta's son know it. It is not, however, proper to slay ordinary men in battle by means of celestial weapons. We shall (on the other hand) vanquish our foes in a fair fight. Then, these tigers among men, O king, are thy allies! All of them are well-versed in celestial weapons, and all of them are eager for battle. All of them after their initiation in the Vedas, have undergone the final bath in sacrifices. All of them are unvanquished. They are competent, O son of Pandu, to slay in battle the army of even the celestials. Thou hast for thy allies Sikhandin, and Yuyudhana and Dhristadyumna of Prishata's race; and Bhimasena, and these twins, and Yudhamanyu, and Uttamaujas, and Virata and Drupada who are equal in battle unto Bhishma and Drona; and the mighty-armed Sankha, and Hidimva's son of great might; and this latter's son Anjanparvan endued with great strength and prowess; and Sini's descendant of mighty arms and well-versed in battle, and the mighty Abhimanyu and the five sons of Draupadi! Thou art thyself, again, competent to exterminate the three worlds! O thou that art endued with effulgence equal unto that of Sakra himself, I know it, O Kaurava, for it is manifest, that that man upon whom thou mayest cast thy eyes in anger is sure to be annihilated!' "

SECTION CXCVIII

"Vaisampayana said, 'Next morning, under a cloudless sky, all the kings, urged by Dhritarashtra's son, Duryodhana,—set out against the Pandavas. And all of them had purified themselves by baths, were decked in garlands, and attired in white robes. And having poured libations on fire, caused Brahmanas to utter benedictions on them, they took up their weapons and raised their (respective) standards. And all of them were conversant with the Vedas, and endued with great bravery, and had practised excellent vows. And all of them were grantors of (other people's) wishes, and all were skilled in battle. Endued with great strength, they set out, reposing confidence on one another, and with singleness of purpose desiring to win in battle the highest regions. And first Vinda and Anuvinda, both of Avanti, and Kekayas, and the Vahlikas, all set out with Bharadwaja's son at their head. Then came Aswatthaman, and Santanu's son (Bhishma), and Jayadratha of the

country of the Sindhu, and the kings of the southern and the western countries and of the hilly regions, and Sakuni, the ruler of the Gandharas, and all the chiefs of the eastern and the northern regions, and the *Sakas*, the *Kiratas*, and *Yavanas*, the *Sivis* and the *Vasatis* with their *Maharathas* at the heads of their respective divisions. All these great car-warriors marched in the second division. Then came Kritavarman at the head of his troops, and that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, the ruler of the Trigartas, and the king Duryodhana surrounded by his brothers, and Sala, and Bhurisravas, and Salya, and Vrihadratha, the ruler of the Kosalas. These all marched in the rear, with Dhritarashtra's sons at their head. And all these Dhartarashtras endued with great might, uniting together in proper order, and all clad in mail, took up their position at the other end of Kurukshetra, and, O Bharata, Duryodhana caused his encampment to be so adorned as to make it look like a second Hastinapura. Indeed, O king, even those that were clever among the citizens of Hastinapura could not distinguish their city from the encampment. And the Kuru king caused inaccessible pavilions, similar to his own, to be erected by hundreds and thousands for the (other) kings (in his army). And those tents, O king, for the accommodation of the troops were well-planted on an area measuring full five *yojanas* of that field of battle. And into those tents by thousands that were full of provisions, the rulers of the earth entered, each according to his courage according to the strength he possessed. And king Duryodhana ordered excellent provisions to be supplied for all those high-souled kings with their troops consisting of infantry, elephants, and horses, and with all their followers. And as regards all those that subsisted upon mechanical arts and all the bards, singers, and panegyrists devoted to his cause, and vendors and traders, and prostitutes, and spies, and persons who had come to witness the battle, the Kuru king made due provision for all of them.' "

SECTION CXCIX

"Vaisampayana said, 'Like Duryodhana, king Yudhishthira also, the son of Kunti and Dharma, ordered out, O Bharata, his heroic warriors headed by Dhrishtadyumna. Indeed, he ordered that slayer of foes and commander of force, that leader, steady in prowess, of the Chedis, the Kasis, and the Karushas, *viz.*, Dhrishtaketu, as also Virata, and Drupada, and Yuyudhana, and Sikhandin, and those two mighty bowmen, those two princes of Panchala, *viz.*, Yudhamanyu and Uttamaujas, to set out. Those brave warriors, cased in handsome coats of mail and decked with golden ear-rings, blazed forth like fires on the sacrificial

altar when fed with clarified butter. Indeed, those mighty bowmen looked resplendent like the planets in the firmament. Then that bull among men king Yudhishthira, having duly honoured all his combatants, ordered them to march. And king Yudhishthira ordered excellent provisions of food for those high-souled kings with their troops consisting of infantry, and elephants and horses, and with all their followers, as also for all those that subsisted on mechanical arts. And the son of Pandu first ordered Abhimanyu, and Vrihanta, and the five sons of Draupadi, to march with Dhrishtadyumna at their head. And he then despatched Bhima, and Dhananjaya the son of Pandu, in the second division of his forces. And the din made by the men moving and running about for harnessing their steeds and elephants and loading the cars with implements of battle, and the shouts of the cheerful combatants, seemed to touch the very heavens. And last of all, the king marched himself, accompanied by Virata and Drupada and the other monarchs (on his side). And that army of fierce bowmen commanded by Dhrishtadyumna, hitherto stationed in one place, but now extended into columns for marching, looked like the (impetuous) current of Ganga. The then intelligent Yudhishthira depending on his wisdom, disposed his divisions in a different order, confounding the sons of Dhritarashtra. And the son of Pandu ordered that those mighty bowmen, the (five) sons of Draupadi and Abhimanyu, and Nakula, and Sahadeva, and all the Prabhadrakas, and ten thousand horses, and two thousand elephants, and ten thousand foot-soldiers, and five hundred cars, constituting the first irresistible division of his army, should be placed under the command of Bhimasena. And he placed in the middle division of his army Virata and Jayatsena, and those two mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, Yudhamanyu and Uttamauja, the two high-souled princes of Panchala, both endued with great prowess and both armed with mace and bow. And in this middle division marched Vasudeva and Dhananjaya. There were (placed) combatants highly accomplished in arms and burning with anger. Amongst them were steeds ridden by brave warriors, and five thousand elephants, and crowds of cars all around. And foot-soldiers in thousands, that were all brave and armed with bows, swords, and maces, marched behind them, as thousand marched before them. And in that part of that sea of troops, where Yudhishthira himself was, there were stationed numerous lords of earth. And there also were thousands of elephants, and steeds by ten thousands, and cars and foot-soldiers also by thousands. And there also marched, O bull among kings, Chekitana with his own large force, and king Dhrishtaketu, the leader of the Chedis. And there also was that mighty bowman, Satyaki, the foremost car-warrior of the Vrishnis, that mighty combatant, surrounded by hundreds and thousands of cars and leading (them to battle)! And those bulls among men, Kshatrahan and Kshatradeva, mounted on their cars, marched behind, protecting the rear. And there (in the rear) were the waggons, stalls, uniforms, vehicles and draft

animals. There also were thousands of elephants and horses by tens of thousands. And taking all the invalids and women, and all that were emaciated and weak, and all the animals carrying his treasures, and all his granaries, with the aid of his elephant-divisions, Yudhishthira marched slowly. And he was followed by Sauchitti, who steadily adhered to truth and was invincible in battle, and Srenimat, and Vasudeva and Vibhu, the son of the ruler of Kasi, with twenty thousand cars, and hundred million steeds of high mettle, each bearing scores of bells on its limbs, and twenty thousand smiting elephants with tusks as long as plough-shares, all of good breed and divided temples and all resembling moving masses of clouds. Indeed, these usually walked behind those monarchs. Besides these, O Bharata, the elephants that Yudhishthira had in his seven *Akshauhinis*, numbering seventy thousand with humour trickling down their trunks and from their mouths, and resembling (on that account) showering clouds, also followed the king, like moving hills.

'Thus was arrayed that terrible force of the intelligent son of Kunti. And relying upon that force he battled with Suyodhana, the son of Dhritarashtra. Besides those already named, other men by hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands, in divisions numbering by thousands, followed (the Pandava army), roaring loudly. And the warriors by thousands and ten thousands, filled with joy, beat their drums by thousands and blew conchs by tens of thousands!' "

The End of Udyoga Parva

THE MAHABHARATA

BHISHMA PARVA

SECTION I

(Jamvu-khanda Nirmana Parva)

OM ! HAVING BOWED down to Narayana, and Nara, the most exalted of male beings, and also to the goddess Saraswati, must the word 'Jaya' be uttered.

Janamejaya said,—"How did those heroes, the Kurus, the Pandavas, and the Somakas, and the high-souled kings assembled together from various countries, fight ?"

Vaisampayana said,—"Listen thou, O lord of the earth, how those heroes,—the Kurus, the Pandavas, and the Somakas,—fought on the sacred plain of the Kurukshetra.[1] Entering Kurukshetra, the Pandavas endued with great might, along with the Somakas, advanced, desirous of victory, against the Kauravas. Accomplished in the study of the *Vedas*, all (of them) took great delight in battle. Expectant of success in battle, with their troops (they) faced the fight. Approaching the army of Dhritarashtra's son, those (warriors) invincible in battle,[2] stationed themselves with their troops on the western part (of the plain), their faces turned towards the east. Yudhishthira, the son of Kunti, caused tents by thousands to be set up according to rule, beyond the region called Samantapanchaka. The whole earth seemed then to be empty, divested of horses and men, destitute of cars and elephants, and with only the children and the old left (at home). From the whole area of *Jamvudwipa* over which the sun sheds his rays,[3] was collected that force, O best of kings. Men of all races,[4] assembled together, occupied an area extending for many *Yojanas* over districts, rivers, hills, and woods. That bull among men, king Yudhishthira, ordered excellent food and other articles of enjoyment for all of them along with their animals. And Yudhishthira fixed diverse watch-words for them; so that one saying this should be known as belonging to the Pandavas. And that descendant of Kuru's race also settled names and badges for all of them for recognition during time of battle.

"Beholding the standard-top of Pritha's son, the high-souled son of

[1] *Tapas-kshetra* because Kuru, the common ancestor of the rival houses, performed his ascetic austerities there. Since Kuru's time, many ascetics took up their abode there.

[2] Some texts have *Duddharsham* for *Durddharshas*.

[3] Literally, "gives heat".

[4] 'Varna' is used here in the sense of races and not castes.

Dhritarashtra, with a white umbrella held over his head, in the midst of a thousand elephants, and surrounded by his century of brothers, began with all the kings (on his side) to array his troops against the son of Pandu. Seeing Duryodhana, the Panchalas who took delight in battle, were filled with joy and blew their loud-sounding conches and cymbals of sweet sounds. Beholding those troops so delighted, Pandu's son and Vasudeva of great energy had their hearts filled with joy. And those tigers among men, Vasudeva and Dhananjaya, seated on one car, having felt great joy, both blew their celestial conches. And hearing the blare of *Gigantea* and the loud blast of *Theodotes* belonging unto the two, the combatants ejected urine and excreta. As other animals are filled with fear on hearing the voice of the roaring lion, even so became that force upon hearing those blasts. A frightful dust arose and nothing could be seen, for the sun himself, suddenly enveloped by it, seemed to have set.[1] A black cloud poured a shower of flesh and blood over the troops all around. All this seemed extraordinary. A wind rose there, bearing along the earth myriads of stony nodules, and afflicting therewith the combatants by hundreds and thousands. (For all that), O monarch, both armies, filled with joy, stood addrest for battle, on Kurukshetra like two agitated oceans. Indeed, that encounter of the two armies was highly wonderful, like that of two oceans when the end of the *Yuga* is arrived. The whole earth was empty, having only the children and the old left (at home), in consequence of that large army mustered by the Kauravas.[2] Then the Kurus, the Pandavas, and the Somakas made certain covenants, and settled the rules, O bull of Bharata's race, regarding the different kinds of combat. Persons equally circumstanced must encounter each other, fighting fairly. And if having fought fairly the combatants withdraw (without fear of molestation), even that would be gratifying to us. Those who engaged in contests of words should be fought against with words. Those that left the ranks should never be slain.[3] A car-warrior should have a car-warrior for his antagonist ; he on the neck of an elephant should have a similar combatant for his foe ; a horse should be met by a horse, and a foot-soldier, O Bharata, should be met by a foot-soldier. Guided by considerations of fitness, willingness, daring and might, one should strike another, giving notice. No one should strike another that is unprepared[4] or panic-struck. One engaged with another, one seeking quarter, one retreating, one whose weapon is rendered unfit, uncased in mail, should never be struck. Car-drivers, animals (yoked to cars or carrying weapons) men

[1]This sloka is variously read. For *bhauman* in the first line some texts read *bhimam* which I have adopted. For *sahasa* in the second line some texts have *rajasa*, and then *aditye* (locative) for 'adityas'.

[2]The Bombay text is evidently faulty here; it repeats the second half of the 7th sloka, making the second half of the 25th the first half of the 24th.

[3]*i.e.*, stragglers should not be slain.

[4]Literally, "confiding."

engaged in the transport of weapons,[1] players on drums and blowers of conches should never be struck. Having made these covenants, the Kurus, and the Pandavas, and the Somakas wondered much, gazing at each other. And having stationed (their forces thus), those bulls among men, those high-souled ones, with their troops, became glad at heart, their joy being reflected on their countenances."

SECTION II

Vaisampayana said,—"Seeing then the two armies (standing) on the east and the west for the fierce battle that was impending, the holy *Rishi* Vyasa, the son of Satyavati, that foremost of all persons acquainted with the *Vedas,* that grandsire of the Bharatas, conversant with the past, the present, and the future, and beholding everything as if it were present before his eyes, said these words in private unto the royal son of Vichitravirya who was then distressed and giving way to sorrow, reflecting on the evil policy of his sons.

"Vyasa said,—'O king, thy sons and the other monarchs have their hour arrived.[2] Mustered in battle they will kill one another. O Bharata, their hour having come, they will all perish. Bearing in mind the changes brought on by time, do not yield thy heart to grief. O king, if thou wish to see them (fighting) in battle, I will, O son, grant thee vision. Behold the battle."

"Dhritarashtra said,—'O best of regenerate *Rishi,* I like not to behold the slaughter of kinsmen. I shall, however, through thy potency hear of this battle minutely."

Vaisampayana continued.—"Upon his not wishing to see the battle but wishing to hear of it, Vyasa, that lord of boons, gave a boon to Sanjaya. (And addressing Dhritarashtra he said),—'This Sanjaya, O king, will describe the battle to thee. Nothing in the whole battle will be beyond this one's eyes.' Endued, O king with celestial vision, Sanjaya will narrate the battle to thee. He will have knowledge of everything. Manifest or concealed, (happening) by day or by night, even that which is thought of in the mind, Sanjaya shall know everything. Weapons will not cut him and exertion will not fatigue him. This son of Gavalgani will come out of the battle with life. As regards myself, O bull of Bharata's race, the fame of these Kurus, as also of all the Pandavas, I will spread. Do not grieve. This is destiny, O tiger among men. It behoveth thee not to give way to grief. It is not capable of being. prevented. As regards victory, it is there where

[1]The Bombay text has *Castropanayishu ;* the Bengal texts have *Castropojibishu.*
[2]Rather, "have their periods run out."

righteousness is.' "

Vaisampayana continued,—"That highly-blessed and holy grandsire of the Kurus, having said so, once more addressed Dhritarashtra and said,—'Great will the slaughter be, O monarch, in this battle. I see here also (numerous) omens indicative of terror. Hawks and vultures, and crows and herons, together with cranes, are alighting on the tops of trees and gathering in flocks. These birds, delighted at the prospect of battle, are looking down (on the field) before them. Carnivorous beasts will feed on the flesh of elephants and steeds. Fierce herons, foreboding terror, and uttering merciless cries, are wheeling across the centre towards the southern region. In both the twilights, prior and posterior, I daily behold, O Bharata, the sun during his rising and setting to be covered by headless trunks. Tri-coloured clouds with their extremities white and red and necks black, charged with lightning, and resembling maces (in figure) envelope the sun in both twilights. I have seen the sun, the moon, and the stars to be all blazing. No difference in their aspect is to be noted in the evening. I have seen this all day and all night. All this forbodes fear. On even the fifteenth night of the lighted-fortnight in (the month of) *Kartika,* the moon, divested of splendour, became invisible, or of the hue of fire, the firmament being of the hue of the lotus. Many heroic lords of earth, kings and princes, endued with great bravery and possessed of arms resembling maces, will be slain and sleep lying down on the earth. Daily I notice in the sky during night time the fierce cries of battling boars and cats.[1] The images of gods and goddesses sometimes laugh, sometimes tremble, and sometimes again these vomit blood through their mouths and sometimes they sweat and sometimes fall down. O monarch ! drums, without being beaten, give sounds, and the great cars of Kshatriyas move without (being drawn by) animals yoked to them. *Kokilas,* wood-peckers, jaws, water-cocks, parrots, crows, and peacocks, utter terrible cries. Here and there, cavalry soldiers, cased in mail, armed with weapons, send forth fierce shouts. At sun-rise flights of insects, by hundreds are seen. In both twilights, the cardinal quarters seem to be ablaze, and the clouds, O Bharata, shower dust and flesh. She, O king, who is celebrated over the three worlds and is applauded by the righteous, even that (constellation) *Arundhati* keepeth (her lord) Vasistha on her back. The planet *Sani* also, O king, appeareth afflicting (the constellation) *Rohini.* The sign of the deer in the Moon hath deviated from its usual position. A great terror is indicated. Even though the sky is cloudless, a terrible roar is heard there. The animals are all weeping and their tears are falling fast.' "

[1]The Bombay text reads *pralahshaye* for *prajashaye.* I have adopted the former.

SECTION III

"Vyasa said,—'Asses are taking births in kine. Some are having sexual pleasure with mothers. The trees in the forests are exhibiting unseasonable flowers and fruits. Women quick with child, and even those that are not so, are giving birth to monsters. Carnivorous beasts, mingling with (carnivorous) birds, are feeding together. Ill-omened beasts, some having three horns, some with four eyes, some with five legs, some with two sexual organs, some with two heads, some with two tails, some having fierce teeth, are being born, and with mouths wide open are uttering unholy cries. Horses with three legs, furnished with crests, having four teeth, and endued with horns, are also being born. O king ! in thy city is also seen that the wives of many utterers of *Brahma* are bringing forth *Garudas* and peacocks. The mare is bringing forth the cow-calf and the bitch is bringing forth, O king, jackals and cocks, and antelopes and parrots are all uttering inauspicious cries.[1] Certain women are bringing forth four or five daughters (at a time), and these as soon as they are born, dance and sing and laugh. The members of the lowest orders are laughing and dancing and singing, and thus indicating direful consequences. Infants, as if urged by death, are drawing armed images, and are running against one another, armed with clubs, and desirous of battle are also breaking down the towns (they erect in sport). Lotuses of different kinds and lilies are growing on trees. Strong winds are blowing fiercely and the dust ceaseth not. The earth is frequently trembling, and *Rahu* approacheth towards the sun. The white planet (*Ketu*) stayeth, having passed beyond the constellation *Chitra*. All this particularly bodeth the destruction of the Kurus. A fierce comet riseth, afflicting the constellation *Pusya*. This great planet will cause frightful mischief to both the armies. Mars wheeleth towards *Magha* and *Vrihaspati* (Jupiter) towards *Sravana*. The Sun's offspring (*Sani*) approaching towards the constellation *Bhaga*, afflicteth it. The planet *Sukra*, ascending towards *Purva Bhadra*, shineth brilliantly, and wheeling towards the *Uttara Bhadra*, looketh towards it, having effected a junction (with a smaller planet). The white planet (*Ketu*), blazing up like fire mixed with smoke, stayeth, having attacked the bright constellation *Jeshtha* that is sacred to Indra. The constellation *Dhruva*, blazing fiercely, wheeleth towards the right. Both the Moon and the Sun are afflicting *Rohini*. The fierce planet (*Rahu*) hath taken up its position between the constellations *Chitra* and *Swati*.[2] The red-bodied (Mars) possessed of the effulgence of fire, wheeling circuitously, stayeth in a line with the constellation *Sravana* over-ridden by *Vrihaspati*. The earth that

[1]Both the Bengal and the Bombay editions have *Kukkuran* for *Kukkutan* as the Burdwan *Pundits* correct it. A bitch producing dogs and bitches would be no anomaly.

[2]Unlike the Bengal editions, the Bombay edition correctly includes this sloka, or rather half sloka, within the 17th, making the 17th a triplet instead of a couplet. For the well-known word *Dhishthitas* however, the Bombay text has *Vishthitas*.

produceth particular crops at particular seasons is now covered with the crops of every season.[1] Every barley-stalk is graced with five ears, and every paddy-stalk with a hundred. They that are the best of creatures in the worlds and upon whom depends the universe, *viz.*, kine, when milked after the calves have their suck, yield only blood. Radiant rays of light emanate from bows, and swords blaze forth brilliantly. It is evident that the weapons behold (before them) the battle, as if it were already arrived. The hue of weapons and the water, as also of coats of mail and standards, is like that of fire. A great slaughter will take place. In this battle,[2] O Bharata, of the Kurus with the Pandavas, the earth, O monarch, will be a river of blood with the standards (of warriors) as its rafts. Animals and birds on all sides, with mouths blazing like fire, uttering fierce cries, and displaying these evil omens, are foreboding terrible consequences. A (fierce) bird with but one wing, one eye, and one leg, hovering over the sky in the night, screameth frightfully in wrath, as if for making the hearers vomit blood.[3] It seemeth, O great king, that all weapons are now blazing with radiance. The effulgence of the constellation known by the name of the seven high-souled *Rishis,* hath been dimmed. Those two blazing planets, *viz., Vrihaspati* and *Sani,* having approached the constellation called *Visakha,* have become stationary there for a whole year. Three lunations twice meeting together in course of the same lunar fortnight, the duration of the latter is shortened by two days.' On the thirteenth day therefore, from the first lunation, according as it is the day of the full moon or the new moon, themoon and the sun are afflicted by *Rahu.* Such strange eclipses, both lunar and solar, forebode a great slaughter.[4] All the quarters of the earth, being overwhelmed by showers of dust, look inauspicious. Fierce clouds, portentous of danger, drop bloody showers during the night. *Rahu* of fierce deeds is also, O monarch, afflicting the constellation *Kirtika.* Rough winds, portending fierce danger, are constantly blowing. All these

[1]The Bombay text reads *Paricchanna* for *Paricchinna.* The former is better.

[2]*Vaisase* is explained by Nilakantha as *Virodhe.* Conttavarta—a river having bloody eddies.

[3]*Conitam cchardayanniva.* I have adopted Nilakantha's explanation. The Burdwan Pundits take it as referring to "weapons" instead of "hearers." The passage, however, may mean that the bird screams so frightfully as if it vomits blood. The only thing that militates against this interpretation is that *cchardayan* is a causal verb. In the Mahabharata, however, causal forms are frequently used without causal meaning.

[4]This sloka is omitted in many editions, though it is certainly genuine. I have rendered it very freely, as otherwise it would be unintelligible. The fact is, three lunations twice meeting together in course of the same lunar fortnight is very rare. The lunar-fortnight (*Paksha*) being then reduced by two days, the day of full-moon or that of new-moon, instead of being (as usual) the fifteenth day from the first lunation becomes the thirteenth day. Lunar-eclipses always occur on days of the full-moon, while solar-eclipses on those of the new moon. Such eclipses, therefore, occurring on days removed from the days of the first lunation by thirteen instead of (as usual) fifteen days, are very extraordinary occurrences.

beget a war characterised by many sad incidents.[1] The constellations are divided into three classes. Upon one or another of each class, a planet of evil omen has shed its influence, foreboding terrible dangers.[2] A lunar fortnight had hitherto consisted of fourteen days, or fifteen days (as usual), or sixteen days. This, however, I never knew that the day of new-moon would be on the *thirteenth* day from the first lunation, or the day of full-moon on the thirteenth day from the same. And yet in course of the same month both the Moon and the Sun have undergone eclipses on the thirteenth days from the day of the first lunation.[3] The Sun and the Moon therefore, by undergoing eclipses on unusual days,[4] will cause a great slaughter of the creatures of the earth. Indeed, *Rakshasas,* though drinking blood by mouthful, will yet not be satiated. The great rivers are flowing in opposite directions. The waters of rivers have become bloody. The wells, foaming up, are bellowing like bulls.[5] Meteors, effulgent like Indra's thunder-bolt, fall with loud hisses.[6] When this night passeth away, evil consequences will overtake you. People, for meeting together, coming out of their houses with lighted brands, have still to encounter a thick gloom all round.[7] Great *Rishis* have said that in view of such circumstances the earth drinks the blood of thousands of kings. From the mountains of Kailasa and Mandara and Himavat thousands of explosions are heard and thousands of summits are tumbling down. In consequence of the Earth's trembling, each of the four oceans having swelled greatly, seems ready to transgress its continents for afflicting the Earth.[8] Fierce winds charged with pointed pebbles are

[1] *Vishamam* is battle or war, and *akranda* is weeping or productive of grief. The latter word may also mean a fierce battle. If understood in this sense, *Vishamam* may be taken as indicating hostility, or absence of peace.

[2] Nilakantha explains this in a long note the substance of which is appended below. Kings are divided into three classes, *viz.*, owners of elephants (*Gajapati*), owners of horses (*Aswapati*), and owners of men (*Narapati*). If an evil-omened planet (*papa-graha*) sheds its influence upon any of the nine constellations beginning with *Aswini,* it forebodes danger to *Aswapatis* ; if on any of the nine beginning with *Magha,* it forebodes danger to *Gajapatis* ; and if on any of the nine beginning with *Mula,* it forebodes danger to *Narapatis.* What Vyasa says here, therefore, is that one or another *papa-graha* has shed its influence upon one another of each of the three classes of constellations, thus foreboding danger to all classes of kings.

[3] *Vide* note *ante.*

[4] *Aparvani, i.e., not* on *Parva* days or days of full-moon and new-moon as ordinarily coming. The Bombay edition, after *aparvani,* reads *grahenau tau.* A better reading unquestionably *grastavetau,* as many Bengal texts have.

[5] *Pratisrotas* ; strict grammar would require *pratisrotasas* ; the meaning is that those that flowed east to west now flow west to east, &c. For *kurddanti* some texts have *narddanti* which is certainly better. *Kurddanti* means play or sport ; wells playing like bulls would be unmeaning, unless the sport is accompanied by bellowing.

[6] The Burdwan Pundits reads *suskasani* for *sakrasani.* The latter, however, is the true reading.

[7] The original is very obscure. *Uluka* is explained by Nilakantha as a brand (used for want of lambs). The line, however, is elliptical. The Burdwan Pundits introduce an entirely new line.

[8] *Mahabhuta* is swelling greatly.

blowing, crushing mighty trees. In villages and towns trees, ordinary and sacred, are falling down, crushed by mighty winds and struck by lightning. The (sacrificial) fire, when Brahmanas pour libations on it, becomes blue, or red, or yellow. Its flames bend towards the left, yielding a bad scent, accompanied by loud reports. Touch, smell, and taste have, O monarch, become what they were not. The standards (of warriors), repeatedly trembling are emitting smoke. Drums and cymbals are throwing off showers of coal-dust. And from the tops of tall trees all around, crows, wheeling in circles from the left, are uttering fierce cries. All of them again are uttering frightful cries of *pakka, pakka* and are perching upon the tops of standards for the destruction of the kings. Vicious elephants, trembling all over, are running hither and thither, urinating and ejecting excreta. The horses are all melancholy, while the elephants are resorting to the water. Hearing all this, let that be done which is suitable, so that, O Bharata, the world may not be depopulated.' "

Vaisampayana continued,—"Hearing these words of his father, Dhritarashtra said,—'I think all this hath been ordained of old. A great slaughter of human beings will take place. If the kings die in battle observing the duties of the Kshatriya order, they will then, attaining to the regions reserved for heroes, obtain only happiness. These tigers among men, casting away their lives in great battle, will win fame in this and great bliss for ever in the next world.'

Vaisampayana continued,—"O best of kings, thus addressed by his son Dhritarashtra, that prince of poets, the *Muni* (Vyasa) concentrated his mind in supreme *Yoga*. Having contemplated for only a short space of time, Vyasa once more said,—'Without doubt, O king of kings, it is Time that destroyeth the universe. It is Time also that createth the worlds. There is nothing here that is eternal. Show the path of righteousness to the Kurus, to thy kinsmen, relatives, and friends. Thou art competent to restrain them. The slaughter of kinsmen hath been said to be sinful. Do not do that which is disagreeable to me. O king, Death himself hath been born in the shape of thy son. Slaughter is never applauded in the *Vedas*. It can never be beneficial. The usages of one's race are as one's own body. Those usages slay him that destroyeth them. For the destruction of this race and of those kings of the earth it is Time that maketh thee deviate into the wrong path like one in distress, although thou art competent (to walk along the path of righteousness). O king, in the shape of thy kingdom hath calamity come to thee. Thy virtue is sustaining a very great diminution.[1] Show what righteousness is unto thy sons. O thou that art invincible, of what value is that kingdom to thee which bringeth sin to thee? Take care of thy good name, thy virtue, and thy fame. Thou wilt then win heaven. Let the Pandavas have their kingdom, and let the Kauravas have peace."

"While that best of Brahmanas was saying these words in a sorrowful tone, Dhritarashtra, the son of Ambika, accomplished in speech, once

[1] *Parena* is explained by Nilakantha as *atisayena*.

more addressed him, saying.—'My knowledge of life and death is similar to thine. The truth is known to me as regards these. Man, however, in what concerns his own interests, is deprived of judgment. O sire, know me to be one who is an ordinary person. Of immeasurable power thou art. I pray thee to extend thine towards us. Of soul under complete control, thou art our refuge and instructor. My sons are not obedient to me, O great *Rishi*. My understanding too is not inclined to commit sin.[1] Thou art the cause of the fame, the achievements, and the inclination for virtue, of the Bharatas. Thou art the reverend grandsire of both the Kurus and the Pandavas.'

"Vyasa said,—'O royal son of Vichitravirya, tell me freely what is in thy mind. I will remove thy doubts."

"Dhritarashtra said,—'O holy one, I desire to hear from thee of all those indications that happen unto those that become victorious in battle."

"Vyasa said,—'The (sacred) fire assumes a cheerful radiance. Its light ascends upwards. Its flame bends towards the right. It blazes up without being smoky. The libations poured on it yield a fragrant scent. It is said that these are the indications of future success. The conches and cymbals yield sounds that are deep and loud. The Sun as well as the Moon gives pure rays. It is said that these are the indications of future success. Crows, whether stationary or on their wings, utter cries that are agreeable. They again that are behind, urge the warriors to advance; while they that are ahead, forbid all advance.[2] Where vultures, swans, parrots, cranes, and wood-peckers utter delightful cries, and wheel towards the right, the Brahmanas say that their victory in battle is certain. They whose divisions, in consequence of ornaments, coats of mail, and standards, or the melodious neigh of their steeds, become resplendent and incapable of being gazed at, always conquer their foes. They who utter cheerful shouts, those warriors, O Bharata, whose energies are not damped and whose garlands do not fade, always cross the ocean of battle. They who utter cheerful shouts having penetrated into the divisions of the foe, who utter even kind words,[3] to the enemy, and who, before striking, forewarn the foe, win victory. The objects of hearing, vision, taste, touch, and smell, without undergoing any change for the worse, become auspicious. This also is another indication of a victorious army, *viz.*, there is joy among the combatants at all time. This also is another indication of success, *viz.* the winds that blow, the clouds, and the birds, all become favourable; while the clouds (so favourable)

[1]Some of the Bengal texts read *anugraham* (making the initial a silent after *maharshe* (in the vocative case). There can be no doubt however, that this is incorrect. The true reading is *nadharmam* which I have adopted. The Bombay text reads *na cha dharmam*. The introduction of the article *cha* needlessly makes the line incorrect as to metre.

[2]The second line of the 67th sloka is very obscure. I have followed Nilakantha in translating it thus. The sense seems to be, that when crows hover behind an army, that is an auspicious sign ; while it is an inauspicious sign if they are seen ahead. I am not sure that Nilakantha is right in taking the pronoun *ye* as referring to even crows.

[3]Such as "don't fight, for you will be dead men soon." &c.

and the rain-bows drop beneficial showers. These, O king, are the indications of armies to be crowned with victory, while O monarch, all these become otherwise in the case of those that are about to be destroyed. Whether the army be small or large, cheerfulness, as an attribute of the combatants, is said to be a certain indication of victory. One soldier, struck with panic, can cause even a large army to take fright and fly. And when an army, struck with panic, takes to flight, it causes even heroic warriors to take fright. If a large army is once broken and put to rout, it cannot like a herd of deer disordered in fright or a mighty current of water be easily checked. If a large army is once routed, it is incapable of being rallied; on the other hand, beholding it broken, even those well-skilled in battle, O Bharata, become heartless. Beholding soldiers struck with fear and flying, the panic spreads in other directions, and soon, O king, the whole army is broken and flies in all directions. And when an army is routed, even brave leaders, O king, at the head of large divisions consisting of the four kinds of forces, are incapable of rallying them. An intelligent man, always exerting himself with activity, should strive (to win success) by the aid of means. It is said that that success which is won by negotiation and other means is the very best. That which is achieved by producing disunion (among the foe) is indifferent. While that success, O king, which is won by battle, is the worst. In battle are many evils, the initial one, as it is said, being slaughter. Even fifty brave men who know one another, who are underpressed, who are free from family ties, and who are firmly resolved, can crush a large army. Even five, six, seven men, who are unretreating, win victory. Vinata's son Garuda, O Bharata, beholding even a large concourse of birds, asketh not the aid of many followers (to vanquish them). The strength in number, therefore of an army is not always the cause of victory. Victory is uncertain. It depends on chance. Even they that become victorious have to sustain loss.' "

SECTION IV

Vaisampayana said,—"Having said these words unto Dhritarashtra, Vyasa took his departure. And Dhritarashtra also, having heard those words, began to reflect in silence. And having reflected for only a short space of time, he began to sigh repeatedly. And, soon, O bull of Bharata's race, the king asked Sanjaya of soul worthy of praise,—saying,—'O Sanjaya, these kings, these lords of earth, so brave and taking delight in battle, are for smiting one another with weapons of diverse kinds, being prepared to lay down their very lives for the sake of earth. Incapable of being restrained, they are, indeed, smiting one another for increasing the population of Yama's domain. Desirous of prosperity connected with the possession

of earth they are incapable of bearing one another. I, therefore, think that earth must be possessed of many attributes. Tell me all these, O Sanjaya, Many thousands, many millions, many tens of millions, many hundreds of millions, heroic men have come together at Kurujangala. I desire to hear, O Sanjaya, with accurate details, about the situation and dimensions of those countries and cities from which they have come. Through the potency of that regenerate *Rishi* Vyasa of immeasurable energy, thou art endued with the lamp of celestial perception and the eye of knowledge.

"Sanjaya said,—'O thou of great wisdom, I will recount to thee the merits of earth according to my knowledge. Behold them with thy eye of wisdom. I bow to thee, O bull of Bharata's race. Creatures in this world are of two kinds, mobile and immobile. Mobile creatures are of three kinds according to their birth, *viz.,* oviparous, viviparous, and those engendered by heat and damp. Of mobile creatures, O king, the foremost are certainly those called viviparous. Of viviparous creatures the foremost are men and animals. Animals, O king, of diverse forms, are of fourteen species. Seven have their abodes in the woods, and seven of these are domestic. Lions, tigers, boars, buffaloes, and elephants as also bears and apes, are, O king, regarded as wild. Kine, goats, sheep, men, horses, mules, and asses,—these seven amongst animals are reckoned as domestic by the learned. These fourteen, O king, complete the tale of domestic and wild animals, mentioned, O lord of earth, in the *Vedas,* and on which the sacrifices rest. Of creatures that are domestic, men are foremost, while lions are the foremost of those that have their abode in the woods. All creatures support their life by living upon one another. Vegetables are said to be immobile, and they are of four species *viz.,* trees, shrubs, creepers, creeping plants existing for only a year, and all stemless plants of the grass species.[1] Of mobile and immobile creatures, there are thus one less twenty; and as regards their universal constituents, there are five. Twenty-four in all, these are described as *Gayatri* (*Brahma*) as is well-known to all.[2] He who knows these truly to be the sacred Gayatri possessed of every virtue, is not liable, O best of the Bharatas, to destruction in this world. Everything springeth from the earth and everything, when destroyed, mergeth into the Earth. The Earth is the stay and refuge of all creatures, and the Earth is eternal. He that hath the Earth, hath the entire universe with its mobile and immobile population. It is for this that longing for (the possession of the) Earth, kings slay one another.' "

[1]Nilakantha explains these five species thus : trees such as the *peepul* ; *gulma* (shrub), as *kusa*, *kasa*, &c., growing from a clump underneath ; creepers, such as all plants growing upon the soil but requiring some support to twine round; *Valli,* those that creep on the earth and live for a year only, such, as the gourd, the pumpkin, etc., and lastly, *Trina*, such as grass and all plants that are stemless, having only their barks and leaves.

[2]When *Gayatri,* or Brahma or the Universe, is mentioned, these twenty-four are indicated, five of which exist independently, the remaining nineteen being the result of five in those various proportions.

SECTION V

"Dhritarashtra said,—'The names of rivers and mountains, O Sanjaya, as also of provinces, and all other things resting on the earth, and their dimensions, O thou that are acquainted with the measures of things of the earth in its entirety and the forests, O Sanjaya, recount to me in detail.'

"Sanjaya said,—'O great king, all things in the universe, in consequence of the presence (in them) of the five elements, have been said to be equal by the wise. These elements, are space, air, fire, water, and earth. Their (respective) attributes are sound, touch, vision, taste, and scent. Every one of these elements possesses (in addition to what is especially its own) the attribute or attributes of that or those coming before it. The earth, therefore, is the foremost of them all, possessing as it does the attributes of all the other four, besides what is specially its own, as said by *Rishis* acquainted with truth.[1] There are four attributes O king, in water. Scent does not exist in it. Fire has three attributes *viz.*, sound, touch, and vision. Sound and touch belong to air, while space has sound alone. These five attributes, O king, exist (in this way) in the five principal elements depending on which all creatures in the universe exist. They exist separately and independently when there is homogeneity in the universe.[2] When, however, these do not exist in their natural state but with one another, then creatures spring into life, furnished with bodies. This is never otherwise. The elements are destroyed, in the order of the one succeeding, merging into the one that proceeds; and they spring also into existence, one arising from the one before it.[3] All of these are immeasurable, their forms being *Brahma* itself. In the universe are seen creatures consisting of the five elements. Men endeavour to ascertain their proportions by exercising their reason. Those matters, however, that are inconceivable, should never be sought to be solved by reason. That which is above (human) nature is an indication of the inconceivable.

" 'O son of Kuru's race, I will, however, describe to thee the island called *Sudarsana*. This island, O king, is circular and of the form of a wheel. It is covered with rivers and other pieces of water and with mountains looking like masses of clouds, and with cities and many delightful provinces. It is also full of trees furnished with flowers and fruits, and with crops of diverse

[1] I have rendered 4 and 5 a little too freely. The language of the original is very terse.

[2] *Samyam* is homogeneity. The allusion is to the state of the universe before creation, when there exists nothing but a homogeneous mass or Brahma alone. The first compound of the 2nd line is read differently. The Burdwan Pandits and the Bombay edition read *anyonyam* (in the accusative) ; many of the Bengal texts read *anyonyena* (in the instrumental). The meaning is scarcely affected by this difference of reading.

[3] The order of destruction is that earth merges into water, water into fire, fire into air, and air into space. And so the order of birth is that from space arises air, from air arises fire, from fire arises water, and from water arises earth.

kinds and other wealth. And it is surrounded on all sides with the salt ocean. As a person can see his own face in a mirror, even so is the island called Sudarsana seen in the lunar disc. Two of its parts seem to be a *peepul* tree, while two others look like a large hare. It is surrounded on all sides with an assemblage of every kind of deciduous plants. Besides these portions, the rest is all water. What remains I will describe to thee shortly. The rest I will speak of afterwards. Listen now to this that I describe in brief.[1]"

SECTION VI

"Dhritarashtra said.—'Thou art intelligent, O Sanjaya, and acquainted with the truth (about everything). Thou hast duly given a description of the island in brief. Tell us now of the island in detail. Tell us now of the dimension of the expanse of land that lies in the portion looking like a hare. Thou mayst then speak of the portion resembling *peepul* tree."

Vaisampayana said,—"Thus addressed by the king, Sanjaya began to say.

"Sanjaya said,—'Stretching from east to west, are these six mountains that are equal[2] and that extend from the eastern to the western ocean. They are Himavat, Hemakuta, that best of mountains called Nishadha, Nila abounding with stones of *lapis lazuli,* Sweta white as the moon, and the mountains called Sringavat composed of all kinds of metals.[3] These are the six mountains, O king, which are always the resorts of *Siddhas* and *Charanas*. The space lying between each of these measures a thousand *Yojanas,* and thereon are many delightful kingdoms. And these divisions are called *Varshas,* O Bharata. In all those kingdoms reside creatures of diverse species. This (the land where we are) is in the *Varsha* that is called after Bharata. Next to it (northwards) is the *Varsha* called after Himavat. The land that is beyond Hemakuta is called *Harivarsha,* South of the Nila range and on the north of the Nishadha is a mountain, O king, called Malyavat that stretches from east to west. Beyond Malyavat northwards is the mountain called Gandhamadana.[4] Between these two (*viz.,* Malyavat and Gandhamadana) is a globular mountain called Meru made of gold. Effulgent as the morning sun, it is like fire without smoke.[5] It is eighty-four thousand *Yojanas* high, and, O king, its depth also is eighty-four *Yojanas*. It standeth

[1]Nilakantha explains the last six slokas as having an esoteric meaning. By Sudarsana he understands the mind. The rest is explained consistently. Interpretations, however, are not rare among commentators seeking to put sense in non-sense.

[2]The Bombay text reads *Varsha parvatas* for *parvatas samas.*

[3]For *Pinaddha* occurring in the Bengal texts, the Bombay edition reads *Vichitra.*

[4]The Bengal texts add a line here which is properly omitted in the Bombay edition.

[5]After the 10th occurs a line in the Bengal text which is evidently vicious.

bearing the worlds above, below and transversely. Besides Meru are situated, O lord, these four islands, *viz.*, Bhadraswa, and Ketumala, and Jamvudwipa otherwise called Bharata, and Uttar-Kuru which is the abode of persons who have achieved the merit of righteousness. The bird Sumukha, the son of Suparna, beholding that all the birds on Meru were of golden plumage, reflected that he should leave that mountain inasmuch as there was no difference between the good, middling, and bad birds. The foremost of luminaries, the sun, always circumambulates Meru, as also the moon with (his) attendant constellation, and the Wind-god too. The mountain, O king, is endued with celestial fruits and flowers, and it is covered all over with mansions made of furnished gold. There, on that mountain, O king, the celestials, the *Gandharvas,* the *Asuras,* and the *Rakshasas,* accompanied by the tribes of *Apsaras,* always sport. There Brahman, and Rudra and also Sakra the chief of the celestials, assembled together, performed diverse kinds of sacrifices with plentiful gifts. Tumvuru, and Narada and Viswavasu, and the Hahas and the Huhus, repairing thither, adored the foremost of the celestials with diverse hymns. The high-souled seven *Rishis,* and Kasyapa the lord of creatures, repair thither, blessed be thou, on every *parva* day.[1] Upon the summit of that mountain, Usanas, otherwise called the Poet, sporteth with the *Daityas* (his disciples).[2] The jewels and gems (that we see) and all the mountains abounding in precious stones are of Meru. Therefrom a fourth part is enjoyed by the holy Kuvera. Only a sixteenth part of that wealth he giveth unto men. On the northern side of Meru is a delightful and excellent forest of *Karnikaras,* covered with the flowers of every season,[3] and occupying a range of hills. There the illustrious *Pasupati* himself, the creator of all things, surrounded by his celestial attendants and accompanied by Uma, sporteth bearing a chain of *Karnikara* flowers (on his neck) reaching down to his feet, and blazing with radiance with his three eyes resembling three risen suns. Him *Siddhas* truthful in speech, of excellent vows and austere ascetic penances, can behold. Indeed, Maheswara is incapable of being seen by persons of wicked conduct. From the summit of that mountain, like a stream of milk, O ruler of men, the sacred and auspicious Ganga, otherwise called Bhagirathi, adored by the most righteous, of universal form and immeasurable and issuing out with terrific noise, falleth with impetuous force on the delightful lake of *Chandramas.*[4] Indeed that sacred lake, like an ocean, hath been formed by *Ganga* herself. (While leaping from the mountains), Ganga, incapable of being supported by even the mountains, was held for a hundred thousand years by the bearer of *Pinaka*

[1]Day of the full-moon and that of the new-moon.

[2]The Bengal texts, except the Burdwan one, have *divi* for *Daityas*, of course, the latter reading is correct.

[3]The Bombay text has *Sarvatas* (which is better) for *Sarvata* in the Bengal texts.

[4]In the first line of 28, the Bengal texts read *Sirasas* (ablative) for *Sikhhrat* of the Bombay edition. In the last line of 29 also, the Bombay text has *plavantiva-pravegena* for the Bengal reading *patatyajapravegena*. No material difference of meaning arises if one or the other is accepted.

on his head.[1] On the western side of Meru, O king, is *Ketumala.*[2] And there also is *Jamvukhanda.* Both are great seats of humanity, O king.[3] There, O Bharata, the measure of human life is ten thousand years. The men are all of a golden complexion, and the women are like *Apsaras.* And all the residents are without sickness, without sorrow, and always cheerful. The men born there are of the effulgence of melted gold. On the summits of Gandhamadana, Kuvera the lord of the *Guhyakas,* with many *Rakshasas* and accompanied by tribes of *Apsaras,* passeth his time in joy. Besides Gandhamadana there are many smaller mountains and hills. The measure of human life there is eleven thousand years. There, O king, the men are cheerful, and endued with great energy and great strength and the women are all of the complexion of the lotus and highly beautiful. Beyond *Nila* is (the *Varsha* called) *Sweta,* beyond *Sweta* is (the *Varsha* called) *Hiranyaka.* Beyond *Hiranyaka* is (the *Varsha* called) *Airavata* covered with provinces. The last *Varsha* in the (extreme) north and Bharata's *Varsha* in the (extreme) south are both, O king, of the form of a bow. These five *Varshas* (*viz., Sweta, Hiranyaka, Elavrita, Harivarsha,* and *Haimavat-varsha*) are in the middle, of which *Elavrita* exists in the very middle of all. Amongst these seven *Varshas* (the five already mentioned and *Airavata* and *Bharata*) that which is further north excels the one to its immediate south in respect of these attributes, *viz.,* the period of life, stature, health, righteousness, pleasure, and profit. In these *Varshas,* O Bharata, creatures (though of diverse species) yet, live together. Thus, O king, is Earth covered with mountains. The huge mountains of Hemakuta are otherwise called Kailasa. There, O king, Vaisravana passeth his time in joy with his *Guhyakas.* Immediately to the north of Kailasa and near the mountains of Mainaka there is a huge and beautiful mountain called *Manimaya* endued with golden summits. Beside this mountain is a large, beautiful, crystal and delightful lake called *Vindusaras* with golden sands (on its beach). There king Bhagiratha, beholding Ganga (since) called after his own name, resided for many years. There may be seen innumerable sacrificial stakes made of gems, and *Chaitya* tree made of gold. It was there that he of a thousand eyes and great fame won (ascetic) success by performing sacrifices. There the Lord of all creatures, the eternal Creator of all the worlds, endued with supreme energy surrounded by his ghostly attendants, is adored. There Nara and Narayana, Brahman, and Manu, and Sthanu as the fifth, are (ever present). And there the celestial stream Ganga having three currents,[4] issuing out of the region of Brahman, first showed herself, and then dividing

[1]Alluding to the tradition of Siva's holding Ganga on his head and for which the great god is sometimes called *Gangadhara.*

[2]This word occurs in various forms, *Ketumala* and *Ketumali* being two others.

[3]The Bombay edition reads *tu* for *cha* after *Jamvukhanda.* The meaning becomes changed.

[4]The sacred stream *Ganga* is believed to have three currents. In heaven the current is called *Mandakini* ; on earth, it is called *Ganga* ; and in the subterraneous world it is called *Bhogavati.*

herself into seven streams, became Vaswokasara, Nalini, the sin-cleansing Saraswati, Jamvunadi, Sita, Ganga and Sindhu as the seventh. The Supreme Lord hath (himself) made the arrangement with reference to that inconceivable and celestial stream. It is there that[1] sacrifices have been performed (by gods and *Rishis*) on a thousand occasions after the end of the *Yuga* (when creation begins). As regards the Saraswati, in some parts (of her course) she becometh visible and in some parts not so. This celestial sevenfold Ganga is widely known over the three worlds. *Rakshasas* reside on Himavat, *Guhyakas* on Hemakuta, and serpents and Nagas on Nishadha, and ascetics on Gokarna. The Sweta mountains are said to be the abode of the celestial and the *Asuras*. The *Gandharvas* always reside on Nishadhas, and the regenerate *Rishis* on Nila. The mountains of Sringavat also are regarded as the resort of the celestials.

" 'These then, O great king, are the seven *Varshas* of the world as they are divided. Diverse creatures, mobile[2] and immobile, are placed in them all. Diverse kinds of prosperity, both providential and human, are noticeable in them. They are incapable of being counted. Those desirous, however, of their own good believe (all this), I have now told thee of that delightful region (of land) of the form of a hare about which thou hadst asked me. At the extremities of that region are the two *Varshas, viz.*, one on the north and the other on the south. Those two also have now been told to thee. Then again the two islands *Naga-dwipa* and *Kasyapa-dwipa* are the two ears of this region of the form of a hare. The beautiful mountains of Maleya, O king, having rocks like plates of copper, form another (prominent) part of Jamvudwipa that having its shape resembling a hare.' "

SECTION VII

"Dhritarashtra said,—'Tell me, O Sanjaya, thou of great intelligence, of the regions to the north and the east side of Meru, as also of the mountains of Malyavat, in detail.[3]

"Sanjaya said,—'On the south of the Nila mountain and the northern side of Meru are the sacred *Northern Kurus,* O king, which are the residence of the *Siddhas*. The trees there bear sweet fruits, and are always covered with fruits and flowers. All the flowers (there) are fragrant, and the fruits of excellent taste. Some of the trees, again, O king, yield fruits according to (the) will (of the plucker). There are again some other trees, O king, that

[1]The Bengal texts, excepting the Burdwan one, incorrectly read *Sakram* for *Satram*.

[2]The correct reading is *Gatimanti*. Many of the Bengal texts incorrectly read *matimanti*, which is unmeaning.

[3]Many of the Bengal texts incorrectly read *Merorapyyantaram* for *Merorathottaram*

are called *milk-yielding*. These always yield milk and the six different kinds of food of the taste of *Amrita* itself. Those trees also yield cloths and in their fruits are ornaments (for the use of man). The entire land abounds with fine golden sands. A portion of the region there, extremely delightful, is seen to be possessed of the radiance of the ruby or diamond, or of the *lapis lazuli* or other jewels and gems.[1] All the seasons there are agreeable and nowhere does the land become miry, O king. The tanks are charming, delicious, and full of crystal water. The men born there have dropped from the world of the celestials.[2] All are of pure birth and all are extremely handsome in appearance. There twins (of opposite sexes) are born and the women resemble *Apsaras* in beauty. They drink the milk, sweet as *Amrita*, of those milk-yielding trees (already mentioned). And the twins born there (of opposite sexes) grow up equally. Both possessed of equal beauty, both endued with similar virtues, and both equally dressed, both grow up in love, O monarch, like a couple of *chakrabakas*. The people of that country are free from illness and are always cheerful. Ten thousand and ten hundred years they live, O king, and never abandon one another. A class of birds called *Bharunda*, furnished with sharp beaks and possessed of great strength, take them up when dead and throw them into mountain caves. I have now described to thee, O king, the Northern Kurus briefly.

" 'I will now describe to thee the eastern side of Meru duly. Of all the regions there, the foremost, O king, is called Bhadraswa, where there is a large forest of *Bhadra-salas*, as also a huge tree called *Kalamra*. This *Kalamra*, O king, is always graced with fruits and flowers. That tree again is a *Yojana* in height and is adored by *Siddhas*[3] and the *Charanas*. The men there are all of a white complexion, endued with great energy, and possessed of great strength. The women are of the complexion of lilies, very beautiful, and agreeable to sight. Possessed of radiance of the moon,[4] and white as the moon, their faces are as the full-moon. Their bodies again are as cool as the rays of the moon and they are all accomplished in singing and dancing. The period of human life there, O bull of the Bharata's race, is ten thousand years. Drinking the juice of the *Kalamra* they continue youthful for ever. On the south of Nila and the north of Nishadha, there is a huge *Jamvu* tree that is eternal. Adored by the Siddhas and Charanas, that sacred tree granteth every wish. After the name of that tree this division hath ever been called *Jamvudwipa*. O bull of Bharata race, a thousand and a hundred *Yojanas* is the height of that prince of trees, which touches the very heavens, O king of men. Two thousand and five hundred cubits measure the circumference of a fruit of that tree which bursts when

[1]This *sloka* beginning with *mani* and ending with *prabham* is omitted in the Bombay text, I don't think rightly. If anything that seems to be a repetition is to be omitted.

[2]*i.e.* "have fallen away from a celestial state."

[3]In *sloka* 13, the Bengal texts read *Bhayanakas* for *mahavalas*. In 15 *Mudhabhishekas* or *Purvabhishekas* is substituted in the Bombay text. In 1 again the Bombay text reads *Subhas* for *drumas*.

[4]The Bengal texts have *Chandrabhasa* for *Chandraprabha*. The difference is not material.

ripe. In falling upon the earth these fruits make a loud noise, and then pour out, O king, a silvery juice on the ground. That juice of the *Jamvu,* becoming, O king, a river, and passing circuitously round Meru, cometh to the (region of the) Northern Kurus. If the juice of that fruit is quaffed, it conduces to peace of mind. No thirst is felt ever after, O king. Decrepitude never weakens them. And there a species of gold called *Jamvunada* and used for celestial ornaments, very brilliant and like the complexion of *Indragopoka* insects, is produced. The men born there are of the complexion of the morning sun.

" ' On the summit of Malyavat is always seen, O bull of Bharata's race, the fire called *Samvataka* which blazeth forth at the end of the *Yuga* for the destruction of the universe. On Malyavat's summit towards the east are many small mountains and Malyavat, O king, measures eleven thousand[1] Yojanas. The men born there are of the complexion of gold. And they are all fallen from the region of Brahman and are utterers of *Brahma.* They undergo the severest of ascetic austerities, and their vital seed is drawn up. For the protection of creatures they all enter the sun. Numbering sixty-six thousand, they proceed in advance of *Aruna,* surrounding the sun. Heated with the sun's rays for sixty-six thousand years, they then enter the lunar disc.' "

SECTION VIII

"Dhritarashtra said,—'Tell me truly, O Sanjaya, the names of all the *Varshas,* and of all the mountains, and also of all those that dwell on those mountains.

"Sanjaya said,—'On the south of Sweta and the north of Nishadha, is the *Varsha,* called Romanaka. The men that are born there are all of white complexion, of good parentage, and handsome features. And the men born there are also all without enemies. And they live, O king, for eleven thousand and five hundred years, being ever of cheerful hearts. On the south of Nishadha is the *Varsha* called Hiranmaya where is the river called Hiranwati. There, O king, liveth that foremost of birds named Garuda. And the people there, O monarch, are all followers of the *Yakshas,* wealthy, and of handsome features. And, O king, the men there are endued with great strength and have cheerful hearts. And they live for twelve thousand and five hundred years, O king, which is the measure of their lives. The

[1]Both the Burdwan and the Bombay editions read *Panchashat* (five and six). The Bengal texts generally have *panchasat* (fifty).

mountains of Sringavat,[1] O ruler of men, have three beautiful summits. One of these is made of jewels and gems, another is very wonderful, being made of all kinds of gems and adorned with palatial mansions. There the self-luminous lady named Sandili always liveth. On the north of Sringavat and up to the margin of the sea, O king, the Varsha called Airavat. And because this jewelled mountain is there, therefore is this Varsha superior to all. The sun giveth no heat there and men are not subject to decay. And the moon there, with the stars, becoming the only source of light, covereth (the firmament). Possessing the radiance and complexion of the lotus, and endued with eyes that resemble lotus-petals, the men born there have the fragrance of the lotus. With winkless eyes, and agreeable scent (emanating from their bodies), they go without food and have their senses under control. They are all fallen from the region of the celestials, and are all, O king, without sin of any kind. And they live, O monarch, for thirteen thousand years, that being. O best of the Bharatas, the measure of their lives. And so on the north of the milky ocean, the Lord Hari of unlimited puissance dwelleth on his car made of gold. That vehicle is endued with eight wheels, with numerous supernatural creatures stationed on it, and having the speed of the mind. And its complexion is that of fire, and it is endued with mighty energy and adorned with *Jamvunada* gold. He is the Lord of all creatures, and is possessed, O bull of Bharata's race, of every kind of prosperity. In him the universe merges (when dissolution comes), and from him it again emanates (when the creative desire seizes him). He is the actor, and it is He that makes all others act. He, O monarch, is earth, water, space, air, and fire. He is Sacrifice's self unto all creatures, and fire is His mouth."

Vaisampayana continued,—"The high-souled king Dhritarashtra, thus addressed by Sanjaya, became, O monarch, absorbed in meditation about his sons. Endued with great energy, he then, having reflected, said these words : 'Without doubt, O *Suta's* son, it is Time that destroyeth the universe. And it is Time that again createth everything. Nothing here is eternal. It is Nara and Narayana, endued with omniscience, that destroyeth all creatures.[2] The gods speak of him as *Vaikuntha* (of immeasurable puissance), while men call him *Vishnu* (one that pervadeth the Universe)!' "

SECTION IX

'Dhritarashtra said,—'Tell me truly (O Sanjaya) of this *Varsha* that s called after Bharata, where this senseless force hath been collected, in

[1]The Bombay edition reads *Tasmat-sringamatas param.* The Bengal texts read *Yasmat-ringamatas param.* The Bengal reading is better. The Asiatic Society's edition contains misprint. The meaning is, "Because Sringa (jewelled mountain of that name), therefore uperior." I have rendered it somewhat freely.

[2]They are but portions of the same Supreme Being.

respect of which this my son Duryodhana hath been so very covetous, which the sons of Pandu also are desirous of obtaining, and in which my mind too sinketh. O, tell me this, for thou art, in my judgment endued with intelligence.

"Sanjaya said,—'Listen to me, O king The sons of Pandu are not covetous about this country. On the other hand, it is Duryodhana that is covetous, and Sakuni the son of Suvala, as also many other Kshatriyas who are rulers of the provinces, who being covetous of this country are not able to bear one another. I will now tell thee, O thou of Bharata's race, of the tract of land known by Bharata's name. This land is the beloved one of Indra, and, O thou of Bharata's race, this land, O monarch, that is called after Bharata, is also the beloved land of Manu, the son of Vivaswat, of Prithu, of Vainya, of the high-souled Ikshwaku, of Yayati, of Amvarisha, of Mandhatri, of Nahusha, of Muchukunda, of Sivi the son of Usinara, of Rishava, of Ila, of king Nriga, of Kusika, O invincible one, of the high-souled Gadhi, of Somaka, O irrepressible one, and of Dilipa, and also, O monarch, of many other mighty Kshatriyas. I will now, O chastiser of foes, describe to thee that country as I have heard of it. Listen to me, O king, as I speak of what thou hast asked me. Mahendra, Malaya, Sahya, Suktimat, Rakshavat, Vindhya, and Paripatra,—these seven are the *Kala*-mountains[1] (of Bharatvarsha). Besides these, O king, there are thousands of mountains that are unknown, of hard make, huge, and having excellent valleys. Besides these there are many other smaller mountains inhabited by barbarous tribes. Aryans and Mlecchas, O Kauravya, and many races, O lord, mixed of the two elements, drink the waters of the following rivers, *viz.*, magnificent Ganga, Sindhu, and Saraswati; of Godavari, and Narmada, and the large river called Yamuna; of Dhrishadwati, and Vipapa, and Vipasa and Sthulavaluka; of the river Vetravati, and that other one called Krishna-vena; of Iravati, and Vitasta, and Payosyini, and Devika; of Vedasmrita and Vedavati, and Tridiva, and Ikshumalavi;[2] of Karishini, and Chitravaha, and the river called Chitrasena; of Gomati, and Dhutapada and the large river called Gandaki[3], of Kausiki, and Nischitra, and Kirtya, and Nichita, and Lohatarini;[4] of Rashasi and Satakumbha, and also Sarayu; of Charmanwati, and Vetravati,[5] and Hastisoma, and Disa; of the river called Saravati, and Venna, and Bhimarathi; of Kaveri, and Chuluka, and Vina, and Satavala; of Nivara, and Mahila, and Suprayoga, O king; of Pavitra,

[1] *i.e.* mountains forming boundaries of divisions.

[2] The Bombay text reads *Ikshula* and *Krimi* for "*Ikshumlavi*" occurring in Bengal texts.

[3] The Bengal texts have *Gandakincha mahanadim*. The Bombay text reads *Vandanancha mahanadim* with a *cha* immediately before. The Burdwan Pandits read *Chandanancha mahanadim*.

[4] The Bombay texts read *Tridiva* for *Nischita;* this is incorrect, for *Tridiva* occurs in the Bombay text itself a little before. The name *Lohatarini* occurs in various forms.

[5] For Vetravati, the Bengal texts read Chandrabhaga. Both Chandrabhaga and Vetravati, however occur before.

and Kundala, and Rajani, and Puramalini; of Purvabhirama, and Vira, and Bhima, and Oghavati; of Palasini, and Papahara, and Mahendra, and Patalavati, of Karishini, and Asikni, and the large river Kusachira : of Makari, and Pravara, and Mena, and Hema, and Dhritavati; of Puravati, and Anushna, and Saivya, and Kapi, O Bharata; of Sadanira, and Adhrishya, and the mighty stream Kusadhara; of Sadakanta, and Siva, and Viravati; of Vatsu, and Suvastu, and Kampana with Hiranwati; of Vara, and the mighty river Panchami, of Rathachitra, and Jyotiratha, and Viswamitra, and Kapinjala; of Upendra, and Vahula, and Kuchira, and Madhuvahini: of Vinadi, and Pinjala, and Vena, and the great river Pungavena; of Vidisa and Krishna-vena, and Tamra, and Kapila, of Salu, and Suvama, the Vedaswa, and the mighty river Harisrava; of Sighra, and Pischala, and the river Bharadwaji, of the river Kausiki, and Sona, and Chandrama; of Durgamantrasila, and Brahma-vodhya, and Vrihadvati; of Yaksha, and Rohi, and Yamvunadi; of Sunasa and Tamasa, and Dasi, and Vasa, and Varuna, and Asi; of Nila, and Dhrimati, and the mighty river Parnasa; of Pomasi, and Vrishabha, and Brahma-meddhya, and Vrihaddhani. These and many other large rivers, O king, such as Sadonirmaya and Krishna, and Mandaga, and Mandavahini; and Mahagouri, and Durga, O Bharata; and Chitropala. Chitraratha, and Manjula, and Vahini; and Mandakini, and Vaitarani, and Kosa, and Mahanadi; and Suktimati, and Ananga, and Pushpaveni, and Utpalavati; and Lohitya, Karatoya, and Vrishasabhya; and Kumari, and Rishikullya and Marisha, and Saraswati; and Mandakini, and Supunya, Sarvasanga, O Bharata, are all mothers of the universe and productive of great merit. Besides these, there are rivers, by hundreds and thousands, that are not known (by names), I have now recounted to thee, O king, all the rivers as far as I remember.

"After this, listen to the names of the provinces as I mention them. They are the Kuru-Panchalas, the Salwas, the Madreyas, the Jangalas, the Surasena, the Kalingas, the Vodhas, the Malas, the Matsyas, the Sauvalyas, the Kuntalas, the Kasi-kosalas, the Chedis, the Karushas, the Bhojas, the Sindhus, the Pulindakas, the Uttamas, the Dasarnas, the Mekalas, the Utkalas; the Panchalas, the Kausijas, the Nikarprishthas, Dhurandharas; the Sodhas, the Madrabhujingas, the Kasis, and the further-Kasis; the Jatharas, the Kukuras, O Bharata; the Kuntis, the Avantis, and the further-Kuntis; the Gomantas, the Mandakas, the Shandas, the Vidarbhas, the Rupavahikas; the Aswakas, the Pansurashtras, the Goparashtras, and the Karityas; the Adhirjayas, the Kuladyas, the Mallarashtras, the Keralas, the Varatrasyas, the Apavahas, the Chakras, the Vakratapas, the Sakas; the Videhas, the Magadhas, the Swakshas, the Malayas, the Vijayas, the Angas, the Vangas, the Kalingas, the Yakrillomans; the Mallas, the Suddellas, the Pranradas, the Mahikas, the Sasikas; the Valhikas, the Vatadhanas, the Abhiras, the Kalajoshakas; the Aparantas, the Parantas, the Pahnabhas, the Charmamandalas; the Atavisikharas, the Mahabhutas, O sire; the Upavrittas, the Anupavrittas, the Surashatras, Kekayas; the Kutas, the Maheyas, the Kakshas, the Samudranishkutas; the Andhras,

and, O king, many hilly tribes, and many tribes residing on lands laying at the foot of the hills, and the Angamalajas, and the Manavanjakas; the Pravisheyas, and the Bhargavas, O king; the Pundras, the Bhargas, the Kiratas, the Sudeshnas, and the Yamunas, the Sakas, the Nishadhas, the Anartas, the Nairitas, the Durgalas, the Pratimasyas, the Kuntalas, and the Kusalas; the Tiragrahas, the Ijakas, the Kanyakagunas, the Tilabharas, the Samiras, the Madhumattas, the Sukandakas; the Kasmiras, the Sindhusauviras, the Gandharvas, and the Darsakas; the Abhisaras, the Utulas, the Saivalas, and the Valhikas; the Darvis, the Vanavadarvas, the Vatagas, the Amarathas, and the Uragas; the Vahuvadhas, the Kauravyas, the Sudamanas, the Sumalikas; the Vadhras, the Karishakas, the Kalindas, and the Upatyakas; the Vatayanas, the Romanas, and the Kusavindas; the Kacchas, the Gopalkacchas, the Kuruvarnakas; the Kiratas, the Varvasas, the Siddhas, the Vaidehas, and the Tamraliptas; the Aundras, the Paundras, the Saisikatas, and the Parvatiyas, O sire.

" 'There are other kingdoms, O bull of Bharata's race, in the south. They are the Dravidas, the Keralas, the Prachyas, the Mushikas, and the Vanavashikas; the Karanatakas, the Mahishakas, the Vikalpas, and also the Mushakas; the Jhillikas, the Kuntalas, the Saunridas, and the Nalakananas; the Kankutakas, the Cholas, and the Malavayakas; the Samangas, the Kanakas, the Kukkuras, and the Angara-marishas; the Samangas, the Karakas, the Kukuras, the Angaras, the Marishas : the Dhwajinis, the Utsavas, the Sanketas, the Trigartas, and the Salwasena; the Vakas, the Kokarakas, the Pashtris, and the Lamavegavasas; the Vindhyachulakas, the Pulindas, and the Valkalas; the Malavas, the Vallavas, the further-Vallavas, the Kulindas, the Kalavas, the Kuntaukas, and the Karatas; the Mrishakas, the Tanavalas, the Saniyas; the Alidas, the Pasivatas, the Tanayas, and the Sulanyas; the Rishikas, the Vidarbhas, the Kakas, the Tanganas, and the further-Tanganas. Among the tribes of the north are the Mlecchas, and the Kruras, O best of the Bharatas; the Yavanas, the Chinas, the Kamvojas, the Darunas, and many Mleccha tribes; the Sukritvahas, the Kulatthas, the Hunas, and the Parasikas; the Ramanas, and the Dasamalikas. These countries are, besides, the abodes of many Kshatriya, Vaisya, and Sudra tribes. Then again there are the Sudra-abhiras, the Dardas, the Kasmiras, and the Pattis; the Khasiras; the Atreyas, the Bharadwajas, the Stanaposhikas, the Poshakas, the Kalingas, and diverse tribes of Kiratas; the Tomaras, the Hansamargas, and the Karamanjakas. These and other kingdoms are on the east and on the north. O lord, alluding to them briefly I have told thee all. Earth, if its resources are properly developed according to its qualities and prowess, is like an ever-yielding[1] cow, from which the three-fold fruits of virtue, profit and pleasure, may be milked. Brave kings conversant with virtue and profit have become covetous of Earth. Endued with activity, they would even cast away their lives in battle, from hunger of wealth. Earth is certainly the refuge

[1]Kamadhuk is that species of kine which always yield milk.

of creatures endued with celestial bodies as also of creatures endued with human bodies.[1] Desirous of enjoying Earth, the kings, O chief of the Bharatas, have become like dogs that snatch meat from one another. Their ambition is unbounded, knowing no gratification.[2] It is for this that the Kurus and the Pandavas are striving for possession of Earth, by negotiation, disunion, gift, and battle, O Bharata. If Earth be well looked after, it becometh the father, mother, children, firmament and heaven, of all creatures, O bull among men.' "

SECTION X

"Dhritarashtra said,—'Tell me, O Sanjaya, of the period of life, the strength, the good and bad things, the future, past and present, of the residents, O *Suta,* of this *Varsha* of Bharata, and of the Himavat-varsha, as also of Hari-varsha, in detail."

"Sanjaya said,—'O bull of Bharata's race, four *Yugas* set in Bharata's *Varsha, viz., Krita, Treta, Dwapara,* and *Kali.* The *Yuga* that sets in first is *Krita.* O Lord; after the expiry of *Krita* comes *Treta;* after expiry of *Treta* comes *Dwapara;* and after that last of all, sets in *Kali.* Four thousand years, O best of the Kurus, are reckoned as the measure of life, O best of kings, in the *Krita* epoch. Three thousand years is the period in *Treta,* O ruler of men. At present in *Dwapara,* persons live on Earth for two thousand years. In *Kali,* however, O bull of Bharata's race, there is no fixed limit of life's measure, in so much that men die while in the womb, as also soon after birth. In the *Krita* age, O king, men are born and beget children, by hundreds and thousands, that are of great strength and great power, endued with the attribute of great wisdom, and possessed of wealth and handsome features. In that age are born and begotten *Munis* endued with wealth of asceticism, capable of great exertion, possessed of high souls, and virtuous, and truthful in speech. The Kshatriyas also, born in that age are of agreeable features, able-bodied, possessed of great energy, accomplished in the use of the bow, highly skilled in battle and exceedingly brave. In the *Treta* age, O king, all the Kshatriya kings were emperors ruling from sea to sea. In *Treta* are

[1]Nilakantha explains this in this way. The gods depend on sacrifices performed by human beings ; and as regards human beings, their food is supplied by the Earth. Superior and inferior creatures, therefore, are all supported by the earth ; the Earth then is their refuge. The word Earth in these slokas is sometimes used to signify the world and sometimes the element of that name.

[2]I render the last line a little too freely. If the saying is intended to be general, the translation should run thus : "Up to this day there is no man whose desires can be satiated."

begotten brave Kshatriyas not subject to any one, endued with long lives, possessed of heroism, and wielding the bow in battle with great skill. When *Dwapara* sets in, O king, all the (four) orders born become capable of great exertion, endued with great energy, and desirous of conquering one another. The men born in *Kali,* O king, are endued with little energy, highly wrathful, covetous, and untruthful. Jealousy, pride, anger, deception, malice and covetousness, O Bharata, are the attributes of creatures in the *Kali* age. The portion that remains, O king, of this the *Dwapara* age, is small, O ruler of men. The *Varsha* known as Haimavat is superior to Bharatavarsha, while Harivarsha is superior to Haimavatvarsha, in respect of all qualities.' "

SECTION XI

(*Bhumi Parva*)

"Dhritarashtra said,—'Thou hast, O Sanjaya, duly described Jamvu-khanda to me. Tell me now its dimensions and extent truly. Tell me also, O Sanjaya, of the extent of the ocean of Sakadwipa, and Kusadwipa, of Salmalidwipa and Kraunchadwipa, truly and without leaving anything and tell me also, O son of Gavalgani, of *Rahu* and *Soma* and *Surya.*'

"Sanjaya said,—'There are, O king, many islands, over which the Earth extended. I will describe to thee, however, only seven islands, and the moon, and the sun, and the planet (*Rahu*), also. The *Jamvu* mountain, O king, extends over full eighteen thousand and six hundred *Yojanas.* The extent of the salt ocean is said to be twice this. That ocean is covered with many kingdoms, and is adorned with gems and corals. It is, besides, decked with many mountains that are variegated with metals of diverse kinds. Thickly peopled by *Siddhas* and *Charanas,* the ocean is circular in form.

"I will now tell thee truly of Sakadwipa, O Bharata. Listen to me, O son of Kuru's race, as I describe it to thee duly. That island, O ruler of men, is of twice the extent of Jamvudwipa. And the ocean also, O great king, is of twice the extent of that island. Indeed, O best of the Bharatas, Sakadwipa is surrounded on all sides by the ocean. The kingdoms there are full of righteousness, and the men there never die. How can famine take place there? The people are all endued with forgiveness and great energy. I have now, O bull of Bharata's race, given thee duly a brief description of Sakadwipa. What else, O king, dost thou wish to hear?' "[1]

[1]The Bombay text reads *Kimanyat Kathayami te.* The Bengal reading is *Kimanyat srotumicchasi.*

"Dhritarashtra said,—'Thou hast given me, O Sanjaya, a description of Sakadwipa in brief. O thou that art possessed of great wisdom, tell me now everything in detail truly.'

"Sanjaya said,—'In that island, O king, there are seven mountains that are decked with jewels and that are mines of gems, precious stones. There are many rivers also in that island. Listen to me as I recount their names. Everything there, O king, is excellent and delightful The first of these mountains is called Meru. It is the abode of the gods, *Rishis,* and *Gandharvas.* The next mountain, O king, is called Malaya stretching towards the east. It is there that the clouds are generated and it is thence that they disperse on all sides. The next, O thou of Kuru's race, is the large mountain called Jaladhara.[1] Thence Indra daily taketh water of the best quality. It is from that water that we get showers in the season of rains, O ruler of men. Next cometh the high mountain called Raivataka, over which, in the firmament, hath been permanently placed the constellation called *Revati.* This arrangement hath been made by the Grandsire himself. On the north of this, O great king, is the large mountain called Syama. It hath the splendour of newly-risen clouds, is very high, beautiful and of bright body. And since the hue of those mountains is dark, the people residing there are all dark in complexion, O king.'

"Dhritarashtra said,—'A great doubt ariseth in my mind, O Sanjaya, from what thou hast said. Why, O *Suta's* son, would the people there be of dark complexion?'

"Sanjaya said,—'O great king, in all islands, O son of Kuru's race, men may be found that are fair, and those that are dark, and those also that are produced by a union of the fair and the dark races. But because the people there are all dark, therefore is that mountain called the Dark Mountain. After this, O chief of the Kurus, is the large mountain called Durgasaila. And then cometh the mountain called Kesari. The breezes that blow from that mountain are all charged with (odoriferous) effluvia. The measure of each of these mountains is double that of the one mentioned immediately before. O thou of Kuru's race, it hath been said by the wise that there are seven *Varshas* in that island. The *Varsha* of Meru is called Mahakasa; that of the water-giving (Malaya) is called Kumudottara. The *Varsha* of Jaladhara is called Sukumara : while that of Raivatak is called Kaumara; and of Syama, Manikanchana. The *Varsha* of Kesara is called Mandaki, and that called after the next mountain is called Mahapuman. In the midst of that island is a large tree called *Saka.* In height and breadth the measure of that tree is equal to that of the *Jamvu* tree in Jamvudwipa. And the people there always adore that tree. There in that island are, many delightful provinces where Siva is worshipped, and thither repair the *Siddhas,* the *Charanas,* and the celestials. The people there, O king, are virtuous, and all the four orders, O Bharata, are devoted to

[1]The Bombay text reads *Tatas parena*; the Bengal reading is *Tatas purvena.* I adopt the former.

their respective occupation. No instance of theft can be seen there. Freed from decrepitude and death and gifted with long life, the people there, O king, grow like rivers during the season of rains. The rivers there are full of sacred water, and Ganga herself, distributed as she hath been into various currents, is there, Sukumari, and Kumari, and Seta, and Keveraka, and Mahanadi, O Kauravya, and the river Manijala, and Chakshus, and the river Vardhanika, O thou best of the Bharatas,—these and many other rivers by thousands and hundreds, all full of sacred water, are there, O perpetuator of Kuru's race, from which Vasava draweth water for showering it as rain. It is impossible to recount the names and lengths of rivers. All of them are foremost of rivers and sin-cleansing. As heard by all men there, in that island of Saka, are four sacred provinces. They are the Mrigas, the Masakas, the Manasas, and the Mandagas. The Mrigas for the most part are Brahmanas devoted to the occupations of their order. Amongst the Masakas are virtuous Kshatriyas granting (unto Brahmanas) every wish (entertained by them). The Manasas, O king, live by following the duties of the Vaisya order. Having every wish of theirs gratified, they are also brave and firmly devoted to virtue and profit. The Mandagas are all brave Sudras of virtuous behaviour. In these provinces, O monarch, there is no king, no punishment, no person that deserves to be punished. Conversant with the dictates of duty they are all engaged in the practice of their respective duties and protect one another. This much is capable of being said of the island called Saka. This much also should be listened to about that island endued with great energy."[1]

SECTION XII

"Sanjaya said, 'O Kauravya, that which is heard about the islands in the north, I will recount to thee, O Great king. Listen to me now. (Thither in the north) is the ocean whose waters are clarified butter. Then is the ocean whose waters are curds. Next cometh the ocean whose waters are wine, and then is another ocean of water. The islands, O king, are double in area of one another as they proceed further and further towards the north. And they are surrounded, O king, by these oceans.[2] In the island that is in the middle, there is a large mountain called Goura made of red arsenic; on

[1]Probably this mythical account of Sakadwipa embodies some vague tradition current in ancient India of some republic in Eastern Asia or Oceanic Asia (further east in the Pacific). Accustomed as the Hindus were to kingly form of government, a government without a king, would strike them exactly in the way described in the last two slokas.

[2]The second line of the 3rd sloka is read variously. The Bombay edition incorrectly reads '*Parvataccha*' etc. etc., ; the Bengal reading is *evameva* etc. etc. The Bengal reading is better, although the true reading, I apprehend, is *Evametais* &c., &c.

the western island, O king, is the mountain Krishna that is the favourite (abode) of Narayana. There Kesava guardeth celestial gems (in profusion), and thence, inclined to grace, he bestoweth happiness on creatures. Along with the kingdoms there, O king, the (celestial) clump of *Kusa* grass in Kusadwipa, and the *Salmali* tree in the island of Salmalika, are adored. In the Krauncha island also, the mountain called Maha-krauncha that is a mine of all kinds of gems is, O king, always adored by all the four orders of men. (There), O monarch, is the mountain called Gomanta that is huge and consists of all kinds of metals, and whereon always resideth, mingling with those that have been emancipated, the puissant Narayana, otherwise called Hari, graced with prosperity and possessed of eyes like lotus leaves. In Kusadwipa, O king of kings, there is another mountain variegated with corals and called after the name of that island itself. This mountain is inaccessible and made of gold. Possessed of great splendour, O Kauravya, there is a third mountain there that is called Sumida. The sixth is called Harigiri. These are the six principal mountains. The intervening spaces between one another of these six mountains increaseth in the ratio of one to two as they proceed further and further towards the north. The first *Varsha* is called Audhido; the second is Venumandala; the third is called Suratha; the fourth is known by the name of Kamvala; the fifth *Varsha* is called Dhritimat; and the sixth is named Prabhakara; the seventh *Varsha* is called Kapila. These are the seven successive *Varshas*. In these, gods and *Gandharvas,* and other creatures of the universe, sport and take delight. In these *Varshas* the inhabitants never die. There, O king, are no robbers, nor any tribes of *Mlecchas*. All the residents are almost white in complexion, and very delicate, O king.

" 'As regards the rest of the islands, O ruler of men, I will recount all that hath been heard by me. Listen, O monarch, with an attentive mind. In the Krauncha island, O great king, there is a large mountain called Krauncha. Next to Krauncha is Vamanaka; and next to Vamanaka is Andhakara. And next to Andhakara,[1] O king, is that excellent of mountains called Mainaka. After Mainaka, O monarch, is that best of mountains called Govinda; and after Govinda, O king, is the mountain called Nivida. O multiplier of thy race, the intervening spaces between one another of these mountains increaseth in the ratio of one to two. I will now tell thee the countries that lie there. Listen to me as I speak of them. The region near Krauncha is called Kusala; that near Vamanaka is Manonuga. The region next to Manonuga, O perpetuator of Kuru's race, is called Ushna. After Ushna is Pravaraka; and after Pravaraka is Andhakaraka. The country after Andhakaraka is named Munidesa. After Munidesa the region is called Dundubhiswana teeming with *Siddhas* and *Charanas*. The people are almost white in complexion, O king. All these countries, O monarch, are the habitations of gods and Gandharvas. In

[1] *Vamanaka* and *Vamana* are the same words the final *ka* being a suffix causing no difference of meaning. So *Andhakaraka* and *Andhakara* are the same.

(the island of) Pushkara is a mountain called Pushkara that abounds with jewels and gems. There always dwelleth the divine Prajapati himself. Him all the gods and great Rishis always adore with gratifying words and worship reverently, O king. Diverse gems from Jamvudwipa are used there. In all these islands, O king, Brahmacharyya, truth, and self-control of the dwellers, as also their health and periods of life, are in the ratio of one to two as the islands are more and more remote (northwards). O king, the land in those islands, O Bharata, comprises but one country, for that is said to be one country in which one religion is met with. The Supreme Prajapati himself, upraising the rod of chastisement, always dwelleth there, protecting those islands. He, O monarch, is the king. He is their source of bliss. He is the father, and he is the grand-father. He it is, O best of men, that protecteth all creatures there, mobile or immobile. Cooked food, O Kauravya, cometh there of itself and the creatures eat it daily. O mighty-armed one. After these regions is seen a habitation of the name of Sama. It is of a starry-shape having four corners, and it hath, O king, thirty-three mandalas. There dwell, O Kauravya, four princely elephants adored by all.[1] They are, O best of the Bharatas, Vamana, and Airavata, and another, and also Supratika.[2] O king, with rent cheeks and mouth, I do not venture to calculate the proportions of these four elephants.[3] Their length, breadth and thickness have for ever remained unascertained. There in those regions, O king, winds blow irregularly from all directions.[4] These are seized by those elephants with the tips of their trunks which are of the complexion of the lotus and endued with great splendour and capable of drawing up everything in their way. And soon enough after seizing them they then always let them out. The winds, O king, thus let out by those respiring elephants, come over the Earth and in consequence thereof creatures draw breath and live.'

"Dhritarashtra said,—'Thou hast, O Sanjaya, told me everything about the first subject very elaborately. Thou hast also indicated the positions of the islands. 'Tell now, O Sanjaya, about what remains.'

"Sanjaya said,—'Indeed, O great king, the islands have all been described to thee. Listen now to what I truly say about the heavenly bodies and about Swarbhanu, O chief of the Kauravas, as regards its dimensions. It is heard, O king, that the planet Swarbhanu is globular. Its diameter is twelve thousand *Yojanas,* and its circumference, because

[1] *Dig-gaja, i.e.* an elephant supporting the globe. There are four such in Hindu mythology or ten according to some accounts.

[2] *i.e.,* with the juice trickling down from their cheeks and mouth. In the season of rut, a peculiar kind of juice issues from several parts of an elephant's body. It is believed to be the temporal-juice. The stronger and fierce the elephant, the greater the quantity of the juice that issues out its body.

[3] *Tasya* (singular of *Tad*) and *sa* (masculine singular of *Tad*) both refer to the four elephants, *Gaja-chatushtaya* in singular.

[4] *Asamvadha* lit. "Unbound" or "unrestrained," *i.e.* freely or irregularly.

it is very large, is forty-two thousand *Yojanas,* O sinless one,[1] as said by the learned of olden times. The diameter of the moon, O king, is stated to be eleven thousand *Yojanas.* Its circumference, O chief of the Kurus, is stated to be thirty-eight thousand nine hundred *Yojanas* of the illustrious planet of cool rays. It hath been heard that the diameter of the beneficent, fast going and light-giving Sun, O thou of Kuru's race, is ten thousand *Yojanas,* and his circumference, O king, is thirty-five thousand eight hundred miles, in consequence of his largeness, O sinless one. These are the dimensions reckoned here, O Bharata, of Arka. The planet Rahu, in consequence of his greater bulk, envelops both the Sun and the Moon in due times. I tell thee this in brief. With the eye of science, O great king, I have now told thee all that thou hadst asked. Let peace be thine. I have now told thee about the construction of the universe as indicated in the *Shastras.* Therefore, O Kauravya, pacify thy son Duryodhana.[2]"

"Having listened to this charming *Bhumi Parva,* O chief of the Bharatas, a Kshatriya becometh endued with prosperity, obtaineth fruition of all his desires, and winneth the approbation of the righteous.[3] The king who listeneth to this on days of the full-moon or the new-moon, carefully observing vows all the while, hath the period of his life, his fame and energy, all enhanced. His (deceased) sires and grandsires become gratified. Thou hast now heard of all the merits that flow from this *Varsha* of Bharata where we now are !' "

SECTION XIII

(*Bhagavat-Gita Parva*)

Vaisampayana said,—"Possessing a knowledge of the past, the present and the future, and seeing all things as if present before his eyes, the learned son of Gavalgana, O Bharata, coming quickly from the field of battle, and rushing with grief (into the court) represented unto Dhritarashtra who was

[1]It is a remarkable fact that the ratio between the diameter and the circumference of a circle was roughly known to the ancient Hindus. The circumference is nearly, as stated here, three times and a half of the diameter. The next ratio, of course, is slightly less, being three and one-seventh.

[2]The first word of this sloka is variously read. '*Yathadishtam*' is the Bengal reading, while the Bombay reading '*Yathoddishtam.*' If the latter reading were adopted, the meaning would be as indicated (in the Sastras). The second line literally rendered, is "pacify thy son Duryodhana." But how Dhritarashtra is to pacify his son having listened to the geographical digression, is not easy to see.

[3]For *Sadhusattamas* of the Bengal texts, the Bombay edition reads *Sadhusammatas.* I adopt the last.

plunged in thought that Bhishma the grandsire of the Bharatas had been slain."

"Sanjaya said,—'I am Sanjaya, O great king. I bow to thee, O bull of Bharata's race. Bhishma, the son of Santanu and the grandsire of the Bharatas, hath been slain. That foremost of all warriors, that grandsire of the Bharatas, hath been slain. That foremost of all warriors, that embodied energy of all bowmen, that grandsire of the Kurus lieth to-day on a bed of arrows. That Bhishma. O king, relying on whose energy thy son had been engaged in that match at dice, now lieth on the field of battle slain by Sikhandin. That mighty car-warrior who on a single car had vanquished in terrific combat at the city of Kasi all the kings of the Earth mustered together, he who had fearlessly fought in battle with Rama, the son of Jamadagni, he whom Jamadagni's son could not slay, oh, even hath he been to-day slain by Sikhandin. Resembling the great Indra himself in bravery, and Himavat in firmness, like unto the ocean itself in gravity. and the Earth herself in patience, that invincible warrior having arrows for his teeth, that bow for his mouth, and the sword for his tongue, that lion among men, hath to-day been slain by the prince of Panchala. That slayer of heroes, beholding whom when addrest for battle the mighty army of the Pandavas, unmanned by fear, used to tremble like a herd of kine when beholding a lion, alas, having protected that army (of thine) for ten nights and having achieved feats exceedingly difficult of accomplishment, hath set like the Sun.[1] He who like Sakra himself, scattering arrows in thousands with the utmost composure, daily slew ten thousand warriors for ten days, even he slain (by the enemy), lieth, though he deserveth it not, on the bare ground like a (mighty) tree broken by the wind, in consequence, O king, of thy evil counsels, O Bharata.' "

SECTION XIV

"Dhritarashtra said,—'How hath Bhishma, that bull among the Kurus, been slain by Sikhandin ? How did my father, who resembled Vasava himself, fall down from his car ? What became of my sons, O Sanjaya, when they were deprived of the mighty Bhishma who was like unto a celestial, and who led life of *Brahmacharyya* for the sake of his father ?[2] Upon the fall of that tiger among men who was endued with great wisdom, great

[1]The last word in the first line of the 11th sloka, in the Bengal texts, is '*Pravriha*.' In the Bombay edition it is '*Anikaha*.' The difference in meaning is immaterial.

[2]The first half of the first line, in the Bengal texts, is read as '*Kathamascha me putra*', the Bombay text reads "*Kathamascha me Yoddha*'. If the latter reading be adopted, the meaning would be—"Tell me how my warrior were, etc. etc.

capacity for exertion, great might and great energy, how did our warriors feel ? Hearing that bull amongst the Kurus, that foremost of men, that unwavering hero is slain, great is the grief that pierceth my heart. While advancing (against the foe), who followed him and who proceeded ahead ? Who stayed by his side? Who proceeded with him? What brave combatants followed behind (protecting his rear) that tiger among car-warriors, that wonderful archer, that bull among Kshatriyas, while he penetrated into the divisions of the foe?[1] While seizing the hostile ranks, what warriors opposed that slayer of foes resembling the luminary of thousand rays, who spreading terror among the foe destroyed their ranks like the Sun destroying darkness, and who achieved in battle amongst the ranks of Pandu's sons feats exceedingly difficult of accomplishment ? How, indeed, O Sanjaya, did the Pandavas oppose in battle the son of Santanu, that accomplished and invincible warrior when he approached them smiting? Slaughtering the (hostile) ranks, having arrows for his teeth, and full of energy, with the bow for his wide-open mouth, and with the terrible sword for his tongue, and invincible, a very tiger among men, endued with modesty, and never before vanquished, alas, how did Kunti's son overthrow in battle that unconquered one, undeserving as he was of such a fate,[2]—that fierce bowman shooting fierce shafts, stationed on his excellent car, and plucking off the heads of foes (from their bodies)—that warrior, irresistible as the *Yuga*-fire, beholding whom addrest for battle the great army of the Pandavas always used to waver ? Mangling the hostile troops for ten nights, alas, that slayer of ranks hath set like the Sun, having achieved feats difficult of achievement. He who, scattering like Sakra himself and inexhaustible shower of arrows, slew in battle a hundred millions of warriors in ten days, that scion of Bharata's race, now lieth, although he deserveth it not, on the bare ground, in the field of battle, deprived of life, a mighty tree uprooted by the winds, as a result of my evil counsels ! Beholding Santanu's son Bhishma of terrible prowess, how indeed, could the army of the Pandavas[3] succeed in smiting him there ? How did the sons of Pandu battle with Bhishma ? How is it, O Sanjaya, that Bhishma could not conquer when Drona liveth ? When Kripa, again, was near him, and Drona's son (Aswatthaman) also, how could Bhishma, that foremost of smiters be slain ? How could Bhishma who was reckoned as an Atiratha and who could not be resisted by the very gods, be slain in battle by Sikhandin, the prince of Panchala ? He, who always regarded himself as the equal of the mighty son of Jamadagni in battle, he whom Jamadagni's son himself could

[1]In the second line of sloka 3, for '*kim na asinmanastada*' (what was the state of mind of our men) the Bombay text reads '*Kimu asinmanastava*' (what was the state of your mind)?

[2]The Plural pronouns '*ye*' in the second line of the 8th sloka (changed into '*ya*' by rule of *Sandhi* because coming before *tenam*) is read '*ke*' (or *ka*)' by the Burdwan Pundits. I think the correction a happy one. Nilakantha would take 7 and 8 and the first half of 9 as a complete sentence reading '*Asya twama antike*' (thou wert near him) for '*Asyatam antike*' (smiting or shooting arrows near).

[3]Some of the Bengal texts have *Panchalanam* for *Pandavanam*.

not vanquish, he who resembled Indra himself in prowess,—alas, O Sanjaya, tell me how that hero, Bhishma, born in the race of Maharathas, was slain in battle, for without knowing all the particulars I cannot regain my equanimity. What great bowmen of my army, O Sanjaya, did not desert that hero of unfading glory? What heroic warriors, again, at Duryodhana's command, stood around that hero (for protecting him)? When all the Pandavas placing Sikhandin in their van advanced against Bhishma, did not all the Kurus,[1] O Sanjaya, stay by the side of that hero of unfading prowess? Hard as my heart is, surely it must be made of adamant, for it breaketh not on hearing the death of that tiger among men, *viz.*, Bhishma! In that irresistible bull of Bharata's race, were truth, and intelligence, and policy, to an immeasurable extent. Alas, how was he slain in battle? Like unto a mighty cloud of high altitude, having the twang of his bow-string for its roar, his arrows for its rain-drops, and the sound of his bow for its thunder, that hero showering his shafts on Kunti's sons with the Panchalas and the Srinjayas on their side, smote hostile car-warriors like the slayer of Vala smiting the Danavas. Who were the heroes that resisted, like the bank resisting the surging sea, that chastiser of foes, who was a terrible ocean of arrows and weapons, an ocean in which shafts were the irresistible crocodiles and bows were the waves, an ocean that was inexhaustible, without an island, agitated and without a raft to cross it, in which maces and swords were like sharks and steeds and elephants like eddies, and foot-soldiers like fishes in abundance, and the sound of conches and drums like its roar, and ocean that swallowed horses and elephants and foot-soldiers quickly, an ocean that devoured hostile heroes and that seethed with wrath and energy which constituted its Vadava-fire?[2] When for Duryodhana's good, that slayer of foes, Bhishma, achieved (terrible) feats in battle, who were then in his van? Who were they that protected the right wheel of that warrior of immeasurable energy? Who were they that, mustering patience and energy, resisted hostile heroes from his rear? Who stationed themselves in his near front for protecting him? Who were those heroes that protected the fore-wheel of that brave warrior while he battled (with the foe)? Who were they that stationing themselves by his left wheel smote the Srinjayas? Who were they that protected the irresistible advance ranks of his van? Who protected the wings of that warrior who hath made the last painful journey? And who, O Sanjaya, fought with hostile heroes in the general engagement? If he was protected by (our) heroes, and if they were protected by him, why could he not then speedily vanquish in battle the army of the Pandavas, invincible though it be? Indeed, O Sanjaya, how could the Pandavas succeed even in

[1]The form of the 2nd line is a negative interrogative, implying,—'I hope the Kurus did not abandon him.

[2]This comparison, lengthy as it is, is not sustained throughout with the usual felicity of Vyasa. In several parts it is undoubtedly faulty. Slight variation of reading also occur here and there, without affecting the sense materially.

striking Bhishma who was like Parameshti himself, that Lord and creator of all creatures?[1] Thou tellest me, O Sanjaya, if the disappearance of that Bhishma, that tiger among men, who was our refuge and relying upon whom the Kurus were fighting with their foes, that warrior of mighty strength relying on whose energy my son had never reckoned the Pandavas, alas, how hath he been slain by the enemy?[2] In days of yore, all the gods while engaged in slaying the Danavas, sought the aid of that invincible warrior, *viz.*, my father of high vows. That foremost of sons endued with great energy, on whose birth the world-renowned Santanu abandoned all grief, melancholy, and sorrows, how canst thou tell me, O Sanjaya, that that celebrated hero, that great refuge of all, that wise and holy personage who was devoted to the duties of his order and conversant with the truths of the Vedas and their branches, hath been slain? Accomplished in every weapon and endued with humility, gentle and with passions under full control, and possessed of great energy as he was, alas, hearing that son of Santanu slain I regard the rest of my army as already slain. In my judgment, unrighteousness hath now become stronger than righteousness, for the sons of Pandu desire sovereignty even by killing their venerable superior! In days of yore, Jamadagni's son Rama, who was acquainted with every weapon and whom none excelled, when addrest for battle on behalf of Amvya, was vanquished by Bhishma in combat. Thou tellest me that that Bhishma, who was the foremost of all warriors and who resembled Indra himself in the feats he achieved, hath been slain. What can be a greater grief to me than this? Endued with great intelligence, he that was not slain even by that slayer of hostile heroes, that Rama, the son of Jamadagni, who defeated in battle crowds of Kshatriyas repeatedly, he hath now been slain by Sikhandin. Without doubt, Drupada's son Sikhandin, therefore who hath slain in battle that bull of Bharata's race, that hero acquainted with the highest weapons, that brave and accomplished warrior conversant with every weapon, is superior in energy, prowess, and might to the invincible Vargava endued with the highest energy. In that encounter of arms who were the heroes that followed that slayer of foes? Tell me how the battle was fought between Bhishma and the Pandavas. The army of my son, O Sanjaya, reft of its hero, is like an unprotected woman. Indeed, that army of mine is like a panic-struck herd of kine reft of its herdsman. He in whom resided prowess superior to that of every one, when he was laid low on the field of battle, what was the state of mind of my army? What power is there, O Sanjaya, in our life, when we have caused our father of mighty energy, that foremost of righteous men in the world, to be slain? Like a person desirous of crossing

[1] *Gachchhato durgam gatim.* The Bombay edition reads *Gachchhanto etc., etc.* The meaning then would be—"who protected the wings, themselves making the last painful journey?

[2] The Burdwan Pundits make *Mahavalas* an adjective of *Putras.* A better construction would be to take it as referring to Bhishma.

the sea when he beholds the boat sunk in fathomless waters, alas, my sons, I ween, are bitterly weeping from grief on Bhishma's death. My heart, O Sanjaya, is surely made of adamant, for it rendeth not even after hearing the death of Bhishma, that tiger among men. That bull among men in whom were weapons, intelligence, and policy, to an immeasurable extent, how, alas, hath that invincible warrior been slain in battle? Neither in consequence of weapons nor of courage, nor of ascetic merit, nor of intelligence, nor of firmness, nor of gift, can a man free himself from death. Indeed, time, endued with great energy, is incapable of being transgressed by anything in the world, when thou tellest me, O Sanjaya, that Santanu's son Bhishma is dead. Burning with grief on account of my sons, in fact, overwhelmed with great sorrow, I had hoped for relief from Bhishma, the son of Santanu. When he beheld Santanu's son, O Sanjaya, lying on earth like the Sun (dropped from the firmament), what else was made by Duryodhana as his refuge? O Sanjaya, reflecting with the aid of my understanding, I do not see what the end will be of the kings belonging to my side and that of the enemy and now mustered in the opposing ranks of battle. Alas, cruel are the duties of the Kshatriya order as laid down by the Rishis, since the Pandavas are desirous of sovereignty by even compassing the death of Santanu's son, and we also are desirous of sovereignty by offering up that hero of high vows as a sacrifice.[1] The sons of Pritha, as also my sons, are all in the observance of Kshatriya duties. They, therefore, incur no sin (by doing) this. Even a righteous person should do this, O Sanjaya, when direful calamities come. The display of prowess and the exhibition of the utmost might have been laid down among the duties of the Kshatriyas.

" 'How, indeed, did the sons of Pandu oppose my father Bhishma, the son of Santanu, that unvanquished hero endued with modesty, while he was engaged in destroying the hostile ranks? How were the troops arrayed, and how did he battle with high-souled foes? How, O Sanjaya, was my father Bhishma slain by the enemy? Duryodhana and Karna and the deceitful Sakuni, the son of Suvala, and Dussasana also,—what did they say when Bhishma was slain? Thither where the dice-board is constituted by the bodies of men, elephants, and steeds, and, where arrows and javelins and large swords and bearded darts from the dice, entering that frightful mansion of destructive battle's play, who were those wretched gamblers,—those bulls among men,—that gambled, making their very lives the frightful stakes? Who won, who were vanquished, who cast the dice successfully, and who have been slain, besides Bhishma, the son of Santanu? Tell me all, O Sanjaya, for peace cannot be mine, hearing that Devavrata hath been slain,—that father of mine, of terrible deeds, that ornament of battle, *viz.*, Bhishma! Keen anguish had penetrated my heart, born of the thought that all my children would die. Thou makest that grief of mine blaze forth, O Sanjaya, like fire by pouring clarified butter on it. My sons,

[1] *Ghatayitwa* is, literally, causing to be slain.

I ween, are even now grieving, beholding Bhishma slain,—Bhishma celebrated in all worlds and who had taken upon himself a heavy burden. I will listen to all those sorrows arising from Duryodhana's act. Therefore, tell me, O Sanjaya, everything that happened there,—everything that happened in the battle, born of the folly of my wicked son. Ill-ordered or well-ordered, tell me everything, O Sanjaya. Whatever was achieved with the aid of energy in the battle by Bhishma desirous of victory,—by that warrior accomplished in arms,—tell me all fully and in detail. How, in fact, the battle took place between the armies of the Kurus and the manner in which each happened.' "

SECTION XV

Sanjaya said,—"Deserving as thou art, this question is, indeed, worthy of thee, O great king. It behoveth thee not, however, to impute this fault to Duryodhana. The man who incurreth evil as the consequence of his own misconduct, should not attribute that misconduct to others. O great king, the man that doth every kind of injury to other men, deserveth to be slain by all men in consequence of those censurable deeds of his. The Pandavas unacquainted with the ways of wickedness had, for a long time, with their friends and counsellors, looking up to thy face, borne the injuries (done to them) and forgiven them, dwelling in the woods.

"Of steeds and elephants and kings of immeasurable energy that which hath been seen by the aid of *Yoga*-power, hear, O lord of earth, and do not set thy heart on sorrow. All this was pre-destined, O king. Having bowed down to thy father, that (wise and high-souled[1]) son of Parasara, through whose grace, (through whose boon bestowed on me,) I have obtained excellent and celestial apprehension, sight beyond the range of the visual sense, and hearing, O king, from great distance, knowledge of other people's hearts and also of the past and the future, a knowledge also of the origin of all persons transgressing the ordinances,[2] the delightful power of coursing through the skies, and untouchableness by weapons in battles, listen to me in detail as I recite the romantic and highly wonderful battle that happened between the Bharatas, a battle that makes one's hair stand on end.

"When the combatants were arrayed according to rule and when they were addrest for battle. Duryodhana, O king, said these words to Dussasana, —O Dussasana, let cars be speedily directed for the protection of Bhishma,

[1]The words "high-souled" and also "through whose boon bestowed of me occur in the 9th sloka following.

[2]*Vyotthiopatti vijananam, Vyutthita* is a very doubtful word.

and do thou speedily urge all our divisions (to advance). That hath now come to me of which I had been thinking for a series of years, *viz.*, the meeting of the Pandavas and the Kurus at the head of their respective troops. I do not think that there is any act more important (for us) in this battle than the protecting of Bhishma. If protected he will slay the Pandavas, the Somakas, and the Srinjayas. That warrior of pure soul said,—'I will not slay Sikhandin. It is heard that he was a female before. For this reason he should be renounced by me in battle. For this, Bhishma should be particularly protected. Let all my warriors take up their positions, resolved to slay Sikhandin. Let also all the troops from the east, the west, the south, and the north, accomplished in every kind of weapon, protect the grandsire. Even the lion of mighty strength, if left unprotected may be slain by the wolf. Let us not, therefore, cause Bhishma to be slain by Sikhandin like the lion slain by the jackal. Yudhamanyu protects the left wheel, and Uttamauja protects the right wheel of Phalguni. Protected by those two, Phalguni himself protects Sikhandin. O Dussasana, act in such a way that Sikhandin who is protected by Phalguni and whom Bhishma will renounce, may not slay Ganga's son."

SECTION XVI

Sanjaya said,—"When the night had passed away, loud became the noise made by the kings, all exclaiming, Array ! Array ! With the blare of conches and the sound of drums that resembled leonine roars, O Bharata, with the neigh of steeds, and the clatter of car-wheels, with the noise of obstreperous elephants and the shouts, clapping of arm-pits, and cries of roaring combatants, the din caused everywhere was very great. The large armies of the Kurus and the Pandavas, O king, rising at sunrise, completed all their arrangements. Then when the Sun rose, the fierce weapons of attack and defence and the coats of mail of both thy sons and the Pandavas, and the large and splendid armies of both sides, became fully visible. There elephants and cars, adorned with gold, looked resplendent like clouds mingled with lightning. The ranks of cars, standing in profusion, looked like cities. And thy father, stationed there, shone brilliantly, like the full moon. And the warriors armed with bows and swords and scimitars and maces, javelins and lances and bright weapons of diverse kinds, took up their positions in their (respective) ranks. And resplendent standards were seen, set up by thousands, of diverse forms, belonging to both ourselves and the foe. And made of gold and decked with gems and blazing like fire, those banners in thousands endued with great effulgence, looked beautiful like heroic combatants cased in mail

azed at those standards, longing for battle.[1] And many foremost of men, ith eyes large as those of bulls endued with quivers, and with hands cased leathern fences, stood at the heads of their divisions, with their bright eapons upraised. And Suvala's son Sakuni, and Salya, Jayadratha and e two princes of Avanti named Vinda and Anuvinda, and the Kekaya rothers, and Sudakshina the ruler of the Kamvojas and Srutayudha the uler of the Kalingas, and king Jayatsena, and Vrihadvala the ruler of the Kosalas, and Kritavarman of Satwata's race,—these ten tigers among en, endued with great bravery and possessing arms that looked like aces,—these performers of sacrifices with plentiful gifts (to Brahmanas), ood each at the head of an *Akshauhini* of troops. These and many other ings and princes, mighty car-warriors conversant with policy, obedient the commands of Duryodhana, all cased in mail, were seen stationed in eir respective divisions. All of them, cased in black deer-skins, endued ith great strength, accomplished in battle, and cheerfully prepared, for Duryodhana's sake, to ascend to the region of *Brahma*,[2] stood there commanding ten efficient *Akshauhinis*. The eleventh great division of the Kauravas, consisting of the Dhartarashtra troops, stood in advance of the hole army. There in the van of that division was Santanu's son. With is white head-gear, white umbrella, and white mail, O monarch, we eheld Bhishma of unfailing prowess look like the risen moon. His standard earing the device of a palmyra of gold himself stationed on a car made f silver, both the Kurus and the Pandavas beheld that hero looking like he moon encircled by white clouds. The great bowmen amongst the rinjayas headed by Dhrishtadyumna, (beholding Bhishma) looked like ttle animals when they would behold a mighty yawning lion. Indeed, ll the combatants headed by Dhrishtadyumna repeatedly trembled in ear. These, O king, were the eleven splendid divisions of thy army. So lso the seven divisions belonging to the Pandavas were protected by foremost of men. Indeed, the two armies facing each other looked like two oceans at the end of the *Yuga* agitated by fierce *Makaras*, and abounding vith huge crocodiles. Never before, O king, did we see or hear of two such rmies encountering each other like these of the Kauravas.'

SECTION XVII

anjaya said,—"Just as the holy Krishna-Dwaipayana Vyasa had said, n that very manner the kings of the Earth, mustered together, came to he encounter. On that day on which the battle commenced *Soma*

[1]Literally, "in Indra's abodes," i.e. *Amaravati*.

[2]A Kshatriya falling bravely in fight at once goes to the highest regions of bliss.

approached the region of *Pitris*.[1] The seven large planets, as they appeared in the firmament, all looked blazing like fire.[2] The Sun, when he rose, seemed to be divided in twain. Besides, that luminary, as it appeared in the firmament, seemed to blaze forth in flames.[3] Carnivorous jackals and crows, expecting dead bodies to feast upon, began to utter fierce cries from all directions that seemed to be ablaze. Every day the old grandsire of the Kurus, and the son of Bharadwaja, rising from bed in the morning, with concentrated mind, said,—'Victory to the sons of Pandu'—while those chastisers of foes used (at the same time) yet to fight for thy sake according to the pledge they had given. Thy father Devavrata fully conversant with every duty, summoning all the kings, said these words (unto them). 'Ye Kshatriyas, this broad door is open to you for entering heaven. Go ye through it to the region of Sakra and *Brahman*. The *Rishis* of olden times have showed you this eternal path.[4] Honour ye yourselves by engaging in battle with attentive minds. Nabhaga, and Yayati, and Mandhatri, and Nahusa, and Nriga, were crowned with success and obtained the highest region of bliss by feats like these. To die of disease at home is sin for a Kshatriya. The death he meets with in battle is his eternal duty.'—Thus addressed, O bull of Bharata's race, by Bhishma the kings, looking beautiful in their excellent cars, proceeded to the head of their respective divisions. Only Vikartana's son Karna, with his friends and relatives, O bull of Bharata's race, laid aside his weapons in battle for the sake of Bhishma. Without Karna then, thy sons and all the kings on thy side proceeded, making the ten points of the horizon resound with their leonine roars. And their divisions shone brightly, O king, with white umbrellas, banners, standards, elephants, steeds, cars, and foot-soldiers. And the Earth was agitated with the sounds of drums and tabors and

[1]Nilakantha in a long note explains that *Magha Vishayagas Somas* cannot mean that *Soma* or the Moon entered the constellation called *Magha*. He quotes numerous slokas scattered throughout the Mahabharata that throw light, directly or indirectly, on the question of the opening day of the battle, and shows that all these lead to a different conclusion. What is meant by the Moon approaching the region of the *Pitris* is that those who fall in battle immediately ascend to heaven ; of course, they have first to go to the region of *Pitris*. Thence they have to go to the lunar region for obtaining celestial bodies. All this implies a little delay. Here, however, in the case of those that would fall on the field of Kurukshetra, they would not have to incur even such a little delay. *Chandrama* or *Soma* approached the region of *Pitris* so that the fallen warriors might have celestial bodies very soon, without, in fact, any necessity, on their part, to incur the delay of a journey to the lunar region prior to their ascension to heaven with resplendent bodies.

[2]There are nine planets in all the Pauranic astronomy Of these Rahu and Ketu are regarded *Upagrahas*, and hence, of *grahas* there are only seven. Thus Nilakantha, and the Burdwan pundits have made a mess of this line.

[3]The Bengal texts read *Bhanumanudito divi*. The Bombay reading is *Bhanumanudito Ravis*. If the latter be adopted, *Bhanuman* would be an adjective of *Ravis*.

[4]*Purvais Purvatarais* is literally—"They of old and still older times" ; for *Sanatana* some editions read *Srutijas* (qualifying panthas). *Srutija* means arising from the *Sruti* or as laid down in the Srutis.

cymbals, and the clatter of car-wheels. And the mighty car-warriors, decked with their bracelets and armlets of gold and with their bows (variegated with gold), looked resplendent like hills of fire. And with his large palmyra-standard decked with five stars, Bhishma, the generalissimo of the Kuru army,[1] looked like the resplendent Sun himself. Those mighty bowmen of royal birth, O bull of Bharata's race, that were on thy side, all took up their positions, O king, as Santanu's son ordered. (King) Saivya of the country of the Govasanas, accompanied by all the monarchs, went out on a princely elephant worthy of royal use and graced with a banner on its back. And Aswatthaman, of the complexion of the lotus, went out ready for every emergency, stationing himself at the very head of all the divisions, with his standard bearing the device of the lion's tail. And Srutayudha and Chitrasena and Purumitra and Vivinsati, and Salya and Bhurisravas, and that mighty car-warrior Vikarna,—these seven mighty bowmen on their carts and cased in excellent mail, followed Drona's son behind but in advance of Bhishma. The tall standards of these warriors, made of gold, beautifully set up for adorning their excellent cars, looked highly resplendent. The standard of Drona, the foremost of preceptors, bore the device of a golden altar decked with a water-pot and the figure of a bow. The standard of Duryodhana guiding many hundreds and thousands of divisions bore the device of an elephant worked in gems. Paurava and the ruler of the Kalingas, and Salya, these Rathas took up their position in Duryodhana's van. On a costly car with his standard bearing the device of a bull, and guiding the very van (of his division), the ruler of the Magadhas marched against the foe.[2] That large force of the Easterners looking like the fleecy clouds of autumn[3] was (besides) protected by the chief of the Angas (Karna's son Vrishaketu) and Kripa endued with great energy. Stationing himself in the van of his division with his beautiful standard of silver bearing the device of the boar, the famous Jayadratha looked highly resplendent. A hundred thousand cars, eight thousand elephants, and sixty thousand cavalry were under his command.[4] Commanded by the royal chief of the Sindhus, that large division occupying the very van (of the army) and abounding with untold cars, elephants, and steeds, looked magnificent. With sixty thousand cars and ten thousand elephants, the ruler of the Kalingas, accompanied by Ketumat, went out. His huge elephants, looking like hills, and

[1] *Chamupatis* is the Bengal reading. The Bombay text reads *Chamupari*. If the latter reading be adopted, the meaning would be, "at the head of the (Kuru) army."

[2] The Bengal editions read '*Magadhascha ripum yayau*. The Bombay text reads *Magadhasya Kripo-yayau*.' If the latter reading be adopted, the meaning would be "and guiding the very van of the Magadha troops Kripa went."

[3] The Bengal reading is *Saradabhraghana-prakshyam*. The Bombay reading is '*Sharadamvudhara-prakshyam*.

[4] *Vasavartinas* is nominative, masculine, plural, referring to cars, &c. ; the Burdwan Pundits take it as a genetive singular qualifying *tasya*, and they render it, therefore, as "of that subordinate of Duryodhana." This is evidently incorrect.

adorned with *Yantras*,[1] lances, quivers and standards, looked exceedingly beautiful. And the ruler of the Kalingas, with his tall standard effulgent as fire, with his white umbrella, and golden curass, and *Chamaras* (wherewith he was fanned), shone brilliantly. And Ketumat also, riding on an elephant with a highly excellent and beautiful hook, was stationed in battle, O King, like the Sun in the midst of (black) clouds. And king Bhagadatta, blazing with energy and riding on that elephant of his, went out like the wielder of the thunder. And the two princes of Avanti named Vinda and Anuvinda, who were regarded as equal to Bhagadatta, followed Ketumat, riding on the necks of their elephants. And, O king, arrayed by Drona and the royal son of Santanu, and Drona's son, and Valhika, and Kripa, the (Kaurava) *Vyuha*[2] consisting of many divisions of cars was such that the elephants formed its body ; the kings, its head ; and the steeds, its wings. With face towards all sides, that fierce *Vyuha* seemed to smile and ready to spring (upon the foe)."

SECTION XVIII

Sanjaya said,—"Soon after, O king, a loud uproar, causing the heart to tremble was heard, made by the combatants ready for the fight. Indeed, with the sounds of conches and drums, the grunts of elephants, and the clatter of car-wheels, the Earth seemed to rend in twain. And soon the welkin and the whole Earth was filled with the neigh of chargers and the shouts of combatants. O irresistible one, the troops of thy sons and of the Pandavas both trembled when they encountered each other. There (on the field of battle) elephants and cars, decked in gold, looked beautiful like clouds decked with lightning. And standards of diverse forms, O king, belonging to the combatants on thy side, and adorned with golden rings, looked resplendent like fire. And those standards of thy side and theirs, resembled, O Bharata, the banners of Indra in his celestial mansions. And the heroic warriors all accoutred and cased in golden coats of mail endued with the effulgence of the blazing Sun, themselves looked like blazing fire or the Sun. All the foremost warriors amongst the Kurus, O king, with excellent bows, and weapons upraised (for striking), with leathern fences on their hands, and with standards,—those mighty bowmen, of eyes large as those of bulls, all placed themselves at the heads of their (respective) divisions. And these amongst thy sons, O king, protected Bhishma from behind, *viz.*, Dussasana, and Durvishaha, and Durmukha, and Dussaha and Vivinsati, and Chitrasena, and that mighty car-warrior Vikarna.

[1]Machines, perhaps catapults.

[2]'*Vyuha*' is an array of troops in a certain form. Many such will be spoken of in this and the other '*parvas*' devoted to the battle.

And amongst them were Satyavrata, and Purumitra, and Jaya, and Bhurisravas, and Sala. And twenty thousand car-warriors followed them. The Abhishahas, the Surasenas, the Sivis, and the Vasatis, the Swalyas, the Matsyas, the Amvashtas, the Trigartas, and the Kekayas, the Sauviras, the Kitavas, and the dwellers of the Eastern, Western, and the Northern countries,—these twelve brave races were resolved to fight reckless of the lives. And these protected the grandsire with a multitudinous array of cars. And with a division that consisted of ten thousand active elephants, the king of Magadha followed that large car division. They that protected the wheels of the cars and they that protected the elephants, numbered full six millions. And the foot-soldiers that marched in advance (of the army), armed with bows, swords, and shields, numbered many hundreds of thousands. And they fought also using their nails and bearded darts. And the ten and one *Akshauhinis* of thy son, O Bharata, looked, O mighty king, like Ganga separated from Yamuna.[1]"

SECTION XIX

Dhritarashtra said,—"Beholding our ten and one *Akshauhinis* arrayed in order of battle, how did Yudhishthira, the son of Pandu, make his counter-array with his forces smaller in number ? How did Kunti's son, O Sanjaya, form his counter-array against that Bhishma who was acquainted with all kinds of arrays, *viz.*, human, celestial, Gandharva, and *Asura* ?"

Sanjaya said,—"Seeing the Dhritarashtra divisions arrayed in order of battle, Pandu's son of virtuous soul, king Yudhishthira the just, addressed Dhananjaya, saying,—'Men are informed from the words of that great *Rishi* Vrihaspati that the few must be made to fight by condensing them, while the many may be extended according to pleasure. In encounters of the few with the many, the array to be formed should be the *needle-mouthed* one. Our troops compared with the enemy's are few. Keeping in view this precept of the great *Rishi*, array our troops, O son of Pandu.' Hearing this, that son of Pandu answered king Yudhishthira the just, saying,—That immovable array known by the name of *Vajra*, which was designed by the wielder of the thunder-bolt,—that invincible array is the one that I will make for thee, O best of kings. He who is like the bursting tempest, he who is incapable of being borne in battle by the foe, that Bhima the foremost of smiters, will fight at our head. That foremost of men, conversant with all the appliances of battle, becoming our leader, will fight

[1]The Bombay edition reads *Yamunantara* for *Yamunantare* of the Benga texts. The difference in meaning is not very material.

in the van, crushing the energy of the foe. That foremost of smiters, *viz.*, Bhima, beholding whom all the hostile warriors headed by Duryodhana will retreat in panic like smaller animals beholding the lion, all of us, our fears dispelled, will seek his shelter as if he were a wall, like the celestial seeking the shelter of Indra. The man breathes not in the world who would bear to cast his eyes upon that bull among men, Vrikodara of fierce deeds, when he is angry.'—Having said this, Dhananjaya of mighty arms did as he said. And Phalguni, quickly disposing his troops in battle-array, proceeded (against the foe). And the mighty army of the Pandavas beholding the Kuru army move, looked like the full, immovable, and quickly rolling[1] current of Ganga. And Bhimasena, and Dhrishtadyumna endued with great energy, and Nakula, and Sahadeva, and king Dhrishtaketu, became the leaders of that force. And king Virata, surrounded by an *Akshauhini* of troops and accompanied by his brothers and sons, marched in their rear, protecting them from behind. The two sons of Madri, both endued with great effulgence, became the protectors of Bhima's wheels; while the (five) sons of Draupadi and the son of Subhadra all endued with great activity, protected (Bhima) from behind. And that mighty car-warrior, Dhrishtadyumna, the prince of Panchala, with those bravest of combatants and the foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, the Prabhadrakas, protected those princes from behind. And behind him was Sikhandin who (in his turn) was protected by Arjuna, and who, O bull of Bharata's race, advanced with concentrated attention for the destruction of Bhishma. Behind Arjuna was Yuyudhana of mighty strength ; and the two princes of Panchala, *viz.*, Yudhamanyu and Uttamaujas, became protectors of Arjuna's wheels, along with the Kekaya brothers, and Dhrishtaketu, and Chekitana of great valour—This Bhimasena, wielding his mace made of the hardest metal, and moving (on the field of battle) with fierce speed, can dry up the very ocean. And there also stay, with their counsellors looking on him. O king, the children[2] of Dhritarashtra.—Even this, O monarch, was what Vibhatsu said, pointing out the mighty Bhimasena (to Yudhishthira).[3] And while Partha was saying so, all the troops, O Bharata, worshipped him on the field of battle with gratulatory words. King Yudhishthira, the son of Kunti, took up his position in the centre of his army, surrounded by huge and furious elephants resembling moving hills. The high-souled Yajnasena, the king of the Panchalas, endued with great prowess, stationed himself behind Virata with an *Akshauhini* of troops for the sake of the Pandavas. And on the cars of those kings, O monarch, were tall standards bearing diverse devices, decked with excellent ornaments of gold, and endued with the effulgence of the Sun and the Moon. Causing

[1]The Bengal texts read *Syandamana*; the Bombay reading is *Spandamana*. Both imply "moving", only the motion in the latter case is slower, perhaps, than in the former.

[2]The word used is *Dayadas* lit. taker of (one's) wealth.

[3]The Bombay text is here faulty. *Darsay swamahavalam* is scarcely correct. The Bengal reading is '*Darsayan sumahavalam*.'

those kings to move and make space for him, that mighty car-warrior Dhrishtadyumna, accompanied by his brothers and sons protected Yudhishthira from behind. Transcending the huge standards on all the cars on thy side and that of the enemy, was the one gigantic ape on Arjuna's car. Foot-soldiers, by many hundreds of thousands, and armed with swords, spears, and scimitars, proceeded ahead for protecting Bhimasena. And ten thousand elephants with (temporal) juice trickling down their cheek and mouth, and resembling (on that account) showering clouds,[1] endued with great courage, blazing with golden armour, huge hills, costly, and emitting the fragrance of lotuses, followed the king behind like moving mountains.[2] And the high-souled and invincible Bhimasena, whirling his fierce mace that resembled a *parigha*[3] seemed to crush the large army (of thy son). Incapable of being looked at like the Sun himself, and scorching as it were, the hostile army (like fire), none of the combatants could bear to even look at him from any near point. And this array, fearless and having its face turned towards all sides called *Vajra*, having bows for its lightning sign,[4] and extremely fierce, was protected by the wielder of *Gandiva*. Disposing their troops in this counter-array against thy army, the Pandavas waited for battle. And protected by the Pandavas, that array became invincible in the world of men.

" 'And as (both) the armies stood at dawn of day waiting for sunrise, a wind began to blow with drops of water (falling), and although there were no clouds, the roll of thunder was heard. And dry winds began to blow all around, bearing a shower of pointed pebbles along the ground. And as thick dust arose, covering the world with darkness. And large meteors began to fall east-wards. O bull of Bharata's race, and striking against the rising Sun, broke in fragments with loud noise. When the troops stood arrayed, O bull of Bharata's race, the Sun rose divested of splendour, and the Earth trembled with a loud sound, and cracked in many places, O chief of the Bharatas, with loud noise. And the roll of thunder, O king, was heard frequently on all sides. So thick was the dust that arose that nothing could be seen. And the tall standards (of the combatants), furnished with strings of bells, decked with golden ornaments, garlands of flowers, and rich drapery, graced with banners and resembling the Sun in splendour, being suddenly shaken by the wind, gave a loud

[1]Literally, "with rent cheeks and mouth."

[2]The Bombay reading is certainly faulty here. For *Chalanta iva parvatas* it reads *Jimuta iva varashikas*, although it makes the previous line begin *Ksharantaiva Jimuta*.

[3]A *parigha* is a thick club mounted with iron. The comparison is very feeble, for Bhima's mace, in the popular estimation, is much heavier and stouter than any *parigha* manufactured for human combatants. *Prachakarsha* is, lit. dragged. I think, however, the root *krish* must be taken here in the sense of *crush*.

[4]The name *Vajra* implies either a hard needle for boring diamonds and gems, or the thunder-bolt. In this sloka the word *Vajra* is used as associated with the thunder and therefore, as thunder is accompanied by lightning so the bows of the warriors are the lightning-marks of this particular *Vajra*.

jingling noise like that of a forest of palmyra trees (when moved by the wind). It was thus that those tigers among men, the sons of Pandu, ever taking delight in battle, stood having disposed their troops in counter-array against the army of thy son, and sucking as it were, the marrow, O bull of Bharata's race, of our warriors, and casting their eyes on Bhimasena stationed at their head, mace in hand."

SECTION XX

Dhritarashtra said,—"When the Sun rose, O Sanjaya, of my army led by Bhishma and the Pandava army led by Bhima, which first cheerfully approached the other, desirous of fight? To which side were the Sun, the Moon and the wind hostile, and against whom did the beasts of prey utter inauspicious sounds? Who were those young men, the complexions of whose faces were cheerful? Tell me all these truly and duly."

Sanjaya said,—"Both armies, when arrayed, were equally joyful, O king. Both armies looked equally beautiful, assuming the aspect of blossoming woods, and both armies were full of elephants, cars and horses. Both armies were vast and terrible in aspect; and so also, O Bharata, none of them could bear the other. Both of them were arrayed for conquering the very heavens, and both of them consisted of excellent persons. The Kauravas belonging to the Dhritarashtra party stood facing the west, while the Parthas stood facing the east, addrest for fight. The troops of the Kauravas looked like the army of the chief of the *Danavas*, while that of the Pandavas looked like the army of the celestials. The wind began to blow from behind the Pandavas (against the face of the Dhartarashtras), and the beasts of prey began to yell against the Dhartarashtras. The elephants belonging to thy sons could not bear the strong odour of the temporal juice emitted by the huge elephants (of the Pandavas). And Duryodhana rode on an elephant of the complexion of the lotus, with rent temples, graced with a golden *Kaksha* (on its back), and cased in an armour of steel net-work. And he was in the very centre of the Kurus and was adored by eulogists and bards. And a white umbrella of lunar effulgence was held over his head graced with a golden chain. Him Sakuni, the ruler of the Gandharas, followed with mountaineers of Gandhara placed all around. And the venerable Bhishma was at the head of all the troops, with a white umbrella held over his head, armed with bow and sword, with a white headgear, with a white banner (on his car), and with white steeds (yoked thereto), and altogether looking like a white mountain. In Bhishma's division were all the sons of Dhritarashtra, and also Sala who was a countryman of the Valhikas, and also all those Kshatriyas called Amvastas, and those called Sindhus, and those also that are called Sauviras, and the heroic dwellers

of the country of the five rivers. And on a golden car unto which were yoked red steeds, the high-souled Drona, bow in hand and with never-failing heart, the preceptor of almost all the kings, remained behind all the troops, protecting them like Indra. And Saradwat's son, that fighter in the van,[1] that high-souled and mighty bowman, called also Gautama, conversant with all modes of warfare, accompanied by the Sakas, the Kiratas, the Yavanas, and the Pahlavas, took up his position at the northern point of the army. That large force which was well protected by mighty car-warriors of the Vrishni and the Bhoja races, as also by the warriors of Surashtra well-armed and well-acquainted with the uses of weapons, and which was led by Kritavarman, proceeded towards the south of the army. Ten thousand cars of the *Samasaptakas* who were created for either the death or the fame of Arjuna, and who, accomplished in arms, intended to follow Arjuna at his heels,[2] all went out as also the brave Trigartas. In thy army, O Bharata, were a thousand elephants of the foremost fighting powers. Unto each elephant was assigned a century of cars ; unto each car, a hundred horsemen ; unto each horseman, ten bowmen ; and unto each bowman ten combatants armed with sword and shield. Thus, O Bharata, were thy divisions arrayed by Bhishma. Thy generalissimo Bhishma, the son of Santanu, as each day dawned, sometimes disposed thy troops in the human army, sometimes in the celestial, sometimes in the *Gandharva*, and sometimes in the *Asura*. Thronged with a large number of *Maharathas*, and roaring like the very ocean, the Dhartarashtra army, arrayed by Bhishma, stood facing the west for battle. Illimitable as thy army was, O ruler of men, it looked terrible; but the army of the Pandavas, although it was not such (in number), yet seemed to me to be very large and invincible since Kesava and Arjuna were its leader."

SECTION XXI

Sanjaya said,—"Beholding the vast Dhartarashtra army ready for battle, king Yudhisthira, the son of Kunti, gave way to grief. Seeing that impenetrable array formed by Bhishma and regarding it as really impenetrable, the king became pale and addressed Arjuna, saying,—O, mighty-armed Dhananjaya, how shall we be able to fight in battle with the Dhartarashtras who have the Grandsire for their (chief) combatant? Immovable and impenetrable is this array that hath been designed, according to the rules laid down in the scriptures, by that grinder of foes, Bhishma,

[1]The word is *Uttaradhus* which seems to be very doubtful.

[2]*Yenarjunastena*, *Yena* is *yatra* and *tena* is *tatra*, as Nilakantha rightly explains. The meaning is—"who would be there where Arjuna would be."

of transcendent glory. With our troops we have become doubtful (of success), O grinder of foes. How, indeed, will victory be ours in the face of this mighty array?'—Thus addressed, that slayer of foes Arjuna answered Yudhisthira, the son of Pritha, who had been plunged into grief at sight, O king, of thy army, in these words,—Hear, O king, how soldiers that are few in number may vanquish the many that are possessed of every quality. Thou art without malice; I shall, therefore, tell thee means, O king. The Rishi Narada knows it, as also both Bhishma and Drona. Referring to this means, the Grandsire himself in days of old on the occasion of the battle between the Gods and the *Asuras* said unto Indra and the other celestials.—They that are desirous of victory do not conquer by might and energy so much as by truth, compassion, righteousness and energy.[1] Discriminating then between righteousness, and unrighteousness, and understanding what is meant by covetousness and having recourse to exertion fight without arrogance, for victory is there where righteousness is.—For this know, O king, that to us victory is certain in (this) battle. Indeed, as Narada said,—There is victory where Krishna is.—Victory is inherent to Krishna. Indeed, it followeth Madhava. And as victory is one of its attributes, so humility is his another attribute. Govinda is possessed of energy that is infinite. Even in the midst of immeasurable foes he is without pain. He is the most eternal of male beings. And there victory is where Krishna is. Even he, indestructible and of weapons incapable of being baffled, appearing as Hari in olden days, said in a loud voice unto the Gods and the Asuras,—Who amongst you would be victorious ?—Even the conquered who said.—With Krishna in the front we will conquer.[2]—And it was through Hari's grace that the three worlds were obtained by the gods headed by Sakra. I do not, therefore, behold the slightest cause of sorrow in thee, thee that hast the Sovereign of the Universe and the Lord himself of the celestials for wishing victory to thyself."

[1]The Bengal texts read *Dharmenikena chanagha* which is evidently faulty, remembering that the words are Brahman's to Indra and the celestials. The Bombay reading is *Dharmenaivodyamena cha* which I have adopted.

[2]The sense is that they, *viz.*, the gods, who accepted Krishna's lead, or selected him for their leader, became victorious. The Bengal reading is evidently superior, *viz.*, *Anu Krishna* literally "behind Krishna," *i.e.*, "with Krishna in the front, or "with Krishna as a leader." The Bombay reading is *Katham Krishna*. If this were adopted, the meaning would be, "How O Krishna, shall we conquer?" I do not understand how victory should be theirs who answered in this way. Of course, the answer implies modesty. But modesty is not the sole requisite of victory, nor is modesty inculcated here as the chief means of victory.

SECTION XXII

Sanjaya said,—"Then, O bull of Bharata's race, king Yudhishthira, disposing his own troops in counter array against the divisions of Bhishma, urged them on, saying,—'The Pandavas have now disposed their forces in counter array agreeably to what is laid down (in the scriptures). Ye sinless ones, fight fairly, desirous of (entering) the highest heaven'.—In the centre (of the Pandava army) was Sikhandin and his troops, protected by Arjuna. And Dhristadyumna moved in the van, protected by Bhima. The southern division (of the Pandava army) was protected. O king, by that mighty bowman, the handsome Yuyudhana, that foremost combatant of the Satwata race, resembling Indra himself. Yudhisthira was stationed on a car that was worthy of bearing Mahendra himself, adorned with an excellent standard, variegated with gold and gems, and furnished with golden traces (for the steeds), in the midst of his elephant divisions.[1] His pure white umbrella with ivory handle, raised over his head, looked exceedingly beautiful ; and many great *Rishis* walked around the king[2] uttering words in his praise. And many priests, and regenerate *Rishis* and *Siddhas,* uttering hymns in his praise[3] wished him, as they walked around, the destructions of his enemies, by the aid of *Japas,* and *Mantras*, efficacious drugs, and diverse propitiatory ceremonies. That high-souled chief of the Kurus, then giving away unto the Brahmanas kine and fruits and flowers and golden coins along with cloths[4] proceeded like Sakra, the chief of the celestials. The car of Arjuna, furnished with a hundred bells, decked with *Jamvunada* gold of the best kind, endued with excellent wheels, possessed of the effulgence of fire, and unto which were yoked white steeds, looked exceedingly brilliant like a thousand suns.[5] And on that ape-bannered car the reins of which were held by Kesava, stood Arjuna with *Gandiva* and arrows in hand—a bowman whose peer exists not on earth, nor ever will.[6] For crushing thy sons' troops he who assumeth the most awful form,—who, divested of weapons, with only

[1]The Bengal texts read *Kanchana-bhanda-yuktam.* The Bombay reading is much better, being *Kanchanabhanda-yoktam*; again, for *Nagakulasya* the Bombay edition reads *Nagapurasya*, Nilakantha notices the latter reading.

[2]The Bengal reading is *Mahindram* (king of earth, or king); the Bombay reading is *Mahendram* (the great Indra). Without *iva* any word to that effect, *Mahendram* would be ungrammatical.

[3]The Bengal texts read, and as I think, correctly, *Stutavanta enam.* The Bombay reading is *Srutavanta enam.* In the case of regenerate *Rishis* and *Siddhas* it is scarcely necessary to say that they are conversant with the *Srutis.*

[4]The Bengal reading *Sahasrani* for *Savastrani* is correct. I adopt the latter.

[5]This is how I understand this verse, and I am supported by the Burdwan Pundits. Nilakantha, it seems, thinks that the car had a thousand wheels resembling a thousand suns.

[6]Verse 15 is read variously. As the last word of the first line, I read *Achakarsha* for *-araksha*, and accordingly I take that as a genetive and not an ablative particle.

his bare hands, poundeth to dust men, horses, and elephants,—that strong-armed Bhimasena, otherwise called Vrikodara, accompanied by the twins, became the protector of the heroic car-warriors (of the Pandava) army. Like unto a furious prince of lions of sportive gait, or like the great Indra himself with (earthly) body on the Earth, beholding that invincible Vrikodara, like unto a proud leader of an elephantine herd, stationed in the van (of the army), the warriors on thy side, their strength weakened by fear, began to tremble like elephants sunk in mire.

"Unto that invincible prince Gudakesa staying in the midst of his troops, Janardana, O chief of Bharata's race, said—He, who scorching us with his wrath, stayeth in the midst of his forces, he, who will attack our troops like a lion, he, who performed three hundred horse-sacrifices, —that banner of Kuru's race, that Bhishma,—stayeth yonder ! Yon ranks around him on all sides great warriors like the clouds shrouding the bright luminary. O foremost of men, slaying yon troops, seek battle with yonder bull of Bharata's race."

SECTION XXIII

Sanjaya said,—"Beholding the Dhartarashtra army approach for fight, Krishna said these words for Arjuna's benefit."

"The holy one said,—'Cleansing thyself, O mighty-armed one, utter on the eve of the battle thy hymn to Durga for (compassing) the defeat of the foe."

Sanjaya continued.—Thus addressed on the eve of battle by Vasudeva endued with great intelligence, Pritha's son Arjuna, alighting from his car, said the following hymn with joined hands.

"Arjuna said,—'I bow to thee, O leader of *Yogins,* O thou that art identical with *Brahman,* O thou that dwellest in the forest of Mandara, O thou that art freed from decrepitude and decay, O Kali, O wife of *Kapala,* O thou that art of a black and tawny hue, I bow to thee. O bringer of benefits to thy devotees, I bow to thee, O *Mahakali,* O wife of the universal destroyer, I bow to thee. O proud one, O thou that rescuest from dangers, O thou that art endued with every auspicious attribute. O thou that art sprung from the *Kata* race, O thou that deservest the most regardful worship, O fierce one, O giver of victory, O victory's self, O thou that bearest a banner of peacock plumes, O thou that art decked with every ornament, O thou that bearest an awful spear, O thou that holdest a sword and shield, O thou that art the younger sister of the chief of cow-herds, O eldest one, O thou that wert born in the race of the cowherd Nanda! O thou that art always fond of buffalo's blood, O thou that wert born in the race of *Kusika,* O thou that art dressed in yellow robes, O thou that

hadst devoured *Asuras* assuming the face of a wolf[1], I bow to thee that art fond of battle ! O *Uma*,[2] O *Sakambhari*, O thou that art white in hue, O thou that art black in hue, O thou that hast slain the *Asura* Kaitabha, O thou that art yellow-eyed, O thou that art diverse-eyed, O thou of eyes that have the colour of smoke, I bow to thee. O thou that art the *Vedas*, the *Srutis*, and the highest virtue, O thou that art propitious to Brahmanas engaged in sacrifice, O thou that hast a knowledge of the past, thou that art ever present in the sacred abodes erected to thee in cities of Jamvudwipa, I bow to thee. Thou art the science of Brahma among sciences, and thou that art that sleep of creatures from which there is no waking. O mother of Skanda, O thou that possessest the six (highest) attributes, O Durga, O thou that dwellest in accessible regions, thou art described as *Swaha*, and *Swadha*,[3] as *Kala*, as *Kashta*, and as *Saraswati*, as *Savitra* the mother of the *Vedas*, and as the science of *Vedanta*. With inner soul cleansed, I praise thee. O great goddess, let victory always attend me through thy grace on the field of battle. In inaccessible regions, where there is fear, in places of difficulty, in the abodes of thy worshippers and in the nether regions (*Patala*), thou always dwellest. Thou always defeatest the *Danavas*. Thou art the unconsciousness, the sleep, the illusion, the modesty, the beauty of (all creatures). Thou art the twilight, thou art the day, thou art *Savitri*, and thou art the mother. Thou art contentment, thou art growth, thou art light. It is thou that supportest the Sun and the Moon and that makes them shine. Thou art the prosperity of those that are prosperous. The *Siddhas* and the *Charanas* behold thee in contemplation.[4]' "

Sanjaya continued,—Understanding (the measure of) Partha's devotion, Durga who is always graciously inclined towards mankind, appeared in the firmament and in the presence of Govinda, said these words.

' "The goddess said,—'Within a short time thou shalt conquer thy foes, O Pandava. O invincible one, thou hast Narayana (again) for aiding thee. Thou art incapable of being defeated by foes, even by the wielder of the thunderbolt himself.'

' "Having said this, the boon-giving goddess disappeared soon. The son of Kunti, however, obtaining that boon, regarded himself as successful, and the son of Pritha then mounted his own excellent car. And then Krishna and Arjuna, seated on the same car, blew their celestial conches. The man that recites this hymn rising at dawn, hath no fear any time from

[1]I follow Nilakantha in rendering many of the names occurring in this and the succeeding *slokas*. I retain, however, those names that are of doubtful etymology, as also those that are very common.

[2]Every scholar knows the derivation of this word as given in this *sloka* of Kalidasa (in his *Kumara Sambhavam*) *Umeti matra tapasonishiddha paschadumakhyam Sumukhi Jagama.*

[3]Both *Swaha* and *Swadha* are *mantras* of high efficacy. *Kala* and *Kastha* are divisions of time. *Saraswati* implies speech.

[4]*Sankhye* is explained by Nilakantha to be *Samyak Khyanam Prakasana Yasmin* hence *Atmanatma-vivekarupa Samadhi.*

Yakshas, *Rakshasas*, and *Pisachas*. He can have no enemies ; he hath no fear, from snakes and all animals that have fangs and teeth, as also from kings. He is sure to be victorious in all disputes, and if bound, he is freed from his bonds. He is sure to get over all difficulties, is freed from thieves, is ever victorious in battle and winneth the goddess of prosperity for ever. With health and strength, he liveth for a hundred years.

"I have known all this through the grace of Vyasa endued with great wisdom. Thy wicked sons, however, all entangled in the meshes of death, do not, from ignorance, know them to be Nara and Narayana. Nor do they, entangled in the meshes of death, know that the hour of this kingdom hath arrived. Dwaipayana and Narada, and Kanwa, and the sinless Rama, had all prevented thy son. But he did not accept their words. There where righteousness is, there are glory and beauty. There where modesty is, there are prosperity and intelligence. There where righteousness is, there is Krishna ; and there where Krishna is, there is victory."

SECTION XXIV

Dhritarashtra said,—"There (on the field of battle) O Sanjaya, the warriors of which side first advanced to battle cheerfully ? Whose hearts were filled with confidence, and who were spiritless from melancholy ? In that battle which maketh the hearts of men tremble with fear, who were they that struck the first blow, mine or they belonging to the Pandavas ? Tell me all this, O Sanjaya. Among whose troops did the flowery garlands and unguents emit fragrant odours ? And whose troops, roaring fiercely, uttered merciful words?"

Sanjaya said,—"The combatants of both armies were cheerful then and the flowery garlands and perfumes of both troops emitted equal fragrance. And, O bull of Bharata's race, fierce was the collision that took place when the serried ranks arrayed for battle encountered each other. And the sound of musical instruments, mingled with the blare of conches and the noise of drums, and the shouts of brave warriors roaring fiercely at one another, became very loud. O bull of Bharata's race, dreadful was the collision caused by the encounter of the combatants of both armies, filled with joy and staring at one another, and the elephants uttering obstreperous grunts."

SECTION XXV

Dhritarashtra said,—"Assembled together on the sacred plain of

Kurukshetra from desire of fighting what did my sons and the Pandavas do. O Sanjaya."

"Sanjaya said,—"Beholding the army of the Pandavas arrayed, king Duryodhana, approaching the preceptor (Drona) said these words : Behold, O preceptor, this vast army of the son of Pandu, arrayed by Drupada's son (Dhrishtadyumna), thy intelligent disciple. There (in that army) are many brave and mighty bowmen, who in battle are equal to Bhima and Arjuna. (They are) Yuyudhana, and Virata, and that mighty car-warrior Drupada, and Dhrishtaketu, and Chekitana, and the ruler of Kasi endued with great energy; and Purujit, and Kuntibhoja, and Saivya that bull among men; and Yudhamanyu of great prowess, and Uttamaujas of great energy; and Subhadra's son, and the sons of Draupadi, all of whom are mighty car-warriors. Hear, however, O best of regenerate ones, who are the distinguished ones among us, the leader of army. I will name them to thee for (thy) information. (They are) thyself, and Bhishma, and Karna, and Kripa who is ever victorious; and Aswatthaman and Vikarna, and Saumadatta, and Jayadratha.[1] Besides these, are many heroic warriors, prepared to lay down their lives for my sake, armed with diverse kinds of weapons, and all accomplished in battle. Our army, therefore, protected by Bhishma, is insufficient. This force, however, of these (the Pandavas), protected by Bhima, is sufficient.[2] Stationing yourselves then in the entrances of the divisions that have been assigned to you, all of you protect Bhishma alone.—(Just at this time) the valiant and venerable grandsire of the Kurus, affording great joy to him (Duryodhana) by loudly uttering a leonine roar, blew (his) conch. Then conches and drums and cymbals and horns were sounded at once and the noise (made) became a loud uproar. Then Madhava and Pandu's son (Arjuna), both stationed on a great car unto which were yoked white steeds, blew their celestial conches. And Hrishikesha blew (the conch called) *Panchajanya* and Dhananjaya (that called) *Devadatta;* and Vrikodara of terrible deeds blew the huge conch (called) *Paundra.* And Kunti's son king Yudhishthira blew (the conch called) *Anantavijaya;* while Nakula and Sahadeva, (those conches called respectively) *Sughosa* and *Manipushpaka.*[3] And that splendid bowman, the ruler of Kasi and that mighty car-warrior, Sikhandin, Dhrishtadyumna, Virata, and that unvanquished Satyaki, and Drupada, and the sons of Draupadi, and the

[1]The text of the *Gita* has come down to us without, it may be ventured to be stated, any interpolation. The difference of reading are few and far between. For *Jayadratha* some texts read *tathaivacha.*

[2]The words *Aparyaptam* and *Paryaptam* have exercised all commentators, If *paryaptam* sufficient (as it certainly is), *aparyaptam* may mean either more or less than sufficient. The context, however, would seem to show that Duryodhana addressed his preceptor alarm and not with confidence of success, I, therefore, take *aparyaptam* to be less than sufficient.

[3]It has been observed before that Schlegel renders the names of these conches as *Gigantea, Theodotes, Arundinca, Triumpphatrix, Dulcisona,* and *Gemmiflora,* and that Professor Wilson approves of them.

mighty-armed son of Subhadra—all these, O lord of earth, severally blew their conches. And that blare, loudly reverberating through the welkin and the earth, rent the hearts of the Dhartarashtras. Then beholding the Dhartarashtra troops drawn up, the ape-bannered son of Pandu, rising his bow, when, the throwing of missiles had just commenced, said these words, O lord of earth, to Hrishikesha.[1]

"Arjuna said,—'O thou that knoweth no deterioration, place my car (once) between the two armies, so that I may observe these that stand here desirous of battle, and with whom I shall have to contend in the labours of this struggle.[2] I will observe those who are assembled here and who are prepared to fight for doing what is agreeable in battle to the evil-minded son of Dhritarashtra.'"

Sanjaya continued,—"Thus addressed by Gudakesa, O Bharata, Hrishikesa, placing that excellent car between the two armies, in view of Bhishma and Drona and all the kings of the earth, said, —'Behold, O Partha these assembled Kurus,—And there the son of Pritha beheld, standing (his) sires and grandsons, and friends, and father-in-law and well-wishers, in both the armies. Beholding all those kinsmen standing (there), the son of Kunti, possessed by excessive pity, despondingly said (these words).

"Arjuna said,—'Beholding these kinsmen, O Krishna, assembled together and eager for the fight, my limbs, become languid, and my mouth becomes dry. My body trembles, and my hair stands on end. *Gandiva* slips from my hand, and my skin burns. I am unable to stand (any longer); my mind seems to wander. I behold adverse omens, too, O Kesava. I do not desire victory, O Krishna, not sovereignty, nor pleasures. Of what use would sovereignty be to us, O Govinda, or enjoyments, or eve nlife, since they, for whose sake sovereignty, enjoyments, and pleasures are desired by us, are here arrayed for battle ready to give up life and wealth, *viz.*, preceptors, sires, sons and grandsires, maternal uncles, father-in-laws, grandsons, brother-in-laws, and kinsmen. I wish not to slay these though they slay me, O slayer of Madhu, even for the sake of the sovereignty of the three worlds, what then for the sake of (this) earth?[3] What gratification can be ours, O Janardana, by slaying the Dhartarashtras ? Even if they be regarded as foes,[4] sin will overtake us if we slay them. Therefore, it behoveth us not to slay the sons of Dhritarashtra who are our own kinsmen.[5] How,

[1]It seems a fashion to doubt the etymology of this word, as if commentators of the learning of Sreedhara and Sankara, Anandagiri and Nilakantha even upon a question of derivation and grammar can really be set aside in favour of anything that may occur in the Petersburgh lexicon. *Hrishikesa* means the lord of the senses.

[2]*Ranasamudyame* may also mean "at the outset of battle."

[3]The meaning is that even for the sake of such a rich reward in prospect I would not kill persons so dear and near to me. I would much rather suffer them strike me, myself not returning their blows.

[4]The word is *atatayinas*.

[5]Most editions read *savandhavam* "with (their) kinsmen or friends." I think, however, that *swa* (own) for (with) is the correct reading. K. T. Telang adopts it in his translation published in Vol. VIII of the *Sacred Books of the East*.

O Madhava can we be happy by killing our own kinsmen? Even if these, with judgments perverted by avarice, do not see the evil that ariseth from the extermination of a race, and the sin of internecine quarrels, why should not we, O Janarddana, who see the evils of the extermination of a race, learn to abstain from that sin? A race being destroyed, the eternal customs of that race are lost; and upon those customs being lost, sin overpowers the whole race. From the predominance of sin, O Krishna, the women of that race become corrupt. And the women becoming corrupt, an intermingling of castes happeneth, O descendant of Vrishni. This intermingling of castes leadeth to hell both the destroyer of the race and the race itself. The ancestors of those fall (from heaven), their rites of *pinda* and water ceasing. By these sins of destroyers of races, causing intermixture of castes, the rules of caste and the eternal rites of families become extinct. We have heard, O Janarddana, that men whose family rites become extinct, ever dwell in hell. Alas, we have resolved to perpetrate a great sin, for we are ready to slay our own kinsmen from lust of the sweets of sovereignty. Better would it be for me if the sons of Dhritarashtra, weapon in hand, should in battle slay me (myself) unavenging unarmed.—' "

Sanjaya continued,—"Having spoken thus on the field of battle, Arjuna, his mind troubled with grief, casting aside his bow and arrows, sat down on his car."

[Here ends the first lesson entitled "Survey of Forces"[1] in the dialogue between Krishna and Arjuna of the Bhagavadgita, the essence of religion, the knowledge of *Brahma,* and the system of *Yoga,* comprised within the *Bhishma Parva* of the *Mahabharata* of Vyasa containing one hundred thousand verses.]

SECTION XXVI

Sanjaya said, —"Unto him thus possessed with pity, his eyes filled and oppressed with tears, and desponding, the slayer of Madhu said these words."

The Holy One said,—"Whence, O Arjuna, hath come upon thee, at such a crisis, this despondency that is unbecoming a person of noble birth, that shuts one out from heaven, and that is productive of infamy ? Let no effiminacy be thine, O son of Kunti. This suits thee not. Shaking off this vile weakness of hearts, arise, O chastiser of foes.—"

Arjuna said,—"How, O slayer of Madhu, can I with arrows contend in battle against Bhishma and Drona, deserving as they are. O slayer of

[1]In some editions this lesson is stated to be "Arjuna's grief." The description of the esson again is given in fewer words.

foes, of worship ?[1] Without slaying (one's) preceptors of great glory, it is well (for one), to live on even alms in this world. By slaying preceptors, even if they are avaricious of wealth, I should only enjoy pleasures that are bloodstained ![2] We know not which of the two is of greater moment to us, *viz.*, whether we should conquer them or they should conquer us. By slaying whom we would not like to live,—even they, the sons of Dhritarashtra, stand before (us). My nature affected by the taint of compassion, my mind unsettled about (my) duty, I ask thee. Tell me what is assuredly good (for me). I am thy disciple. O, instruct me, I seek thy aid.[3] I do not see (that) which would dispel that grief of mine blasting my very senses, even if I obtain a prosperous kingdom on earth without a foe or the very sovereignty of the gods.[4]' "

Sanjaya said,—"Having said this unto Hrishikesa, that chastiser of foes—Gudakesa—(once more) addressed Govinda, saying,—'I will not fight,'—and then remained silent.[5] Unto him overcome by despondency, Hrishikesa, in the midst of the two armies, said.

"The Holy One said,—'Thou mournest those that deserve not to be mourned. Thou speakest also the words of the (so-called) wise. Those, however, that are (really) wise, grieve neither for the dead nor for the living. It is not that, I or you or those rulers of men never were, or that all of us shall not hereafter be. Of an Embodied being, as childhood, youth, and decrepitude are in this body, so (also) is the acquisition of another body. The man, who is wise, is never deluded in this.[6] The contacts of the senses with their (respective) objects producing (sensations of) heat and cold,

[1]The commentators betray their ingenuity by emphasizing the word *ishubhis* (with arrows), explaining, "how can I encounter them with arrows whom I cannot encounter with even harsh words ?"

[2]*Arthakaman* is an adjective qualifying *Gurun*. Some commentators particularly Sreedhara, suggest that it may, instead, qualify *bhogan*. The meaning, however, in that case would be far-fetched.

[3]Sreedhara explains that *Karpanya* is compassion (for kinsmen), and *dosha* is the fear of sin (for destroying a race). The first compound, therefore, according to him, means,—"My nature affected by both compassion and fear of sin, *etc.* It is better, however, to take *Karpanya* itself as a *dosha* (taint or fault). K. T. Telang understands it in this way. *Upahata,* however, is affected and not contaminated.

[4]What Arjuna says here is that "Even if I obtain such a kingdom on Earth, even if I obtain the very kingship of the gods, I do not yet see that will dispel that grief which will overtake me if I slay my preceptor and kinsmen." Telang's version is slightly ambiguous.

[5]The Bengal texts have *Parantapa* with a *Visarga*, thus implying that it refers to *Gudakesa*. The Bombay edition prints it without the *Visarga*, implying that it is in the vocative case, referring to Dhritarashtra, the listener.

[6]One of the most useful rules in translating from one language into another is to use identical words for identical expressions in the original. In translating, however, from a language like Sanskrit which abounds in synonyms, this is not always practicable without ambiguity. As an example, the word used in 13 is *Dhira* ; that used in 11 is *Pandita*. There can be little doubt, however , that *Pandita* and *Dhira* have exactly the same meaning.

pleasure and pain, are not permanent, having (as they do) a beginning and an end. Do thou, O Bharata, endure them. For the man whom these afflict not, O bull among men, who is the same in pain and pleasure and who is firm in mind, is fit for emancipation.[1] There is no (objective) existence of anything that is distinct from the soul; nor non-existence of anything possessing the virtues of the soul. This conclusion in respect of both these hath been arrived at by those that know the truths (of things).[2] Know that [the soul] to be immortal by which all this [universe] is pervaded. No one can compass the destruction of that which is imperishable. It hath been said that those bodies of the Embodied (soul) which is eternal, indestructible and infinite, have an end. Do thou, therefore, fight, O Bharata. He who thinks it (the soul) to be the slayer and he who thinks it to be the slain, both of them know nothing; for it neither slays nor is slain. It is never born, nor doth it ever die; nor, having existed, will it exist no more. Unborn, unchangeable, eternal, and ancient, it is not slain upon the body being perished. That man who knoweth it to be indestructible, unchangeable, without decay, how and whom can *he* slay or cause to be slain? As a man, casting off robes that are worn out, putteth on others that are new, so the Embodied (soul), casting off bodies that are worn out, entereth other bodies that are new. Weapons cleave it not, fire consumeth it not; the waters do not drench it, nor doth the wind waste it. It is incapable of being cut, burnt, drenched, or dried up. It is unchangeable, all-pervading, stable, firm, and eternal. It is said to be imperceivable, inconceivable and unchangeable. Therefore, knowing it to be such, it behoveth thee not to mourn (for it). Then again even if thou regardest it as constantly born and constantly dead, it behoveth thee not yet, O mighty-armed one, to mourn (for it) thus. For, of one that is born, death is certain; and of one that is dead, birth is certain. Therefore, it behoveth thee not to mourn in a matter that is unavoidable. All beings (before birth) were unmanifest. Only during an interval (between birth and death), O Bharata, are they manifest; and then again, when death comes, they become (once more) unmanifest. What grief then is there in this ? One looks upon it as a marvel; another speaks of it as a marvel. Yet even after having heard of it, no one apprehends it truly. The Embodied (soul), O Bharata, is ever indestructible in everyone's body. Therefore, it behoveth thee not to grieve for all (those) creatures. Casting thy eyes on the (prescribed) duties of thy order, it behoveth thee not to waver, for there is nothing else that is better for a Kshatriya than a battle fought fairly. Arrived of itself and (like unto) an open gate of heaven,

[1] *Amritatwa* is really emancipation or non-liability to repeated death or repeated re-birth. To render it as "immortality" is, perhaps, a little slovenly, for every soul is immortal, and this particular section inculcates it.

[2] *Sat* and *asat* are the two words which must be distinctly understood as they occur often in Hindu philosophy. *Sat* is explained as the real, *i.e.*, the soul, or anything as real and permanent as the soul. *Asat* is the reverse of this, *i.e.*, the unreal or the Non-soul. What is said here by Krishna is that the unreal has no existence ; the real, again can have no non-existence. Is not this a sort of cosmothetic idealism ?

happy are those Kshatriyas, O Partha, that obtain such a fight. But if thou dost not fight such a just battle, thou shalt then incur sin by abandoning the duties of thy order and thy fame. People will then proclaim thy eternal infamy, and to one that is held in respect, infamy is greater (as an evil) than death itself. All great car-warriors will regard thee as abstaining from battle from fear, and thou wilt be thought lightly by those that had (hitherto) esteemed thee highly. Thy enemies, decrying thy prowess, will say many words which should not be said. What can be more painful than that ? Slain, thou wilt attain to heaven; or victorious, thou wilt enjoy the Earth. Therefore, arise, O son of Kunti, resolved for battle. Regarding pleasure and pain, gain and loss, victory and defeat, as equal, do battle for battle's sake and sin will not be thine.[1] This knowledge, that hath been communicated to thee is (taught) in the *Sankhya* (system). Listen now to that (inculcated) in *Yoga* (system). Possessed of that knowledge, thou, O Partha, wilt cast off the bonds of action. In this (the Yoga system) there is no waste of even the first attempt. There are no impediments. Even a little of this (form of) piety delivers from great fear.[2] Here in this path, O son of Kuru, there is only one state of mind, consisting in firm devotion (to one object, *viz.*, securing emancipation). The minds of those, however, that are not firmly devoted (to this), are many-branched (un-settled) and attached to endless pursuits. That flowery talk which, they that are ignorant, they that delight in the words of the *Vedas*, they, O Partha, that say that there is nothing else, they whose minds are attached to worldly pleasures, they that regard (a) heaven (of pleasures and enjoyments) as the highest object of acquisition,—utter and promises birth as the fruit of action and concerns itself with multifarious rites of specific characters for the attainment of pleasures and power,—delude their hearts and the minds of these men who are attached to pleasures and power cannot be directed to contemplation (of the divine being) regarding it as the sole means of emancipation.[3] The *Vedas* are concerned with three qualities, (*viz.*, religion, profit, and pleasure). Be thou, O Arjuna, free from them, unaffected by pairs of contraries (such as pleasure and pain, heat and cold, etc.), ever adhering to patience without anxiety for new acquisitions or protection of those already acquired, and self-possessed, whatever objects are served by a tank or well, may all

[1]Most texts read *Yudhaya Yujyaswa*. A manuscript belonging to a friend of mine has the correction in red-ink, *Yudhaya Yudhaya Yudhaswa*. It accords so well with the spirit of the lesson sought to be inculcated here that I make no scruple to adopt it.

[2]A life in this world that is subject to decay and death. So say all the commentators.

[3]What Krishna seeks to inculcate here is the simple truth that persons who believe in the Vedas and their ordinances laying down specific acts for the attainment of a heaven of pleasure and power, cannot have the devotion without which there cannot be final emancipation which only is the highest bliss. The performance of Vedic rites may lead to heaven of pleasure and power, but what is that heaven worth? True emancipation is something else which must be obtained by devotion, by pure contemplation. In rendering *Janma-Karma-phalapradam* I have followed Sankara. Sreedhara and other commentators explain it differently.

be served by a vast sheet of water extending all around; so whatever objects may be served by all the *Vedas,* may all be had by a Brahmana having knowledge (of self or *Brahma*).[1] Thy concern is with work only, but not with the fruit (of work). Let not the fruit be thy motive for work; nor let thy inclination be for inaction. Staying in devotion, apply thyself to work, casting off attachment (to it), O Dhananjaya, and being the same in success or unsuccess. This equanimity is called *Yoga* (devotion). Work (with desire of fruit) is far inferior to devotion, O Dhananjaya. Seek thou the protection of devotion. They that work for the sake of fruit are miserable. He also that hath devotion throws off, even in this world, both good actions and bad actions. Therefore, apply thyself to devotion. Devotion is only cleverness in action. The wise, possessed of devotion, cast off the fruit born of action, and freed from the obligation of (repeated) birth, attain to that region where there is no unhappiness. When thy mind shall have crossed the maze of delusion, then shalt thou attain to an indifference as regards the hearable and the heard.[2] When thy mind, distracted (now) by what thou hast heard (about the means of acquiring the diverse objects of life), will be firmly and immovably fixed on contemplation, then wilt thou attain to devotion.'

"Arjuna said,—What, O Kesava, are the indications of one whose mind is fixed on contemplation ? How should one of steady mind speak, how sit, how move ?"

"The Holy One said,—'When one casts off all the desires of his heart and is pleased within (his) self with self, then is one said to be of steady mind. He whose mind is not agitated amid calamities, whose craving for pleasure is gone, who is freed from attachment (to worldly objects), fear and wrath, is said to be a *Muni* of steady mind. His is steadiness of mind who is without affection everywhere, and who feeleth no exultation and no aversion on obtaining diverse objects that are agreeable and disagreeable. When one withdraws his senses from the objects of (those) senses as the tortoise its limbs from all sides, even his is steadiness of mind. Objects of senses fall back from an abstinent person, but not so the passion (for those objects). Even the passion recedes from one who has beheld the

[1]This sloka has been variously rendered by various translators. It is the same that occurs in the Sanat-Sujata Parva of the Udyoga. (*Vide* Udyoga Parva, Section XLV). Both Sreedhara and Sankara (and I may mention Anandagiri also) explain it in this way. Shortly stated, the meaning is that to an instructed Brahmana (*Brahma*-knowing person and not a Brahmana by birth), his knowledge (of self or *Brahma*) teaches him that which is obtainable from all the Vedas, just as a man wanting to bathe or drink may find a tank or well as useful to him as a large reservoir of water occupying an extensive area. Nilakantha explains it in a different way.

[2]*Srotavyasya Srutasyacha* is literally 'of the hearable and the heard'), *i.e.,* "what you may or will hear, and what you have heard." European translators of the Gita view in these words a rejection of the Vedas by the author. It is amusing to see how confidently they dogmatise upon this point, rejecting the authority of Sankara, Sreedhara, Anandagiri, and the whole host of Indian commentators. As K. T. Telang, however, has answered the point elaborately, nothing more need be said here.

Supreme (being).[1] The agitating senses, O son of Kunti, forcibly draw away the mind of even a wise man striving hard to keep himself aloof from them. Restraining them all, one should stay in contemplation, making me his sole refuge. For his is steadiness of mind whose senses are under control. Thinking of the objects of sense, a person's attachment is begotten towards them. From attachment springeth wrath; from wrath ariseth want of discrimination; from want of discrimination, loss of memory; from loss of memory, loss of understanding; and from loss of understanding (he) is utterly ruined. But the self-restrained man, enjoying objects (of sense) with senses freed from attachment and aversion under his own control, attaineth to peace (of mind). On peace (of mind) being attained, the annihilation of all his miseries taketh place, since the mind of him whose heart is peaceful soon becometh steady.[2] He who is not self-restrained hath no contemplation (of self). He who hath no contemplation hath no peace (of mind).[3] Whence can there be happiness for him who hath no peace (of mind) ? For the heart that follows in the wake of the sense moving (among their objects) destroys his understanding like the wind destroying a boat in the waters.[4] Therefore, O thou of mighty arms, his is steadiness of mind whose senses are restrained on all sides from the objects of sense. The restrained man is awake when it is night for all creatures; and when other creatures are awake that is night to a discerning *Muni*.[5] He into whom all objects of desire enter, even as the waters enter the ocean which (though) constantly replenished still maintains its water-mark unchanged—(he) obtains peace (of mind) and not one that longeth for objects of desire. That man who moveth about, giving up all objects of desire, who is free from craving (for enjoyments) and who hath no affection and no pride, attaineth to peace (of mind). This,

[1]One may abstain, either from choice or inability to procure them, from the objects of enjoyment. Until, however, the very desire to enjoy is suppressed, one cannot be said to have attained to steadiness of mind. Of Aristotle's saying that he is a voluptuary who pines at his own abstinence, and the Christian doctrine of sin being in the wish, mere abstinence from the act constitutes no merit.

[2]The particle 'he' in the second line is explained by both Sankara and Anandagiri as equivalent to *Yasmat*. The meaning becomes certainly clearer by taking the word in this sense. The 'he', however, may also be taken as implying the sense of "indeed."

[3]*Buddhi* in the first line is explained by Sreedhara as *Atmavishayak buddhi*. *Bhavanta* Sreedhara explains, is *Dhyanam*; and Sankara as *Atmajnanabhinivesas*. K. T. Telang renders *Bhavana* as perseverance. I do not think this is correct.

[4]Sankara, Anandagiri, and Nilakantha explain this sloka thus. Sreedhara explains it otherwise. The latter supposes the pronouns *yat* and *tat* to mean a particular sense among the *Charatam indriyanam*. If Sreedhara's interpretation be correct, the meaning would be—"That (one sense) amongst the senses moving (among their objects) which the mind follows, (that one sense) tosseth the mind's (or the man's) understanding about like the wind tossing a (drunken boatman's) boat on the waters." The parenthetical words are introduced by Sreedhara himself. It may not be out of place to mention here that so far as Bengal, Mithila and Benares are concerned, the authority of Sreedhara is regarded as supreme.

[5]The vulgar, being spiritually dark, are engaged in worldly pursuits. The sage in spiritual light is dead to the latter.

O Partha, is the divine state. Attaining to it, one is never deluded. Abiding in it one obtains, on death, absorption into the Supreme Self.' "

SECTION XXVII

"Arjuna said,—'If devotion, O Janardana, is regarded by thee as superior to work, why then, O Kesava, dost thou engage me in such dreadful work? By equivocal words thou seemest to confound my understanding. Therefore, tell (me) one thing definitely by which I may attain to what is good.'

"The Holy One said,—'It hath already been said by me, O sinless one, that here are, in this world, two kinds of devotion; that of the *Sankhyas* through knowledge and that of the *yogins* through work. A man doth not acquire freedom from work from (only) the non-performance of work. Nor doth he acquire final emancipation from only renunciation (of work). No one can abide even for a moment without doing work.[1] That man of deluded soul who, curbing the organs of sense, liveth mentally cherishing the objects of sense, is said to be a dissembler. He however, O Arjuna, who restraining (his) senses by his mind, engageth in devotion (in the form) of work with the organs of work, and is free from attachment, is distinguished (above all). (Therefore), do thou always apply yourself to work, for action is better than inaction. Even the support of thy body cannot be accomplished without work.[2] This world is fettered by all work other than that which is (performed) for Sacrifice. (Therefore), O son of Kunti, perform work for the sake of *that,* freed from attachment.[3] In olden times, the Lord of Creation, creating men and sacrifice together, said,—flourish by means of this (Sacrifice). Let this (Sacrifice) be to you (all) the dispenser of all objects cherished by you. Rear the gods with this, and let the gods (in return) rear you. Thus fulfilling the mutual interest you will obtain that which is beneficial (to you).[4] Propitiated with sacrifices the gods will bestow on you the pleasures you desire. He who enjoyeth (himself) without giving them what

[1] *Prakritijais Gunas* is explained by Sreedhara as qualities born of one's nature such as *Ragadveshadi.* Sankara thinks that they are the qualities or attributes of primal matter (which enters into the composition of every self) such as *Satwa, Rajas,* and *Tamas.*

[2] "Apply to work", *i.e.* to work as prescribed in the scriptures. Thus says Sankara. "To morning and evening prayers, *etc.*" says Sreedhara.

[3] Sacrifices Vishnu's self as declared by the Srutis; work for sacrifice, therefore, is work for Vishnu's sake or gratification. For the sake of that *i.e.,* for sacrifice's, or "Vishnu's sake. So say all the commentators.

[4] *Bhavaya* is explained by both Sankara and Sreedhara as *Vradhaya* or make grow Perhaps, "rear" is the nearest approach to it in English. K. T. Telang renders it. 'please.', The idea is eminently Indian. The gods are fed by sacrifices, and in return they feed men by sending rain. The Asuras again who warred with the gods warred with sacrifices.

they have given, is assuredly a thief. The good who eat the remnant of sacrifices are freed from all sins. Those unrighteous ones incur sin who dress food for their own sake.—From food are all creatures; and sacrifice is the outcome of work.[1] Know that work proceeds from the *Vedas; Vedas* have proceeded from Him who hath no decay. Therefore, the all-pervading Supreme Being is installed in sacrifice.[2] He who conformeth not to this wheel that is thus revolving, that man of sinful life delighting (the indulgence of) his senses, liveth in vain, O Partha.[3] The man, however, that is attached to self only, that is contented with self, and that is pleased in his self,—hath no work (to do). He hath no concern whatever with action nor with any omission here. Nor, amongst all creatures, is there any upon whom his interest dependeth.[4] Therefore, always do work that should be done, without attachment. The man who performeth work without attachment, attaineth to the Supreme. By work alone, Janaka and others, attained the accomplishment of their objects. Having regard also to the observance by men of their duties, it behoveth thee to work. Whatever a great man doth, is also done by vulgar people. Ordinary men follow the ideal set by them (the great).[5] There is nothing whatever for me, O Partha, to do in the three worlds, (since I have) nothing for me which hath not been acquired; still I engage in action.[6] Because if at any time I do not, without sloth, engage in action, men would follow my path, O Partha, on all sides. The worlds would perish if I did not perform work, and I should cause intermixture of castes and ruin these people. As the ignorant work, O Bharata, having attachment to the performer, so should a wise man work without being attached, desiring to make men observant of their duties. A wise man should not cause confusion of understanding amongst ignorant persons, who have attachment to work itself; (on the other hand) he should (himself) acting with devotion engage them to all (kinds of) work. All works are, in every way, done by the qualities of nature. He, whose mind is deluded

[1]*Parjjanya* is explained by both Sankara and Sreedhara as rain. It means also the clouds or the origin of rain.

[2]The word in the original that is rendered in the Vedas is Brahma. It may mean the Supreme Soul. Of course, in Brahmanic literature, the Vedas are Brahma and Brahma is the Vedas, but still in the second line of 15 there is no necessity of taking Brahma as equivalent to the Vedas, I do not think Telang is accurate in his rendering of this line.

[3]The wheel referred to is what has been said before, *viz.*, from the Vedas are work, from work is rain, from rain is food, from food are creatures, from creatures again work and so back to the Vedas.

[4]The sense seems to be, as explained by the commentators, that such a man earns no merit by action, nor sin by inaction or omission. Nor is there anybody from the Supreme Being to the lowest creature on whom he depends for anything.

[5]The example set by the great is always catching, *Itaras*, here, is Vulgar and not "other". *Kurute* which I have rendered as "maketh" is used in the sense of "regardeth." *Pramanam*, however, may not necessarily mean something else that is set up as an ideal. It may refer to the actions themselves of the great men set up by them as a standard.

[6]Sreedhara would connect "in the three worlds" with what follows. I follow Sankara and the natural order of words.

by egoism, however, regards himself as the actor.[1] But he, O mighty-armed one, who knoweth the distinction (of self) from qualities and work, is not attached to work, considering that it is his senses alone (and not his self) that engage in their objects.[2] Those who are deluded by the qualities of nature, become attached to the works done by the qualities. A person of perfect knowledge should not bewilder those men of imperfect knowledge.[3] Devoting all work to me, with (thy) mind directed to self, engage in battle, without desire, without affection and with thy (heart's) weakness dispelled.[4] Those men who always follow this opinion of mine with faith and without cavil attain to final emancipation even by work. But they who cavil at and do not follow this opinion of mine, know, that, bereft of all knowledge and without discrimination, they are ruined. Even a wise man acts according to his own nature. All living beings follow (their own) nature. What then would restraint avail? The senses have, as regards the objects of the senses, either affection or aversion fixed. One should not submit to these, tor they are obstacles in one's way.[5] One's own duty, even if imperfectly performed, is better than being done by other even if well performed. Death in (performance of) one's own duty is preferable. (The adoption of) the duty of another carries fear (with it).

"Arjuna said, 'Impelled by whom, O son of the Vrishni race, doth a man commit sin, even though unwilling and as if constrained by force'?

"The Holy One said,—'It is desire, it is wrath, born of the attribute of passion; it is all devouring, it is very sinful. Know this to be the foe in this world.[6] As fire is enveloped by smoke, a mirror by dust, the foetus by the womb, so is *this* enveloped by desire. Knowledge, O son of Kunti, is enveloped by this constant foe of the wise in the form of desire which is insatiable and like a fire. The senses, the mind and the understanding are said to be its abode. With these it deludeth the embodied self, enveloping (his) knowledge. Therefore, restraining (thy) senses first, O bull of Bharata's race, cast off this wicked thing, for it destroyeth knowledge derived from instruction and meditation.[7] It hath been said that the senses are superior (to the body which is inert). Superior to the senses is the mind. Superior to the

[1]The word rendered "nature" is *prakriti*. It really implies "primal matter."

[2]The second line, literally rendered, is "deeming that qualities engage in qualities." The first "qualities" imply the senses, and the second, the objects of the senses. The purport is that one knowing the distinction referred to, never thinks that his soul is the actor, for that which is work is only the result of the senses being applied to their objects.

[3]*Guna-karmashu* is explained by Sankara as works of the qualities, or works done by them. Sreedhara explains the compound as "qualities and (their) works."

[4]Devoting all work to me, *i.e.*, in the belief that all you do is for me or my sake.

[5]The senses, as regards their diverse objects in the world, are either drawn towards them or repelled by them. These likes and dislikes (in the case of men who, of course, only act according to their nature) stand in the way of their emancipation, if men submit to them.

[6]Desire, if not gratified, results in wrath. Thus say the commentators.

[7]*Prajahi* is explained by both Sankara and Sreedhara as *parityaja* (cast off).

mind is the knowledge. But which is superior to knowledge is *He*.[1] Thus knowing that which is superior to knowledge and restraining (thy) self by self, slay, O mighty-armed one, the enemy in the shape of desire which is difficult to conquer.' "

SECTION XXVIII

"The Holy One said,—'This imperishable (system of) devotion I declared to Vivaswat : Vivaswat declared it to Manu; and Manu communicated it to Ikshaku. Descending thus from generation, the Royal sages came to know it. But, O chastiser of foes, by (lapse of a) long time that devotion became lost to the world. Even the same (system of) devotion hath today been declared by me to thee, for thou art my devotee and friend, (and) this is a great mystery.'

"Arjuna said,—'Thy birth is posterior; Vivaswat's birth is prior. How shall I understand then that thou hadst first declared (it) ?'

"The Holy One said,—'Many births of mine have passed away, O Arjuna, as also of thine. These all I know, but thou dost not, O chastiser of foes. Though (I am) unborn and of essence that knoweth no deterioration, though (I am) the lord of all creatures, still, relying on my own (material) nature I take birth by my own (powers) of illusion. Whenever, O Bharata, loss of piety and the rise of impiety occurreth, on those occasions do I create myself. For the protection of the righteous and for the destruction of the evil doers, for the sake of establishing piety, I am born age after age. He who truly knoweth my divine birth and work to be such, casting off (his body) is not born again; (on the other hand) he cometh to me, O Arjuna. Many who have been freed from attachment, fear, wrath, who were full of me, and who relied on me, have, cleansed by knowledge and asceticism, attained to my essence. In whatsoever manner men come to me, in the self-same manner do I accept them. It is my way, O Partha, that men follow on all sides.[2] Those in this world who are desirous of the success of action worship the gods, for in this world of men success resulting from action is soon attained. The quadruple division of castes was created by me according to the distinction of qualities and duties. Though I am the

[1]He is the Supreme Soul or Being.

[2]There can be little doubt that what Krishna says here is that no form of worship is unacceptable to him. Whatever the manner of the worship, it is I who is worshipped. After K. T. Telang's exhaustive and effective reply to Dr. Lorinser's strange hypothesis of the Gita having been composed under Christian influences, it is scarcely necessary to add that such toleration would ill accord with the theory of the Christian authorship of the poem.

author thereof, (yet) know me to be not their author and undecaying.[1] Actions do not touch me. I have no longing for the fruits of actions. He that knoweth me thus is not impeded by actions. Knowing this, even men of old who were desirous of emancipation performed work. Therefore, do thou also perform work as was done by ancients of the remote past. What is action and what is inaction,—even the learned are perplexed at this. Therefore, I will tell thee about action (so that) knowing it thou mayst be freed from evil. One should have knowledge of action, and one should have knowledge of forbidden actions: one should also know of inaction. The course of action is incomprehensible. He, who sees inaction in action and action in inaction, is wise among men; he is possessed of devotion; and he is a doer of all actions. The learned call him wise whose efforts are all free from desire (of fruit) and (consequent) will, and whose actions have all been consumed by the fire of knowledge.[2] Whoever, resigning all attachment to the fruit of action, is ever contented and is dependent on none, doth nought, indeed, although engaged in action. He who, without desire, with mind and the senses under control, and casting off all concerns, performeth action only for the preservation of the body, incurreth no sin.[3] He who is contented with what is earned without exertion, who hath risen superior to the pairs of opposites, who is without jealousy, who is equable in success and failure, is not fettered (by action) even though he works. All his actions perish who acts for the sake of sacrifice,[4] who is without affections, who is free (from attachments), and whose mind is fixed upon knowledge. *Brahma* is the vessel (with which the libation is poured); *Brahma* is the libation (that is offered); *Brahma* is the fire on which by *Brahma* is poured (the libation); *Brahma* is the goal to which he proceedeth by fixing his mind on *Brahma* itself which is the action.[5] Some devotees perform sacrifice to the gods. Others, by means of sacrifice, offer up sacrifices to the fire of *Brahma*.[6] Others offer up (as sacrificial libation) the senses of which hearing is the first to the fire of restraint. Others (again) offer up (as libations) the objects of sense of which sound is the first to the fire of the

[1] *i.e.*, both inactive and undecaying. Work implies exertion, and, therefore, loss of energy. In me there is no action, no loss of energy and therefore, no decay.

[2] *'Kama-sankalpa vivarjjitas.' i.e.*, freed from kama (desire of fruit) and *sankalpa*—the consequent will or determination to do. Thus both Sreedhara and Sankara.

[3] *Chitta* is the mind and *atma* in this connection is the senses. Thus both Sreedhara and Sankara.

[4] Sacrifice means here the Supreme Soul. What is done for the sake of sacrifice is done for procuring emancipation.

[5] What is meant by this is that in the case of such a person complete identification with Brahma takes place, and when such an identification has taken place, action is destroyed.

[6] *i.e.*, offering up sacrifice itself as a sacrifice to the Brahma fire, they cast off all action.

senses.[1] Others (again) offer up all the functions of the senses and the functions of the vital winds to the fire of devotion by self-restraint kindled by knowledge.[2] Others again perform the sacrifice of wealth, the sacrifice of ascetic austerities, the sacrifice of meditation, the sacrifice of (*Vedic*) study, the sacrifice of knowledge, and others are ascetics of rigid vows.[3] Some offer up the upward vital wind (Prana) to the downward vital wind (apana); and others, the downward vital wind to the upward vital wind; some, arresting the course of (both) the upward and the downward vital winds, are devoted to the restraint of the vital winds. Others of restricted rations, offer the vital winds to the vital winds.[4] Even all these who are conversant with sacrifice, whose sins have been consumed by sacrifice, and who eat the remnants of sacrifice which are *amrita,* attain to the eternal Brahma. (Even) this world is not for him who doth not perform sacrifice. Whence then the other, O best of Kuru's race ? Thus diverse are the sacrifices occurring in the *Vedas.* Know that all of them result from action, and knowing this thou wilt be emancipated. The sacrifice of knowledge, O chastiser of foes, is superior to every sacrifice involving (the attainment of) fruits of action, for all action, O Partha, is wholly comprehended in knowledge.[5] Learn *that* (Knowledge) by prostration, enquiry, and service. They who are possessed of knowledge and can see the truth, will teach thee that knowledge, knowing which, O son of Pandu, thou wilt not again come by such delusion, and by which thou wilt see the endless creatures (of the universe) in thyself (first) and then in me. Even if thou be the greatest sinner among all that are sinful, thou shalt yet cross over all transgressions by the raft of knowledge. As a blazing fire, O Arjuna, reduceth fuel to ashes, so doth the fire of knowledge reduce all actions to ashes. For there is nothing here that is so cleansing as knowledge. One who hath attained to success by devotion finds it without effort within his own self in time. He obtaineth knowledge who hath faith and is intent on it and who hath his senses under control; obtaining knowledge one findeth the highest tranquillity in no length of time. One who hath no knowledge and no faith, and whose minds is full of doubt, is lost. Neither this world, nor the next, nor happiness, is for him whose mind is full of doubt. Actions do not fetter him, O Dhananjaya, who hath cast off action by devotion, whose doubts have been dispelled by knowledge, and who is self-restrained. Therefore, destroying, by the sword of knowledge,

[1]Offering up the senses to the fire of restraint means restraining the senses for the practice of *Yoga.* Offering up the objects of the senses means non-attachment to those objects.

[2]Suspending the functions of life for contemplation or *Yoga.*

[3]In these cases the sacrifices consist in the giving away of wealth, in the ascetic austerities themselves, in meditation, in study, *etc.* Sreedhara explains the first compound of the second line differently. According to him, it means not study and knowledge, but the knowledge from study.

[4]All these are different kinds of *Yoga,* or the different stages of *Yoga* practice.

[5]*i.e.,* knowledge being attained, the fruits of action are attained by, at least, their end being compassed.

this doubt of thine that is born of ignorance and that dwelleth in thy mind, betake to devotion, (and) arise, O son of Bharata.' "

SECTION XXIX

"Arjuna said,—'Thou applaudest, O Krishna, the abandonment of actions, and again the application (to them). Tell me definitely which one of these two is superior.

"The Holy One said—'Both abandonment of actions and application to actions lead to emancipation. But of these, application to action is superior to abandonment. He should always be known to be an ascetic who hath no aversion nor desire. For, being free from pairs of opposites, O thou of mighty arms, he is easily released from the bonds (of action). Fools say, but not those that are wise, that *Sankhya* and *Yoga* are distinct. One who stayeth in even one (of the two) reapeth the fruit of both[1]. Whatever seat is attained by those who profess the *Sankhya* system, that too is reached by those who profess the *Yoga*. He seeth truly who seeth *Sankhya* and *Yoga* as one.[2] But renunciation, O mighty-armed one, without devotion (to action), is difficult to attain. The ascetic who is engaged in devotion (by action) reacheth the Supreme Being without delay. He who is engaged in devotion (by action) and is of pure soul, who hath conquered his body and subdued his senses, and who indentifieth himself with all creatures, is not fettered though performing (action).[3] The man of devotion, who knoweth truth, thinking—*I am doing nothing*—when seeing, hearing, touching, smelling, eating, moving, sleeping, breathing, talking, excreting, taking, opening the eyelids or closing them; he regardeth that it is the senses that are engaged in the objects of senses.[4] He who renouncing attachment engageth in actions, resigning them to *Brahma*, is not touched by sin as the lotus-leaf (is not touched) by water.[5] Those who are devotees, casting off attachment, perform actions (attaining) purity of self, with the body, the mind, the understanding, and even the senses (free from desire). He who is possessed of devotion, renouncing the fruit of action, attaineth to the highest tranquillity. He, who is not possessed of devotion and is attached to the fruit of action, is fettered by action performed from desire. The self-restrained embodied (self), renouncing all actions by the mind, remains

[1] *Sankhya* is renunciation of action, while *Yoga* is devotion through action.

[2] The grammatical form of the word *Yoga* as here employed is exceptional.

[3] The first *atman* is explained as the soul, the second as the body, by all the commentators.

[4] Taking means taking anything with the hands.

[5] Water when thrown over a lotus-leaf escapes without soaking or drenching the leaf at all.

at ease within the house of nine gates, neither acting himself nor causing (anything) to act.[1] The Lord is not the cause of the capacity for action, or of the actions of men, or of the connection of actions and (their) fruit. It is nature that engages (in action). The Lord receiveth no one's sin, nor also merit. By ignorance, knowledge is shrouded. It is for this that creatures are deluded. But of whomsoever that ignorance hath been destroyed by knowledge of self, that knowledge (which is) like the Sun discloseth the Supreme Being. Those whose mind is on Him, whose very soul is He, who abide in Him, and who have Him for their goal, depart never more to return, their sins being all destroyed by knowledge.[2] Those, who are wise cast an equal eye on a Brahmana endued with learning and modesty, on a cow, an elephant, a dog, and a *chandala*.[3] Even here has birth been conquered by them whose minds rest on equality ; and since Brahma is faultless and equable, therefore, they (are said to) abide in Brahma.[4] He whose mind is steady, who is not deluded, who knows Brahma, and who rests in Brahma, doth not exult on obtaining anything that is agreeable, nor doth he grieve on obtaining that is disagreeable. He whose mind is not attached to external objects of sense, obtaineth that happiness which is in self; and by concentrating his mind on the contemplation of Brahma, he enjoyeth a happiness that is imperishable. The enjoyments born of the contact (of the senses with their objects) are productive of sorrow. He who is wise, O son of Kunti, never taketh pleasure in these that have a beginning and an end. That man whoever here, before the dissolution of the body, is able to endure the agitations resulting from desire and wrath, is fixed on contemplation, and is happy. He who findeth happiness within himself, (and) who sporteth within himself, he whose light (of knowledge) is deprived from within himself, is a devotee, and becoming one with Brahma attaineth to absorption into Brahma. Those saintly personages whose sins have been destroyed, whose doubts have been dispelled, who are self-restrained, and who are engaged in the good of all creatures, obtain absorption into Brahma. For these devotees who are freed from desire and wrath, whose minds are under control, and who have knowledge of self, absorption into Brahma exists both here and thereafter.[5] Excluding (from his mind) all external objects of sense, directing the visual glance between the brows, mingling (into one) the upward and the downward life-breaths and making them pass through the nostrils, the devotee, who has restrained the senses, the mind, and the understanding, being intent on emancipation, and who is freed from desire, fear, and

[1]Telang renders *Pura* as city, of course, the body having two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, one mouth, and two openings for excretions, is meant.

[2]Such men are exempted from the obligation of re-birth. Leaving this body they merge into the Supreme Soul.

[3]The word is *Swapacha* meaning a member of the lowest caste.

[4]"Brahma is faultless and equable"; so Sreedhara and others,—"since faultless equality is Brahma."

[5]The sense is that they are at one with Brahma both here and hereafter.

wrath, is emancipated, indeed. Knowing me to be enjoyer of all sacrifices and ascetic austerities, the great Lord of all the worlds, and friend of all creatures, such a one obtaineth tranquillity.'

SECTION XXX

"The Holy One said,—'Regardless of fruit of action, he that performs the actions which should be performed, is a renouncer and devotee, and not one who discards the (sacrificial) fire, nor one that abstains from action.[1] That which has been called renunciation, know that, O son of Pandu, to be devotion, since nobody can be a devotee who has not renounced (all) resolves.[2] To the sage desirous of rising to devotion, action is said to be the means ; and when he has risen to devotion, cessation of action is said to be the means. When one is no longer attached to the objects of the senses, nor to actions, and when one renounces all resolves, then is one said to have risen to devotion. One should raise (his) self by self ; one should not degrade (his) self ; for one's own self is one's friend, and one's own self is one's enemy.[3] To him (only) who has subjugated his self by his self is self a friend. But to him who has not subjugated his self, his self behaves inimically like an enemy. The soul of one who has subjugated his self and who is in the enjoyment of tranquillity, is steadily fixed (on itself) amid cold and heat, pleasure and pain, and also honour and dishonour. That ascetic is said to be devoted whose mind is satisfied with knowledge and experience, who hath no affection, who hath subjugated his senses, and to whom a sod, a stone and gold are alike. He, who views equally well-wishers, friends, foes, strangers that are indifferent to him, those who take part with both sides, those who are objects of aversion, those who are related (to him), those who are good, and those who are wicked, is distinguished (above all others). A devotee should always fix his mind on contemplation, remaining in a secluded place alone, restraining both mind and body, without expectations (of any kind), and without concern (with anything).[4] Erecting his seat immovably on a clean spot, not too high nor too low, and spreading over it a piece of cloth, a deer-skin, or blades of *Kusa* grass, and there seated on that seat, with mind fixed on one object, and restraining the functions of the heart and the senses, one should practise contemplation for the purification of self. Holding body, head, and neck

[1]Renouncer and devotee *Sannyasin* and *Yogin*.

[2]Which spring from desire.

[3]Self in this sloka is explained by the commentators as mind. The mind, unless controlled, cannot lead to devotion.

[4]*Chitta* and *atma* are explained by the commentators as "mind and body."

even, unmoved and steady, and casting his glance on the tip of his nose, and without looking about in any of the different directions, with mind in tranquillity, freed from fear, observant of the practices of *Brahmacharins*, restraining the mind, with heart fixed on me, the devotee should sit down, regarding me as the object of his attainment. Thus applying his soul constantly, the devotee whose heart is restrained, attains to that tranquillity which culminates in final absorption and assimilation with me. Devotion is not one's, O Arjuna, who eateth much, nor one's who doth not eat at all ; nor one's who is addicted to too much sleep, nor one's who is always awake. devotion that is destructive of misery is his who is temperate in food and amusements, who duly exerts himself temperately in all his works, and who is temperate in sleep and vigils. When one's heart, properly restrained, is fixed on one's own self, then, indifferent to all objects of desire, he is one called a devotee.[1] As a lamp in a windless spot doth not flicker, even that is the resemblance declared of a devotee whose heart hath been restrained and who applieth his self to abstraction. That (condition) in which the mind, restrained by practice of abstraction, taketh rest, in which beholding self by self, one is gratified within self; in which one experienceth that highest felicity which is beyond the (sphere of the) senses and which the understanding (only) can grasp, and fixed on which one never swerveth from the truth ; acquiring which one regards no other acquisition greater than it, and abiding in which one is never moved by even the heaviest sorrow ; that (condition) should be known to be what is called devotion in which there is a severance of connection with pain. That devotion should be practised with perseverance and with an undesponding heart.[2] Renouncing all desires without exception that are born of resolves, restraining the group of the senses on all sides by mind alone, one should, by slow degrees, become quiescent (aided) by (his) understanding controlled by patience, and then directing his mind to self should think of nothing.[3] Wheresoever the mind, which is (by nature) restless and unsteady, may run, restraining it from those, one should direct it to self alone. Indeed, unto such a devotee whose mind is in tranquillity, whose passions have been suppressed, who hath become one with *Brahma* and who is free from sin, the highest felicity cometh (of his own accord). Thus applying his soul constantly (to abstraction), the devotee, freed from sin, easily obtaineth that highest happiness, *viz.*, with *Brahma*. He who hath devoted his self to abstraction, casting an equal eye everywhere, beholdeth his self in all creatures and all creatures in his self. Unto him who beholdeth me in everything and

[1]Fixed on one's own self, *i. e.*, withdrawn from all objects of sense. Thus Sankara.

[2]*Nischayena* is explained by Sankara as equivalent to "with preservence" or steadily. Sreedhara explains it as equal to "with the certitude of knowledge acquired by instruction.'

[3]*Dhriti-grahitaya Buddhya* is, as explained by Sankara and others "with understanding controlled by patience," K. T. Telang renders it "with firm resolve coupled with courage."

beholdeth everything in me. I am never lost and he also is never lost to me.[1] He who worshippeth me as abiding in all creatures, holding yet that all is one, is a devotee, and whatever mode of life he may lead, he liveth in me. That devotee, O Arjuna, who casteth an equal eye everywhere, regarding all things as his own self and the happiness and misery of others as his own, is deemed to be the best.'

"Arjuna said, 'This devotion by means of equanimity which thou hast declared, O slayer of Madhu,—on account of restlessness of the mind I do not see its stable presence.[2] O Krishna, the mind is restless, boisterous, perverse, and obstinate. Its restraint I regard to be as difficult of accomplishment as the restraint of the wind.'

"The Holy One said, 'Without doubt, O thou of mighty arms the mind is difficult of subjugation and is restless. With practice, however, O son of Kunti, and with the abandonment of desire, it can be controlled. It is my belief that by him whose mind is not restrained, devotion is difficult of acquisition. But by one whose mind is restrained and who is assiduous, it is capable of acquisition with the aid of means.'

"Arjuna said, 'Without assiduity, though endued with faith, and with mind shaken off from devotion, what is the end of him, O Krishna, who hath not earned success in devotion? Fallen off from both,[3] is he lost like a separated cloud or not, being as he is without refuge, O thou of mighty arms, and deluded on the path leading to *Brahma*? This my doubt, O Krishna, it behoveth thee to remove without leaving anything. Besides thee, no dispeller of this doubt is to be had.[4]

"The Holy One said, 'O son of Pritha, neither here, nor hereafter, doth ruin exist for him, since none, O sire, who performs good (acts) comes by an evil end. Attaining to the regions reserved for those that perform meritorious acts and living there for many many years, he that hath fallen off from devotion taketh birth in the abode of those that are pious and endued with prosperity, or, he is born even in the family of devotees endued with intelligence. Indeed, a birth such as this is more difficult of acquisition in this world. There in those births he obtaineth contact with that *Brahmic* knowledge which was his in his former life; and from that point he striveth again, O descendant of Kuru, towards perfection. And although unwilling, he still worketh on in consequence of that same former practice of his. Even one that enquireth of devotion riseth above (the fruits of) the Divine Word.[5] Striving with great efforts, the devotee, cleaned of all his sins, attaineth to perfection after many births,

[1]*i.e.* I am always visible to him, and he too is always within my sight and I am always kind to him.

[2]*i.e.* how its stable existence may be secured, the mind being by nature ever restless.

[3]Fallen off from both, *i.e.*, from heaven (through work) and absorption into Brahma (through devotion).

[4]Without leaving anything, *i.e.*, entirely.

[5]The Divine-Word *i.e.*, the Vedas. So great is the efficacy of devotion that one merely enquiring of it transcends him who conforms to the rites of the Vedas.

and then reacheth the supreme goal. The devotee is superior to ascetics engaged in austerities; he is esteemed to be superior to even the man of knowledge. The devotee is superior to those that are engaged in action. Therefore, become a devotee, O Arjuna. Even amongst all the devotees, he who, full of faith and with inner self resting on me, worshippeth me, is regarded by me to be the most devout."

SECTION XXXI

"The Holy One said, 'Listen, O son of Pritha, how, without doubt, thou mayst know me fully, fixing thy mind on me, practising devotion, and taking refuge in me. I will now, without leaving anything speak to thee about knowledge and experience, knowing which there would be left nothing in this world (for thee) to know. One among thousands of men striveth for perfection. Of those even that are assiduous and have attained to perfection, only some one knoweth me truly.[1] Earth, water, fire, air, space, mind, also understanding, and consciousness,—thus hath my nature been divided eight-fold. This is a lower (form of my) nature. Different from this, know there is a higher (form of my) nature which is animate, O thou of mighty arms, and by which this universe is held.[2] Know that all creatures have these for their source. I am the source of evolution and also of the dissolution of the entire universe. There is nothing else, O Dhananjaya, that is higher than myself. Upon me is all this like a row of pearls on a string. Taste I am in the waters, O son of Kunti, (and) I am the splendour of both the moon and the sun, I am the *Om* in all the *Vedas*, the sound in space, and the manliness in men. I am the fragrant odour in earth, the splendour in fire, the life in all (living) creatures, and penance in ascetics. Know me, O son of Pritha, to be the eternal seed of all beings. I am the intelligence of all creatures endued with intelligence, the glory of all glorious objects. I am also the strength of all that are endued with strength, (myself) freed from desire and thirst, and, O bull of Bharata's race, am the desire, consistent with duty, in all creatures.[3] And all existences which are of the quality of goodness, and which are of the quality of passion and quality of darkness, know that they are, indeed, from me. I am, however, not in

[1]Only some one, *i.e.*, very few. Few perfection, *i.e.*, for knowledge of self. Thus all the commentators.

[2]The last word of the first line of this sloka is *param* (higher) and not *aparam* with the initial *a* silent owing to the rules of Sandhi. Many of the Bengal texts have *aparam*, not excepting the latest one printed at Calcutta.

[3]*Kama* which I have rendered desire is explained by Sreedhara as the wish for an unattained object ; and *raga* as the longing or thirst for more. The second *Kama* is explained as desires of the class of love or lust.

them, but they are in me. This entire universe, deluded by these three entities consisting of (these) three qualities knoweth not me that am beyond them and undecaying ; since this illusion of mine, depending on the (three) qualities, is exceedingly marvellous and highly difficult of being transcended. They that resort to me alone cross this illusion.[1] Doers of evil, ignorant men, the worst of their species, robbed of their knowledge by (my) illusion and wedded to the state of demons, do not resort to me. Four classes of doers of good deeds worship me, O Arjuna, *viz.*, he that is distressed, that is possessed of knowledge, being always devoted and having his faith in only One, is superior to the rest, for unto the man of knowledge I am dear above everything, and he also is dear to me. All these are noble. But the man of knowledge is regarded (by me) to be my very self, since he, with soul fixed on abstraction, taketh refuge in me as the highest goal. At the end of many births, the man possessed of knowledge attaineth to me, (thinking) that *Vasudeva is all this.* Such a high-souled person, however, is exceedingly rare. They who have been robbed of knowledge by desire, resort to their godheads, observant of diverse regulations and controlled by their own nature.[2] Whatever form, (of godhead or myself) any worshipper desireth to worship with faith, that faith of his unto that (form) I render steady. Endued with that faith, he payeth his adorations to that (form), and obtaineth from *that* all his desire, since all those are ordained by me.[3] The fruits, however, of those persons endued with little intelligence are perishable. They that worship the divinities, go to the divinities, (while) they that worship me come even to me.[4] They that have no discernment, regard me who am (really) unmanifest to have become manifest, because they do not know the transcendent and undecaying state of mine than which there is nothing higher.[5] Shrouded by the illusion of my inconceivable power, I am not manifest to all. This deluded world knoweth not me that I am unborn and undecaying. I know, O Arjuna, all things that have been past, and all things that are present, and all things that are to be. But there is nobody that knoweth me. All creatures, O chastiser of foes, are deluded at the time of their birth by the delusion, O Bharata, of pairs of opposites arising from desire and aversion. But those persons of meritorious deeds whose sins have attained their end, being freed from the delusion of pairs of opposites, worship me, firm in their vow (of that worship). Those who,

[1] *Daivi* is explained by Sankara as divine; by Sreedhara as marvellous.

[2] The divine desires are about sons, fame, victory over enemies, *etc.*, regulations, such as fasts etc.; their own nature, *i.e.*, disposition as dependent on the acts of their past lives. Thus all the commentators.

[3] The worshipper obtains his desires, thinking he gets them from the godhead he worships. It is however, that gives him those.

[4] The divinities being perishable, myself imperishable. What these obtain is perishable. What my worshippers obtain is imperishable.

[5] The ignorant, without knowledge of my transcendent essence take me to be no higher than that what is indicated in my human and other incarnate manifestations. Thus Sreedhara.

taking refuge in me, strive for release from decay and death, know *Brahman*, the entire *Adhyatma*, and action.[1] And they who know me with the *Adhibhuta*, the *Adhidaiva*, and the *Adhiyajna*, having minds fixed on abstraction, know me at the time of their departure (from this world).[2]

SECTION XXXII

"Arjuna said, 'What is that *Brahman*, what is *Adhyatma*, what is action, O best of male beings? What also has been said to be *Adhibhuta*, and what is called *Adhidaiva*? Who is here *Adhiyajna*, and how, in this body, O slayer of Madhu? And how at the time of departure art thou to be known by those that have restrained their self'?—

"The Holy One said, '*Brahman* is the Supreme and indestructible. Adhyatma is said to be its own manifestation. The offering (to any godhead in a sacrifice) which causeth the production and development of all—this is called action.[3] Remembering me alone in (his) last moments, he that, casting off his body, departeth (hence), cometh into my essence. There is no doubt in this. Whichever form (of godhead) one remembereth when one casteth off, at the end, (his) body, unto that one he goeth, O son of Kunti, having habitually meditated on it always. Therefore, think of me at all times, and engage in battle. Fixing thy mind and understanding on me, thou wilt, without doubt, come even to me. Thinking (of the Supreme) with a mind not running to other objects and endued with abstraction in the form of uninterrupted application, one goeth, O son of Pritha, unto the Divine and Supreme male Being. He who at the time of his departure, with a steady mind, endued with reverence, with power of abstraction, and directing the life-breath called *Prana* between the eye-brows, thinketh of that ancient seer, who is the ruler (of all), who is minuter than the minutest atom, who is the ordainer of all, who is inconceivable in form, and who is beyond all darkness, cometh unto that Divine and Supreme Male Being, I will tell thee in brief about that seat which persons conversant with the *Vedas* declare to be indestructible. which is entered by ascetics freed from all longings, and in expectation of which (people) practise the vows of *Brahmacharins*. Casting off (this) body, he who departeth, stopping up all the doors, confining the mind within the heart, placing his own life-breath called *Prana* between the eye-brows, resting on continued meditation,

[1] *Adhyatman* is explained as all that by which *Brahman* is to be attained. All actions mean the whole course of duties and practices leading to the knowledge of *Brahman*.

[2] The three words occurring in this sloka and explained in the next section, forming as they do the subject of a question by Arjuna.

[3] *Bhava* is production, and *Udbhava* is growth or development. Thus Sreedhara.

uttering this one syllable *Om* which is *Brahman*, and thinking of me, attaineth to the highest goal.[1] He who always thinketh of me with mind ever withdrawn from all other objects, unto that devotee always engaged on meditation, I am, O Partha, easy of access. High-souled persons who have achieved the highest perfection, attaining to me, do not incur re-birth which is the abode of sorrow and which is transient. All the worlds, O Arjuna, from the abode of *Brahman* downwards have to go through a round of births, on attaining to me, however, O son of Kunti, there is no re-birth.[2] They who know a day of Brahman to end after a thousand *Yugas*, and a night (of his) to terminate after a thousand *Yugas* are persons that know day and night.[3] On the advent of (Brahman's) day everything that is manifest springeth from the unmanifest ; and when (his) night cometh, into that same which is called unmanifest all things disappear. That same assemblage of creatures, springing forth again and again, dissolveth on the advent of night, and springeth forth (again), O son of Pritha, when day cometh, constrained (by the force of action, etc.)[4]. There is, however, another entity, unmanifest and eternal, which is beyond that unmanifest, and which is not destroyed when all the entities are destroyed. It is said to be unmanifest and indestructible. They call it the highest goal, attaining which no one hath to come back. That is my Supreme seat. That Supreme Being, O son of Pritha, He within whom are all entities, and by whom all this is permeated, is to be attained by reverence undirected to any other object. I will tell thee the times, O bull of Bharata's race, in which devotees departing (from this life) go, never to return, or to return. The fire, the light, the day, the lighted fortnight, the six months of the northern solstice, departing from here, the persons knowing *Brahma* go through this path to *Brahma*.[5] Smoke, night, also the dark-fortnight (and) the six months of the southern solstice, (departing) through this path, devotee, attaining to the lunar light, returneth. The bright and the dark, these two paths, are regarded to be the eternal (two paths) of the universe. By the one, (one) goeth never to return ; by the other, one (going) cometh back. Knowing these two paths, O son of Pritha, no devotee is deluded. Therefore, at all times, be endued with devotion, O Arjuna. The meritorious fruit that is prescribed for the (study of the) *Vedas*, for sacrifices, for ascetic austerities and for gifts, a devotee knowing all this (that hath been said here),

[1]All the doors, *i.e.*, the senses. Confining the mind within the heart, *i.e.*, withdrawing the mind from all external objects. *Murdhni* is explained by Sreedhara to mean here "between the eyebrows."

[2]All these regions being destructible and liable to re-birth, those that live there are equally liable to death and re-birth.

[3]The meaning, as explained by Sreedhara, is that such persons are said to know all, and not those whose knowledge is bounded by the course of the sun and the moon.

[4]In this round of births and deaths, the creatures themselves are not free agents, being all the while subject to the influence of Karma, as explained by the commentators.

[5]The commentators explain the word fire, the light, day, &c., as several godheads presiding over particular times.

attaineth to it all, and (also) attaineth the Supreme and Primeval seat.'

SECTION XXXIII

"The Holy One said, 'Now I will tell thee that art without envy that most mysterious knowledge along with experience, knowing which thou wilt be freed from evil. This is royal science, a royal mystery, highly cleansing, directly apprehensible, consistent with the sacred laws, easy to practise, (and) imperishable. Those persons, O chastiser of foes, who have no faith in this sacred doctrine, not attaining to me, return to the path of this world that is subject to destruction. This entire universe is pervaded by me in my unmanifest form. All entities are in me, but I do not reside in them. Nor yet are all entities in me. Behold my divine power. Supporting all entities and producing all entities, myself doth not (yet) reside in (those) entities. As the great and obiquitious atmosphere always occupieth space, understand that all entities reside in me in the same way.[1] All entities, O son of Kunti, attain to my nature at the close of a *Kalpa*. I create them again at the beginning of a *Kalpa*.[2] Regulating my own (independent) nature I create again and in this whole assemblage of entities which is plastic in consequence of its subjection to nature.[3] Those acts, however, O Dhananjaya, do not fetter me who sitteth as one unconcerned, being unattached to those acts (of creation). Through me, the overlooker, primal nature produceth the (universe of) mobiles and immobiles. For the reason, O son of Kunti, the universe passeth through its rounds (of birth and destruction).[4] Not knowing my supreme nature of the great lord of all entities, ignorant people of vain hopes, vain acts, vain knowledge, confounded minds, wedded to the delusive nature of *Asuras* and *Rakshasas*, disregard me (as one) that hath assumed a human body. But high-souled ones, O son of Pritha, possessed of divine nature, and with minds directed to nothing else, worship me, knowing (me) to be the origin of all entities and undestructible. Always glorifying me, (or) striving with firm vows, (or) bowing down to me, with reverence and ever devoted, (they) worship me.[5] Others again, performing the sacrifice of knowledge,

[1]The atmosphere occupies space without affecting it or its nature. So all things are in the Supreme Being without affecting him.

[2]My nature, *i.e.*, the unmanifest principle or primal essence.

[3]*Prakriti* which I render "nature" is explained by the commentators as *Karma*, the influence of *Karma* or action being universal in setting the form of a particular entity at the time of its creation.

[4]This reason, *i.e.*, my supervision.

[5]Sreedhara says that these are different modes of worship; "with reverence and ever devoted" grammatically refers to each of the three classes of worshippers indicated.

worship me, (some) as one, (some) as distinct, (some) as pervading the universe, in many forms.[1] I am the *Vedic* sacrifice, I am the sacrifice enjoined in the *Smritis*, I am *Swadha*, I am the medicament produced from herbs; I am the *mantra*, I am the sacrificial libation, I am the fire, and I am the (sacrificial) offering.[2] I am the father of this universe, the mother, the creator, grandsire; (I am) the thing to be known, the means by which everything is cleaned, the syllable *Om*, the *Rik*, the *Saman* and the *Yajus*, (I am) the goal, the supporter, the lord, the on-looker, the abode, the refuge, the friend, the source, the destruction, the support, the receptacle; and the undestructible seed. I give heat, I produce and suspend rain; I am immortality, and also death ; and I am the existent and the non-existent, O Arjuna. They who know the three branches of knowledge, also drink the *Soma* juice, and whose sins have been cleansed worshipping me by sacrifices, seek admission into heaven; and these attaining to the sacred region of the chief of the gods, enjoy in heaven the celestial pleasure of the gods. Having enjoyed that celestial world of vast extent, upon exhaustion of their merit they re-enter the mortal world. It is thus that they who accept the doctrines of the three *Vedas* and wish for objects of desires, obtain going and coming. Those persons who, thinking (of me) without directing their minds to anything else, worship me, of those who are (thus) always devoted (to me)—I make them gifts and preserve what they have. Even those devotees who, endued with faith worship other godheads even they, O son of Kunti, worship me alone, (though) irregularly.[3] I am the enjoyer, as also the lord, of all sacrifices. They, however, do not know me truly; hence they fall off (from heaven). They whose vows are directed to the *Pitris* attain to the *Pitris*; who direct (their) worship to the inferior spirits called *Bhutas* attain to *Bhutas*; they who worship me, attain even to myself. They who offer me with reverence, leaf, flower, fruit, water—that offered with reverence, I accept from him whose self is pure.[4] Whatever thou dost, whatever eatest, whatever drinkest, whatever givest, whatever austerities thou performest, manage it in such a way, O son of Kunti, that it may be an offering to me. Thus mayst thou be freed from the fetters of action having good and evil fruits. With self endued with renunciation and devotion, thou wilt be released and will come to me. I am alike to all creatures; there is none hateful to me, none dear. They, however, who worship me with reverence are in me and I also am in them. If even a person of exceedingly wicked conduct worshippeth me, without worshipping any one else, he should certainly be regard as good, for his efforts are well-directed. (Such a person) soon becometh of virtuous soul, and attaineth to eternal tranquillity. Know, O son of Kunti, that none devoted to me

[1]Performing the sacrifice of knowledge, *i.e.*, believing Vasudeva to be everything. In many forms, *i.e.*, as Brahman, Rudra, etc.

[2]*Mantra* is the sacred verse or verses used for invoking godheads, and for other purposes.

[3]Hence they have to come back, explains Sreedhara.

[4]*Prayatatmanas* is explained as *Suddhachittasya*.

is ever lost. For, O son of Pritha, even they who may be of sinful birth, women, Vaisyas, and also Sudras, even they, resorting to me, attain to the supreme goal. What then (shall I say) of holy Brahmanas and saints who are my devotees? Having come to this transient and miserable world, be engaged in my worship.[1] Fix thy mind on me; be my devotee, my worshipper; bow to me; and thus making me thy refuge and applying thy self to abstraction, thou wilt certainly come to me.'

SECTION XXXIV

"The Holy One said, 'Once more still, O mighty-armed one, listen to my supernal words which, from desire of (thy) good, I say unto thee that wouldst be pleased (therewith).[2] The hosts of gods know not my origin, nor the great *Rishis*, since I am, in every way, the source of the gods and the great *Rishis*.[3] He that knoweth me as the Supreme Lord of the worlds, without birth and beginning, (he), undeluded among mortals, is free from all sins. Intelligence, knowledge, the absence of delusion, forgiveness, truth, self-restraint, and tranquillity, pleasure, pain, birth, death, fear, and also security, abstention from harm, evenness of mind, contentment, ascetic austerities, gift, fame, infamy, these several attributes of creatures arise from me. The Seven great *Rishis*, the four *Maharishis* before (them), and the Manus, partaking of my nature, were born from my mind, of whom in this world are these offsprings.[4] He that knoweth truly this pre-eminence and mystic power of mine, becometh possessed of unswerving devotion. Of this (there is) no doubt. I am the origin of all things, from me all things proceed. Thinking thus, the wise, endued with my nature, worship me.[5] Their hearts on me, their lives devoted to me, instructing one another, and gloryfying me they are ever contented and happy.[6] Unto them always devoted, and worshipping (me) with love, I give that devotion

[1] *Iman lokan* (this mortal world), Sreedhara says, may mean "this form of royal saint that thou hast." This is far-fetched.

[2] Telang renders *Paramam* 'excellent'; Mr. John Davies, 'all important'. The meaning is referring to the 'Supreme Soul'.

[3] Both Sankara and Sreedhara explain *Sarvassas* as "in every way". *i.e.*, as creator, as guide, &c.

[4] *Prajas* offspring, including, as Sankara says, both mobile, and immobile, therefore, not mankind alone.

[5] *Bhava-samanwitas* is explained by Sreedhara as "full of love", which K. T. Telang accepts. Sankara explains it as "endued with penetration into the knowledge of the Supreme object."

[6] *Tityam*, ever, is connected with what follows and not what precedes. Thus Sreedhara. Mr. Davies connects it with *Kathayantas*.

in the form of knowledge by which they come to me.[1] Of them, for compassion's sake. I destroy the darkness born of ignorance, by the brilliant lamp of knowledge, (myself) dwelling in their souls.'

"Arjuna said, 'Thou art the Supreme *Brahma,* the Supreme Abode, the Holiest of the Holy, the eternal Male Being Divine, the First of gods Unborn, the Lord. All the *Rishis* proclaim thee thus, and also the celestial *Rishi* Narada; and Asita, Devala, (and) Vyasa; thyself also tellest me (so). All this that thou tellest me, O Kesava, I regard as true since, O Holy One, neither the gods nor the Danavas understand thy manifestation. Thou only knowest thyself by thyself. O Best of Male Beings. O Creator of all things; O Lord of all things, O God of gods, O Lord of the Universe, it behoveth thee to declare without any reservation, those divine perfections of thine by which perfections pervading these worlds thou abidest. How shall I, ever meditating, know thee, O thou of mystic powers, in what particular states mayst thou, O Holy One, be meditated upon by me?[2] Do thou again, O Janardana, copiously declare thy mystic powers and (thy) perfections, for I am never satiated with hearing thy nectar-like words."

"The Holy One said,—'Well, unto thee I will declare my divine perfections, by means of the principal ones (among them), O chief of the Kurus, for there is no end to the extent of my (perfections).[3] I am the soul, O thou of curly hair, seated in the heart of every being, I am the beginning, and the middle, and the end also of all beings. I am Vishnu among the Adityas, the resplendent Sun among all luminous bodies; I am Marichi among the Maruts, and the Moon among constellations.[4] I am the *Sama Veda* among the *Vedas*; I am Vasava among the gods; I am the mind among the senses; I am the intellect in (living) beings. I am Sankara among the Rudras, the Lord of treasures among the *Yakshas* and the *Rakshasas*; I am Pavaka among the Vasus, and Meru among the peaked (mountains). Know me, O son of Pritha, to be Vrihaspati, the chief of household priests. I am Skanda among commanders of forces. I am Ocean among receptacles of water. I am Bhrigu among the great *Rishis*, I am the One, undestructible (syllable *Om*) among words. Of sacrifices I am the *Japa*-sacrifice.[6] Of immobiles I am the Himavat. I am the figtree

[1]K. T. Telang renders *buddhi-yogam* as knowledge; Mr. Davies, as mental devotion and Sankara, "devotion by special insight."

[2]To know thee fully is impossible. In what particular forms or manifestations, therefore, shall I think of thee ? The word Bhava in the second line is rendered "entities" by K. T. Telang, and "form of being" by Mr. Davies.

[3]*Vistarasya* evidently refers (as explained by all the commentators) to *Vibhutinam*. It is a question of grammar and not of doctrine that there can be any difference of opinion. Mr. Davies, however, renders it "of (my) greatness." This is inaccurate.

[4]The *Adityas* are the solar deities, twelve in number, corresponding to the twelve months of the year. The *Maruts* are the wind-gods, whose chief is *Marichi*.

[5]The *Rudras* are a class of destructive gods, eleven in number. The *Vasus* are an inferior class of deities, eight in number. The lord of treasures is *Kuvera*.

[6]The Japa-sacrifice is the sacrifice by meditation which is superior to all sacrifices.

among all trees, I am Narada among the celestial *Rishis.* I am Chitraratha among the *Gandharvas* and the ascetic Kapila among ascetics crowned with Yoga success. Know me to be Uchchaisravas among horses, brought forth by (the churning for) nectar, Airavata among princely elephants, and the king among men. Among weapons I am the thunderbolt, among cows I am (she called) Kamadhuk. I am Kandarpa the cause of reproduction. I am Vasuki among serpents.[1] I am Ananta among Nagas, I am Varuna among acquatic beings, I am Aryaman among the Pitris, and Yama among those that judge and punish.[2] I am Prahlada among the *Daityas,* and Time among things that count. I am the lion among the beasts, and Vinata's son among winged creatures. Of purifiers I am the wind. I am Rama among wielders of weapons. I am the *Makara* among fishes, and I am Jahnavi (Ganga) among streams.[3] Of created things I am the beginning and the end and also the middle, O Arjuna. I am the knowledge of Supreme Spirit among all kinds of knowledge, and the disputation among disputants.[4] Among all letters I am the letter A, and (the compound called) Dwanda among all compounds. I am also Time Eternal, and I am the Ordainer with face turned on every side.[5] I am Death that seizeth all, and the source of all, that is to be. Among females, I am Fame, Fortune, Speech, Memory, Intelligence, Constancy, Forgiveness. Of the Sama hymns, I am the *Vrihat-sama* and *Gayatri* among metres. Of the months, I am *Margasirsha,* of the seasons (I am) that which is productive of flowers.[6] I am the game of dice of them that cheat, and the splendour of those that are splendid. I am Victory, I am Exertion, I am the goodness of the good. I am Vasudeva among the Vrishnis, I am Dhananjaya among the sons of Pandu. I am even Vyasa among the ascetics, and Usanas among seers. I am the Rod of those that chastise, I am the Policy of those that seek victory. I am silence among those that are secret. I am the Knowledge of those that are possessed of Knowledge. That which is the Seed of all things, I am that, O Arjuna. There is nothing mobile or

[1]*Kamadhuk,* the wish-giving cow called *Surabhi.* The cause of re-production, *i.e.,* I am not the mere carnal passion, but that passion which procreates or is crowned with fruit.

[2]In 28, Vasuki is called the chief of the *Sarpas* (serpents); in 29 Ananta is spoken of as the chief of the Nagas. The latter are *Sarpas* as well, Sreedhara says that the distinction lies in the fact of the *Nagas* being without poison. This is hardly correct.

[3]*Pavatam* may also mean "of those that have motion." Rama is Dasaratha's son, the hero of Valmiki's poem. Ganga is called Jahnavi because she was, after having been drunk up, let out by the ascetic Jahnu through his knee.

[4]Mr. Davies renders Vedas '*Pravadatam*' as "the speech of those that speak." K. T. Telang renders it "the argument of controversialists."

[5]A, or rather the sound of A as in full, is the initial letter of the Sanskrit alphabet. Of compounds, the *Dwanda,* or the copulative compound, is enumerated first. In other respects again, the *Dwanda* is the best kind of compound for the words forming it are co-ordinate, without one being dependent on the other or others.

[6]The *Vrihat-saman* is said to be the best, because it leads to emancipation at once. Thus Sankara. The *Margasirsha* is the month from the middle of February to the middle of March. Productive of flowers, *i.e.,* the Spring.

immobile, which can exist without me. There is no end, O chastiser of foes, of my divine perfections. This recital of the extent of (those) perfections hath been uttered by me by way (only) of instancing them. Whatever of exalted things (there is) or glorious, or strong, understand thou that everything is born of a portion of my energy. Or rather, what hast thou to do, by knowing all this in detail, O Arjuna? Supporting this entire universe with only a portion (of myself), I stand.[1]"

SECTION XXXV

"Arjuna said,—'This discourse about the supreme mystery, called Adhyatman, which thou hast uttered for my welfare, hath dispelled my delusion.[2] For I have heard at large from thee of the creation and dissolution of beings, O thou of eyes like lotus petals, and also of thy greatness that knoweth no deterioration. What thou hast said about thyself, O great Lord, is even so. O best of Male Beings, I desire to behold thy sovereign form. If, O Lord, thou thinkest that I am competent to behold that (form), then, O Lord of mystic power, show me thy eternal Self.[3]'

"The Holy One said, 'Behold, O son of Pritha, my forms by hundreds and thousands, various, divine, diverse in hue and shape. Behold the Adityas, the Vasus, the Rudras, the Aswins, and the Maruts. Behold, O Bharata, innumerable marvels unseen before (by thee). Behold, O thou of curly hair, the entire universe of mobiles and immobiles, collected together in this body of mine, whatever else thou mayst wish to see.[4] Thou art, however, not competent to behold me with this eye of thine. I give thee celestial sight. Behold my sovereign mystic nature.' "

Sanjaya continued,—"Having said this, O monarch, Hari, the mighty Lord of mystic power, then revealed to the son of Pritha his Supreme sovereign form, with many mouths and eyes, many wonderous aspects, many celestial ornaments, many celestial weapons uplifted, wearing celestial garlands and robes, (and) with unguents of celestial fragrance, full of every wonder, resplendent, infinite, with faces turned on all sides.[5] If the splendour of a thousand suns were to burst forth at once in the sky,

[1]Mr. Davies renders the last line of this verse as "I have established in continuance all this universe by one part myself." This is both obscure and inaccurate.

[2]*Adhyatman, i.e.,* the relation between the Supreme and the individual soul. This my delusion, *i.e.,* about my being the slayer.

[3]*Avyayam* is that which has no decay. Ordinarily, it may be rendered "eternal." Telang renders it "inexhaustible". Elsewhere I have rendered it as "understanding."

[4]*Ekastham,* lit. "all in one". *i.e.,* collected together.

[5]*Devam* is explained by Sreedhara as *Dyotanatmakam i.e.,* endued with splendour. Mr. Davies renders it resplendent: but Telang renders it "deity."

(then) that would be like the splendour of that Mighty One. The son of Pandu then beheld there in the body of that God of gods the entire universe divided and sub-divided into many parts, all collected together.[1] Then Dhananjaya, filled with amazement, (and) with hair standing on end, bowing with (his) head, with joined hands addressed the God.

"Arjuna said, 'I behold all the gods, O God, as also all the varied hosts of creatures, (and) Brahman seated on (his) lotus seat, and all the *Rishis* and the celestial snakes. I behold Thee with innumerable arms, stomachs, mouths, (and) eyes, on every side, O thou of infinite forms. Neither end nor middle, nor also beginning of thine do I behold, O Lord of the universe, O thou of universal form. Bearing (thy) diadem, mace, and discus, a mass of energy, glowing on all sides, do I behold thee that art hard to look at, endued on all sides with the effulgence of the blazing fire or the Sun, (and) immeasurable. Thou art indestructible, (and) the Supreme object of this universe. Thou art without decay, the guardian of eternal virtue. I regard thee to be the eternal (male) Being. I behold thee to be without beginning, mean, end, to be of infinite prowess, of innumerable arms, having the Sun and the Moon for thy eyes, the blazing fire for thy mouth, and heating this universe with energy of thy own. For the space betwixt heaven and earth is pervaded by Thee alone, as also all the points of the horizon. At sight of this marvellous and fierce form of thine, O Supreme Soul, the triple world trembleth. For these hosts of gods are entering thee. Some, afraid, are praying with joined hands. Saying *Hail* to *Thee*—the hosts of great *Rishis* and *Siddhas* praise Thee with copious hymns of praise.[2] The Rudras, the Adityas, the Vasus, they that (called) the Siddhas, the Viswas, the Aswins, the Maruts, also the Ushmapas, the Gandharvas, the Yakshas, the Asuras, the hosts of Siddhyas, behold Thee and are all amazed. Beholding Thy mighty form with many mouths and eyes, O mighty-armed one, with innumerable arms, thighs and feet, many stomachs, (and) terrible in consequence of many tusks, all creatures are frightened and I also. Indeed, touching the very skies, of blazing radiance, many-hued, mouth wide-open, with eyes that are blazing and large, beholding thee, O Vishnu, with (my) inner soul trembling (in fright), I can no longer command courage and peace of mind. Beholding thy mouths that are terrible in consequence of (their) tusks, and that are fierce (as the all-destroying fire at the end of the *Yuga*), I cannot recognise the points of the horizon nor can I command peace of mind. Be gracious, O God of gods, O thou that art the refuge of the Universe. And all these sons of Dhritarashtra, together with the hosts of kings, and Bhishma, and Drona, and also this *Suta's* son (Karna), accompanied by even the principal warriors of our

[1] *Pra-vibhaktam-anekadha* (divided diversely) is an adjective of Jagat. See Sreedhara. Both Mr. Davies and Telang seem to take it as a predicate in contra-distinction to *Ekastham*. This is scarcely correct.

[2] Verse 21 is read differently. For *Twam Surasangha*, some texts read *twa-Asurasanghas* Then again for *Stuvanti* in the second line some read *Vikshate*.

side, are quickly entering thy terrible mouths rendered fierce by thy tusks. Some, with their heads crushed, are seen striking at the interstices of (thy) teeth. As many currents of water flowing through different channels roll rapidly towards the ocean, so these heroes of the world of men enter thy mouths that flame all around. As moths with increasing speed rush for (their own) destruction to the blazing fire, so also do (these) people, with unceasing speed, enter thy mouths for (their) destruction. Swallowing all these men from every side, thou lickest them with thy flaming mouths. Filling the whole universe with (thy) energy, thy fierce splendours, O Vishnu, are heating (everything). Tell me who thou art of (such) fierce form. I bow to thee, O chief of the gods, be gracious to me. I desire to know thee that art the Primeval One, I do not understand thy action.'[1]

The Holy One said, "I am Death, the destroyer of the worlds, fully developed. I am now engaged in slaying the race of men. Without thee all these warriors standing in the different divisions shall cease to be.[2] Wherefore, arise, gain glory, (and) vanquishing the foe, enjoy (this) swelling kingdom. By me have all these been already slain. Be only (my) instrument. O thou that can'st draw the bow with (even) the left hand. Drona and Bhishma, and Jayadratha, and Karna, and also other heroic warriors, (already) slain by me, do thou slay. Be not dismayed, fight; thou shalt conquer in battle (thy) foes."

Sanjaya continued,—"Hearing these words of Kesava, the diadem-decked (Arjuna), trembling, (and) with joined-hands, bowed (unto him); and once more said unto Krishna, with voice choked up and overwhelmed with fear, and making his salutations (to him).—

Arjuna said, "It is meet, Hrishikesa, that the universe is delighted and charmed in uttering thy praise, and the *Rakshasas* flee in fear in all directions, and the hosts of the *Siddhas* bow down (to thee). And why should they not bow down to thee, O Supreme Soul, that are greater than even Brahman (himself), and the primal cause? O thou that art Infinite. O God of the gods, O thou that art the refuge of the universe, thou art indestructible, thou art that which is, and that which *is not* and that which is beyond (both). Thou art the First God, the ancient (male) Being, thou art the Supreme refuge of this universe. Thou art the Knower, thou art the Object to be known, thou art the highest abode.

[1] *Pravritti* is explained by both Sankara and Sreedhara as *Chesta. i.e.*, movements or acts. Mr. Davies is, I think, not correct in taking it to mean "evolved or developed form."

[2] *Kala* here is death. Mr. Davies renders it Time, following some other translators. *Pravriddha* is not (as Mr. Davies renders it) "old" or "very old," but swelling or fully developed. Then again, Mr. Davies commits a ludicrous blunder in rendering *Rite twam* as "Except thee." This is one of those idioms at which a foreigner is sure to stumble who has only the lexicons for his guide. What Krishna says is not that all would perish save Arjuna, but that without Arjuna (*i.e.* even if he did not fight) all would perish.

By thee is pervaded this universe, O thou of infinite form.[1] Thou art Vayu Yama, Agni, Varuna, Moon, Prajapati, and Grandsire. Obeisance be t thee a thousand times, and again and yet again obeisance to thee. Obeisanc to thee in front, and also from behind. Let obeisance be to thee fro every side, O thou that art all. Thou art all, of energy that is infinite, an prowess that is immeasurable. Thou embracest the All. Regarding (thee a friend whatever hath been said by me carelessly, such as—O Krishna O Yadava, O friend,—not knowing this thy greatness from want o judgement or from love either, whatever disrespect hath been shown the for purpose of mirth, on occasions of play, lying, sitting, (or) at meals while alone or in the presence of others, O undeteriorating one, I be thy pardon for it, that art immeasurable. Thou art the father of this univers of mobiles and immobiles. Thou art the great master deserving of worship There is none equal to thee, how can there be one greater ? O thou whos power is unparalleled in even three worlds?[2] Therefore bowing (to thee prostrating (my) body, I ask thy grace, O Lord, O adorable one. I behoveth thee. O God, to bear (my faults) as a father (his) son's, a frien (his) friend's, a lover (his) loved one's. Beholding (thy) form (unseen before, I have been joyful, (yet) my mind hath been troubled, with fea Show me that (other ordinary) form, O God. Be gracious, O Lord of th gods, O thou that art the refuge of the universe. (Decked) in diadem, an (armed) with mace, discus in hand, as before, I desire to behold thee Be of that same four-armed form, O thou of a thousand arms, thou o universal form."

"The Holy One said, 'Pleased with thee, O Arjuna, I have, by m (own) mystic power, shown thee this supreme form, full of glory, Universal Infinite, Primeval, which hath been seen before by none save thee. Excep by thee alone, hero of Kuru's race, I cannot be seen in this form i the world of men by any one else, (aided) even by the study of the *Veda* and of sacrifices, by gifts, by actions, (or) by the severest austerities.[3] Le no fear be thine, nor perplexity of mind at seeing this awful form of mine Freed from fear with a joyful heart, thou again see Me assuming tha other form.' "

Sanjaya continued,—"Vasudeva, having said all this to Arjuna, onc more showed (him) his own (ordinary) form, and that High-Souled one assuming once more (his) gentle form, comforted him who had bee afflicted."

"Arjuna said, 'Beholding this gentle human form of thine, O Janardana I have now become of right mind and have come to my normal state.'

"The Holy One said, 'This form of mine which thou hast seen is difficul

[1] *Nidhanam* is either refuge or support or abode or receptacle. Mr. Davies incorrect renders it "treasure-house."

[2] Sankara accepts the reading *Gururgariyan*, Sreedhara takes it as *Gururgariyan*. I either case the difference in meaning is not material.

[3] Sankara connects *Adhyayana* with *Veda* and *Yajna*. This seems to be right explanation

of being seen. Even the gods are always desirous of becoming spectators of this (my) form. Not by the *Vedas*, nor by austerities, nor by gifts, nor by sacrifices, can I be seen in this form of mine which thou hast seen. By reverence, however, that is exclusive (in its objects), O Arjuna, I can in this form be known, seen truly, and attained to, O chastiser of foes. He who doth everything for me, who hath me for his supreme object, who is freed from attachment, who is without enmity towards all beings, even he, O Arjuna, cometh to me.'

SECTION XXXVI

'Arjuna said, 'Of those worshippers who, constantly devoted, adore thee, and those who (meditate) on thee as the Immutable and Unmanifest, who are best acquainted with devotion.'

"The Holy One said, 'Fixing (their) mind on me, they that constantly adore me, being endued (besides) with the highest faith, are deemed by me to be the most devoted. They, however, who worship the Immutable, the Unmanifest, the All-pervading, the Inconceivable, the Indifferent, the Immutable, the Eternal, who, restraining the entire group of the senses, are equal-minded in respect of all around and are engaged in the good of all creatures, (also) attain to me. The trouble is the greater for those whose minds are fixed on the Unmanifest; for the path to the Unmanifest is hard to find by those that are embodied. They (again) who, reposing all action on me (and) regarding me as their highest object (of attainment), worship me, meditating on me with devotion undirected to anything else, of them whose minds are (thus) fixed on me, I, without delay, become the deliverer from the ocean of (this) mortal world. Fix thy heart on me alone, place thy understanding on me, Hereafter then shalt thou dwell in me. (There is) no doubt (in this).[1] If however, thou art unable to fix thy heart steadily on me, then, O Dhananjaya, strive to obtain me by devotion (arising) from continuous application. If thou beest unequal to even (this) continuous application, then let actions performed for me be thy highest aim. Even performing all thy acts for my sake, thou wilt obtain perfection. If even this thou art unable to do, then resorting to devotion in me, (and) subduing thy soul, abandon the fruit of all actions. Knowledge is superior to application (in devotion); meditation is better than knowledge; the abandonment of the fruit of reaction (is better) than meditation, and tranquillity (results) immediately from abandonment. He who hath no hatred for any creature, who is friendly and compassionate also, who is free from egoism, who hath no vanity, attachment, who is alike in pleasure

[1] *Ata urddham* is 'after this,' or 'hereafter on high' as Mr. Davies renders it.

and pain, who is forgiving, contented, always devoted, of subdue soul, firm of purpose, with heart and understanding fixed on me, even h is dear to me. He through whom the world is not troubled, (and) who not troubled by the world, who is free from joy, wrath, fear and anxietie even he is dear to me. That devotee of mine who is unconcerned, pur diligent, unconnected (with worldly objects), and free from distress (o mind), and who renounceth every action (for fruit), even he is dear to me He who hath no joy, no aversion, who neither grieveth nor desireth, wh renounceth both good and evil, (and) who is full of faith in me, even h is dear to me. He who is alike to friend and foe, as also in honour and di honour, who is alike in cold and heat, (and pleasure and pain), who is fre from attachment, to whom censure and praise are equal, who is taciturn who is contented with anything that cometh (to him), who is homeless of steady mind and full of faith, even that man is dear to me. They wh resort to this righteousness (leading to) immortality which hath bee (already) declared,—those devotees full of faith and regarding me as th highest object (of their acquisition) are the dearest to me.'

SECTION XXXVII

"The Holy One said, 'This body, O son of Kunti, is called *Kshetra*. Hin who knoweth it, the learned call *Kshetrajna*.[2] Know me, O Bharata, to b *Kshetras*. The knowledge of *Kshetra* and *Kshetrajna* I regard to be (true knowledge. What that *Kshetra* (is), and what (it is) like, and what change it undergoes, and whence (it comes), what is he (*viz.*, *Kshetrajna*), an what his powers are, hear from me in brief. All this hath in many way been sung separately, by *Rishis* in various verses, in well-settled text fraught with reason and giving indications of *Brahman*. The great elements egoism, intellect, the unmanifest (*viz.*, *Prakriti*), also the ten senses, th one (manas), the five objects of sense, desire, aversion, pleasure, pain, bod consciousness, courage,—all this in brief hath been declared to be *Kshetr* in its modified form. Absence of vanity, absence of ostentation, abstentio from injury, forgiveness, uprightness, devotion to preceptor, purity, cons tancy, self-restraint, indifference to objects of sense, absence of egoism perception of the misery and evil of birth, death, decrepitude and disease,

[1]Although the limitation "for fruit" does not occur in the text, yet, it is evident, should be understood. Krishna does not recommend the total abandonment of action but abandonment for their fruit. Mr. Davies renders *arambha* as "enterprise."

[2]The learned, *i.e.*, they that are themselves acquainted with is *Kshetra* and what no As explained by Krishna himself below, *Kshetra* is Matter, and *Kshetrajna* is Soul.

[3]*Dukha-dosha* is explained by both Sankara and Sreedhara as a *Dwanda* compound

freedom from attachment, absence of sympathy for son, wife, home, and the rest, and constant equanimity of heart on attainment of good and evil, unswerving devotion to me without meditation on anything else, frequenting of lonely places, distaste for concourse of men,[1] constancy in the knowledge of the relation of the individual self to the supreme, perception of the object of the knowledge of truth,—all this is called Knowledge; all that which is contrary to this is Ignorance.[2] That which is the object of knowledge I will (now) declare (to thee), knowing which one obtaineth immortality. [It is] the Supreme *Brahma* having no beginning, who is said to be neither existent nor non-existent ; whose hands and feet are on all sides, whose eyes, heads and faces are on all sides, who dwells pervading everything in the world, who is possessed of all the qualities of the senses (though) devoid of the senses, without attachment (yet) sustaining all things, without attributes (yet) enjoying (a) all attributes,[3] without and within all creatures, immobile and mobile, not knowable because of (his) subtlety, remote yet near, undistributed in all beings, (yet) remaining as if distributed, who is the sustainer of (all) beings, the absorber and the creator (of all) ; who is the light of all luminous bodies, who is said to be beyond all darkness ; who is knowledge, the Object of knowledge, the End of knowledge and seated in the hearts of all. Thus *Kshetra*, and Knowledge, and the Object of Knowledge, have been declared (to thee) in brief. My devotee, knowing (all) this, becomes one in spirit with me. Know that Nature and Spirit are both without beginning (and) know (also) that all modifications and all qualities spring from Nature.[4] Nature is said to be the source of the capacity of enjoying pleasures and pains.[5] For Spirit, dwelling in nature enjoyeth the qualities born of Nature. The cause of its births in good or evil wombs is (its) connection with the qualities.[6] The Supreme *Purusha* in this body is said to be surveyor, approver, supporter, enjoyer, .the

[1] *Vivikta* is explained by the commentators as *Suddha* or *Chittaprasadakara*. There can be no doubt, however, that it is in opposition to *Janasamsadi* following. Hence I render it "lonely".

[2] The object of the knowledge of truth is the dispelling of ignorance and the acquisition of happiness.

[3] Nor having eyes, *etc.*, yet seeing, *etc.* ; without attributes, yet having or enjoying all that the attributes give.

[4] All modifications, *i.e.*, of material forms; all qualities, *i.e.*, pleasure, pain, *etc.* The word rendered "nature" is *Prakriti* (primal matter), and that rendered "spirit" is *Purusha* (the active principle). *Vikarna* and *Gunan* include all material forms and attributes of the soul.

[5] *Karya-karana-karttritwa* is explained by both Sankara and Sreedhara to mean "the capacity of working (residing) in the body and the senses." K. T. Telang adopts this. Mr. Davies "in his text has in the activity of the organs of action." In course of his philological notes, however, he gives the correct rendering. 'Is said to be' is explained by Sreedhara as referring to Kapila and others.

[6] It is the embodied spirit only that can enjoy the qualities of Nature. Then again, the kind of connection it has with those qualities settles its birth in good or evil wombs.

mighty lord, and also the Supreme Soul.[1] He who thus knows Spirit, and Nature, with the qualities, in whatever state he may be, is never born again. Some by meditation behold the self in the self by the self; others by devotion according to the *Sankhya* system; and others (again), by devotion through works. Others yet not knowing this, worship, hearing of it from others. Even these, devoted to what is heard, cross over death.[2] Whatever entity, immobile or mobile, cometh into existence, know that, O bull of Bharata's race, to be from the connection of *Kshetra* and *Kshetrajna* (matter and spirit). He seeth the Supreme Lord dwelling alike in all beings, the Imperishable in the Perishable. For seeing the Lord dwelling alike everywhere, one doth not destroy[3] himself by himself, and then reacheth the highest goal. He seeth (truly) who seeth all actions to be wrought by nature alone in every way and the self likewise to be not the doer. When one seeth the diversity of entities as existing in one, and the issue (everything) from that (One), then is one said to attain to *Brahma*. This inexhaustible Supreme Self, O son of Kunti, being without beginning and without attributes, doth not act, nor is stained even when stationed in the body. As space, which is ubiquitous, is never, in consequence of its subtlety tainted, so the soul, stationed in every body, is never tainted.[4] As the single Sun lights up the entire world, so the Spirit, O Bharata, lights up the entire (sphere of) matters. They that, by the eye of knowledge, know the distinction between matter and spirit, and the deliverance from the nature of all entities, attain to the Supreme.[5]

SECTION XXXVIII

"The Holy One said, 'I will again declare (to thee) that supernal science of sciences, that excellent science, knowing which all the *munis* have attained to the highest perfection from (the fetters of) this body.[6]

[1]Mr. Davies misunderstands the grammatical connection of the words in the second line of this verse. K. T. Telang, following Sreedhara, says, the word should be rendered "approver."

[2]What is heard, *i.e.*, the *Srutis* or the sacred doctrines.

[3]Destroying self by self is to be deprived of true knowledge.

[4]*Sarvatra* in the second line is explained by Sreedhara as "in every body, superior and inferior." Grammatically it may mean also, "in every part of the body." Such a theory, however, of the seat of the soul would be contrary to all Hindu ideas.

[5]*Bhuta-Prakriti-moksha* is explained by both Sankara and Sreedhara as *moksha* or deliverance from the *prakriti* (nature) of *bhutas'* or *entities*. It is true knowledge that effects such deliverance. Mr. Davies renders it "deliverance of beings from Nature." This is evidently incorrect. "Beings" is not synonymous with self or soul.

[6]*Itas* is explained by Sreedhara as "from the fetters of this body."

Resorting to this science, and attaining to my nature, they are not reborn even on (the occasion of) a (new) creation and are not disturbed at the universal dissolution. The mighty *Brahma* is a womb for me. Therein I place the (living) germ. Thence, O Bharata, the birth of all beings taketh place. Whatever (bodily) forms, O son of Kunti, are born in all wombs, of them *Brahma* is the mighty womb, (and) I the seed-imparting Sire.[1] Goodness, passion, darkness, these qualities, born of nature, bind down, O thou of mighty arms, the eternal embodied [soul] in the body. Amongst these, Goodness, from its unsullied nature, being enlightening and free from misery, bindeth (the soul), O sinless one, with the attainment of happiness and of knowledge. Know that passion, having desire for its essence, is born of thirst and attachment. That, O son of Kunti, bindeth the embodied (soul) by the attachment of work. Darkness, however, know, is born of ignorance, (and) bewilders all embodied [soul]. That bindeth, O Bharata, by error, indolence, and sleep. Goodness uniteth (the soul) with pleasure; Passion, O Bharata, uniteth with work; but darkness, veiling knowledge, uniteth with error. Passion and darkness, being repressed, Goodness remaineth, O Bharata. Passion and goodness (being repressed), darkness (remaineth); (and) darkness and goodness (being repressed), passion (remaineth). When in this body, in all its gates, the light of knowledge is produced, then should one know that goodness hath been developed there. Avarice, activity, performance of works, want of tranquillity, desire,—these, O bull of Bharata's race, are born when passion is developed. Gloom, inactivity, error, and delusion also,—these, O son of Kuru's race, are born when darkness is developed. When the holder of a body goeth to dissolution while goodness is developed, then he attaineth to the spotless regions of those that know the Supreme. Going to dissolution when passion prevails, one is born among those that are attached to work. Likewise, dissolved during darkness, one is born in wombs that beget the ignorant. The fruit of good action is said to be good and untainted. The fruit, however, of passion, is misery; (and) the fruit of Darkness is ignorance. From goodness is produced knowledge; from passion, avarice; (and) from darkness are error and delusion, and also ignorance. They that dwell in goodness go on high; they that are addicted to passion dwell in the middle; (while) they that are of darkness, being addicted to the lowest quality, go down. When an observer recognises none else to be an agent save the qualities, and knows that which is beyond (the qualities), he attaineth to my nature. The embodied [soul], by transcending these three qualities which constitute the source of all bodies, enjoyeth immortality, being freed from birth,

[1]Sreedhara makes *mahat* an adjective of *yoni;* Sankara makes it an adjective of *Brahma*. K. T. Telang follows Sankara.

[2]Happiness and knowledge are attributes of the mind, not of the soul. Hence, when attached to the soul, they are as fetters from which the soul should be freed.

death, decrepitude, and misery.'[1]

"Arjuna said, 'What are indications, O Lord, of one who hath transcended these three qualities? What is his conduct? How also doth one transcend these three qualities?"

"The Holy One said, 'He who hath no aversion for light, activity, and even delusion, O son of Pandu, when they are present, nor desireth them when they are absent,[2] who, seated as one unconcerned, is not shaken by those qualities; who sitteth and moveth not, thinking that it is the qualities (and *not* he) that are engaged (in their respective functions); to whom pain and pleasure are alike; who is self-contained, and to whom a sod of earth, a stone, and gold are alike; to whom the agreeable and the disagreeable are the same; who hath discernment; to whom censure and praise are the same; to whom honour and dishonour are the same; who regardeth friend and foe alike; who hath renounced all exertion— is said to have transcended the qualities. He also who worshippeth Me with exclusive devotion, he, transcending those qualities, becometh fit for admission into the nature of *Brahma*. For I am the stay of *Brahma*, of immortality, of undestructibility, of eternal piety, and of unbroken felicity.'[3]

SECTION XXXIX

"The Holy One said, 'They say that the *Aswattha*, having its roots above and branches below, is eternal, its leaves are the *Chhandas*. He who knoweth it, knoweth the *Vedas*.[4] Downwards and upwards are stretched its branches which are enlarged by the qualities; its sprouts are the objects of senses. Downwards its roots, leading to action, are extended to this world of men.[5] Its form cannot here (below) be thus known, nor

[1] *Deha samudbhava* is explained by the commentators as having their "*samudbhava* or *parinama* in deha." It is an instance of the *vahuvrihi* compound.

[2] Light, activity, and delusion are the three qualities as indicated by their effects.

[3] *Pratishtha* is explained by Sankara as "something on which another (here Brahma) stays or rests." Sreedhara explains it as *Pratima*. Telang following Sreedhara, renders it "embodiment;" Mr. Davies, as "seat." *Amritasya* and *Avyayasya* are taken separately by the commentators.

[4] The '*Aswattha*' is the sacred Indian fig tree, here emblematical of the course of worldly life. Its roots are above; those roots are the Supreme Being. Its branches are below, these being the inferior deities. Its leaves are the sacred hymns of the Vedas, *i.e.*, as leaves keep the tree alive and even conduce to its fruits, so the Vedas support this tree and lead to salvation.

[5] Upwards and downwards *i.e.*, from the highest to the lowest of created things. Enlarged by the qualities, *i.e.*, the qualities appearing as the body, the senses, etc. The sprouts are the objects of sense, being attached to the senses themselves as sprouts to branches. The roots extending downwards are the desires for diverse enjoyments. Thus Telang, following the commentators.

(its) end, nor (its) beginning, nor (its) support. Cutting, with the hard weapon of unconcern, this *Aswattha* of roots firmly fixed, then should one seek for that place repairing whither one returneth not again (thinking)—I will seek the protection of that Primeval Sire from whom the ancient course of (worldly) life hath flowed.—Those that are free from pride and delusion, that have subdued the evil of attachment, that are steady in the contemplation of the relation of the Supreme to the individual self, from whom desire hath departed, freed from the pairs of opposites known by the names of pleasure and pain (and the like), repair, undeluded, to that eternal seat. The sun lighteth not that [seat], nor the moon, nor fire. Whither going none returneth, that is my supreme seat. An eternal portion of Me is that which, becoming an individual soul in the world of life, draweth to itself the (five) senses with the mind as the sixth which all depend on nature. When the sovereign (of this bodily frame) assumeth or quitteth (a) body, it departeth taking away these, like the wind (taking away) perfumes from their seats. Presiding over the ear, the eye, (the organs of) touch, taste, and smell, and also over the mind, he enjoyeth all objects of senses. They that are deluded do not see (him) when quitting or abiding in (the body), when enjoying or joined to the qualities. They (however) see that have the eye of knowledge.[1] Devotees exerting (towards that end) behold him dwelling in themselves. They (however) that are senseless and whose minds are not restrained, behold him not, even while exerting (themselves).[2] That splendour dwelling in the sun which illumines the vast universe, that (which is) in the moon, and that (which is) in the fire, know that splendour to be mine. Entering into the earth I uphold creatures by my force; and becoming the juicy moon I nourish all herbs.[3] Myself becoming the vital heat (*Vaiswanara*) residing in the bodies of creatures that breathe, (and) uniting with the upward and the downward life-breaths, I digest the four kinds of food.[4] I am seated in the hearts of all. From Me are memory and knowledge and the loss of both. I am the objects of knowledge to be known by (the aid of) all the *Vedas*. I am the author of the *Vedantas*, and I alone

[1]Joined to the qualities, *i.e.*, perceiving objects of sense or experiencing pleasure and pain.

[2]"*Atmani*" in the first line is "in the body" as explained by Sreedhara and others: "in the understanding" as explained by Sankara. It seems, however, to be used in the general senses of "themselves", without particular reference to either body or understanding. An *Akritatman* is one whose soul is not made or formed; generally, "a person of unsubdued passions."

[3]There can be no question that *Soma* here means the moon and not the *Soma* juice quaffed in sacrifices, or sap. It is the moon that supports, nourishes all herbs and numerous passages may be quoted from Hindu sacred literature to show this. Mr. Davies, therefore, clearly errs in rendering *Soma* as "the savoury juice."

[4]The four kinds of food are: that which is masticated, that which is sucked, that which is licked, and that which is drunk.

am the knower of the *Vedas*.[1] There are these two entities in the world, *viz.*, the mutable and the immutable. The mutable is all (these) creatures. The unchangeable one is called the immutable.[2] But there is another, the Supreme Being, called *Paramatman*, who was the Eternal Lord, pervading the three worlds, sustaineth (them) (and) since I transcend the mutable, and am higher than even the immutable; for this I am celebrated in the world (among men) and in the *Veda* as *Purushottama* (the Highest Being). He who, without being deluded, knoweth Me as this Highest Being,—he knowing all, O Bharata, worshippeth Me in every way.[3] Thus, O sinless one, hath this knowledge, forming the greatest of mysteries, been declared by Me (to thee). Knowing this, O Bharata, one will become gifted with intelligence, and will have done all he needs do.'

SECTION XL

"The Holy One said, 'Fearlessness, purity of heart, perseverance in (the pursuit of) knowledge and *Yoga* meditation, gifts, self-restraint, sacrifice, study of the *Vedas*, ascetic penances, uprightness,[4] abstention from injury, truth, freedom from anger, renunciation, tranquillity, freedom from reporting other's faults, compassion for all creatures, absence of covetousness, gentleness, modesty, absence of restlessness, vigour, forgiveness, firmness, cleanliness, absence of quarrelsomeness, freedom from vanity,—these become his, O Bharata, who is born to god-like possessions. Hypocrisy, pride, conceit, wrath, rudeness and ignorance, are, O son of Pritha, his who is born to demoniac possessions. God-like possessions are deemed to be for deliverance; the demoniac for bondage. Grieve not, O son of Pandu, for thou art born to god-like possessions. (There are) two kinds of created beings in this world, *viz.*, the god-like and the demoniac. The god-like have been described at length. Hear now, from me, O son of Pritha, about the demoniac. Persons of demoniac nature know not inclination or disinclination. Neither purity, nor good

[1] *Apohanam* is loss or removal. It is a well-known word and its application here is very natural. I am memory and knowledge (to those that use them for virtuous acts). I am the loss of these faculties (to those that engage in unrighteous acts). Mr. Davies erroneously renders it as "The power of reason."

[2] *Kutashtha* is rendered by K. T. Telang as "the unconcerned one", by Mr. Davies as "the lord on high." I incline to the scholiasts who explain it as "the uniform or the unchangeable one."

[3] *Sarvabhavena* is explained by Sankara by *Sarvatma-chintaya* (thinking Me to be the soul of everything). Sreedhara explains it as *Sarvaprakarena*. Why may it not mean "with the whole soul" or "with excess of love."

[4] I adopt Sankara's explanation of the last compound of the first line of this sloka, Sreedhara explains it differently.

conduct, nor truth exist in them.[1] They say that the universe is void of truth, of guiding principle, (and) of ruler ; produced by the union of one another (male and female) from lust, and nothing else. Depending on this view, these men of lost selves, little intelligence, and fierce deeds, these enemies (of the world), are born for the destruction of the universe.[2] Cherishing desires that are insatiable, and endued with hypocrisy, conceit and folly, they adopt false notions through delusion and engage in unholy practices. Cherishing boundless thoughts limited by death (alone), and regarding the enjoyment of (their) desires as the highest end, they are persuaded that *that* is *all*. Fettered by the hundred nooses of hope, addicted to lust and wrath, they covet to obtain this wealth to-day,—This I will obtain later,—This wealth I have,—This (wealth) will be mine in addition,—This foe hath been slain by me,—I will slay even others,—I am lord,—I am the enjoyer,—I am successful, powerful, happy,—I am rich and of noble birth,—Who else is there that is like me ?—I will sacrifice,—I will make gifts,—I will be merry,—thus deluded by ignorance,—tossed about by numerous thoughts, enveloped in the meshes of delusion, attached to the enjoyment of objects of desire, they sink into foul hell. Self-conceited, stubborn, filled with the pride and intoxication of wealth, they perform sacrifices that are nominally so, with hypocrisy and against the (prescribed) ordinance. Wedded to vanity, power, pride, lust and wrath, these revilers hate Me in their own bodies and those of others. These haters (of Me), cruel, the vilest among men, and unholy, I hurl continually down into demoniac wombs. Coming into demoniac wombs, deluded birth after birth, they, O son of Kunti, without attaining to Me go down to the vilest state. Three-fold is the way to hell, ruinous to the self, *viz.*, lust, wrath, likewise avarice. Therefore, these three, one should renounce. Freed from these three gates of darkness, a man, O son of Kunti, works out his own welfare, and then repairs to his highest goal. He who, abandoning the ordinances of the scriptures, acts only under the impulses of desire, never attains to perfection, nor happiness, nor the highest goal. Therefore, the scriptures should be thy authority in determining what should be done and what should not be done. It behoveth thee to do work here, having ascertained what hath been declared by the ordinances of the scriptures.' "

[1] *Prabritti* I render "inclination" and *Nivritti* as "disinclination." The inclination is, as all the commentators explain, towards righteous actions, and the disinclination, consequently, is about all unrighteous actions. K. T. Telang renders these words as "action" and "inaction". Mr. Davies, following the French version of Burnouf, takes them to mean "the creation and its end."

[2] Sankara seems to connect the genetive *Jagatas* with *achitas* Sreedhara connects it (which is natural) with *Kshayaya,* which I accept.

SECTION XLI

"Arjuna said, 'What is the state, O Krishna, of those who abandoning the ordinance of the scriptures, perform sacrifices endued with faith ? It is one of Goodness, or Passion, or Darkness ?'

"The Holy One said, 'The faith of embodied (creatures) is of three kinds. It is (also) born of their (individual) natures. It is good, passionate, and dark. Hear now these. The faith of one, O Bharata, is conformable to his own nature. A being here is full of faith; and whatever is one's faith, one is even that. They that are of the quality of goodness worship the gods; they that are of the quality of passion (worship) the *Yakshas* and the *Rakshasas*; other people that are of the quality of darkness worship departed spirits and hosts of *Bhutas*. Those people who practise severe ascetic austerities not ordained by the scriptures, are given up to hypocrisy and pride, and endued with desire of attachment, and violence,—those persons possessed of no discernment, torturing the groups of organs in (their) bodies and Me also seated within (those) bodies,—should be known to be of demoniac resolves. Food which is dear to all is of three kinds. Sacrifice, penance, and gifts are likewise (of three kinds). Listen to their distinctions as follows. Those kinds of food that increase life's period, energy, strength, health, well-being, and joy, which are savoury, oleaginous, nutritive, and agreeable, are liked by God. Those kinds of food which are bitter, sour, salted, over-hot, pungent, dry, and burning, and which produce pain, grief and disease, are desired by the passionate. The food which is cold, without savour, stinking and corrupt, and which is even refuse, and filthy, is dear to men of darkness. That sacrifice is good which, being prescribed by the ordinance, is performed by persons, without any longing for the fruit (thereof) and the mind being determined (to it under the belief) that its performance is a duty. But that which is performed in expectation of fruit and even for the sake of ostentation, know that sacrifice, O chief of the sons of Bharata, to be of the quality of passion. That sacrifice which is against the ordinance, in which no food is dealt out, which is devoid of *mantras* (sacred verse), in which no fees are paid to the brahmanas assisting to it, and which is void of faith, is said to be of the quality of darkness. Reverence to the gods, regenerate ones, preceptors, and men of knowledge, purity, uprightness, the practices of a *Brahmacharin,* and abstention from injury, are said to constitute the penance of the body. The speech which causeth no agitation, which is true, which is agreeable and beneficial, and the diligent study of the *Vedas*, are said to be the penance of speech. Serenity of the mind, gentleness, taciturnity, self-restraint, and purity of the disposition,—these are said to be the penance of the mind. This three-fold penance performed with perfect faith, by men without desire of fruit, and with devotion, is said to be of the quality of goodness. That penance which is performed for the sake of (gaining) respect, honour, and reverence, with hypocrisy,

(and) which is unstable and transient is said to be of the quality of passion. That penance which is performed under a deluded conviction. with torture of one's self, and for the destruction of another, is said to be of the quality of darkness. That gift which is given because it ought to be given, to one who cannot return any service for it, in a proper time, and to a proper person, is said to be of the quality of goodness. That, however, which is given reluctantly, for return of services (past or expected), or even with an eye to fruit,—that gift is said to be of the quality of passion. In an unfit place and at an unfit time, the gift that is made to an unworthy object, without respect, and with contempt, is said to be of the quality of darkness. OM, TAT, SAT, this is said to be the three-fold designation of *Brahma*. By that (*Brahma*), the Brahmanas and the Vedas, and the Sacrifices, were ordained of old. Therefore, uttering the syllable OM, the sacrifices, gifts, and penances, prescribed by the ordinance, of all utterers of *Brahma* begin. Uttering TAT, the various rites of sacrifice, penance, and gifts, without expectation of fruit, are performed by those that are desirous of deliverance. SAT is employed to denote existence and goodness. Likewise, O son of Pritha, the word SAT is used in any auspicious act. Constancy in sacrifices, in penances and in gifts, is also called *SAT*, and an act, too, for the sake of *That* is called SAT.[1] Whatever oblation is offered (to the fire), whatever is given away, whatever penance is performed, whatever is done, without faith, is, O son of Pritha, said to be the opposite of SAT; and that is nought both here and hereafter.[2]'

SECTION XLII

"Arjuna said, 'Of renunciation, O thou of mighty arms, I desire to know the true nature, and also of abandonment, O lord of the senses distinctly, O slayer of Kesi.'[3]

"The Holy One said, 'The rejection of the works with desire is known by the learned as renunciation. The abandonment of the fruit of all work, the discerning call abandonment. Some wise men say that work (itself)

[1]'That' evidently refers to sacrifice, penance, and gift, in the clause before. The commentators, however, suggest that it may, besides, refer to Brahma. I am myself not sure that it does not refer to Brahma.

[2]What the author wishes to lay down in these verses is that the words *OM*, *TAT*, and *SAT*, have each their respective uses. When used as directed here, such use cures the defects of the respective actions to which they are applied, it being understood that all three denote Brahma.

[3]*Sanyasa* I render Renunciation. K. T. Telang does the same. Mr. Davies renders it "abstention." So '*Tyaga*' I render "abandonment." Mr. Davies renders it "renunciation." What the two words, however, mean is explained fully in the verses that follow.

should be abandoned as evil; others (say) that the works of sacrifice, gifts, and penance, should not be abandoned. As to that abandonment, listen to my decision, O best of the sons of Bharata, for abandonment, O tiger among men, hath been declared to be of three kinds. The works of sacrifice, gifts, and penance should not be abandoned. They should, indeed, be done. Sacrifice, gift, and penance, are the purifications of the wise. But even those works should be done, abandoning attachment and fruit. This, O son of Pritha, is my excellent and decided opinion. The renunciation of an act prescribed (in the scriptures) is not proper. Its abandonment (is) from delusion, (and) is (therefore,) declared to be of the quality of darkness.[1] (Regarding it) as (a source of) sorrow, when work is abandoned from (fear of) bodily pain, one making such an abandonment which is of the quality of passion never obtaineth the fruit of abandonment. (Regarding it) as one that should be done, when[2] work that is prescribed (in the scriptures) is done, O Arjuna, abandoning attachment and fruit also, that abandonment is deemed to be of the quality of goodness. Possessed of intelligence and with doubts dispelled, an abandoner that is endowed with the quality of goodness hath no aversion for an unpleasant action and no attachment to pleasant (ones).[3] Since actions cannot be absolutely abandoned by an embodied person, (therefore) he who abandons the fruit of actions is truly said to be an abandoner. Evil, good and mixed—action hath (this) three-fold fruit hereafter for those that do not abandon. But there is none whatever for the renouncer.[4] Listen from me, O thou of mighty arms, to those five causes for the completion of all actions, declared in the *Sankhya* treating of the annihilation of actions.[5] (They are) substratum, agent, the diverse kinds of organs, the diverse efforts severally, and with them the deities as the fifth.[6] With body, speech, or mind, whatever work, just or the reverse, a man undertakes, these five are its causes. That being so, he that, owing to an unrefined understanding, beholdeth his own self as solely the agent, he, dull in mind,

[1]Both Sankara and Sreedhara explain the second line consisting of two propositions, the connecting verb *bhavet* being understood.

[2]I have used "when" for "whatever" to make the sentence grammatical.

[3]Davies, giving the sense correctly, does not follow the true order of the subject and the predicate. Following Lassen, he renders *kusala* and *akusala* as "prosperous" and "unprosperous;" for *medhabi* K. T. Telang has rendered "talented" which has not the sanction of good usage.

[4]That is, as Sreedhara explains, one who hath renounced the fruit of actions.

[5]*Kritante* Sankara takes it as an adjective of *Sankhye* and thinks that the reference is to the *Vedanta*. Sreedhara also seems to be of the same opinion.

[6]The substratum is the body. The agent is the person that thinks himself to be the actor. The organs are those of perception etc. The efforts are the actions of the vital winds—*Prana, etc.* The deities are those that preside over the eye and the other senses. The deities have no place in Kapila's system. Hence, if it is not the Vedanta, some system materially based upon Kapila's and recognising the interference of the deities, seems to be indicated. *Atra* is explained by Sreedhara as equivalent to "among" or "with these." I think, however, it means, "are here", *i.e.*, are enumerated here, or, in this connection.

beholdeth not. He that hath no feeling of egoism, whose mind is not sullied, he, even killing all these people, killeth not, nor is fettered (by action).[1]—Knowledge, the object of knowledge, and the knower, form the three-fold impulse of action. Instrument, action, and the agent, form the three-fold complement of action.[2] Knowledge, action, and agent, are declared in the enumeration of qualities to be three-fold, according to the difference of qualities. Listen to those also duly.[3] That by which One Eternal Essence is viewed in all things, undivided in the divided, know *that* to be knowledge having the quality of goodness. That knowledge which discerneth all things as diverse essences of different kinds in consequence of their separateness, know that that knowledge hath the quality of passion. But that which is attached to (each) single object as if it were the whole, which is without reason, without truth, and mean, that knowledge hath been said to be of the quality of darkness. The action which is prescribed (by the scriptures), (done) without attachment, performed without desires and aversion, by one who longeth not for (its) fruit, is said to be of the quality of goodness. But that action which is done by one seeking objects of desire, or by one filled with egoism, and which is attended with great trouble, is said to be of the quality of passion. That action which is undertaken from delusion, without regard to consequences, loss, injury (to others), and (one's own) power also, is said to be of the quality of passion. The agent who is free from attachment, who never speaketh of himself, who is endued with constancy and energy, and is unmoved by success and defeat, is said to be of the quality of goodness. The agent who is full of affections, who wisheth for the fruit of actions, who is covetous, endued with cruelty, and impure, and who feeleth joy and sorrow, is declared to be of the quality of passion.[4] The agent who is void of application, without discernment, obstinate, deceitful, malicious, slothful, desponding, and procrastinating, is said to be of the quality of darkness.[5] Hear now, O Dhananjaya, the three-fold division of intellect and constancy, according to their qualities, which I am about to declare exhaustively and distinctly. The intellect which knoweth action and inaction, what ought to be done and what ought not to be done, fear and fearlessness, bondage and deliverance, is, O son of Pritha, of the quality of goodness. The intellect by which one imperfectly discerneth right and wrong, that which ought to be done and that which ought not to be done, is, O son of Pritha, of the quality of passion. That intellect which, shrouded by darkness, regardeth wrong to be right, and all things as reversed,

[1]Hath no feeling of egoism, *i.e.*, doth not regard himself as the doer, *Sullied, i.e.*, by the taint of desire of fruit.

[2]Mr. Davies, I think, is right in rendering *Samgrahas* as "complement." K. T. Telang renders it as equivalent to "in brief."

[3]In the enunciation of qualities *i.e.*, in the Sankhya system.

[4]Full of affections, *i.e.*, for children, *etc.*, as Sreedhara.

[5]*Prakrita* which I have rendered "without discernment" following Sreedhara, may be, as Mr. Davies renders it, but "malicious."

is, O son of Pritha, of the quality of darkness. That unswerving constancy by which one controls the functions of the mind, the life-breaths, and the senses, through devotion, that constancy, is, O son of Pritha, of the quality of goodness.[1] But that constancy, O Arjuna, by which one holds to religion, desire, and profit, through attachment, desiring fruit, that constancy, O son of Pritha, is of the quality of passion. That through which an undiscerning person abandons not sleep, fear, sorrow, despondency, and folly, that constancy is deemed to be of the quality of darkness. Hear now from me, O bull of Bharata's race, of the three kinds of happiness. That in which one findeth pleasure from repetition (of enjoyment), which bringeth an end to pain, which is like poison first but resembleth nectar in the end, that happiness born of the serenity produced by a knowledge of self, is said to be of the quality of goodness.[2] That which is from the contact of the senses with their objects which resembleth nectar first but is like poison in the end, that happiness is held to be of the quality of passion. That happiness which in the beginning and its consequences deludeth the soul, and springeth from sleep, indolence, and stupidity, that is described to be of the quality of darkness. There is not, either on earth or heaven among the gods, the entity that is free from these three qualities born of nature. The duties of Brahmanas, Kshatriyas, and Vaisyas, and of Sudras also, O chastiser of foes, are distinguished by (these three) qualities born of nature. Tranquillity, self-restraint, ascetic austerities, purity, forgiveness, rectitude, knowledge, experience, and belief (in an existence hereafter),—these are the duties of Brahmanas, born of (their proper) nature. Bravery, energy, firmness, skill, not flying away from battle, liberality, the bearing of a ruler,—these are the duties of Kshatriyas, born of (their proper) nature. Agriculture, tending of cattle, and trade, are the natural duties of Vaisyas. Of Sudras also, the natural duty consists in servitude. Every man, engaged in his own duties, attains to perfection. Hear now how one obtains perfection by application to his duties. Him from whom are the movements of all beings, Him by whom all this is pervaded, worshipping him by (the performance of) one's own duty, one obtaineth perfection. Better is one's own duty though performed faultily than another's duty well-performed. Performing the duty prescribed by (one's own) nature, one incurreth no sin. One must not abandon, O son of Kunti, one's natural duty though tainted with evil, for all actions are enveloped by evil like fire by smoke. He whose mind is unattached everywhere, who hath subdued his self, and whose desire hath departed, obtaineth, through renunciation, the supreme perfection of freedom from work. Learn from me, only in brief, O son of Kunti, how one, having obtained (this kind of) perfection, attaineth to *Brahma* which is the supreme end of knowledge. Endued with

[1]Mr. Davies makes "unswerving" an adjective of 'devotion.' This is wrong, for *Avyabhicharinya* (unswerving) is a feminine instrumental, and must qualify *Dhritya*.

[2]*Atma-budhi-prasadajam*. K. T. Telang, following an alternative explanation offered by Sankara, renders it "clear knowledge of the self." Mr. Davies renders the "serenity of one's own mind." I follow Sreedhara.

a pure mind, and restraining his self by constancy, renouncing sound and other objects of sense, and casting off affection and aversion, he who resideth in a lonely place, eateth little, and restraineth speech, body, and mind, who is ever intent on meditation and abstraction, who hath recourse to indifference, who, abandoning egoism, violence, pride, lust, wrath, and (all) surroundings, hath been freed from selfishness and is tranquil (in mind), becometh fit for assimilation with *Brahma*. Becoming one with *Brahma*, tranquil in spirit, (such a) one grieveth not, desireth not; alike to all beings, he obtaineth the highest devotion to Me. By (that) devotion he truly understandeth Me. What I am, and who I am; then understanding Me truly, he entereth into Me forthwith. Even performing all actions at all times having refuge in Me, he obtaineth, through my favour, the seat that is eternal and imperishable. Dedicating in thy heart all actions to Me, being devoted to Me, resorting to mental abstraction, fix thy thoughts constantly on Me. Fixing thy thoughts on Me, thou wilt surmount all difficulties through my grace. But if from self-conceit thou wilt not listen, thou wilt (then) utterly perish. If, having recourse to self-conceit, thou thinkest—*I will not fight*,—that resolution of thine would be vain, (for) Nature will constrain thee. That which, from delusion, thou dost not wish to do, thou wilt do involuntarily, bound by thy own duty springing from (thy own) nature. The Lord, O Arjuna, dwelleth in the region of the heart of beings, turning all beings as if mounted on a machine, by his illusive power. Seek shelter with Him in every way, O Bharata. Through his grace thou wilt obtain supreme tranquillity, the eternal seat. Thus hath been declared to thee by Me the knowledge that is more mysterious than any (other) matter. Reflecting on it fully, act as thou likest. Once more, listen to my supernal words, the most mysterious of all. Exceedingly dear art thou to Me, therefore, I will declare what is for thy benefit. Set thy heart on Me, become My devotee, sacrifice to Me, bow down to Me. Then shalt thou come to Me. I declare to thee truly, (for) thou art dear to Me. Forsaking all (religious) duties, come to Me as thy sole refuge. I will deliver thee from all sins. Do not grieve. This is not to be ever declared by thee to one who practiseth no austerities, to one who is not a devotee, to one who never waiteth on a preceptor, nor yet to one who calumniateth Me. He who shall inculcate this supreme mystery to those that are devoted to Me, offering Me the highest devotion, will come to Me, freed from (all his) doubts.[1] Amongst men there is none who can do Me a dearer service than he, nor shall any other on earth be dearer to Me than he. And he who will study this holy converse between us, by him will have been offered to Me the sacrifice of knowledge. Such is my opinion. Even the man who, with faith and without cavil, will hear it (read), even he freed (from re-birth), will obtain of the blessed regions of

[1] *Asamsayas* is the reading that occurs in every text, and not *Asamsayam*. Mr. Davies, therefore, is incorrect in rendering it "doubtless" and making it an adverb qualifying "come to me."

those that perform pious acts. Hath this, O son of Pritha, been heard by thee with mind undirected to any other objects? Hath thy delusion, (caused) by ignorance, been destroyed, O Dhananjaya?'

"Arjuna said, 'My delusion hath been destroyed, and the recollection (of what I am) hath been gained by me, O Undeteriorating one, through thy favour. I am now firm. My doubts have been dispelled. I will do thy bidding.' "

Sanjaya continued, "Thus I heard this converse between Vasudeva and the high-souled son of Pritha, (that is) wonderful and causeth the hair to stand on end. Through Vyasa's favour heard I this supreme mystery, this (doctrine of) *Yoga*, from Krishna himself, the Lord of *Yoga*, who declared it in person. O King recollecting and (again) recollecting this wonderful (and) holy converse of Kesava and Arjuna, I rejoice over and over again. Recollecting again and again that wonderful form also of Hari, great is my amazement, O king, and I rejoice ever more. Thither where Krishna, the Lord of *Yoga* (is), thither where the great bowman (Partha) is, thither, in my opinion, are prosperity, and victory, and greatness, and eternal justice.[1]' "

SECTION XLIII

Sanjaya said,—"Beholding Dhananjaya then to take up once again (his) arrows and *Gandiva*, the mighty car-warriors (of the Pandava party) uttered a tremendous shout. And those heroes, *viz.*, the Pandavas and the Somakas, and those who followed them, filled with joy, blew their sea-born conches. And drums, and *Pesis*, and *Karkachas*, and cow-horns were beaten and blown together, and the uproar made was very loud. And then, O ruler of men, there came the gods, with *Gandharvas* and the *Pitris*, and the hosts of *Siddhas* and *Charanas*, from desire of witnessing (the sight). And *Rishis* highly blessed came there in a body with him (Indra) of a hundred sacrifices at their head, for beholding that great slaughter. Then, O king, beholding the two armies, that looked like two oceans, ready for the encounter and continuously moving, the heroic king Yudhishthira, the Just, putting off his coat of mail and casting aside his excellent weapon and quickly descending from his car, with joined hands, proceeded on foot, eyeing the grandsire, with restrained speech, facing the east, towards the direction where the hostile host was (standing).[2] And

[1] *Bhuti* is explained by Sreedhara as gradual *abhivridhhi*, *i.e.*, growth or greatness. *Niti* is explained as *Nyaya* or justice.

[2] *Varayudham* is according to Nilakantha, the excellent bow. *Yena* in verse 8 is equivalent to *Yatra*.

seeing him proceed (thus), Dhananjaya, the son of Kunti, speedily alighting from his car, followed him, accompanied by his (other) brothers. And the Lord Vasudeva also followed him behind. And the principal kings too (of his army), filled with anxiety, followed in the same path.

"Arjuna said, 'What is this act of thine, O king, that abandoning thy brothers, thou proceedest on foot, face eastwards, to the hostile host?'

"Bhimasena said, 'Where wilt thou go, O king of kings, having cast off thy coat of mail and weapons, towards the warriors of the foe cased in mail, and leaving thy brothers, O ruler of earth?'

"Nakula said, 'Thou art my eldest brother, O Bharata, (beholding) thee proceeding in this way, fear troubleth my bosom. Tell (us), whither wilt thou go?'

"Sahadeva said, 'When these hostile divisions, terrible and numerous, are here with whom we are to fight, whither dost thou go, O king, in the direction of our foes?'

Sanjaya continued, "Though thus addressed by his brothers, O son of Kuru's race, Yudhishthira of restrained speech said nothing but continued to proceed. Unto them (then), the high-souled Vasudeva of great wisdom smilingly said,—His object is known to me. Having paid his respects to all his superiors (such as) Bhishma, Drona, and Kripa, and Salya also, he will fight the foe. It is heard in histories of olden times that he who, having paid his respects according to the ordinance unto his preceptors revered in years and his kinsmen, fighteth with those that are his superiors, is sure to obtain victory in battle. Even that is my opinion.—When Krishna was saying this, among the ranks of Dhritarashtra's son, a loud uproar of *Alas*, and *Oh* arose, but the other (army) remained perfectly still. Beholding Yudhishthira, the heroic warriors of Dhritarashtra's son conversed with one another saying,—'This one is an infamous wretch of his race. It is plain that this king is coming in terror towards Bhishma's side. Yudhishthira, with his brothers, hath become a seeker after (Bhishma's) shelter. When Dhananjaya, however, is (his) protector, and Pandu's son Vrikodara, and Nakula, and Sahadeva also, why doth the (eldest) son of Pandu come (hither) in fear? Though celebrated in the world, this one, however, could never have been born in the *Kshatriya* order, since he is weak and his bosom is filled with fear (at the prospect) of battle.' Then those warriors all praised the Kauravas. And all of them, becoming rejoiced, with cheerful hearts waved their garments. And, O monarch, all the warriors there (then) censured Yudhishthira with all his brothers and along with Kesava too. Then the Kaurava army, having said *Fie* to Yudhishthira, soon again, O monarch, became perfectly still,—What will this king say? What will Bhishma say in reply? What will Bhima boastful of his powers in battle, (say), and what Krishna and Arjuna? What, indeed, hath (Yudhishthira) to say?—Great was the curiosity then, O king, of both the armies in respect of Yudhishthira. The king (meanwhile), penetrating the hostile array bristling with arrows and darts, proceeded quickly towards Bhishma, surrounded by his brothers. Seizing his feet with his two

hands, the royal son of Pandu then said unto Santanu's son Bhishma who was there ready for battle, (these words).

"Yudhishthira said, 'I salute thee, O invincible one. With thee we will do battle. Grant (us) thy permission in that matter. Give (us) also (thy) blessing.'

"Bhishma said, 'If, O lord of the earth, thou hadst not, in this battle come to me thus, I would have, O great king, cursed thee, O Bharata, for bringing about thy defeat. I am gratified (with thee), O son. Do battle, and obtain victory, O son of Pandu, What else may be desired by thee, obtain thou in battle. Solicit also the boon, O son of Pritha, which thou desirest to have from us. If it happens so, O great king, then defeat will not be thine. A man is the slave of wealth, but wealth is no one's slave. This is very true, O king. I have been bound by the Kauravas with (their) wealth. It is for this, O son of Kuru's race, that like a eunuch I am uttering these words, *viz.*,—Bound I am by the Kauravas with wealth. Battle excepted, what dost thou desire?[1]'

"Yudhishthira said, 'O thou of great wisdom, do thou, desirous of my welfare, from day to day, consult my interests. Do battle, however for the sake of the Kauravas. Even this is always my prayer (to thee).'

"Bhishma said, 'O king, O son of Kuru's race, what aid can I render thee in this ? I shall, of course, fight for (thy) foes. Tell me what thou hast to say.'

"Yudhishthira said, 'Therefore, O Sire, I ask thee, I bow to thee, O grandsire, how shall we, in battle, vanquish thee that art invincible? Tell me this that is for my benefit, if indeed, thou seest any good in it."

"Bhishma said, 'I do not, O son of Kunti, see the person who, even if he were the chief of the celestials himself, can defeat me in battle when I fight.'

"Yudhishthira said, 'My salutations to thee, O grandsire. Therefore, do I ask thee (this). Tell us how thy own death may be compassed by foes in battle.'

"Bhishma said, 'I do not see the person, O sire, who can vanquish me in battle. The time also of my death is not yet come to me once again."

Sanjaya continued,—"Then, O son of Kuru's race, Yudhishthira, once more saluting him, accepted Bhishma's words with a bend of his head. And that mighty-armed one then proceeded towards the car of the preceptor (Drona) through the midst of all the soldiers who were eyeing him, accompanied by his brothers. Then saluting Drona and walking round him, the king spoke to that invincible warrior words that were for his own benefit.[2]

[1]What Bhishma says is this : I am bound by the Kauravas and, therefore, I am not a free agent. Obliged I am to battle against you. Yet I am saying, "What do you ask of me?" as if I could really give you what you might ask. My words, therefore, are without meaning, or vain, like those of a eunuch. *Klivavat* is explained by Nilakantha as *Kataravat*. Even in that case, the sense would be the same.

[2]The Bengal reading is evidently incorrect. The Bombay text reads *Raja* for *Vacoa*.

"Yudhishthira said, 'I ask thee, O invincible one, how I may fight without incurring sin, and how, with thy permission, O regenerate one, I may vanquish all my foes.?[1]

"Drona said, 'If, having resolved to fight, thou hadst not come to me (thus), I would have cursed thee. O king, for thy complete overthrow. I am, however, gratified, O Yudhishthira, and honoured by thee, O sinless one. I permit thee, fight and obtain victory. I will also fulfil thy wish. Say what thou hast to say. Under these circumstances, battle excepted, what dost thou wish? A man is the slave of wealth, but wealth is not one's slave. This is quite true, O king ! Bound I have been with (their) wealth by the Kauravas ! It is for this that like a eunuch I shall fight for the sake of the Kauravas. It is for this that like a eunuch I am uttering these words—*Battle excepted, what dost thou wish?* I shall fight for the sake of the Kauravas, but will pray for thy victory.'[2]

"Yudhishthira said, 'Pray for my victory, O regenerate one, and counsel what is for my good. Fight, however, for the Kauravas. This is the boon solicited by me.'

"Drona said, 'Victory, O king, is certain for thee that hast Hari for thy counsellor. I (also) grant thee that thou wilt vanquish thy foes in battle. Thither where righteousness is, thither is Krishna, and thither where Krishna is, thither is victory. Go, fight, O son of Kunti ! Ask me, what shall I say unto thee?'

"Yudhishthira said, 'I ask thee, O foremost of regenerate ones, listen to what I have to say. How shall we in battle vanquish thee that art invincible?'

"Drona said, 'As long as I will fight, so long victory can never be thine. (Therefore) O king, seek with thy brothers, for my speedy slaughter.'

"Yudhishthira said, 'Alas, for this, O thou of mighty arms, tell (us) the means of thy death. O preceptor, prostrating myself I ask thee this. (My) salutations to thee."

"Drona said, 'The foe, O sire, I see not who may slay me while standing in battle I am engaged in fight, with wrath excited, and scattering (my) arrowy showers continually. Except when addrest for death O king, having abandoned my arms and withdrawn (in *Yoga* meditation) from surrounding sights, none will be able to slay me. This that I tell thee is true. I also tell thee truly that I will cast off my arms in battle, having heard something very disagreeable from some one of credible speech.—' "

Sanjaya continued, "Hearing these words, O king, of the wise son of Bharadwaja, and honouring the preceptor, (Yudhishthira then) proceeded towards the son of Saradwat. And saluting Kripa and walking round him, O king, Yudhishthira, accomplished in speech, said these words unto that

[1]Nilakantha thinks that *vigatakalmashas* refers to *Drona;* the meaning he suggests is "Tell me with pure heart *etc., etc.,*" I think Nilakantha is not right.

[2]The sense of the first line is that because I am bound by the Kauravas with their wealth, therefore, I am obliged to make this reservation in the matter of granting thee thy wishes. That reservation really nullifies my promise.

warrior of great valour.

"Yudhishthira said, 'Obtaining thy permission, O preceptor, I will fight without incurring sin, and permitted by thee, O sinless one, I will vanquish all (my) foes."

"Kripa said, 'If having resolved on fight, thou hadst not come to me (thus), I would have cursed thee, O king, for thy complete overthrow. A man is the slave of wealth, but wealth is no one's slave. This is very true, O king, and bound I have been with wealth by the Kauravas. I must, O king, fight for their sake. This is my opinion. I therefore, speak like a eunuch in asking thee,—Battle excepted, what dost thou desire?'

"Yudhishthira said, 'Alas, I ask thee, therefore, O preceptor, listen to my words.—Saying this, the king, greatly agitated and deprived of his sense, stood silent."

Sanjaya continued.—"Understanding, however, what he intended to say, Gautama (Kripa) replied to him, saying,—I am incapable of being slain, O king. Fight, and obtain victory. I am gratified with thy coming. Rising every day [from bed] I will pray for thy victory, O monarch. I say this to thee truly.—Hearing, O king, these words of Gautama, and paying him due honours, the king proceeded thither where the ruler of the Madra was. Saluting Salya and walking round him the king said unto that invincible warrior those words that were for his own benefit.

'Yudhishthira said,—'Obtaining thy permission, O invincible one, I will fight without incurring sin, and permitted by thee, O king, I will vanquish (my) valourous foes.'[1]—

"Salya said, 'If, having resolved on fight, thou hadst not come to me (thus), I would have, O king, cursed thee for thy overthrow in battle. I am gratified (with thee) and honoured (by thee). Let it be as thou wishest. I grant thee permission, fight and obtain victory. Speak, O hero, for what hast thou any need? What shall I give thee? Under these circumstances, O king, battle excepted, what dost thou desire? A man is the slave of wealth but wealth is no one's slave. This is true, O king. Bound I have been with wealth by the Kauravas, O nephew, it is for this that I am speaking to thee like a eunuch,—I will accomplish the desire thou mayst cherish. Battle excepted, what dost thou wish.'

"Yudhishthira said, 'Think, O king, daily of what is for my great good. Fight, according to thy pleasure, for the sake of the foe. This is the boon that I solicit.'

"Salya said, 'Under these circumstances, say, O best of kings what aid shall I render thee? I shall, of course, fight for the sake of (thy) enemy, for I have been made one of their party by the Kauravas with their wealth.[2]

[1] *Paran* is explained by Nilakantha as "superior" qualifying *Ripun*.

[2] *Vritosmi* is the reading of the Bengal texts, better than *Vaddhosmi* of the Bombay edition, and *bhristomi* of the Burdwan text. *Salya* was not bound to the Kauravas like Bhishma or Drona or Kripa by pensions, but gratified by the reception granted to him by Duryodhana in secret, he generously agreed to aid the latter even against his own sister's sons and their step-brothers.

"Yudhishthira said, 'Even that is my boon, O Salya, which was solicited by me during the preparations (for the fight). The energy of the *Suta's* son (Karna) should be weakened by thee in battle.'

"Salya said, 'This thy wish, O Yudhishthira, shall be accomplished, O son of Kunti. Go, fight according to thy pleasure. I shall look after thy victory."

'Sanjaya continued, "Having obtained the permission of his maternal uncle, the ruler of the Madra, the son of Kunti, surrounded by his brothers, came out of that vast army. Vasudeva then went to Radha's son on the field of battle. And the elder brother of Gada, for the sake of the Pandavas, then said to Karna,—'It hath been heard by me, O Karna, that from hatred of Bhishma thou wilt not fight. Come to our side, O son of Radha, and (stay with us) as long as Bhishma is not slain. After Bhishma is slain, O son of Radha, thou mayst then again engage in battle on Duryodhana's side, if thou hast no preference for any of the parties.—'

"Karna said, 'I will not do anything that is disagreeable to Dhritarashtra's son, O Kesava. Devoted to Duryodhana's good, know that I have cast off my life (for him).—Hearing these words (of Karna), Krishna ceased, O Bharata, and reunited himself with the sons of Pandu headed by Yudhishthira. Then amid all the warriors the eldest son of Pandu, loudly exclaimed,—He who will choose us, him we shall choose for our ally !—Casting his eyes then upon them, Yuyutsu said these words, with a cheerful heart, unto Kunti's son king Yudhishthira the Just,—I will fight under thee in battle, for the sake of you all, with the sons of Dhritarashtra, if, O king, thou wilt accept me, sinless one.'

"Yudhishthira said, 'Come, come, all of us will fight with thy foolish brothers. O Yuyutsu, both Vasudeva and we all say to thee—I accept thee, O thou of mighty arms, fight for my cause. On thee rests, it seems, the thread of Dhritarashtra's line as also his funeral cake. O prince, O thou of great splendour, accept us that accept thee. The wrathful Duryodhana of wicked understanding will cease to live.' "

Sanjaya continued, 'Yuyutsu then, abandoning the Kurus thy sons, went over to the army of the Pandavas, with beat of drums and cymbals. Then king Yudhishthira of mighty arms, filled with joy, again put on his shining coat of mail of golden effulgence. And those bulls among men then mounted their respective cars. And they counter-arrayed their troops in battle-array as before. And they caused drums and cymbals in many hundreds to be sounded. And those bulls among men also set up diverse leonine roars.[1] And beholding those tigers among men, *viz.*, the sons of Pandu, on their cars, the kings (on their side) with Dhrishtadyumna and others, once more set up shouts of joy. And beholding the nobility of the sons of Pandu who had paid due honour to those that were deserving of honour, all the kings there present applauded them highly. And the monarchs talked with one another about the friendship, the compassion, and

[1]For *Puskalan* the Bombay text reads *Pushkaran* which means a kind of drum.

the kindness to kinsmen, displayed at the proper season by those high-souled personages. *Excellent,—Excellent,*—were the delightful words everywhere bruited about, coupled with eulogistic hymns about those famous men. And in consequence of this the minds and hearts of every one there were attracted towards them. And the *Mlechchhas* and the *Aryas* there who witnessed or heard of that behaviour of the sons of Pandu, all wept with choked voices. And those warriors then, endued with great energy, caused large drums and *Pushkaras* by hundreds upon hundreds to be sounded and also blew their conches all white as the milk of cows.' "

SECTION XLIV

Dhritarashtra said, 'When the divisions of both my side and the foe were thus arrayed, who struck first, the Kurus or the Pandavas?'

Sanjaya said, "Hearing those words of his (elder) brother, thy son Dussasana advanced with his troops, with Bhishma at their head, and the Pandavas also advanced with cheerful hearts, desiring battle with Bhishma, having Bhimasena at their head. Then leonine, shouts, and clamorous uproars and the noise of *Krakachas,* the blare of cow-horns, and the sound of drums and cymbals and tabors, arose in both armies. And the warriors of the foe rushed against us, and we also (rushed) against them with loud shouts. And the uproar (caused by this rush) was deafening.[1] The vast hosts of the Pandavas and the Dhartarashtras, in that awfully murderous encounter shook in consequence of that uproar of conches and cymbals, like forests shaken by the wind.[2] And the din made by those hosts teeming with kings, elephants, and steeds, rushing against one another in that evil hour, was as loud as that of oceans agitated by the tempest. And when that din, loud and causing the hair to stand on end, arose, the mighty-armed Bhimasena began to roar like a bull. And those roars of Bhimasena rose above the clamour of conches and drums, the grunts of elephants, and the leonine shouts of the combatants. Indeed, the shouts of Bhimasena transcended the noise made by the thousands of chargers neighing in (both) the armies. And hearing those shouts of Bhimasena who was roaring like the clouds, shouts that resembled the report of Sakra's thunder, thy warriors were filled with fear. And at those roars of the hero, the steeds and elephants all ejected urine and excreta like other animals at the roar of the lion. And roaring like a deep mass of clouds, and assuming an awful form, that hero frightened thy sons and fell upon them.[3] Thereupon the

[1]For *rajan* in the Bengal texts, in the first line of the 5th verse, the Bombay text reads *hyasan* which I adopt.

[2]*Maha samucchrave* is explained by Nilakantha as *Mahasamprahare.*

[3]Literally, "showing himself in an awful form."

brothers, *viz.*, thy sons Duryodhana, and Durmukha and Dussaha, and that mighty car-warrior Dussasana, and Durmarshana, O king, and Vivingsati, and Chitrasena, and the great car-warrior Vikarna and also Purumitra, and Jaya, and Bhoja, and the valorous son of Somadatta, shaking their splendid bows like masses of clouds exhibiting the lightning's flashes, and taking out (of their quivers) long arrows resembling snakes that have just cast off their sloughs, surrounded that mighty bowman rushing (towards them) covering him with flights of arrows like the clouds shrouding the sun. And the (five) sons of Draupadi, and the mighty car-warrior Saubhadra,[1] and Nakula, and Sahadeva, and Dhrishtadyumna of Prishata's race, rushed against (those) Dhartarashtras, tearing them with whetted shafts like summits of mountains with the impetuous bolts of heaven. And in that first encounter characterised by the awful twang of bow-strings and their flapping against the leathern fences (of the warriors),[2] no combatant, either on thy side or that of the foe, turned back. And, O bull of Bharata's race, I beheld the lightness of hand of the disciples of Drona (in particular), who, shooting innumerable arrows, O king, always succeeded in hitting the mark.[3] And the twang of sounding bowstrings ceased not for a moment, and the blazing arrows shot through (the air) like meteors (falling) from the firmament. And all the other kings, O Bharata, stood like (silent) spectators witnessing that interesting and awful encounter of kinsmen. And then those mighty car-warriors, with wrath excited and remembering the injuries sustained at one another's hands, strove in battle. O king, challenging one another. And the two armies of the Kurus and the Pandavas, teeming with elephants, steeds and cars, looked exceedingly beautiful on the field of battle like painted figures on a canvas. And then the (other) kings all took up their bows. And the Sun himself was shrouded by the dust raised by the combatants. And they fell upon one another, at the heads of their (respective) troops, at the command of thy son. And the loud uproar made by the elephants and the chargers of those kings rushing to the combat, mingled with the leonine shouts of the combatants and the din made by the blare of conches and the sounds of drums. And the uproar of that ocean having arrows for its crocodiles, bows for its snakes, swords for its tortoises, and the forward leaps of the warriors for its tempest, resembled the din made by the (actual) ocean when agitated. And kings in thousands, commanded by Yudhishthira, with their (respective) troops fell upon the ranks of thy son. And the encounter between the combatants of the two hosts was fierce in the extreme. And no difference could be perceived between the combatants of our side or that of the foe, while battling, or retreating in broken array or rallying again to the fight. In that terrific

[1]Subhadra's son Abhimanyu.

[2]These fences were made of iguana skins and cased the hands of the bowmen up to a few inches of the elbow-joint.

[3]*Nimitta* is explained by Nilakantha as the mark of object aimed at. Drona was the preceptor in arms of almost all the Bharata princes.

and awful battle, thy father (Bhishma) shone, transcending that countless host.

SECTION XLV

Sanjaya said, "On the forenoon of that awful day, O king, the terrible battle that mangled the bodies of (so many) kings commenced. And the loud shouts, resembling leonine roars of the Kurus and the Srinjayas, both desirous of victory in battle, made both the welkin and the earth resound therewith. And a tumultuous uproar was heard mingled with the flaps of leathern fences and the blare of conches. And many were the leonine roars that rose there of men shouting against one another. And, O bull of Bharata's race, the sound of bowstrings stretched by (hands cased in) fences, the heavy tread of infantry, the furious neigh of chargers, the falling of sticks and iron hooks (on the heads of elephants), the clash of weapons, the jingle of bells of elephants rushing against one another, and the clatter of cars resembling the roar of clouds, mingled together, produced a loud uproar making one's hair stand on end. And all the Kuru warriors, reckless of their very lives and with cruel intentions, rushed, with standards upraised, against the Pandavas. And Santanu's son himself, taking up a terrible bow that resembled the rod of Death, rushed, O king, on the field of battle, against Dhananjaya. And Arjuna also, endued with great energy, taking up the bow *Gandiva* celebrated over all the world, rushed, on the field of battle, against Ganga's son. And both those tigers among the Kurus became desirous of slaying each other. The mighty son of Ganga however, piercing in battle the son of Pritha could not make him waver. And so, O king, the son of Pandu also could not make Bhishma waver in battle. And the mighty bowman Satyaki rushed against Kritavarman. And the battle between these two was fierce in the extreme and made the hair (of onlookers) stand on end. And Satyaki afflicted Kritavarman, and Kritavarman afflicted Satyaki, with loud shouts and each weakened the other. And pierced all over with arrows those mighty warriors shone like two blossoming *Kinsukas* in spring adorned with flowers. And the mighty bowman Abhimanyu battled with Vrihadvala. Soon, however, in that encounter, O king, the ruler of Kosala cut off the standard and overthrew the charioteer of Subhadra's son. The son of Subhadra then upon the overthrow of his charioteer, was filled with wrath and pierced Vrihadvala, O king, with nine shafts, and with a couple of sharp arrows that grinder of foes also cut off (Vrihadvala's) standard, and with one (more) cut off one of the protectors of his car-wheels and with the other his charioteer.[1] And those chastisers

[1]With two *Bhallas* Abhimanyu cut off his adversary's standard; with one, one of the protectors of his car-wheels: and with another, his charioteer. Thus Nilakantha. A *Parshni* is altogether a different person from a *Sarathi*. Hence Nilakantha is assuredly right.

of foes continued to weaken each other with sharp arrows. And Bhimasena struggled in battle with thy son Duryodhana, that mighty car-warrior, proud and inflated, who had injured (the sons of Pandu). Both of those foremost (princes) among the Kurus, are tigers among men and mighty car-warriors. And they covered each other, on the field of battle, with their arrowy showers. And beholding those high-souled and accomplished warriors conversant with all modes of warfare, all creatures were filled with amazement of Bharata. And Dussasana, rushing against that mighty car-warrior Nakula, pierced him with many sharp arrows capable of penetrating into the very vitals. The son of Madri, then, laughing the while, cut off, with sharp arrows (of his), adversary's standard and bow, and then he struck him with five and twenty small-headed arrows. Thy son, however, then, who can with difficulty be vanquished, slew in that fierce encounter the steeds of Nakula and cut off his standard. And Durmukha rushing against the mighty Sahadeva battling in that terrific encounter, pierced him with a shower of arrows. The heroic Sahadeva then, in that fearful battle, overthrew Durmukha's charioteer with an arrow of great sharpness. Both of them, irrepressible in fight, approaching each other in combat, and each attacking the other and desirous of warding off the other's attack, began to strike terror into each other with terrible shafts. And king Yudhishthira himself encountered the ruler of the Madras. The chief of the Madras then in his very sight cut off in twain Yudhishthira's bow. Thereupon the son of Kunti, throwing aside that broken bow, took up another that was stronger and capable of imparting a greater velocity. The king then, with straight arrows, covered the ruler of the Madras, and in great wrath said, *'wait, wait'*. And Dhrishtadyumna, O Bharata rushed against Drona. And Drona, then, in great wrath, cut off in that encounter the hard bow of the high-souled prince of Panchala that was capable of always taking the lives of foes. And at the same time he shot in that conflict a terrible arrow that was like a second rod of Death. And the arrow shot penetrated the body of the prince. Taking up then another bow and fourteen arrows, the son of Drupada pierced Drona in that encounter. And enraged with each other, they battled on fiercely. And the impetuous Sankha encountered Somadatta's son who was equally impetuous in battle and addressed him, O king, saying *'wait, wait'*. And that hero then pierced his (adversary's) right arm in that combat. And thereupon the son of Somadatta struck Sankha on the shoulders. And the battle that ensued between those two proud heroes, O king, soon became as terrible as a combat between the gods and the *Danavas*. And that mighty car-warrior Dhrishtaketu of immeasurable soul, with wrath excited, rushed in battle, O king, against Valhika, the very embodiment of wrath. Valhika, then, O king, setting up a leonine roar, weakened the wrathful Dhrishtaketu with innumerable arrows. The king of the Chedis, however, exceedingly provoked, quickly pierced Valhika in that encounter with nine arrows. Like an infuriate elephant against an infuriate elephant, in that combat they roared against each other repeatedly, both exceedingly enraged. And they encountered

each other with great wrath and looked like the planets *Angaraka* and *Sukra*.[1] And Ghatotkacha of cruel deeds encountered the *Rakshasa* Alamvusha of cruel deeds like Sakra (encountering) Vala in battle. And Ghatotkacha, O Bharata, pierced that infuriate and powerful *Rakshasa* with ninety keen-edged shafts. And Alamvusha also in that combat pierced the mighty son of Bhimasena in many places with straight arrows (of his). And mangled with arrows they shone in that encounter like the mighty Sakra and the powerful Vala in the combat (of old) between the celestials and the *Asuras*. The powerful Sikhandin, O king, rushed against Drona's son, Aswatthaman, however deeply piercing the angry Sikhandin stationed (before him) with a keen-edged shaft, caused him to tremble, Sikhandin also, O king, smote Drona's son with a sharp-whetted shaft of excellent temper. And they continued in that encounter to strike each other with various kinds of arrows. And against the heroic Bhagadatta in battle, Virata, the commander of a large division, rushed impetuously, O king, and then commenced (their) combat. Virata, exceedingly provoked, poured on Bhagadatta an arrowy shower like, O Bharata, the clouds showering rain on the mountain breast. But Bhagadatta, that lord of the earth, speedily enveloped Virata in that encounter (with arrows) like the clouds enveloping the risen sun. Kripa, the son of Saradwat, rushed against Vrihadkshatra, the ruler of the Kaikeyas. And Kripa, O Bharata, enveloped him with a shower of arrows. Vrihadkshatra also shrouded the infuriate son of Gautama with an arrowy downpour. And those warriors, then, having slain each other's steeds and cut off each other's bows, were both deprived of their cars. And exceedingly enraged, they then approached each other for fighting with their swords. And the combat which then took place between them was terrible in aspect and unparalleled. That chastiser of foes, king Drupada, then, in great wrath rushed against Jayadratha, the ruler of the Sindhus, cheerfully waiting (for battle). The ruler of the Sindhus pierced Drupada in that combat with three shafts, and Drupada pierced him in return. And the battle that took place between them was terrible and fierce, and productive of satisfaction in the hearts of all the spectators and resembling a conflict between the planets *Sukra* and *Angaraka*. And Vikarna, son to thee, with fleet steeds, rushed against the mighty Sutasoma and the combat between them commenced. Vikarna, however, although he pierced Sutasoma with many arrows, failed to make him waver. Neither could Sutasoma make Vikarna waver. And that appeared wonderful (to all). And against Susarman, that mighty car-warrior and tiger among men, *viz*., Chekitana of great prowess, rushed in exceeding wrath for the sake of the Pandavas. And Susarman also, O great king, in that encounter checked the advance of that mighty car-warrior Chekitana with plentiful shower of arrows. And Chekitana also, greatly provoked, showered on Susarman, in that terrible conflict, a shower of arrows like a mighty mass of clouds showering rain on the mountain

[1] '*Angaraka*' is the planet Mars, and '*Sukra*' i.e. Venus.

breast. And Sakuni, endued with great prowess, rushed, O king, against Prativindhya[1] of great prowess, like a lion against an infuriate elephant. Thereupon the son of Yudhishthira, in exceeding wrath, mangled Suvala's son in that combat, with sharp arrows, like Maghavat[2] (mangling) a *Danava*. And Sakuni also, in that fierce conflict, pierced Prativindhya in return and mangled that warrior of great intelligence with straight arrows. And Srutakarman rushed in battle, O great king, against that mighty car-warrior Sudakshina of great prowess, the ruler of the Kamvojas. Sudakshina, however, O great king, piercing that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, the son of Sahadeva, failed to make him waver (for he stood) like the Mainaka mountain (against the assaults of Indra). Thereupon Srutakarman, exceedingly provoked, weakened that mighty car-warrior of the Kamvojas with innumerable arrows and mangled him in every part of his body. And Iravan, that chastiser of foes, in great wrath and exerting carefully, rushed in battle against the wrathful Srutayush. The powerful son of Arjuna, that mighty car-warrior, then slaying the steeds of his adversary, set up a loud roar, and thereupon, O king, all the warriors (who saw the feat) praised him greatly. And Srutasena also, exceedingly provoked, slew in that conflict the steeds of Falguni's son with a powerful mace, and the battle between them continued. And Vinda and Anuvinda, those two princes of Avanti, approached in battle that mighty car-warrior the heroic Kuntibhoja at the head of his troops accompanied by his son. And wonderful was the prowess we beheld of those two princes on that occasion, for they fought on very cooly though battling with a large body of troops. And Anuvinda hurled a mace at Kuntibhoja, but Kuntibhoja quickly covered him with a shower of arrows. And the son of Kuntibhoja pierced Vinda with many arrows, and the latter also pierced him in return. And the combat (between them) looked very wonderful. And the Kekaya brothers, O sire, at the head of their troops, encountered in battle the five Gandhara princes with their troops. And thy son Viravahu battled with that best of car-warriors Uttara, the son of Virata and pierced him with nine arrows. And Uttara also pierced that hero with sharp-edged arrows. And the ruler of the Chedis, O king, rushed in battle against Uluka. And he pierced Uluka with a shower of arrows, and Uluka also pierced him with sharp arrows furnished with excellent wing. And the combat that took place between them, O king, was fierce in the extreme, for unable to vanquish each other, they mangled each other terribly. And thus in that general engagement thousands of single combats took place between men on car, warriors on elephants and horsemen, and foot-soldiers, of their side and thine. For a short while only that engagement offered a beautiful sight. Soon, however, O king, it became furious and nothing could be discovered. In the battle (that ensued) elephants rushed against elephants, car-warriors against car-warriors, steed against steed and foot-soldier

[1]Prativindhya was Yudhishthira's son by Draupadi.

[2]Maghavat is Indra, the chief of the celestials.

against foot-soldier. The conflict then became confused and fierce in the extreme, of heroes rushing against each other in the melee. And the celestial *Rishi*, and *Siddhas* and *Charanas*, that were present there, beheld that terrific battle to resemble the combat of the gods and the *Asuras*. And elephants in thousands, and cars also in thousands, and vast bodies of infantry, O sire, seemed to alter their character.[1] And, O tiger among men, it was seen that cars and elephants and steeds and infantry fought with each other repeatedly on the same places.[2]

SECTION XLVI

Sanjaya said,—"O king, I will now describe to thee the combats of hundreds and thousands of foot-soldiers. O Bharata, in utter forgetfulness of all consideration due to others. There the son recognised not the sire, the sire (recognised not) the son of his loins, the brother (recognised not) the brother, the sister's son (recognised not) the maternal uncle. The maternal uncle (recognised not) the sister's son, the friend not the friend. The Pandavas and the Kurus fought as if they were possessed by demons. Some tigers among men, fell with cars into pieces. And the shafts of cars broke clashing against shafts, and the spikes of car-yokes against spikes of car-yokes. And some (warriors) united together encountered others that were united together, all desirous of taking one another's life.—And some cars, obstructed by cars, were unable to move. And huge-bodied elephants with rent temples, falling upon huge elephants, angrily tore one another in many places with their tusks. Others, O king, encountering impetuous and huge ones of their species with arched edifices and standards (on their backs) and trained to the fight struck with their tusks, shrieked in great agony.[3] Disciplined by training and nrged on by pikes and hooks, elephants not in rut rushed straight against those that were in rut.[4] And some huge elephants, encountering compeers in rut, ran, uttering cries

[1]The word used in the original is *Viparitam* lit. contrary. The sense seems to be that car men fought on foot, cavalry soldiers on elephants, warriors on elephants from horse-back, &c. The very character of the forces was altered.

[2]*i.e.*, though repulsed, these frequently rallied, and occupied the same ground as before.

[3]The last half of the 7th with the 8th forms one sentence. It is certainly pleonastic. *Ranavaranais* of the Bengal texts is preferable to the Bombay reading *Varavaranais*. *Toranas* are the wooden edifices placed on the backs of elephants for the protection and comfort of the riders. These are called in India *Hawdas*.

[4]Many of the Bengal texts read *Avinitas*. The correct reading, as in the Bombay text, is *Abhinitas*. *Aprabhinna* is literally "unrent," i.e. with the temporal juice not trickling down. This juice emanates from several parts of the elephant's body when the season of rut comes. To avoid a cumbrous periphrasis, which again would be unintelligible to the European reader, I have given the sense only.

like those of cranes, in all directions. And many huge elephants, well-trained, and with juice trickling down from rent temples and mouth, mangle with swords, lances, and arrows, and pierced in their vital parts, shrieked aloud and falling down expired. And some, uttering frightful cries, ran in all directions. The foot-soldiers that protected the elephants, endued with broad chests, and capable of smiting effectually, with wrath excited, and armed with pikes and bows, and bright battle-axes, and with maces and clubs, and short arrows, and lances, and with shafts, and stout bludgeons mounted with iron spikes and swords, well-grasped of the brightest polish, ran hither and thither, O king, and seemed resolved to take one another's life. And the sabres of brave combatants rushing against one another steeped in human blood, seemed to shine brightly. And the whiz of swords whirled and made to descend by heroic arms and falling upon the vital parts (of the bodies) of foes, became very loud. And the heart-ending wails of combatants in multitudinous hosts, crushed with maces and clubs, and cut off with well-tempered swords, and pierced with the tusks of elephants, and grained by tuskers, calling upon one another, were heard, O Bharata, to resemble the wails of those that are doomed to hell. And horsemen, on chargers of exceeding speed and furnished with out-stretched tails resembling (the Plumes of) swans, rushed against one another. And hurled by them, long-bearded darts adorned with pure gold, fleet, and polished, and sharp-pointed, fell like snakes.[1] And some heroic horsemen, on coursers of speed, leaping high, cut off the heads of car-warriors from their cars.[2] And (here and there) a car-warrior, getting bodies of cavalry within shooting distance, slew many with straight shafts furnished with heads. And many infuriate elephants adorned with trapping of gold, and looking like newly-risen clouds, throwing down steed, crushed them with their own legs. And some elephants struck on their frontal globes and flanks, and mangled by means of lances, shrieked aloud in great agony. And many huge elephants, in the bewildering of the melee, crushing steeds with their riders, threw them down. And some elephants, overthrowing with the points of their tusks, steeds with their riders, wandered, crushing cars with their standards. And some huge male elephants, from excess of energy and with the temporal juice gushing down in large quantities, slew steeds along with their riders by means of their trunks and legs. Fleet arrows polished and sharp-pointed and resembling snakes fell upon the heads, the temples, the flanks, and the limbs of elephants. And polished javelins of terrible mien, and looking like large meteoric flashes, hurled by heroic arms, fell hither and thither, O king, piercing through the bodies of men and horses, and cutting through coats of mail. And many taking out their polished sabres from sheaths made of the skins of leopards and tigers, slew the combatants opposed to them in battle. And many warriors, though themselves attacked and had the flanks of their bodies cut open, yet angrily

[1]For the Bengal reading '*Mahaprajna*' the Bombay text reads '*Mahaprasas*.'
[2]*Rathat* and not *Rathan* is the reading that I adopt.

fell upon (their foes) with swords, shields and battle-axes. And some elephants dragging down and overthrowing cars with their steeds by means of their trunks, began to wander in all directions, guided by the cries of those behind them. And hither and thither some pierced by javelins, and some cut asunder by battle-axes, and some crushed by elephants and others trod down by horses, and some cut by car-wheels, and some by axes, loudly called upon their kinsmen, O king. And some called upon their sons, and some upon their sires, and some upon brother and kinsmen. And some called upon their maternal uncles, and some upon their sister's sons. And some called upon others, on the field of battle. And a very large number of combatants, O Bharata, lost their weapons, or had their thighs broken. And other with arms torn off or sides pierced or cut open, were seen to wail aloud, from desire of life. And some, endued with little strength, tortured by thirst, O king, and lying on the field of battle on the bare ground, asked for water. And some, weltering in pools of blood and excessively weakened, O Bharata, greatly censured themselves and thy sons assembled together for battle. And there were brave Kshatriyas, who having injured one another, did not abandon their weapons or set up any wails, O sire, On the other hand, lying in those places where they lay, roared with joyful hearts, and biting from wrath with their teeth their own lips, looked at one another with faces rendered fierce in consequence of the contraction of their eyebrows. And others endued with great strength and tenacity in great pain, afflicted by arrows and smarting under their wounds, remained perfectly silent. And other heroic car-warriors, deprived, in the encounter, of their own cars and thrown down and wounded by huge elephants, asked to be taken up on the cars of others. And many, O king, looked beautiful in their wounds like blossoming *Kinsukas*. And in all the divisions were heard terrific cries, countless in number. And in that awful combat destructive of heroes, the sire slew the son, the son slew the sire, the sister's son slew the maternal uncle, the maternal uncle slew the sister's son, friend slew friend, and relatives slew kinsmen. Even thus the slaughter took place in that encounter of the Kurus with the Pandavas. And in that frightful and terrible battle in which no consideration was shown (by anybody for anybody), the divisions of the Pandavas, approaching Bhishma, began to waver. And, O bull of Bharata's race, the mighty-armed Bhishma, O king, with his standard which was made of silver and graced with the device of the palmyra with five stars, setting upon his great car, shone like the lunar orb under the peak of Meru."

SECTION XLVII

Sanjaya said,—"After the great part of the forenoon of that awful day had worn out, in that terrific engagement, O king, that was (so) destructive

of foremost of men[1], Durmukha and Kritavarman, and Kripa, and Salya, and Vivinsati, urged by thy son, approached Bhishma and began to protect him. And protected by those five mighty car-warriors. O bull of Bharata's race, that great car-warrior penetrated the Pandava host. And the palmyra standard of Bhishma was seen to glide continually, O Bharata, through the Chedis, the Kasis, the Karushas, and the Panchalas. And that hero, with broad-headed shafts of great swiftness which were again perfectly straight, cut off the heads (of foes) and their cars with yokes and standards. And, O bull of Bharata's race, Bhishma seemed to dance on his car as it coursed along its track. And some elephants, struck (by him) in their vital parts, shrieked in agony. Then Abhimanyu in great wrath, stationed on his car unto which were yoked excellent steeds of a tawny hue, rushed towards Bhishma's car. And with his standard adorned with pure gold and resembling a Karnikara tree, he approached Bhishma and those (five) foremost of car-warriors. And striking with a keen-edged shaft the standard of the palmyra-bannered (warrior), that hero engaged in battle with Bhishma and those other car-warriors that protected him.[2] Piercing Kritavarman with one arrow, and Salya with five, he weakened his great-grandsire with nine arrows. And with one arrow well shot from his bow drawn to its fullest stretch, he cut off (his adversary's) standard adorned with pure gold. And with one broad-headed shaft capable of penetrating every cover, which was perfectly straight, he cut off from his body the head of Durmukha's charioteer. And with another keen-edged arrow he cut in twain the gold-decked bow of Kripa. And them also, with many sharp-pointed shafts, that mighty car-warrior smote in great wrath, seeming to dance (the while). And beholding his lightness of hand, the very gods were gratified. And in consequence of Abhimanyu's sureness of aim, all the car-warriors headed by Bhishma regarded him to be possessed of the capacity of Dhananjaya himself.[3] And his bow, emitting a twang like that of *Gandiva,* while stretched and re-stretched, seemed to revolve like a circle of fire.[4] Bhishma then, that slayer of hostile heroes, rushing on him impetuously, speedily pierced the son of Arjuna in that combat with nine arrows. And he also, with three broad-headed shafts, cut off the standard of that warrior of great energy. Of rigid vows, Bhishma also struck his (adversary's) charioteer. And Kritavarman, and Kripa, and Salya also, O sire, piercing Arjuna's son, all failed to make him waver, for he stood firm like the Mainaka mountain. And the heroic son of Arjuna, though surrounded by those mighty car-warriors of the Dhartarashtra army, still showered on those five car-warriors arrowy

[1]The Bengal reading '*narvarakshaye*' seems to be better than '*Mahavirakshaye*' of the Bombay text.

[2]*Talaketu* is lit. Palmyra-bannered. Without using such compounds, the 'brevity' of the sentences cannot be maintained.

[3]*Karshni* is Krishna's or Arjuna's son Abhimanyu. Arjuna was sometimes called Krishna.

[4]*Laghavamargasya* is a mis-reading for *Laghavamargastham'*; then again *chapi* is incorrect, the correct reading *chapam* as in the Bombay text.

downpours. And baffling their mighty weapons by his arrowy showers, and pouring on Bhishma his shafts, the powerful son of Arjuna set up loud shout. And struggling in the battle thus and afflicting Bhishma with (his) arrows, the strength we saw of his arms then was very great. But though endued with such prowess Bhishma also shot his arrows at him. But he cut off in that combat the arrows shot from Bhishma's bow. And then that heroic warrior of arrows that were never lost, cut off with nine arrows, in that combat, the standard of Bhishma. And at that feat the people there set up a loud shout. Decked with jewels and made of silver, that tall standard bearing the device of the palmyra, cut off, O Bharata, by the shafts of Subhadra's son, fell down on the earth. And beholding, O bull of Bharata's race, that standard falling in consequence of the shafts of Subhadra's son, the proud Bhima set up a loud shout for cheering the son of Subhadra. Then in fierce combat, the mighty Bhishma caused many celestial weapons of great efficacy to appear. And the great grandsire of immeasurable soul then covered Subhadra's son with thousands of arrows. And at this, ten great bowmen and mighty car-warriors of the Pandavas, quickly rushed on their cars for protecting the son of Subhadra. And those were Virata with his son, and Dhrishtadyumna of Prishata's race, and Bhima, the five Kekaya brothers, and Satyaki also, O king. And as they were falling upon him with great impetuosity, Bhishma the son of Santanu, in that conflict, pierced the prince of Panchala with three arrows, and Satyaki with ten. And with one winged arrow, whetted and sharp-edged as a razor, and shot from his bow drawn to its fullest stretch, he cut off the standard of Bhimasena. And, O best of men, the standard of Bhimasena, made of gold and bearing the device of a lion, cut off by Bhishma, fell from the car. And Bhima then, piercing Santanu's son Bhishma in that combat with three arrows, pierced Kripa with one, and Kritavarman with eight. And Uttara also, the son of Virata, on a tusker with upraised trunk, rushed against the ruler of the Madras. Salya, however, succeeded in checking the unparalleled impetuosity of that prince of elephants rushing quickly towards his car. That prince of elephants, in great wrath, placing his leg upon the yoke of (Salya's) car, killed his four large steeds of excellent speed. The ruler of the Madras then, staying on that car whose steeds had been slain, hurled a dart, all made of iron, and resembling a snake, for slaying Uttara outright. The latter's coat of mail being cut through by that dart, he became totally deprived of his senses and fell down from his elephant's neck, with the hook and the lance loosened from his grasp. And Salya then, taking up his sword and jumping down from his excellent car, and putting forth his prowess, cut off the large trunk of that prince of elephants. His coat of mail pierced all over with a shower of arrows, and his trunk cut off, that elephant uttered a loud shriek and fell down and expired. Achieving such a feat, O king, the ruler of the Madras speedily mounted on the splendid car of Kritavarman. And beholding his brother Uttara slain and seeing Salya staying with Kritavarman, Virata's son Sweta blazed up in wrath, like fire (blazing up) with clarified butter. And that mighty warrior, stretching

his large bow that resembled the bow of Sakra himself, rushed with the desire of slaying Salya the ruler of the Madras. Surrounded on all sides with a mighty division of cars, he advanced towards Salya's car pouring an arrowy shower. And beholding him rush to the fight with prowess equal to that of an infuriate elephant, seven car-warriors of thy side surrounded him on all sides, desirous of protecting the ruler of Madras who seemed to be already within the jaws of Death. And those seven warriors were Vrihadvala the ruler of the Kosalas, and Jayatsena of Magadha, and Rukmaratha, O king, who was the valourous son of Salya, and Vinda and Anuvinda of Avanti, and Sudakshina the king of the Kamvojas, and Jayadratha, the ruler of the Sindhus and the kinsman of Vrihadkshatra. And the stretched bows of those high-souled warriors, decorated with diverse colours, looked like the lightning's flashes in the clouds. And they all poured on Sweta's head ceaseless showers of arrows like the clouds tossed by the wind dropping rain on the mountain breast on the expiry of summer. That mighty bowman and commander of the forces, enraged at this, with seven broad-headed arrows of great impetuosity, struck their bows, and then continued to grind them. And those bows we saw were cut off, O Bharata, and thereupon they all took up, within half the time taken up in a wink of the eye, other bows. And they then shot at Sweta seven arrows. And once again that mighty-armed warrior of immeasurable soul, with seven fleet shafts, cut off those (other) bows of these bowmen. Those warriors then, whose large bows had been cut off, those mighty car-warriors swelling (with rage), grasping (seven) darts, set up a loud shout. And, O chief of the Bharatas, they hurled those seven darts at Sweta's car. And those blazing darts which coursed (through the air) like large meteors, with the sound of thunder, were all cut off, before they could reach him, that warrior conversant with mighty weapons. by means of seven broad-headed arrows. Then taking up an arrow capable of penetrating into every part of the body, he shot it, O chief of the Bharatas, at Rukmaratha. And that mighty arrow, surpassing (the force of) the thunder-bolt, penetrated into the latter's body. Then, O king, forcibly struck by that arrow, Rukmaratha sat down on the terrace of his car and fell into a deadly swoon. His charioteer then, without betraying any fear, bore him away, senseless and in a swoon, in the very sight of all. Then taking up six other (arrows) adorned with gold, the mighty-armed Sweta cut off the standard-tops of his six adversaries. And that chastiser of foes then, piercing their steeds and charioteers also, and covering those six warriors themselves with ceaseless shafts, proceeded towards the car of Salya. And beholding that generalissimo of the (Pandava) forces proceeding quickly towards Salya's car, a loud uproar of *oh* and *alas* arose in thy army, O Bharata. Then thy mighty son, with Bhishma at the head, and supported by heroic warriors and many troops, proceeded towards Sweta's car.[1] And he (thus) rescued the ruler of the

[1]The Bengal reading is '*Suaris Vritascha Sainyena*'. The Bombay reading (which I do not adopt) is '*Vritastu Sarva Sainyena.*'

Madras who had already entered the jaws of Death. And then commenced a battle, terrific and making the hair stand on end, between thy troops and those of the enemy, in which cars and elephants all got mixed up in confusion. And upon Subhadra's son and Bhimasena, and that mighty car-warrior Satyaki, and upon the ruler of the Kekayas, and Virata, and Dhrishtadyumna of Prishatas' race, and upon the Chedi troops, the old Kuru grandsire poured showers of arrows.[1]

SECTION XLVIII

Dhritarashtra said,—"When that great bowman Sweta proceeded towards Salya's car, what did the Kauravas and the Pandavas do, O Sanjaya? And what also did Bhishma the son of Santanu do? Tell me who ask thee, all this."

Sanjaya said,—"O king, hundreds and thousands of bulls among Kshatriyas, all brave and mighty car-warriors, placing the generalissimo Sweta in the van, and displaying their strength. O Bharata, unto thy royal son and with Sikhandin also at their head, desired to rescue (Sweta). And those mighty car-warriors rushed towards Bhishma's car decked with gold desirous of slaying that foremost of warriors. And the battle that ensued then was terrible. I shall describe to thee that wonderful and terrific battle as it occurred between thy troops and those of the enemy. The son of Santanu made the terraces of many cars empty, (for) that best of car-warriors showering (his) arrows, cut off many heads. Endued with energy equal to that of the Sun himself, he shrouded the very Sun with his arrows. And he removed his enemies from around him in that combat like the rising Sun dispelling the darkness around. And in that battle, O king, arrows were shot by him in hundreds and thousands that were powerful and possessed of great impetuosity and that took in that conflict the lives of numberless Kshatriyas. And in that combat he felled heads, by hundreds, of heroic warriors, O king, and elephants cased in thorny mail, like summits of mountains (felled) by heaven's bolt. And cars, O king, were seen to mingle with cars. A car might be seen upon another car, and a steed upon

[1]Nine slokas and a half, from the second half of the 43rd verse to the 52nd verse (as above), are omitted in the Bengal texts. These, however, occur subsequently in section 46 following. The fact is, the whole of the passage in this section and the 116 verses in the following section, and the first 24 verses in the section 49, are regarded as an interpolation. In those sections of the Udyoga Parvam where the *Rathas* and the *Atirathas*, &c, are counted by Bhishma, no mention is made of any warrior of the name of Sweta. The Burdwan Pundits omit these passages altogether. I myself believe them to be an interpolation. Occurring, however, as it does in both the Bengal and the Bombay texts, I cannot omit in the English version.

another steed. And impetuous chargers, O king, bore hither and thither heroic riders in the prime of youth, slain and hanging (from their saddles) with their bows (still in their grasp).[1] With swords and quivers attached (to their persons) and coats of mail loosened (from their bodies), hundreds of warriors, deprived of life, lay on the ground, sleeping on beds (worthy) of heroes. Rushing against one another, falling down and rising up again and rushing again having risen up, the combatants fought hand to hand. Afflicted by one another, many rolled on the field of battle. Infuriate elephants rushed hither and thither, and car-warriors by hundreds were slain. And car-warriors, along with their cars, were crushed on all sides. And some warriors fell upon his car, slain by another with arrows. And a mighty car-warrior might be seen to fall down from high, his charioteer (also) having been slain. A thick dust arose, and thereupon unto the warrior struggling in battle, the twang of the (hostile) bow indicated the struggling adversary before. From the pressure also on their bodies, combatants guessed their foes. And the warriors, O king, fought on with arrows, guided by the sound of bow-strings and (hostile) division. The very hiss of the arrows shot by the combatants at one another could not be heard. And so loud was the sound of drums, that it seemed to pierce the ears. And in that tumultuous uproar making the hair stand on end, the name of the combatant uttered in the battle, while displaying his prowess, could not be heard. The sire could not recognise the son of his loins. One of the wheels being broken, or the yoke being torn off or one of the steeds being slain, the brave car-warrior was overthrown from his car, along with his charioteer, by means of straight arrows. And thus many heroic warriors, deprived of their cars, were seen to fly away.[2] He who was slain had cut off; he who was not slain, was struck at the very vitals: but unstruck there was none, when Bhishma attacked the foe. And in that terrific battle, Sweta caused a great slaughter of the Kurus. And he slew many noble princes by hundreds upon hundreds.[3] And he cut off, by means of his arrows, the heads of car-warriors by hundreds upon hundreds, and (their) arms decked with *Angadas*, and (their) bows all around. And car-warriors and car-wheels and others that were on cars, and the cars themselves, and standards both small and costly, O king, and large bodies of horses, and crowds of cars, and crowds of men, O Bharata's race, were destroyed by Sweta. Ourselves, from fear of Sweta, abandoning (Bhishma) that best of car-warriors, left the battle retreating to the rear and, therefore, do we (now) behold your lordship. And all the Kurus, O son of Kuru's race, beyond the range of arrows, and abandoning Bhishma the son of Santanu, in that battle, stood (as spectators though) armed for the combat. Cheerful in the hour of (universal) cheerlessness, that tiger among men Bhishma, alone of our army, in that terrible

[1]The Bombay text reads '*Yavana nihatam*,' which is better.

[2]I adopt the Bombay reading of the 22nd verse.

[3]'*Swayam*' in some of the Bengal texts is a misprint for '*Kshayam*'.

battle stood immovable like the mountain Meru. Taking the lives (of the foe) like the Sun at close of winter, he stood resplendent with the golden rays (of his car) like the Sun himself with his rays. And that great bowman shot clouds of arrows and struck down the *Asuras*.[1] And while being slaughtered by Bhishma in that dreadful combat, those warriors breaking away from their ranks, they all fled from him, as if from a fire fed by fuel.[2] Encountering the single warrior (Sweta), that slayer of foes, Bhishma, was the only one (amongst us) who was cheerful and whole. Devoted to the welfare of Duryodhana, he began to consume the Pandava (warrior). Reckless of his very life which is difficult of being cast off, and abandoning all fear he slaughtered, O king, the Pandava army in that fierce conflict.[3] And beholding the generalissimo (Sweta) smiting the (Dhartarashtra) divisions, thy father Bhishma, called also Devavrata, impetuously rushed against him. Thereupon, Sweta covered Bhishma with an extensive net-work of arrows. And Bhishma also covered Sweta with a flight of arrows. And roaring like a couple of bulls, they rushed, like two infuriate elephants of gigantic size or two raging tigers, against each other. Baffling each other's weapons by means of their weapons, those bulls among men, *viz.*, Bhishma and Sweta fought with each other, desirous of taking each other's life. In one single day Bhishma, infuriate with anger, could consume the Pandava army with his arrows, if Sweta did not protect it. Beholding the grandsire then turned off by Sweta, the Pandavas were filled with joy, while thy son became cheerless. Duryodhana then, with wrath excited and surrounded by many kings, rushed with his troops against the Pandava host in battle. Then Sweta, abandoning the son of Ganga, slaughtered thy son's host with great impetuosity like the wind (uprooting) trees with violence. And the son of Virata, senseless with wrath, having routed thy army, advanced (once more), O king, to the place where Bhishma was stationed. And those two high-souled and mighty warriors then, both blazing with their arrows, battled with each other like Vritra and Vasava (of old), desirous, O king, of slaying each other. Drawing (his) bow to the fullest stretch, Sweta pierced Bhishma with seven arrows. The valourous (Bhishma) then, putting forth his prowess, quickly checked his foe's valour, like an infuriate elephant checking an infuriate compeer. And Sweta then, that delighter of Kshatriyas struck Bhishma, and Bhishma the son of Santanu also pierced him in return with ten arrows. And though pierced by him (thus), that mighty warrior stood still like a mountain. And Sweta again pierced Santanu's son with five and twenty straight arrows, at which all wondered. Then smiling and licking with his tongue the corners of his mouth, Sweta in that combat cut off Bhishma's bow into ten fragments with ten arrows. Then aiming a plumed arrow

[1] *Chakrapani* is Vishnu armed with the discus.

[2] For '*Yuthan*' which gives no meaning, I read '*Yodhas*'. The Bengal reading '*muktvagnimiva daruna*' is better than the Bombay reading '*muktam ripumishu darunam.*'

[3] The Bombay reading '*jivitam dustyajam*' is better than the Bengal reading '*jivam tadutthan*', if it has any meaning.

made wholly of iron, (Sweta) crushed the palmyra on the top of the standard of the high-souled (Bhishma). And beholding the standard of Bhishma cut down, thy sons thought that Bhishma was slain, having succumbed to Sweta. And the Pandavas also filled with delight, blew their conches all around. And beholding the palmyra standard of the high-souled Bhishma laid low, Duryodhana, from wrath, urged his own army to the battle. And they all began very carefully to protect Bhishma who was in great distress. Unto them, also unto those that stood (idle) spectators, the king said,—Either Sweta will die (today), or Bhishma the son of Santanu. I say this truly. Hearing the words of the king, the mighty car-warriors speedily with four kinds of forces, advanced protecting the son of Ganga. And Valhika and Kritavarman, and Kripa, and Salya also, O Bharata, and the son of Jarasandha, and Vikarna, and Chitrasena, and Vivinsati, with great speed, when speed was so necessary, surrounding him on all sides, poured on Sweta ceaseless showers of arrows. That mighty warrior then, of immeasurable soul, quickly checked those angry warriors by means of sharp arrows, displaying his own lightness of hand. And checking them all like a lion and a multitude of elephants, Sweta then cut off Bhishma's bow with thick shower of arrows. Then Bhishma the son of Santanu, taking up another bow in that battle, pierced Sweta, O king, with arrows furnished with feathers of *Kanka* bird. Then the commander (of the Pandava army), with wrath excited, pierced Bhishma in that encounter O king, with a great many shafts in the very sight of all. Beholding Bhishma, that foremost of heroes in all the world, checked in battle by Sweta, the king (Duryodhana) became greatly troubled, and great also became the distress of thy whole army. And beholding the heroic Bhishma checked and mangled by Sweta with his arrows, all thought that Bhishma, having succumbed to Sweta, was slain by him. Then thy sire Devavrata, yielding to anger, and beholding his (own) standard overthrown and the (Dhartarashtra) army checked, shot a great many arrows, O king, at Sweta. Sweta, however, that foremost of car-warriors, baffling all those arrows of Bhishma, once more cut off, with a broad-headed shaft, thy sire's bow. Throwing aside that bow, O king, Ganga's son, senseless with anger, taking up another bow larger and stronger, and aiming seven large broad-headed arrows whetted on stone, slew with four arrows the four steeds of the generalissimo Sweta, cut off his standard with two and with the seventh shaft that warrior of great prowess, exceedingly provoked, cut off his charioteer's head. Thereupon, that mighty car-warrior, jumping down from his car whose steeds and charioteer had been slain[1], and yielding to the influence of wrath, became exceedingly troubled. The grandsire, beholding Sweta that foremost of car-warriors, deprived of car, began to smite him on all sides with showers of arrows. And

[1]In the first line of 71st verse, the word is not '*Laghu*' but '*alaghu*', the initial '*a*' being only silent according to the rule of Sandhi. Though omitted in the Bengal texts, it occurs in the Bombay edition.

smitten in that combat with arrows shot from Bhishma's bow, Sweta, leaving his bow on his (abandoned) car took up a dart decked with gold and taking up that terrible and fierce dart[1] which resembled the fatal rod of Death and was capable of slaying Death's self. Sweta then, in great wrath, addressed Bhishma the son of Santanu in that combat, saying,—Wait a little, and behold me, O best of men,—And having said this unto Bhishma in battle, that great bowman of exceeding prowess and immeasurable soul, hurled the dart resembling a snake, displaying his valour for the sake of the Pandavas and desiring to achieve thy evil. Then loud cries of *oh* and *alas* arose among thy sons, O king, upon beholding that terrible dart resembling the rod of Death in splendour. And hurled from Sweta's arms, (that dart), resembling a snake that had just cast off its slough, fell with great force, O king, like a large meteor from the firmament. Thy sire Devavrata then, O king, without the slightest fear, with eight sharp and winged arrows, cut off into nine fragments, that dart decked with pure gold and which seemed to be covered with flames of fire, as it coursed ablaze through the air. All thy troops then, O bull of Bharata's race, set up loud shouts of joy. The son of Virata, however, beholding his dart cut off into fragments, became senseless with anger, and like one whose heart was overcome by (the arrival of) his hour, could not settle what to do. Deprived of his senses by anger, O king, the son of Virata, then, smiling, joyfully took up a mace for Bhishma's slaughter, with eyes red in wrath, and resembling a second Yama armed with mace, he rushed against Bhishma like a swollen torrent against the rocks. Regarding his impetuosity as incapable of check, Bhishma endued with great prowess and conversant with the might (of others), suddenly alighted on the ground for warding off that blow. Sweta then, O king, whirling in wrath that heavy mace, hurled it on Bhishma's car like the god Maheswara.[2] And in consequence of that mace intended for Bhishma's destruction, that car was reduced to ashes, with standard, and charioteer, and steeds and shaft. Beholding Bhishma, that foremost of car-warriors, become a combatant on foot, many car-warriors, *viz.*, Salya and others, speedily rushed (to his rescue). Mounting then upon another car, and cheerlessly stretching his bow, Bhishma slowly advanced towards Sweta, seeing that foremost of car-warriors. Meanwhile, Bhishma heard a loud voice uttered in the skies, that was celestial and fraught with his own good. (And the voice said).—'O, Bhishma, O thou of mighty arms, strive without losing a moment. Even this is the hour fixed by the Creator of the Universe for success over this one'. Hearing those words uttered by the celestial messenger, Bhishma, filled with joy, set his heart upon Sweta's destruction. And beholding that foremost of car-warriors, Sweta become a combatant on foot, many mighty car-warriors (of the Pandava side) rushed unitedly (to his rescue).

[1] '*Ghoram*', '*ugram*', '*mahabhayam*', are pleonastic.

[2] In the first line of 87 for *Maheswara* (meaning Siva) the Bombay text reads *Dhaneswara* (meaning Kuvera, the lord of treasures). For also '*Bhimainipatinya*' in the second line the Bombay text reads '*Bhishma inipatnya*'.

(They were) Satyaki, and Bhimasena, and Dhrishtadyumna of Prishata's race; and the (five) Kekaya brothers, and Dhrishtaketu and Abhimanyu of great energy. And beholding them rushing (to the rescue), with Drona and Salya and Kripa that hero of immeasurable soul (Bhishma) checked them all like the mountain resisting the force of the wind. And when all the high-souled warriors of the Pandava side were (thus) held in check, Sweta, taking up a sword cut off Bhishma's bow. Casting aside that bow, the grandsire, quickly made up his mind for Sweta's destruction, having heard the words of the celestial messenger. Though baffled (by Sweta), thy sire Devavrata then that mighty car-warrior quickly taking up another bow that resembled the bow of Sakra himself in splendour, stringed it in a moment. Then thy sire, O chief of the Bharatas, beholding that mighty car-warrior Sweta, though the latter was then surrounded by those tigers among men with Bhimasena at their head,—(thy sire) the son of Ganga—advanced steadily for the sake of the generalissimo Sweta alone. Beholding Bhishma advance, Bhimasena of great prowess pierced him with sixty shafts. But that mighty car-warrior, thy sire Devavrata, checking both Bhimasena and Abhimanyu and other car-warriors with terrible shafts, struck him with three straight arrows. And the grandsire of the Bharatas also struck Satyaki, in that combat, with a hundred arrows, and Dhrishtadyumna with twenty and the Kekaya brothers with five. And checking all those great bowmen with terrible arrows, thy sire Devavrata advanced towards Sweta alone. Then taking out an arrow resembling Death's self and capable of bearing a great strain and incapable of being resisted, the powerful Bhishma placed it on his bowstring. And that shaft, furnished with wings and duly endued with the force of the *Brahma* weapon, was seen by the gods and *Gandharvas* and *Pisachas* and *Uragas*, and *Rakshasas*. And that shaft, of splendour like that of a blazing fire, piercing through his coat of mail (passed through his body and) struck into the earth, with a flash like that of heaven's bolt. Like the Sun when speedily retiring to his western chambers taking along with him the rays of light, even thus that shaft passed out of Sweta's body, bearing away with itself his life. Thus slain in battle by Bhishma, we beheld that tiger among men fall down like the loosened crest of a mountain. And all the mighty car-warriors of the Kshatriya race belonging to the Pandava side indulged in lamentations. Thy sons, however, and all the Kurus, were filled with delight. Then, O king, beholding Sweta overthrown, Dussasana danced in joy over the field in accompaniment with the loud music of conches and drums. And when that great bowman was slain by Bhishma, that ornament of battle, the mighty bowmen (of the Pandava side) with Sikhandin at their head, trembled in fear. Then when their commander was slain, Dhananjaya, O king, and he of Vrishni's race, slowly withdrew the troops (for their nightly rest). And then, O Bharata, the withdrawal took place of both theirs and thine, while thine and theirs were frequently setting up loud roars. And the mighty car-warriors of the Parthas entered (their quarters) cheerlessly, thinking, O chastiser of foes, of that awful

slaughter in single combat (of their commander)."

SECTION XLIX

Dhritarashtra said, "When the generalissimo Sweta, O son, was slain in battle by the enemy, what did those mighty bowmen, the Panchalas with the Pandavas, do? Hearing their commander Sweta slain, what happened between those that strove for his sake and their foes that retreated before them? O Sanjaya, hearing of our victory, (thy) words please my heart? Nor doth my heart feel any shame in remembering our transgression.[1] The old chief of Kuru's race is ever cheerful and devoted (to us). (As regards Duryodhana), having provoked hostilities with that intelligent son of his uncle, he sought at one time the protection of the sons of Pandu in consequence of his anxiety and fear due to Yudhishthira. At that time, abandoning everything he lived in misery. In consequence of the prowess of the sons of Pandu, and everywhere receiving checks—having placed himself amid entanglements—from his enemies Duryodhana had (for some time) recourse to honourable behaviour. Formerly that wicked-minded king had placed himself under their protection. Why, therefore, O Sanjaya, hath Sweta who was devoted to Yudhishthira, been slain. Indeed, this narrow-minded prince, with all his prospects, hath been hurled to the nether regions by a number of wretches. Bhishma liked not the war, nor even did the preceptor.[2] Nor Kripa, nor Gandhari liked it. O Sanjaya, nor do I like it, nor Vasudeva of Vrishni's race, nor that just king the son of Pandu; nor Bhima, nor Arjuna, nor those bulls among men, the twins (liked it.) Always forbidden by me, by Gandhari, by Vidura, by Rama the son of Jamadagni, and by the high-souled Vyasa also, the wicked-minded and sinful Duryodhana, with Dussasana, O Sanjaya, always following the counsels of Karna and Suvala's son, behaved maliciously towards the Pandavas. I

[1]The transgression of which Dhritarashtra alludes is the slaughter by Bhishma from his car, of Sweta who was then a combatant on foot. Or, it may be the very slaughter of Sweta, who was dear to the Pandavas and which act would, the king thought, provoke them more.

[2]Verses 4 to 7 are exceedingly difficult. I am not sure that I have understood them correctly. They are of the nature of *Vyasakutas,* i.e., deliberate obscurities for puzzling Ganesa, who acted as the scribe, for enabling Vyasa to gain time for compositions. In verse 4 '*Pitus*' means uncle's and not father's; so also '*durga decam*' in verse 6 means entanglements, like Duryodhana's hostility with the Gandharvas on the occasion of the tale of cattle. In verse 7 of the Bengal reading is *Yudhishthiram bhaktya.* The Bombay reading which I adopt, is *Yudhishthire bhaktas.* In 8, the *purushadhamas* are Sakuni and Karna. &c.

think, O Sanjaya, that he has fallen into great distress. After the slaughter of Sweta and the victory of Bhishma what did Partha, excited with rage, do in battle accompanied by Krishna? Indeed, it is from Arjuna that my fears arise, and those fears, O Sanjaya, cannot be dispelled. He, Dhananjaya, the son of Kunti, is brave and endued with great activity. I think, with his arrows he will cut into fragments the bodies of his enemies. The son of Indra, and in battle equal unto Upendra the younger brother of Indra, a warrior whose wrath and purposes are never futile, alas, beholding him what becomes the state of your minds? Brave, acquainted with *Vedas*, resembling the fire and the Sun in splendour, and possessing a knowledge of the *Aindra* weapon, that warrior of immeasurable soul is ever victorious when he falleth upon the foe? His weapons always falling upon the foe with the force of the thunderbolt and his arms wonderfully quick in drawing the bowstring, the son of Kunti is a mighty car-warrior. The formidable son of Drupada also, O Sanjaya, is endued with great wisdom. What, indeed, did Dhristadyumna do when Sweta was slain in battle? I think that in consequence of the wrongs they sustained of old, and of the slaughter of their commander, the hearts of the high-souled Pandavas blazed up. Thinking of their wrath I am never at my ease, by day or by night, on account of Duryodhana. How did the great battle take place? Tell me all about it, O Sanjaya.

Sanjaya said, "Hear, O king, quietly about thy transgressions. It behoveth thee not to impute the fruit to Duryodhana. As is the construction of an embankment when the waters have disappeared, so is thy understanding, or, it is like the digging of a well when house is on fire.[1] When, after the forenoon had passed away, the commander Sweta was, O Bharata, slain by Bhishma in that fierce conflict, Virata's son Sankha, that grinder of hostile ranks ever delighting in battle, beholding Salya stationed with Kritavarman (on his car), suddenly blazed up with wrath, like fire with clarified butter. That mighty warrior, stretching his large bow that resembled the bow of Indra himself, rushed with the desire of slaying the ruler of the Madras in battle, himself supported on all sides by a large division of cars. And Sankha, causing an arrowy downpour rushed towards the car on which Salya was. And beholding him advancing like an infuriate elephant, seven mighty car-warriors of thy side surrounded him—desirous of rescuing the ruler of the Madras already within the jaws of death. Then the mighty-armed Bhishma, roaring like the very clouds, and taking up a bow full six cubits long, rushed towards Sankha in battle. And beholding that mighty car-warrior and great bowman thus rushing, the Pandava host began to tremble like a boat tossed by a violence of the tempest. Then Arjuna, quickly advancing, placed himself in front of Sankha, thinking that Sankha should, then be protected from Bhishma. And then the combat commenced between Bhishma and Arjuna. And loud cries of *oh* and *alas* arose among the warriors engaged in battle. And one force seemed to

[1]As both operations are useless, so are these thy regrets.

merge into another force. And thus all were filled with wonder.[1] Then Salya, mace in hand, alighting from his large car, slew, O bull of Bharata's race, the four steeds of Sankha. Jumping down from his car thus deprived of steeds, and taking a sword, Sankha ran towards Vibhatsu's car and (mounting on it) was once more at his ease. And then there fell from Bhishma's car innumerable arrows by which were covered the entire welkin and the earth. And that foremost of smiters, Bhishma, slaughtered with his arrows the Panchala, the Matsya, the Kekaya, and the Prabhadraka host. And soon abandoning in that battle, Pandu's son (Arjuna) capable of drawing the bow with even his left hand, Bhishma rushed towards Drupada, the king of the Panchalas, surrounded by his host. And he soon covered his dear relative with innumerable arrows. Like a forest consumed by fire at the end of winter, the troops of Drupada were seen to be consumed. And Bhishma stood in that battle like a blazing fire without smoke, or like the Sun himself at midday scorching everything around with his heat. The combatants of the Pandavas were not able to even look at Bhishma. And afflicted with fear, the Pandava host cast its eyes around, and not beholding any protector, looked like a herd of kine afflicted by cold. Slaughtered or retreating in despondence being crushed the while, loud cries, O Bharata, of *oh* and *alas* arose among the troops of the Pandavas. Then Bhishma the son of Santanu, with bow always drawn to a circle, shot therefrom blazing arrows that resembled virulent poison. And creating continuous lines of arrows in all directions, that hero of rigid vows slew Pandava car-warriors, naming each, O Bharata, beforehand. And then when the troops of the Pandavas were routed and crushed all over the field, the sun set and nothing could be seen. And then beholding Bhishma, O bull of Bharata's race, proudly standing in battle, the Parthas withdrew their forces (for nightly rest)."

SECTION L

Sanjaya said, "When the troops, O bull of Bharata's race, were withdrawn on the first day, and when Duryodhana was filled with delight upon (beholding) Bhishma excited with wrath in battle, king Yudhisthira the just, speedily repaired unto Janardana, accompanied by all his brothers and all the kings (on his side). Filled with great grief thinking of his defeat, and beholding Bhishma's prowess, O king, he addressed that scion of Vrishni's race, saying, 'Behold, O Krishna, that mighty bowman Bhishma of terrible prowess. He consumes with his arrow my troops like fire (con-

[1]The sense is that Arjuna representing one force, and Bhishma another, the two forces seemed to mingle, into one another, like one bolt of heaven against another, as one may say.

suming) dry grass. How shall we even look at that high-souled (warrior) who is licking up my troops like fire fed with clarified butter? Beholding that tiger among men, that mighty warrior armed with the bow, my troops fly away, afflicted with arrows. Enraged Yama himself, or He armed with the thunder, or even Varuna noose in hand, or Kuvera armed with mace, may be vanquished in battle but the mighty car-warrior Bhishma, of great energy is incapable of being vanquished. Such being the case, I am sinking in the fathomless ocean represented by Bhishma, without a boat (to rescue me).[1] In consequence, O Kesava, of the weakness of my understanding, having obtained Bhishma (for a foe in battle), I shall, O Govinda, retire into woods. To live there is preferable to devoting these lords of earth to Death in the form of Bhishma. Conversant with mighty weapons, Bhishma, O Krishna, will annihilate my army. As insects rush into the blazing fire for their own destruction, the combatants of my army are even so. In putting forth prowess for the sake of kingdom, O thou of Vrishni's race, I am being led to destruction. My heroic brothers also are pained and afflicted with arrows for my sake, having been deprived of both sovereignty and happiness in consequence of their love for their eldest brother. We regard life very highly, for, under these circumstances, life is too precious (to be sacrificed). During the remainder of my days I will practise the severest of ascetic austerities. I will not, O Kesava, cause these friends of mine to be slain.[2] The mighty Bhishma incessantly slays, with his celestial weapon, many thousands of my car-warriors who are foremost of smiters. Tell me, O Madhava, without delay, what should be done that might do me good. As regards Arjuna, I see that he is an indifferent spectator in this battle. Endued with great might, this Bhima alone, remembering Kshatriya duties, fighteth putting forth the prowess of his arms and to the utmost of his power. With his hero-slaying mace, this high-souled (warrior), to the full measure of his powers, achieveth the most difficult feats upon foot-soldiers and steeds and cars and elephants. This hero, however, is incapable, O sire, of destroying in fair fight the hostile host in even a century. This thy friend (Arjuna) alone (amongst) is conversant with (mighty) weapons. He, however, beholding us consumed by Bhishma and the high-souled Drona, looketh indifferently on us. The celestial weapons of Bhishma and the high-souled Drona, incessantly applied, are consuming all the Kshatriyas. O Krishna, such is his prowess, that Bhishma, with wrath excited, aided by the kings (on his side), will, without doubt annihilate us. O Lord of Yoga, look for that great bowman, that mighty car-warrior, who will give Bhishma his quietus like rain-charged clouds quenching a forest conflagration. (Then) through thy grace, O Govinda, the son of Pandu, their foes being slain, will, after recovery of their kingdom, be happy with their kinsmen.

[1] *Aplavas* and *Alpave* are both correct.

[2] In the first line of the 14th verse *Aviseshana* seems to be incorrect. The Bombay text reads *Avaseshena* which I adopt.

"Having said this, the high-souled son of Pritha, with heart afflicted by grief and mind turned within, remained silent for a long while in a reflected mood. Beholding the son of Pandu stricken with grief and deprived of his senses by sorrow, Govinda then gladdening all the Pandavas said, 'Do not grieve, O chief of the Bharatas. It behoveth thee not to grieve, when thy brothers are all heroes and renowned bowmen in the world. I also am employed in doing thee good, as also that mighty car-warrior Satyaki and Virata and Drupada, both reverend in years, and Dhrishtadyumna of Prishata's line. And so also, O best of kings, all these monarchs with their (respective) troops are expectant of thy favour and devoted to thee, O king. This mighty car-warrior Dhrishtadyumna of Prishata's race placed in command of thy army is always desirous of thy welfare and engaged in doing that which is agreeable to thee, as also this Sikhandin, O thou of mighty arms, who is certainly the slayer of Bhishma. Hearing these words, the king (Yudhishthira), said, unto that mighty car-warrior Dhrishtadyumna, in that very assembly and in the hearing of Vasudeva, these words, ,O Dhrishtadyumna, mark these words that I say unto thee, O thou of Prishata's line. The words uttered by me should not be transgressed. Approved by Vasudeva, thou hast been the commander of our forces. As Kartikeya, in days of old, was ever the commander of the celestial host, so also art thou, O bull among men, the commander of the Pandava host. Putting forth thy prowess, O tiger among men, slay the Kauravas. I will follow thee, and Bhima, and Krishna also, O sire, and the sons of Madri united together, and the sons of Draupadi accoutred in mail, and all the other foremost of kings, O bull among men. Then gladdening (the listeners) Dhrishtadyumna said, 'Ordained of old by Sambhu himself, I am, O son of Pritha, the slayer of Drona. I shall now fight in battle against Bhishma, and Drona and Kripa and Salya and Jayadratha and all the proud monarchs (on the Kuru side)'. When that foremost of princes, that slayer of foes, the son of Prishata, said this defiantly, the Pandava warriors, endued with great energy and incapable of being defeated in battle, all set up a loud shout. And then Pritha's son Yudhishthira said unto the commander of his army, the son of Prishata, (these words), 'An array known by the name of *Krauncharuma,* that is destructive of all foes, and that was spoken of by Vrihaspati unto Indra in days of old when the gods and the *Asuras* fought,—that array destructive of hostile divisions, do thou form. Unseen before, the kings behold it, along with the Kurus.' Thus addressed by that god among men, like Vishnu addressed by the wielder of the thunderbolt,[1] he (Dhrishtadyumna), when morning dawned, placed Dhananjaya in the van of the whole army. And Dhananjaya's standard, created at Indra's command by the celestial artificer, while moving through the skies, seemed wonderfully beautiful. Decked with banners bearing hues resembling

[1]The correct reading is *Vishnu*, and not *Jishnu* as in many of the Bengal texts.

those of Indra's bow,[1] coursing through the air like a ranger of the skies, and looking like the fleeting edifice of vapour in the welkin, it seemed, O sire to glide dancingly along the track of the car (to which it was attached). And the bearer of *Gandiva* with that (standard) graced with gems, and that standard itself with the bearer of *Gandiva,* looked highly adorned, like the Self-create with the Sun (and the Sun with the Self-create).[2] And king Drupada, surrounded by a large number of troops, became the head (of that array). And the two kings Kuntibhoja and Saivya became its two eyes. And the ruler of the Dasarnas, and the Prayagas, with the Daserakas, and the Anupakas, and the Kiratas were placed in its neck, O bull of Bharata's race. And Yudhishthira, O king, with the Patachcharas, the Hunas, the Pauravakas and the Nishadas, became its two wings, so also the Pisachas, with the Kundavishas, and the Mandakas, the Ladakas, the Tanganas, and the Uddras, O Bharata, and the Saravas, the Tumbhumas, the Vatsas, and the Nakulas. And Nakula and Sahadeva placed themselves on the left wing. And on the joints of the wings were placed ten thousand cars and on the head a hundred thousand, and on the back a hundred millions and twenty thousand and on the neck a hundred and seventy thousand. And on the joints of the wings, the wings and the extremities of the wings proceeded elephants in large bodies, looking, O king, like blazing mountains. And the rear was protected by Virata aided by the Kekayas, and the ruler of Kasi and the king of the Chedis, with thirty thousand cars.[3] Forming, O Bharata, their mighty array thus, the Pandavas, expectant of sunrise, waited for battle, all cased in armour. And their white umbrellas, clean and costly, and brilliant as the sun, shone resplendent on their elephants and cars."[4]

SECTION LI

Sanjaya said, "Beholding the mighty and terrible array called *Krauncha* formed by Pandu's son of immeasurable energy, thy son,

[1] *Indrayudha* is Indra's bow or the rainbow. *Akasaga* (literally a ranger of the skies) is a bird. The vapoury edifices and forms, constantly melting away and reappearing in new shapes, are called *Gandharvanagar* as (lit. towns of the Gandharvas or celestial choiristers).

[2] The Bengal reading is *Savayambhuriva bhanuna* which I have adopted. The Bombay reading is *Merurivabhanuna,* which means "like the mountain Meru with Sun." It is difficult to make a choice between the two.

[3] The Bombay text differs in many respects from the Bengal texts as regards the positions assigned to the several warriors and races in the Pandava host. It is impossible to settle the true readings. I have, therefore, without any attempt at correction, followed the Bengal text.

[4] The last word of the 28th verse is '*Ratheshu cha*', and not '*Dhajeshu cha*' for umbrellas could not possibly be fastened to standards.

approaching the preceptor, and Kripa, and Salya, O sire, and Somadatta's son, and Vikarna, and Aswatthaman also, and all his brothers too, headed by Dussasana, O Bharata, and other immeasurable heroes assembled there for battle, said these timely words, gladdening them all, 'Armed with various kinds of weapons, ye all are conversant with the meaning of the scriptures. Ye mighty car-warriors, each of you is singly capable of slaying in battle the sons of Pandu with their troops. How much more then, when ye are united together. Our host, therefore, which is protected by Bhishma, is immeasurable, while that host of theirs, which is protected by Bhima, is measurable.[1] Let the Samsthanas, the Surasenas, the Venikas, the Kukkuras, the Rechakas, the Trigartas, the Madrakas, the Yavanas, with Satrunjayas, and Dussasana, and that excellent hero Vikarna, and Nanda and Upanandaka, and Chitrasena, along with the Manibhadrakas, protect Bhishma with their (respective) troops,'—Then Bhishma and Drona and thy sons, O sire, formed a mighty array for resisting that of the Parthas. And Bhishma, surrounded by a large body of troops, advanced, leading a mighty army, like the chief of the celestials himself. And that mighty bowman, the son of Bharadwaja, endued with great energy, followed him with the Kuntalas, the Dasarnas, and the Magadhas, O king, and with the Vidarbhas, the Melakas, the Karnas, and the Pravaranas also. And the Gandharas, the Sindhusauviras, the Sivis and the Vasatis with all their combatants also, (followed) Bhishma, that ornament of battle, and Sakuni, with all his troops protected the son of Bharadwaja. And then king Duryodhana, united with all his brothers, with the Aswalakas, the Vikarnas, the Vamanas, the Kosalas, the Daradas, the Vrikas, as also the Kshudrakas and the Malavas advanced cheerfully against the Pandava host. And Bhurisravas, and Sala, and Salya, and Bhagadatta, O sire, and Vinda and Anuvinda of Avanti, protected the left flank. And Somadatta, and Susarman, and Sudakshina, the ruler of the Kamvojas and Satayus, and Srutayus, were on the right flank. And Aswatthaman, and Kripa, and Kritavarman of Satwata's race, with a very large division of the troops, were stationed at the rear of the army. And behind them were the rulers of many provinces, and Ketumat, and Vasudana, and the powerful son of the king of Kasi. Then all the troops on thy side cheerfully waiting for battle, O Bharata, blew their conches with great pleasure, and set up leonine roars. And hearing the shouts of those (combatants) filled with delight the venerable Kuru grandsire, endued with great prowess, uttering a leonine roar, blew his conch. Thereupon, conches and drums and diverse kinds of *Pesis* and cymbals, were sounded at once by others, and the noise made became a loud uproar. And Madhava and Arjuna, both stationed on a great car unto which were yoked white steeds, blew their excellent conches decked with gold and jewels. And Hrishikesa blew the conch called *Panchajanya*, and Dhananjaya (that called)

[1]This identical verse occurs in the first chapter of the Bhagavad Gita (vide, Verse 10, Chap. 25, of this Parvan, ante). There following the commentators, particularly Sreedhara, I have rendered *Aparyaptam* and *Paryaptam* as less than sufficient and sufficient. It would seem, however, that that is erroneous.

Devadatta. And Vrikodara of terrible deeds blew the huge conch called *Paundra.* And Kunti's son king Yudhishthira blew the conch called *Anantavijaya,* while Nakula and Sahadeva (those conches called) *Sughosa* and *Manipushpaka.*[1] And the ruler of Kasi, and Saivya, and Sikhandin the mighty car-warrior, and Dhrishtadyumna, and Virata, and the mighty car-warrior Satyaki, and that great bowman the king of the Panchalas, and the five sons of Draupadi, all blew their large conches and set up leonine roars. And that great uproar uttered there by those heroes, loudly reverberated through both the earth and the welkin. Thus, O great king, the Kurus and the Pandavas, both filled with delight, advanced against each other for battling again, and scorching each other thus."

SECTION LII

Dhritarashtra said, "When mine and the hostile hosts were thus formed into battle array, how did the foremost of smiters begin to strike?"

Sanjaya said, "When all the divisions were thus arrayed, the combatants waited, each cased in mail, and with their beautiful standards all upraised. And beholding the (Kuru) host that resembled the limitless ocean, thy son Duryodhana, O king, stationed within it, said unto all the combatants on thy side, 'Cased in mail (as ye are), begin ye the fight'. The combatants then, entertaining cruel intentions, and abandoning their very lives, all rushed against the Pandavas, with standards upraised. The battle that took place then was fierce and made the hair stand on end. And the cars and elephants all got mixed together. And shafts with beautiful feathers, and endued with great energy and sharp points, shot by car-warriors fell upon elephants and horses. And when the battle began in this way, the venerable Kuru grandsire, the mighty-armed Bhishma of terrible prowess, cased in mail, taking up his bow, and approaching them, showered an arrowy downpour on the heroic son of Subhadra, and the mighty car-warrior Arjuna, and the ruler of the Kekayas and Virata, and Dhrishtadyumna of Prishata's race, as also upon the Chedi and the Matsya warriors. And that mighty array (of the Pandavas) wavered at the onset of that hero. And terrific was the encounter that took place between all the combatants. And horse-men and car-warriors and foremost of steeds fell fast. And the car-divisions of the Pandavas began to fly away. Then that tiger among men, Arjuna, beholding that mighty car-warrior Bhishma, angrily said unto him of Vrishni's race, 'Proceed to the place where the grandsire is. O thou of Vrishni's race, it is evident that this Bhishma, with wrath excited, will annihilate for Duryodhana's benefit my host. And this

[1]For these names, vide note in page 70 ante, Bhishma Parva.

Drona, and Kripa and Salya and Vikarna, O Janardana, united with Dhritarashtra's sons headed by Duryodhana, and protected by this firm bowman, will slaughter the Panchalas. Even I, therefore, shall slay Bhishma for the sake of my troops, O Janardana.' Unto him Vasudeva then said, 'Be careful, O Dhananjaya, for I will soon take thee, O hero, towards the grandsire's car.' Having said this, O king, Saurin took that car, which was celebrated over the world, before the car of Bhishma. With numerous banners all waving, with steeds looking handsome like a flight of (white) cranes, with standard upraised on which was the ape roaring fiercely, upon his large car of solar effulgence and whose rattle resembled roar of the clouds, slaughtering the Kaurava divisions and the Surasenas also, the son of Pandu, that enhancer of the joys of friends speedily came to the encounter. Him (thus) rushing impetuously like an infuriate elephant and (thus) frightening in a battle brave combatants and felling them with his shafts, Bhishma the son of Santanu, protected by the warriors headed by Saindhava and by the combatants of the East and the Sauviras and the Kekayas, encountered with great impetuosity. Who else save the Kuru grandsire and those car-warriors, *viz.,* Drona and Vikartana's son (Karna), are capable of advancing in battle against the bearer of the bow called *Gandiva ?* Then, O great king, Bhishma, the grandsire of the Kauravas, struck Arjuna with seventy-seven arrows and Drona (struck him) with five and twenty, and Kripa with fifty, and Duryodhana with four and sixty, and Salya with nine arrows; and Drona's son, that tiger among men, with sixty, and Vikarna with three arrows; and Saindhava with nine and Sakuni with five. And Artayani O king, pierced Pandu's son with three broad-headed arrows. And (though) pierced on all sides by them with sharp arrows, that great bowman,[1] that mighty-armed (warrior), wavered not like mountain that is pierced (with arrows). Thereupon he, the diadem-decked, of immeasurable soul, O bull of Bharata's race, in return pierced Bhishma with five and twenty, and Kripa with nine arrows, and Drona with sixty, O tiger among men, and Vikarna with three arrows; and Artayani with three arrows, and the king (Duryodhana) also with five. And then Satyaki, and Virata and Dhrishtadyumna of Prishata's race, and the sons of Draupadi, and Abhimanyu, all surrounded him, (proceeding to his support). Then the prince of the Panchalas, supported by the Somakas, advanced towards the great bowman Drona who was engaged in seeking the welfare of Ganga's son. Then Bhishma, that foremost of car-warriors, speedily pierced the son of Pandu with eighty sharp arrows, upon which the combatants on thy side were much gratified. Hearing the shouts of those lions among car-warriors, Dhananjaya, endued with great prowess, then cheerfully entered into the midst of those lions among car-warriors and sported with his bow, O king, (successively) aiming those mighty car-warriors. Then that ruler of men, king Duryodhana, said unto Bhishma, beholding his own troops (thus)

[1]The 26th verse in the Bengal texts consists of three lines. In the Bombay texts, the half-sloka about Artayani does not occur.

afflicted in battle by the son of Pritha. 'This mighty son of Pandu, O sire, accompanied by Krishna, felling all our troops, cutteth down our roots, even though thou, O son of Ganga, and that foremost of car-warriors, Drona, are alive. O monarch, it is for thee only that this Karna, laying aside his weapons, doth not fight with the sons of Pritha in battle (though) he is ever a well-wisher of mine, Do, therefore, that, O son of Ganga by which Phalguni may be slain. 'Thus addressed, O king, thy sire Devavrata. saying, '*Fie to Kshatriya usage',* then proceeded towards Partha's car. And all the kings, O monarch, seeing both those warriors with white steeds yoked unto their cars stationed (for battle), set up loud leonine roars, and also blew their conches, O sire. And Drona's son and Duryodhana, and thy son Vikarna, surrounding Bhishma in that combat, stood, O sire, for battle. And so all the Pandavas, surrounding Dhananjaya, stood for fierce conflict. And the battle then commenced. And the son of Ganga pierced Partha in that combat with nine shafts. And Arjuna pierced him in return with ten shafts penetrating into the very vitals. Then, with a thousand arrows, well shot, Pandu's son Arjuna, famed for his skill in battle, shrouded Bhishma on all sides. That arrowy net, however, of Partha, O king, Bhishma the son of Santanu baffled with an arrowy net (of his own). And both well-pleased, and both delighting in battle, fought with each other without each gaining any advantage over the other, and each desirous of counteracting the other's feats. And the successive flights of arrows shot from Bhishma's bow were seen to be dispersed by the shafts of Arjuna. And so the flights of arrows shot by Arjuna, cut off by the arrows of Ganga's son, all fell down on the ground. And Arjuna pierced Bhishma with five and twenty arrows of sharp points. And Bhishma, too, in that combat, pierced Partha in return with nine arrows. And those two mighty warriors, those chastisers of foes, piercing each other's steeds, and also the shafts and the wheels of each other's cars, began to sport. Then, O king, Bhishma, that foremost of smiters, struck Vasudeva between his two breasts with three arrows. And the slayer of Madhu, struck with those shafts shot from Bhishma's bow, shone in that battle, O king, like a flowering *Kinsuka.* Then Arjuna, indignant at seeing Madhava, pierced in that combat the charioteer of Ganga's son with three arrows. And both heroes, striving with each other against each other's car, succeeded not in taking aim at each other in the combat. And in consequence of the ability and dexterity of the charioteers of both those warriors, both displayed, O king, beautiful circles and advancings and retreatings in respect of their moving cars. And, O monarch, seeing the opportunity to strike, they frequently changed positions, O king, for obtaining what they sought. And both the heroes blew their conches, mingling that blare with their leonine roars. And those mighty car-warriors twang their bows, both in the same manner. And with the blare of their conches and the rattle of their car-wheels, the very Earth was suddenly rent. And it began to tremble and produce subterranean noises. And nobody, O bull of Bharata's race, could detect any latches in either of them. Both of them was possessed

of great might and great courage in battle, each was other's match. And by (the sight of) his standard alone, the Kauravas could approach him (for aid). And so the Pandavas approached Pritha's son (for aid), guided by his standard only. And beholding, O king, prowess thus displayed by those two foremost of men, O Bharata, all creatures (present) in that battle were filled with wonder. And none, O Bharata, observed any difference between the two, just as none finds any transgression in a person observant of morality. And both of them (at times) became perfectly invisible in consequence of clouds of arrows. And soon enough both of them in that battle became visible. And the gods with *Gandharvas* and the *Charanas*, and the great *Rishis* beholding their prowess, said unto one another. These mighty car-warriors when excited with rage, are incapable of ever being vanquished in battle by all the worlds with the gods, the *Asuras* and the *Gandharvas*. This highly wonderful battle would be wonderful in all the worlds. Indeed, a battle such as this will never take place again. Bhishma is incapable of being conquered in combat by Pritha's son of great intelligence, showering his arrows in battle, with bow and car and steeds. So also that great bowman, the son of Pandu, incapable of being vanquished in battle by the very gods, Bhishma is not competent to conquer in combat. As long as the world itself will last, so long will this battle continue equally. We heard these words, O king, fraught with the praise of Ganga's son and Arjuna in battle bruited about there. And while those two were engaged in displaying their prowess, other warriors of thy side and of the Pandavas, O Bharata, slew one another in battle, with sharp-edged scimitars, and polished battle-axes, and innumerable arrows, and diverse kinds of weapons. And the brave combatants of both armies cut one another down, while that terrible and murderous conflict lasted. And the encounter also, O king, that took place between Drona and the prince of the Panchalas, was awful."

SECTION LIII

Dhritarashtra said, "Tell me, O Sanjaya, how that great bowman Drona and the Panchala prince of Prishata's race encounter each other in battle, each striving his best. I regard destiny to be superior, O Sanjaya, to exertion, when Santanu's son Bhishma (even) could not escape Pandu's son in battle. Indeed, Bhishma, when enraged in battle could destroy all mobile and immobile creatures, why, O Sanjaya, could he not then by his prowess, escape the son of Pandu in battle?"

Sanjaya said, "Listen, O king, quietly to this terrific battle. The son of Pandu is incapable of being vanquished by the very gods with Vasava. Drona with diverse arrows pierced Dhrishtadyumna and felled the latter's

charioteer from his niche in the car.[1] And, O sire, the enraged hero also afflicted Dhrishtadyumna's four steeds with four excellent shafts. And the heroic Dhrishtadyumna too pierced Drona in the combat with nine sharp arrows and addressed him, saying, '*Wait—Wait*'. 'Then, again, Bharadwaja's son of great prowess and immeasurable soul, covered with his arrows the wrathful Dhrishtadyumna. And he took up a dreadful arrow for the destruction of Prishata's son whose force resembled that of Sakra's bolt and which was like a second rod of death. And beholding that arrow aimed by Bharadwaja in battle, loud cries of *oh* and *alas* arose, O Bharata, among all the combatants. And then we beheld the wonderful prowess of Dhrishtadyumna insomuch that the hero stood alone, immovable like a mountain. And he cut off that terrible and blazing arrow coming towards him like his own Death, and also showered an arrowy downpour on Bharadwaja's son. And beholding that difficult feat achieved by Dhrishtadyumna, the Panchalas with the Pandavas, filled with delight, set up loud shouts. And that prince, endued with great prowess, desirous of slaying Drona hurled at him a dart of great impetuosity, decked with gold and stones of *lapis lazuli*. Thereupon the son of Bharadwaja, smiling the while, cut off into three fragments that dart decked with gold that was coming towards him impetuously. Beholding his dart thus baffled, Dhrishtadyumna of great prowess rained arrowy downpours on Drona, O king. Then that mighty car-warrior Drona, baffling that arrowy shower, cut off when the opportunity presented, the bow of Drupada's son. His bow (thus) cut off in the combat, that mighty warrior of great fame hurled at Drona a heavy mace endued with the strength of the mountain. And hurled from his hands, that mace coursed through the air for Drona's destruction. And then we beheld the wonderful prowess of Bharadwaja's son. By (the) lightness (of his car's motion), he baffled that mace decked with gold, and having baffled it, he shot at Prishata's son many shafts of sharp edge, well-tempered, furnished with golden wings, and whetted on stone. And these, penetrating through Prishata's coat of mail, drank his blood in that battle. Then the high-souled Dhrishtadyumna, taking up another bow, and putting forth his prowess pierced Drona in that encounter with five shafts. And then those two bulls among men, both covered with blood, looked beautiful like two blossoming *Kinsukas* in spring variegated with flowers. Then, O king, excited with wrath and putting forth his prowess at the head of his division, Drona once more cut off the bow of Drupada's son. And then that hero of immeasurable soul covered that warrior whose bow was cut off, with innumerable straight arrows like the clouds showering rain on a mountain. And he also felled his foe's charioteer from his niche in the car. And his four steeds, too, with four sharp arrows, Drona felled in that combat that set up a leonine roar. And with another shaft he cut off the leathern fence that cased Dhrishtadyumna's hand. His bow cut off, deprived of car, his steeds slain, and charioteer overthrown, the prince

[1]In the first line of the 5th verse, the true reading is *avidhata* and not *amarshanam*.

of Panchala alighted from his car, mace in hand, displaying great prowess. But before he could come down from his car, O Bharata, Drona with his shafts cut off that mace into fragments. This feat seemed wonderful to us. And then the mighty prince of the Panchalas of strong arms, taking a large and beautiful shield decked with a hundred moons, and a large scimitar of beautiful make, rushed impetuously from desire of slaying Drona, like a hungry lion in the forest towards an infuriate elephant. Then wonderful was the prowess that we behold of Bharadwaja's son, and his lightness (of hand) in the use of weapons, as also the strength of his arms, O Bharata, in as much as, alone, he checked Prishata's son with a shower of arrows. And although possessed of great might in battle, he was unable to proceed further. And we behold the mighty car-warrior Dhrishtadyumna staying where he did and warding off those clouds of arrows with his shield, using his arms with great dexterity. Then the mighty-armed Bhima endued with great strength quickly came there, desirous of aiding in battle the high-souled son of Prishata. And he pierced Drona, O king, with seven sharp-pointed arrows, and speedily caused Prishata's son to be taken up on another car. Then king Duryodhana urged the ruler of the Kalingas supported by a large division, for the protection of Bharadwaja's son. Then that terrible and mighty division of the Kalingas, O ruler of men, rushed against Bhima at the command of thy son. And Drona then, that foremost of car-warriors, abandoning the prince of Panchala, encountered Virata and Drupada together. And Dhrishtadyumna also proceeded to support king Yudhishthira in battle. And then commenced a fierce battle, making the hair stand on end, between the Kalingas and the high-souled Bhima, a battle that was destructive of the universe, terrific, and awful."

SECTION LIV

Dhritarashtra said, "How did the ruler of the Kalingas, that commander of a large division, urged by my son, and supported by his troops, fight in battle with the mighty Bhimasena of wonderful feats, that hero wandering over the field of battle with his mace like Death himself club in hand?"

Sanjaya said, "Thus urged by thy son, O great king, the mighty king of the Kalingas, accompanied by a large army advanced towards Bhima's car. And Bhimasena, then, O Bharata, supported by the Chedis, rushed towards that large and mighty army of the Kalingas, abounding with cars, steeds, and elephants, and armed with mighty weapons, and advancing towards him with Ketumat, the son of the king of the Nishadas. And Srutayus also, excited with wrath, accoutred in

mail, followed by his troops in battle-array, and, accompanied by king Ketumat, came before Bhima in battle. And the ruler of the Kalingas with many thousands of cars, and Ketumat with ten thousand elephants and the Nishadas, surrounded Bhimasena, O king, on all sides. Then the Chedis, the Matsyas, and Karushas, with Bhimasena at their head, with many kings impetuously rushed against the Nishadas. And then commenced the battle, fierce and terrible, between the warriors rushing at one another from desire of slaughter. And terrific was the battle that suddenly took place between Bhima and his foes, resembling the battle, O great king, between Indra and the mighty host of Diti's sons. And loud became the uproar, O Bharata, of that mighty army struggling in battle, that resembled the sound of the roaring ocean. And the combatants, O king, cutting one another, made the whole field resemble a crematorium strewn with flesh and blood. And combatants, impelled by the desire of slaughter could not distinguish friend from foe. And those brave warriors, incapable of being easily defeated in battle, even began to strike down their own friend. And terrific was the collision that took place between the few and many, between the Chedis (on the one side) and the Kalingas and the Nishadas, O king, (on the other). Displaying their manliness to the best of their power, the mighty Chedis, abandoning Bhimasena, turned back, and when the Chedis ceased to follow him, the son of Pandu, encountering all the Kalingas, did not turn back, depending upon the might of his own arms. Indeed, the mighty Bhimasena moved not, but from the terrace of his car covered the division of the Kalingas with showers of sharp arrows. Then that mighty bowman, the king of the Kalingas, and that car-warrior, his son known by the name of Sakradeva, both began to strike the son of Pandu with their shafts. And the mighty-armed Bhima, shaking his beautiful bow, and depending on the might of his own arms, fought with Kalinga, and Sakradeva, shooting in that battle innumerable arrows, slew Bhimasena's steeds with them. And beholding that chastiser of foes Bhimasena deprived of his car, Sakradeva rushed at him, shooting sharp arrows. And upon Bhimasena, O great king, the mighty Sakradeva showered arrowy downpours like the clouds after summer is gone. But the mighty Bhimasena, staying on his car whose steeds had been slain, hurled at Sakradeva a mace made of the hardest iron. And slain by that mace, O king, the son of the ruler of the Kalingas, from his car, fell down on the ground, with his standard and charioteer. Then that mighty car-warrior, the king of the Kalingas beholding his own son slain, surrounded Bhima on all sides with many thousands of cars. Then the mighty-armed Bhima endued with great strength, abandoning mace, took up a scimitar, desirous of achieving a fierce feat. And that bull among men also took up, O king, crescents made of gold. And the ruler of the Kalingas also, excited with wrath, and rubbing his bowstring, and taking up a terrible arrow (deadly) as poison of the snake, shot it at Bhimasena, desirous at that monarch was of slaying (the Pandava). That sharp arrow, thus shot and coursing impetuously, Bhimasena, O king, cut in twain with his

huge sword. And filled with delight he set up a loud shout, terrifying the troops. And the ruler of the Kalingas, excited with rage in that combat with Bhimasena, quickly hurled at him fourteen bearded darts whetted on stone. The mighty-armed son of Pandu, however, with that best of scimitars, fearlessly cut into fragments in a trice, O king, those darts while coursing through the welkin and before they could reach him. And having in that battle (thus) cut off those fourteen darts Bhima, that bull among men, beholding Bhanumat, rushed at him. Bhanumat then covered Bhima with a shower of arrows, and set up a loud shout, making the welkin resound with it. Bhima, however, in that fierce battle, could not bear that leonine shout. Himself endued with a loud voice, he also shouted very loudly. And at these shouts of his, the army of the Kalingas became filled with fear. In that battle they no longer regarded Bhima, O bull among men, as a human being. Then, O great king, having uttered a loud shout, Bhima, sword in hand impetuously jumping on (Bhanumat's) excellent elephant aided by the latter's tusks, gained, O sire, the back of that prince of tuskers, and with his huge sword cut Bhanumat, dividing him in the middle. That chastiser of foes, then, having (thus) slain in battle the prince of the Kalingas, next[1] made his sword which was capable of bearing a great strain, to descend upon the neck of that elephant. His head cut off, that prince of elephants fell down with a loud roar, like a crested mountain (whose base is) eaten away by the impetuous (surges of the) sea. And jumping down, O Bharata, from that falling elephant, the prince of Bharata's race, of undepressed soul, stood on the ground, sword in hand and accoutred in mail (as before). And felling numerous elephants on all sides, he wandered (over the field), making many paths (for himself). And then he seemed to be like a moving wheel of fire slaughtering whole divisions of cavalry, of elephants, and cars, and large bodies of infantry. And that lord among men, the mighty Bhima, was seen to move over the field with the activity of the hawk, quickly cutting off in that battle, with his sharp-edged sword, their bodies and heads, as also those of the combatants on elephant. And combatant on foot, excited with rage, all alone, and like Yama at the season of universal dissolution, he struck terror into his foes and confounded those brave warriors. Only they that were senseless rushed with loud shouts at him wandering in that great battle with impetuosity, sword in hand. And that grinder of foes, endued with great strength, cutting off the shafts and yokes of warriors on their cars, slew those warriors also. And Bhimasena was seen, O Bharata, to display diverse kinds of motions there. He wheeled about, and whirled about on high, and, made side-thrusts, and jumped forward, and ran above, and leapt high. And, O Bharata, he was also seen to rush forward and rush upward. And some mangled by the high-souled son of Pandu by means of his excellent sword, shrieked aloud, struck at their vitals or fell down deprived of life. And many elephants, O Bharata, some with trunks and

[1]In the first line of 29, the correct reading is *Prishna* and not *Pritana*.

the extremities of their tusks cut off, and others having their temporal globes cut open, deprived of riders, slew their own ranks and fell down uttering loud cries. And broken lances, O king, and the head of elephant drivers, and beautiful housings of elephants, and chords resplendent with gold, and collars, and darts and mallets and quivers, diverse kinds of machines, and beautiful bows, short arrows with polished heads, with hooks and iron crows for guiding elephants, bells of diverse shape, and hilts decked with gold, were seen by us falling down or (already) fallen along with riders of steeds. And with elephants (lying down) having the fore parts and hind parts of their bodies and their trunks cut off, or entirely slain, the field seemed to be strewn with fallen cliffs. That bull among men, having thus crushed the huge elephants, next crushed the steeds also. And, O Bharata, that hero also felled the foremost of cavalry soldiers. And the battle, O sire, that took place between him and them was fierce in the extreme. And hilts and traces, and saddle girths resplendent with gold, and covers for the back of steeds, and bearded darts, and costly swords, and coats of mail, and shields, and beautiful ornaments, were seen by us strewn over the ground in that great battle. And he caused the earth to be strewn over (with blood) as if it were variegated with lilies. And the mighty son of Pandu, jumping high and dragging some car-warriors down with his sword felled them along with (their) standards. Frequently jumping up or rushing on all sides, that hero endued with great activity, wandering along many routes, caused the combatants to be amazed. And some he slew by his legs, and dragging down others he pressed them down under the earth. And others he cut off with his sword, and others he frightened with his roars. And others he threw down on the ground by the force of his thighs (as he ran). And others, beholding him, fled away in terror. It was thus that that vast force of the Kalingas endued with great activity, surrounding the terrible Bhimasena in battle, rushed at him. Then, O bull of Bharata's race, beholding Srutayush at the head of Kalinga troops, Bhimasena rushed at him. And seeing him advancing the ruler of the Kalingas, of immeasurable soul, pierced Bhimasena between his breasts with nine arrows. Struck with those shafts shot by the ruler of the Kalingas, like an elephant pierced with the hook, Bhimasena blazed up with wrath like fire fed with fuel. Then Asoka, that best of charioteers, bringing a car decked with gold, caused Bhima to mount on it. And thereupon that slayer of foes, the son of Kunti, speedily mounted on that car. And then he rushed at the ruler of the Kalingas, saying,—'Wait, Wait'. And then the mighty Srutayush excited with wrath, shot at Bhima many sharp arrows, displaying his lightness of hand, and that mighty warrior, Bhima, forcibly struck with those nine sharp arrows shot by Kalinga from his excellent bow, yielded to great wrath, O king, like a snake struck with a rod. Then that foremost of mighty men, Bhima, the son of Pritha, excited with rage and drawing his bow with great strength, slew the ruler of the Kalingas with seven shafts made wholly of iron. And with two shafts he slew the two mighty protectors of the car-wheels of Kalinga. And he also despatched

Satyadeva and Satya to the abode of Yama. Of immeasurable soul, Bhima also, with many sharp arrows and long shafts, caused Ketumat to repair unto Yama's abode. Then the Kshatriyas of the Kalinga country, excited with rage and supported by many thousands of combatants, encountered the wrathful Bhimasena in battle. And armed with darts and maces and scimitars and lances and swords and battle-axes, the Kalingas, O king, hundreds upon hundreds surrounded Bhimasena. Baffling that risen shower of arrows, that mighty warrior then took up his mace and jumped down (from his car) with great speed.[1] And Bhima then despatched seven hundred heroes to Yama's abode. And that grinder of foes despatched, in addition, two thousand Kalingas to the region of death. And that feat seemed highly wonderful. And it was thus that the heroic Bhima of terrible prowess repeatedly felled in battle large bands of the Kalingas. And elephants deprived by Pandu's son, in that battle, of their riders, and afflicted with arrows wandered on the field, treading down their own ranks and uttering loud roars like masses of clouds driven by the wind. Then the mighty-armed Bhima, scimitar in hand, and filled with delight, blew his conch of terrible loudness. And with that blare he caused the hearts of all the Kalinga troops to quake with fear. And, O chastiser of foes, all the Kalingas seemed at the same time to be deprived of their senses. And all the combatants and all the animals shook with terror. And in consequence of Bhimasena wandering in that battle through many paths or rushing on all sides like a prince of elephants, or frequently jumping up, a trance seemed to be engendered there that deprived his foes of their senses. And the whole (Kalinga) army shook with terror of Bhimasena, like a large lake agitated by an alligator. And struck with panic in consequence of Bhima of wonderful achievements, all the Kalinga combatants fled away in all directions. When, however, they were rallied again, the commander of the Pandava army (Dhrishtadyumna), O Bharata, ordered his own troops, saying,—'*Fight*'. Hearing the words of their commander, many leaders (of the Pandava army) headed by Sikhandin approached Bhima, supported by many car-divisions accomplished in smiting. And Pandu's son, king Yudhishthira the just, followed all of them with a large elephant force of the colour of the clouds. And thus urging all his divisions, the son of Prishata, surrounded by many excellent warriors, took upon himself the protection of one of the wings of Bhimasena.[2] There exists nobody on earth, save Bhima and Satyaki, who to the prince of the Panchalas is dearer than his very life. That slayer of hostile heroes, the son of Prishata, beheld the mighty-armed Bhimasena, that slayer of foes, wandering among the Kalingas. He set up many shouts, O king, and was filled with delight, O chastiser of foes. Indeed, he blew his conch in battle and uttered a leonine roar. And Bhimasena also, beholding

[1] '*Samuchchhritam*' or '*Samutthitam*,' meaning risen, is scarcely a happy adjective here.

[2] '*Parshni*' is the wing or side of a car-warrior. The last word of this verse is not '*Satpurushochitam*' but '*Satparushairvritam*'.

the red standard of Dhrishtadyumna on his car decked with gold and unto which were yoked steeds white as pigeons, became comforted.[1] And Dhrishtadyumna of immeasurable soul, beholding Bhimasena encountered by the Kalingas rushed to the battle for his rescue. And both those heroes. Dhrishtadyumna and Vrikodara, endued with great energy, beholding Satyaki at a distance, furiously encountered the Kalingas in battle. And that bull among men, the grand son of Sini, that foremost of victorious warriors, quickly advancing to the spot took up the wing of both Bhima and Prishata's son. Bow in hand creating a great havoc there and making himself fierce in the extreme, he began to slay the enemy in battle. And Bhima caused a river to flow there of bloody current, mingled with the blood and flesh of the warriors born in Kalinga. And beholding Bhimasena then, the troops cried aloud, O king, saying. 'This is Death himself that is fighting in Bhima's shape with the Kalingas.' Then Santanu's son Bhishma, hearing those cries in battle, quickly proceeded towards Bhima, himself surrounded on all sides with combatants in army. Thereupon, Satyaki and Bhimasena and Dhrishtadyumna of Prishata's race, rushed towards that car of Bhima decked with gold. And all of them quickly surrounding Ganga's son in battle, pierced Bhishma, each with three terrible shafts, without losing a moment. Thy sire Devavrata, however, in return pierced each of those mighty bowmen striving (in battle) with three straight shafts. And checking those mighty car-warriors, with thousands of arrows he slew with his shafts the steeds of Bhima decked with golden armour. Bhima, however, endued with great energy, staying on that car whose steeds had been slain, with great impetuosity hurled a dart at Bhishma's car. Thy sire Devavrata then, in that battle, cut off that dart in twain before it could reach him, and thereupon it fell down on the earth. Then that bull among men, Bhimasena, taking up a heavy and mighty mace made of *Saikya* iron speedily jumped down from his car. And Dhrishtadyumna quickly taking up that foremost of car-warriors on his own car, took away, in the very sight of all the combatants, that renowned warrior. And Satyaki then from desire of doing what was agreeable to Bhima, felled with his shaft the charioteer of the reverend Kuru grand-sire. Upon his charioteer being slain, that foremost of car-warriors, Bhishma, was borne away from the field of battle by his steeds with the speed of the wind. And when that mighty car-warrior was (thus) taken away from the field, Bhimasena then, O monarch, blazed up like a mighty fire while consuming dry grass. And slaying all the Kalingas, he stayed in the midst of the troops, and none, O bull of Bharata's race, of thy side ventured to withstand him. And worshipped by the Panchalas and the Matsyas, O bull of Bharata's race, he embraced Dhrishtadyumna and then approached Satyaki. And Satyaki, the tiger among the Yadus, of prowess incapable of being baffled, then gladdening Bhimasena, said unto him, in the presence of Dhrishtadyumna, (these words). 'By good luck the king of the Kalingas, and

[1] '*Kovdara*' is the species of ebony called Bauhinia Variegata.

Ketumat, the prince of the Kalingas, and Sakradeva also of that country and all the Kalingas, have been slain in battle. With the might and prowess of thy arms, by thee alone, hath been crushed the very large division of the Kalingas that abounded with elephants and steeds and cars, and with noble warriors, and heroic combatants.' Having said this, the long-armed grandson of Sini, that chastiser of foes, quickly getting upon his car, embraced the son of Pandu. And then that mighty car-warrior, coming back to his own car, began to slay thy troops excited with rage and strengthening (the hands of) Bhima.

SECTION LV

Sanjaya said, "When the forenoon of that day had passed away, O Bharata, and when the destruction of cars, elephants, steeds, foot-soldiers and horse-soldiers, proceeded on, the prince of Panchala engaged himself in battle with these three mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, Drona's son, Salya, and the high-souled Kripa. And the mighty heir of Panchala's king with many sharp shafts, slew the steeds of Drona's son that were celebrated over all the world. Deprived then of his animals, Drona's son quickly getting up on Salya's car, showered his shafts on the hair of the Panchala king. And beholding Dhrishtadyumna engaged in battle with Drona's son, the son of Subhadra, O Bharata, quickly came up scattering his sharp arrows. And, O bull of Bharata's race, he pierced Salya with five and twenty, and Kripa with nine arrows, and Aswatthaman with eight. Drona's son, however, quickly pierced Arjuna's son with many winged arrows, and Salya pierced him with twelve, and Kripa with three sharp arrows. Thy grandson Lakshmana then, beholding Subhadra's son engaged in battle, rushed at him, excited with rage. And the battle commenced between them. And the son of Duryodhana, excited with rage, pierced Subhadra's son with sharp shafts in that combat. And that (feat), O king, seemed highly wonderful. The light-handed Abhimanyu then, O bull of Bharata's race, excited with rage, quickly pierced his cousin with five hundred arrows. Lakshmana also, with his shafts, then cut off his (cousin's) bow-staff at the middle, at which, O monarch, all the people sent forth a loud shout. Then that slayer of hostile heroes, the son of Subhadra, leaving aside that broken bow, took up another that was beautiful and tougher.[1] And thereupon those two bulls among men, thus engaged in combat and desirous of counteracting each other's feats, pierced each other with sharp shafts. King Duryodhana then, O monarch, beholding his mighty son thus afflicted

[1]The Bombay reading '*Vegavattaram*' is better. Literally, it means, 'capable of imparting a greater impetus.' To avoid such periphrasis I render it 'tougher'.

by thy grandson (Abhimanyu), proceeded to that spot. And when thy son turned (towards that spot), all the kings surrounded the son of Arjuna on every side with crowds of cars. Incapable of being defeated in battle and equal in prowess unto Krishna himself, that hero, O king, thus surrounded by those heroes, was not agitated in the least. Then Dhananjaya, beholding Subhadra's son engaged in battle, rushed to that spot, excited with wrath, desirous of rescuing his own son. Thereupon the kings (on the Kuru side), headed by Bhishma and Drona and with cars, elephants and steeds, rushed impetuously at Savyasachin. Then a thick earthly dust, suddenly raised by foot-soldiers and steeds and cars and cavalry troopers, covering the sky appeared on the view. And those thousands of elephants and hundreds of kings, when they came within reach of Arjuna's arrows, were all unable to make any further advance. And all creatures there set up loud wails, and the points of the compass became dark. And then the transgression of the Kurus assumed a fierce and dreadful aspect as regards its consequences. Neither the welkin, nor the cardinal points of the compass nor the earth, nor the sun, could be distinguished, O best of men, in consequence of the arrows shot by Kiritin.[1] And many were the elephants there deprived of the standards (on their backs), and many car-warriors also, deprived of their steeds. And some leaders of car divisions were seen wandering, having abandoned their cars. And other car-warriors, deprived of their cars, were seen to wander hither and thither, weapon in hand and their arms graced with *Angadas*. And riders of steeds abandoning their steeds and of elephants abandoning their elephants from fear of Arjuna, O king, fled away in all directions. And kings were seen felled or falling from cars and elephants and steeds in consequence of Arjuna's shafts. And Arjuna, assuming a fierce countenance, cut off with his terrible shafts, the upraised arms of warriors, mace in grasp, and arms bearing swords, O king, or darts, or quivers, or shafts, or bows, or hooks, or standards, all over the field. And spiked maces broken in fragments, and mallets, O sire, and bearded darts, and short arrows, and swords also, in that battle, and sharp-edged battle-axes, and lances, O Bharata, and shields broken into pieces, and coats of mail also, O king,[2] and standards, and weapons of all kinds thrown away and umbrellas furnished with golden staves, and iron hooks also, O Bharata, and goads and whips, and traces also, O sire, were seen strewn over the field of battle in heaps. There was no man in thy army, O sire, who could advance against the heroic Arjuna in battle. Whoever, O king, advanced against Pritha's son in battle, pierced by sharp shafts was despatched to the other world. When all these combatants of thine broke had fled away, Arjuna and Vasudeva blew their excellent conches. Thy sire Devavrata then, beholding the (Kuru) host routed, smilingly addressed the heroic son of Bharadwaja in the battle and said, "This mighty and heroic son of Pandu, *viz.*, Dhananjaya, accompanied by Krishna, is dealing

[1]The sense is that all these were entirely shrouded by Arjuna's arrows.

[2]The true reading is *Charmanam* and not *Varmanam* : also *bhumipa* and *bhutale*.

with (our) troops as he alone is competent to deal with them. He is incapable of being vanquished in battle today by any means, judging by his form that we see now so like unto that of the Destroyer himself at the end of the *Yuga*. This vast host again (of ours) is incapable of being rallied. Behold, looking at one another, our troops are flying away. Yon Sun, robbing in every way the vision of the whole world, is about to reach that best of mountains called Asta.[1] For this, O bull among men, I think that the hour is come for the withdrawal (of the army). The warriors, who have all been tired and struck with panic, will never fight. Having said this unto Drona that best of preceptors, Bhishma, that mighty car-warrior, caused thy army to be withdrawn. And then when the sun set, the withdrawal of both thy army and theirs took place, O sire, and twilight set in."

SECTION LVI

Sanjaya said,—"When the night having passed away, the dawn came, Santanu's son Bhishma, that chastiser of foes, gave the order for the (Kuru) army to prepare for battle. And the son of Santanu, the old Kuru grandsire, desirous of victory to thy sons, formed that mighty array known after the name of *Garuda*. And on the beak of that *Garuda* was thy sire Devavrata himself. And its two eyes were Bharadwaja's son and Kritavarman of Satwata's race. And those renowned warriors, Aswatthaman and Kripa, supported by the Trigartas, the Matsyas, the Kekayas, and the Vatadhanas, were in its head. And Bhurisravas and Sala, and Salya and Bhagadatta, O sire, and the Madrakas, the Sindhu-Souviras, and they that were called the Pancha-nodas, together with Jayadratha, were placed on its neck. And on its back was king Duryodhana with all his followers. And Vinda and Anuvinda of Avanti, and the Kamvojas with the Sakas, and the Surasenas, O sire, formed its tail, O great king. And the Magadhas and the Kalingas, with all the tribes of the Daserakas, accoutred in mail, formed the right wing of that array. And the Karushas, the Vikunjas, the Mundas, and the Kaundivrishas, with Vrithadvala, were stationed on the left wing. Then that chastiser of foes, Savyasachin, beholding the host disposed in battle-array, aided by Dhrishtadyumna, disposed his troops in counter-array. And in opposition to that array of thine, the son of Pandu formed fierce array after the form of the half-moon. And stationed on the right horn, Bhimasena shone surrounded by kings of diverse countries abundantly armed with various weapons. Next to him were those mighty car-warriors Virata and Drupada; and next to them was Nila armed with envenomed weapons. And next to

[1] *i.e.*, is about to set.

Nila was the mighty car-warrior Dhrishtaketu, surrounded by the Chedis, the Kasis, the Karushas, and the Pauravas. And Dhrishtadyumna, and Sikhandin, with the Panchalas and the Prabhadrakas, and supported by other troops, were stationed in the middle, O Bharata, for battle. And thither also was king Yudhishthira the just, surrounded by his elephant division. And next to him were Satyaki, O king, and the five sons of Draupadi. And immediately next to them was Iravan. And next to him were Bhimasena's son (Ghatotkacha) and those mighty car-warriors, the Kekayas. And next, on the left horn (of that array), was that best of men, *viz.*, he who had for his protector, Janardana—that protector of the whole Universe. It was thus that the Pandavas formed their mighty counter-array for the destruction of thy sons and of those who had sided with them. Then commenced the battle between thy troops and those of the foe striking one another, and in which cars and elephants mingled in the clash of combat. Large numbers of elephants and crowds of cars were seen everywhere, O king, to rush towards one another for purposes of slaughter. And the rattle of innumerable cars rushing (to join the fray), or engaged separately raised a loud uproar, mingling with the beat of drums. And the shouts of the heroic combatants belonging to thy army and theirs, O Bharata, slaying one another in that fierce encounter, reached the very heavens."

SECTION LVII

Sanjaya said, "After the ranks of thy army and theirs had been disposed in battle-array, that mighty car-warrior, Dhananjaya, felling in that conflict leaders of car-divisions with his arrows, caused a great carnage, O Bharata, among the car-ranks. The Dhartarashtras, (thus) slaughtered in battle by Pritha's son, like the Destroyer himself at the end of the *Yuga*, still fought perseveringly with the Pandavas. Desirous of (winning) blazing glory and (bent upon) making death (the only ground for) a cessation of the fight, with minds undirected to anything else, they broke the Pandava ranks in many places and were also themselves broken. Then both the Pandava and the Kaurava troops broke, changed positions, and fled away. Nothing could be distinguished. An earthly dust arose, shrouding the very sun. And nobody there could distinguish, either the cardinal or the subsidiary directions. And everywhere the battle raged, O king, the combatants being guided by the indications afforded by colours, by watch-words, names and tribal distinctions. And the array of the Kauravas, O king, could not be broken, duly protected as it was by Bharadwaja's son, O sire.[1] And

[1]For '*Satyatha tena*' the Bombay text reads '*Satyasandhena*'. I follow the Bengal reading.

so the formidable array of the Pandava also, protected by Savyasachin, and well-guarded by Bhima, could not be broken. And the cars and elephants in close ranks, O king, of both the armies, and other combatants, coming out of their respective arrays, engaged in conflict. And in that fierce battle cavalry soldiers felled cavalry soldiers, with polished swords of sharp edges and long lances. And car-warriors, getting car-warriors (within reach) in that fierce conflict, felled them with shafts decked with golden wings. And elephant-riders, of thy side and theirs, felled large numbers of elephant-riders in close ranks, with broad-headed shafts and arrows and lances. And large bodies of infantry, inspired with wrath towards one another, cheerfully felled combatants of their own class with short arrows and battle-axes. And car-warriors, O king, getting elephant-riders (within reach) in that conflict, felled them along with their elephants. And elephant-riders similarly felled car-warriors. And, O bull of Bharata's race, the cavalry soldier with his lance felled the car-warrior in that conflict, and the car-warrior also felled the cavalry soldier. And both the armies the foot-soldier, felled the car-warrior in the combat, and the car-warrior felled the foot-soldiers, with sharp weapons. And elephant-riders felled horse-riders, and horse-riders felled warriors on the backs of elephants. And all this appeared exceedingly wonderful. And here and there foot-soldiers, were felled by foremost of elephant-riders, and elephant-riders were seen to be felled by the former. And bands of foot-soldiers, by hundreds and thousands, were seen to be felled by horse-riders and horse-riders by foot-soldiers. And strewn with broken standards and bows and lances and housings of elephants, and costly blankets and bearded darts, and maces, and clubs furnished with spikes, and *Kampanas*, and darts, and variegated coats of mail and *Kunapas,* and iron hooks, and polished scimitars, and shafts furnished with golden wings, the field, O best of Bharata's race, shone as if with floral wreaths. And the earth, miry with flesh and blood, became impassable with the bodies of men and steeds and elephants slain in that dreadful battle. And drenched with human blood, the earthy dust disappeared. And the cardinal points, all around, became perfectly clear, O Bharata. And innumerable headless trunks rose up all around indicating, O Bharata, of the destruction of the world. And in that terrible and awful battle, car-warriors were seen to run away in all directions. Then Bhishma and Drona, and Jayadratha, the ruler of the Sindhus and Purumitra, and Vikarna, and Sakuni the son of Suvala—these warriors invincible in battle and possessed of leonine prowess—staying in battle broke the ranks of the Pandavas. And so Bhimasena and the *Rakshasa* Ghatotkacha, and Satyaki, and Chekitana, and the sons of Draupadi, O Bharata, supported by all the kings (on their side), began to grind thy troops and thy sons stationed in battle, like the gods grinding the *Danavas*. And those bulls among Kshatriyas, striking one another in battle, became terrible to behold and covered with blood shone like *Kinsukas*. And the foremost warriors of both armies, vanquishing their opponents, looked, O king, like the planetary luminaries in the firmament. Then thy

son Duryodhana, supported by a thousand cars, rushed to battle with the Pandavas and the *Rakshasa*. And so all the Pandavas, with a large body of combatants rushed in battle against those chastisers of foes, the heroic Bhishma and Drona. And the diadem-decked (Arjuna) also, excited with rage rushed against the foremost of kings. And Arjuna's son (Abhimanyu), and Satyaki, both advanced against the forces of Suvala's son. And then commenced once more a fearful battle, making the hair to stand on end, between thine and the enemy's troops both desirous of vanquishing each other."

SECTION LVIII

Sanjaya said, "Then those kings, excited with rage, beholding Phalguni in battle, surrounded him on all sides with many thousands of cars. And having, O Bharata surrounded him with multitudinous division of cars, they shrouded him from all sides with many thousands of shafts. And bright lances of sharp points, and maces, and clubs endued with spikes, and bearded darts and battle-axes, and mallets and bludgeons they hurled at Phalguni's car, excited with rage. And that shower of weapons approaching (towards him) like a flight of locusts, Pritha's son checked on all sides with his gold-decked arrows. And beholding there on that occasion the superhuman lightness of hand that Vibhatsu possessed, the gods, the *Danavas*, the *Gandharvas*, the *Pisachas*, the *Uragas* and the *Rakshasas* eulogised Phalguni, O king, saying,—'Excellent, Excellent.' And the heroic Gandharvas along with Suvala's son with a large force surrounded Satyaki and Abhimanyu. Then the brave warriors led by Suvala's son from anger, cut into pieces the excellent car of the Vrishni hero, with weapons of diverse kinds. And in course of that fierce conflict, Satyaki, abandoning that car of his, speedily mounted on Abhimanyu's car, O chastiser of foes. And those two, mounted on the same car, then began to speedily slaughter the army of Suvala's son with straight arrows of sharp points. And Drona and Bhishma, steadily struggling in battle, began to slaughter the division of king Yudhishthira the just, with sharp shafts furnished with the feathers of the *Kanka* bird. Then the son of Dharma and two other sons of Pandu by Madri, in the very sight of the whole army, began to grind the division of Drona. And the battle that took place there was fierce and awful, making the hair stand on end, like the terrible battle that took place between the gods and the *Asuras* n days of yore. And Bhimasena and Ghatotkacha both achieved mighty feats. Then Duryodhana, approaching, checked them both. And the prowess we then beheld of Hidimva's son was exceedingly wonderful, insomuch that he fought in battle, O Bharata, transcending his very father. And Bhimasena, the son of Pandu, excited with

wrath, pierced the vindictive Duryodhana in the breast, with an arrow, smiling the while. Then king Duryodhana, afflicted by the violence of that blow, sat down on the terrace of his car and swooned away. And his charioteer then, beholding him senseless, speedily bore him away, O king, from battle. And then the troops that supported Duryodhana broke and fled. And thereupon Bhima, smiting that Kuru army thus flying away in all directions, with sharp-pointed shafts, pursued it behind. And Prishata's son (Dhrishtadyumna), that foremost of warriors, and Pandu's son king Yudhishthira the just, in the very sight, O Bharata, of both Drona and Ganga's son, slew their army with sharp shafts capable of slaying hostile forces. That host of thy son, thus flying away in battle, those mighty car-warriors. Bhishma and Drona were incapable of checking. For though attempted to be checked by Bhishma and the high-souled Drona, that host fled away in the very sight of Drona and Bhishma. And then when (those) thousand of car-warriors fled away in all directions, Subhadra's son and that bull of Sini's race, both stationed on the same car, began, O chastiser of foes, to slaughter the army of Suvala's son of battle. And Sini's grandson and that bull of Kuru's race looked resplendent like the sun and the moon when together in the firmament after the last lunation of the dark fortnight has passed away. And then Arjuna also, O king, excited with rage, showered arrows on thy army like the clouds pouring rain in torrents. And the Kaurava army, thus slaughtered in battle with the shafts of Partha, fled away, trembling in grief and fear. And beholding the army flying away, the mighty Bhishma and Drona, excited with rage and both desirous of Duryodhana's welfare sought to check it. Then king Duryodhana himself, comforting the combatants, checked that army, then flying away in all directions. And thereupon all the mighty Kshatriya car-warriors stopped, each at the spot where he saw thy son. And then others among the common soldiers, beholding them stop, stopped of their own accord, O king, from shame and desire of displaying their courage unto one another. And the impetuosity, O king, of that army thus rallied to the fight resembled that of the surging sea at the moment of the moon's rise. And king Duryodhana, beholding that army of his rallied for the fight, quickly repaired to Santanu's son Bhishma and said these words. 'O grandsire, listen to what I say, O Bharata. When, O son of Kuru, thou art alive, and Drona, that foremost of persons conversant with weapons, along with his son and with all our other friends (is alive), and then that mighty bowman Kripa also is alive, I do not regard it as at all creditable that my army should thus fly away. I do not regard the Pandavas to be, by any means, a match for thee or for Drona, in battle, or for Drona's son, or for Kripa. Without doubt, O grandsire, the sons of Pandu are being favoured by thee, inasmuch as thou forgivest, O hero, this slaughter of my army. Thou shouldst have told me, O king, before this battle took place, that thou wouldst not fight with the Pandavas. Hearing such words from thee, as also from the preceptor, O Bharata, I would then have, with Karna, reflected upon what course I should pursue. If I do not deserve to be abandoned by you two in battle, then,

O bulls among men, do ye fight according to the measure of your prowess. Hearing these words, Bhishma, laughing repeatedly, and turning up his eyes in wrath, said to thy son, 'Many a time, O king, have I said unto thee words worthy of thy acceptance and fraught with thy good. The Pandavas are incapable of being vanquished in battle by the very gods with Vasava amongst them. That, however, which my aged self is capable of doing, I will do to the extent of my power, 'O best of kings, in this battle. Witness it now with thy kinsmen. Today, in the very sight of all, alone I shall check the sons of Pandu at the head of their troops and with all their kinsfolk.' Thus addressed by Bhishma, thy son, O king, filled with delight, caused conches to be blown and drums to be beaten. And the Pandavas also, O king, hearing that loud uproar, blew their conches, and caused their drums and cymbals to be played upon."

SECTION LIX

Dhritarashtra said, "After that dreadful vow had been made in battle by Bhishma enraged by the words of my son, what, O Sanjaya, did Bhishma do unto the sons of Pandu or what did the Panchalas do unto the grandsire? Tell it all unto me, O Sanjaya."

Sanjaya said, "After the forenoon of that day, O Bharata, had passed away, and the sun in his westward course had passed a portion of his path, and after the high-souled Pandavas had won the victory, thy sire Devavrata, conversant with the distinction of all codes of morality, rushed carried by the fleetest steeds, towards the army of the Pandavas, protected by a large force and by all thy sons. Then, O Bharata, in consequence of thy sinful policy, commenced a dreadful battle, making the hair stand on end, between ourselves and the Pandavas. And the twang of bows, the flapping of bowstrings against the leathern fences (casing the hands of the bowman), mingling together, made a loud uproar resembling that of splitting hills. Stay—Here I stand,—Know this one,—Turn back,—Stand,—I wait for thee—Strike,—these were the words heard everywhere. And the sound of falling coats of mail made of gold, of crowns and diadems, and of standards resembled the sound of falling stones on a stony ground. And heads, and arms decked with ornaments, falling by hundreds and thousands upon the ground moved in convulsions. And some brave combatants, with heads severed from their trunks, continued to stand weapons in grasp or armed with drawn bow. And a dreadful river of blood began to flow there, of impetuous current, miry with flesh and blood, and with the bodies of (dead) elephants for its (sub-aqueous) rocks. Flowing from the bodies of steeds, men, and elephants, and delightful to vultures and jackals, it ran towards the ocean represented by the next world. A battle such as that, O king,

which (then) took place between thy sons, O Bharata, and the Pandavas, was never seen or heard before. And in consequence of the bodies of combatants slain in that conflict, cars could not make their way. And the field of battle in consequence of the bodies of slain elephants seemed to be strewn over with blue crests of hills. And the field of battle, strewn with variegated coats of mail and turbans, O sire, looked beautiful like the firmament autumn. And some combatants were seen who, though severely wounded, yet rushed cheerfully and proudly upon the foe in battle. And many, fallen on the field of battle, cried aloud, saying—'O father, O brother, O friend, O kinsman, O companion, O maternal uncle, do not abandon me.'—And others cried aloud, saying,—'Come! Come thou here! Why art thou frightened? Where dost thou go? I stand in battle, do not be afraid.' And in that combat Bhishma, the son of Santanu, with bow incessantly drawn to a circle, shot shafts of blazing points resembling snakes of virulent poison. And shooting continuous line of arrows in all directions, that hero of rigid vows smote the Pandava car-warriors naming each beforehand, O Bharata. And displaying his extreme lightness of hands, and dancing (as it were) along the track of his car, he seemed, O king, to be present everywhere like a circle of fire. And in consequence of the lightness of his movements, the Pandavas in that battle, along with the Srinjayas, beheld that hero, though really alone, as multiplied a thousand-fold. And every one there regarded Bhishma as having multiplied his self by illusion. Having seen him now on the east, the next moment they saw him on the west. And so having seen him on the north, the next moment they saw him on the south. And the son of Ganga was thus seen fighting in that battle. And there was no one amongst the Pandavas capable of even looking at him. What they all saw were only the innumerable shafts shot from his bow. And heroic warriors, beholding him achieve such feats in battle, and (thus) slaughtering their ranks, uttered many lamentations. And kings in thousands came in contact with thy sire, thus coursing over the field in a superhuman way, and fell upon that fire represented by the enraged Bhishma like flights of senseless insects (upon a blazing fire) for their own destruction. Not a single shaft of that light-handed warrior was futile, falling upon the bodies of men, elephants, and steeds, in consequence of the numbers (opposed to him). With a single straight shaft shot in that battle, he despatched a single elephant like hill riven by the thunderbolt. Two or three elephant-riders at a time, cased in mail and standing together, thy sire pierced with one shaft of sharp point. Whoever approached Bhishma, that tiger among men, in battle, seen for a moment was next beheld to fall down on the ground. And that vast host of king Yudhishthira the just, thus slaughtered by Bhishma of incomparable prowess, gave way in a thousand directions. And afflicted with that arrowy shower, the vast army began to tremble in the very presence of Vasudeva and the high-souled Partha. And although the heroic leaders of the Pandava army made great efforts, yet they could not check the flight of (even) the great car-warriors of their side afflicted with the shafts of Bhishma. The prowess,

in consequence of which that vast army was routed, was equal to that of the chief of the gods himself. And that army was so completely routed, O great king, that no two persons could be seen together. And cars and elephants and steeds were pierced all over, and standards and shafts of cars were strewn over the field. And the army of the sons of Pandu uttered cries of *oh* and *alas*, and became deprived of senses. And the sire struck the son and the son struck the sire; and friend challenged the dearest of friends to battle as if under the influence of fate. And others amongst the combatants of Pandu's son were seen, O Bharata, to run away, throwing aside their coats of mail, and with dishevelled hair. And the army of the sons of Pandu, indulging in loud wails, including the very leaders of their best of car-warriors, was seen to be as confounded as a very herd of kine. The delighter of the Yadavas then, beholding that army thus routed, said unto Partha, stopping that best of cars (which he guided), these words, 'The hour is now come, O Partha, which was desired by thee. Strike Bhishma, O tiger among men, else, thou wilt lose the senses. O hero, formerly, in the conclave of kings, thou hadst said,—'I will slay all the warriors of Dhritarashtra's sons, headed by Bhishma and Drona—all in fact, who will fight with me in battle'. O son of Kunti, O chastiser of foes, make those words of thine true. Behold, O Vibhatsu, this army of thine is being routed on all sides. Behold, the kings in Yudhishthira's host are all flying away, seeing Bhishma in battle, who looketh like the Destroyer himself with wide-open mouth. Afflicted with fear, they are making themselves scarce like the weaker animals at sight of the lion. Thus addressed, Dhananjaya replied unto Vasudeva, saying, 'Plunging through this sea of the hostile host, urge on the steeds to where Bhishma is. I will throw down that invincible warrior, the reverend Kuru grandsire'. Then Madhava urged those steeds of silvery hue to where, O king, the car of Bhishma was, that car which, like the very sun, was incapable of being gazed at. And beholding the mighty-armed Partha thus rushing to an encounter with Bhishma, the mighty army of Yudhishthira rallied for battle. Then Bhishma, that foremost of warriors amongst the Kurus, repeatedly roaring like a lion, quickly covered Dhananjaya's car with an arrowy shower. In a moment that car of his, with standard and charioteer, became invisible, shrouded with that arrowy downpour. Vasudeva, however, endued with great might fearlessly and summoning all his patience, began to guide those steeds mangled by Bhishma's shafts. Then Partha, taking up his celestial bow whose twang resembled the roar of the clouds, caused Bhishma's bow to drop down, cutting it off with his keen shafts. The Kuru warrior, thy sire, seeing his bow cut off, took up another and stringed it within the twinkling of the eye. And he stretched that bow whose twang resembled the roar of the clouds, with his two hands. But Arjuna, excited with wrath, cut off that bow also of his. Then the son of Santanu applauded that lightness of hand (displayed by Arjuna), saying—*Excellent, O Partha, O thou of mighty arms, excellent, O son of Pandu. O Dhananjaya, such a mighty feat is, indeed, worthy of thee. I have been pleased with thee. Fight hard with*

me, O son. And having applauded Partha thus, and taking up another large bow, that hero shot his shafts at Partha's car. And Vasudeva then displayed his great skill in the guiding of chariot, for he baffled those shafts of his, by guiding the car in quick circles. Then, O sire, Bhishma with great strength pierced both Vasudeva and Dhananjaya with keen shafts all over their bodies. And mangled by those shafts of Bhishma, those two tigers among men looked like two roaring bulls with the scratches of horns on their bodies. And once again, excited with rage, Bhishma covered the two Krishnas on all sides with shafts in hundreds and thousands. And with those keen shafts of his, the enraged Bhishma caused him of Vrishni's race to shiver. And laughing loudly he also made Krishna to wonder. Then the mighty-armed Krishna, beholding the prowess of Bhishma in battle as also the mildness with which Arjuna fought, and seeing that Bhishma was creating incessant showers of arrows in that conflict and looked like the all-consuming Sun himself in the midst of the two armies, and marking besides, that that hero was slaying the foremost of combatants in Yudhishthira's host and causing a havoc in that army as if the hour of dissolution had come,—the adorable Kesava, that slayer of hosts, endued with immeasurable soul—unable to bear what he saw, thought that Yudhishthira's army could not survive that slaughter.—In a single day Bhishma can slaughter all the *Daityas* and the *Danavas*. With how much ease then can he slay in battle the sons of Pandu with all their troops and followers. The vast army of the illustrious son of Pandu is again flying away. And the Kauravas also beholding the Somakas routed, are rushing to battle cheerfully, gladdening the grandsire. Accoutred in mail, even I will slay Bhishma to-day for the sake of the Pandavas. This burthen of the high-souled Pandavas even I will lighten. As regards Arjuna, though struck in battle with keen shafts, he knoweth not what he should do, from respect for Bhishma,—And while Krishna was reflecting thus the grandsire, excited with wrath, once again shot his shafts at Partha's car. And in consequence of very great number of those arrows all the points of the compass became entirely shrouded. And neither the welkin nor the quarters nor the earth nor the sun himself of brilliant rays, could be seen. And the winds that blew seemed to be mixed with smoke, and all the points of the compass seemed to be agitated. And Drona, and Vikarna, and Jayadratha, and Bhurisrava, and Kritavarman, and Kripa, and Srutayush and the ruler of the Amvashtas and Vinda and Anuvinda, Sudakshina and the westerners, and the diverse tribes of the Sauviras, the Vasatis, and the Kshudrakas, and the Malavas, all these, at the command of the royal son of Santanu, quickly approached Kiritin for battle. And the grandson of Sini saw that Kiritin was surrounded by many hundreds of horse, and infantry, and cars, and mighty elephants. And beholding both Vasudeva and Arjuna thus encompassed by infantry and elephants and horses and cars, on all sides, that foremost of all bearers of arms, *viz.*, the chief of the Sinis, quickly proceeded to that spot. And that foremost of bowmen, the chief of the Sinis, quickly rushing at those troops, came to Arjuna's side like Vishnu

coming to the aid of the slayer of Vritra. And that foremost warrior of Sini's race cheerfully said unto Yudhishthira's nost all the combatants of which had been frightened by Bhishma and whose elephants, steeds, cars, and numberless standards had been mangled and broken into pieces, and which was flying away from the field, these words, 'Ye Kshatriyas, where do ye go? This is not the duty of the righteous as hath been declared by the ancients. Ye foremost of heroes, do not violate your pledges. Observe your own duties as heroes'. Beholding that those foremost of kings were flying together from the field of battle, and marking the mildness with which Partha fought, and beholding also that Bhishma was exerting himself very powerfully in battle, and that the Kurus were rushing from all sides, the younger brother of Vasava, the high-souled protector of all the Dasarhas, unable to bear it all, addressed the renowned grandson of Sini, and applauding him, said,—'O hero of Sini's race, they that are retreating, are, indeed, retreating. They that are yet staying, O thou of the Satwata race, let them also go away. Behold, I will soon throw Bhishma down from his car, and Drona also in battle, with all their followers. There is none in the Kuru host, O thou of the Satwata race, who is able to escape my angry self. Therefore, taking up my fierce discus, I will slay Bhishma of high vows. And slaying in battle those two foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, Bhishma along with his followers and Drona also, O grandson of Sini, I will gladden Dhananjaya, and the king, and Bhima, and the twin Aswins. And slaying all the sons of Dhritarashtra and all those foremost of kings who have embraced their side, I will joyfully furnish king Ajatasatru with a kingdom today.' Saying this, Vasudeva's son, abandoning (the reins of) the steeds, jumped down from the car, whirling with his (right) arm his discus of beautiful nave with edge sharp as a razor, effulgent as the sun and possessed of force equal to that of a thousand bolts of heaven. And making the earth tremble under his tread, the high-souled Krishna rushed impetuously towards Bhishma. And that grinder of foes, the younger brother of the chief of the gods, excited with wrath, rushed towards Bhishma staying in the midst of his troops, like a lion from desire of slaying upon a prince of elephants blinded with fury and staying proudly for the attack. And the end of his yellow garments waving in the air looked like a cloud charged with lightning in the sky. And that lotus of a discus called *Sudarsana,* having for its stalk the beautiful arm of Saurin, looked as beautiful as the primeval lotus, bright as the morning sun, which sprung from the navel of Narayana. And Krishna's wrath was the morning sun that caused that lotus to blow. And the beautiful leaves of that lotus were as sharp as the edge of a razor. And Krishna's body was the beautiful lake, and his (right) arm the stalk springing therefrom, upon which that lotus shone. And beholding the younger brother of Mahendra, excited with wrath and roaring loudly and armed with that discus, all creatures set out a loud wail, thinking that the destruction of the Kurus was at hand. And armed with his discus Vasudeva looked like the *Samvarta* fire that appears at the end of the *Yuga* for consuming the world. And the preceptor

of the universe blazed up like a fierce comet risen for consuming all creatures. And beholding that foremost of bipeds, that divine personage, advancing armed with the discus, Santanu's son stationed on his car, bow and arrow in hand, fearlessly said, 'Come, Come, O Lord of the gods, O thou that hast the universe for thy abode. I bow to thee, O thou that art armed with mace, sword and *Saranga*. O lord of the universe, forcibly throw me down from this excellent car, O thou that art the refuge of all creatures in this battle. Slain here by thee, O Krishna, great will be my good fortune both in this world and the next. Great is the respect thou payest me, O Lord of the Vrishnis and the Andhakas. My dignity will be celebrated in the three worlds.' Hearing these words of Santanu's son, Krishna rushing impetuously towards him said, 'Thou art the root of this great slaughter on earth. Thou wilt behold Duryodhana slain to-day. A wise minister who treadeth in the path of righteousness should restrain a king that is addicted to the evil of gambling. That wretch again of his race who transgresseth duty should be abandoned as one whose intelligence hath been misdirected by destiny.—The royal Bhishma, hearing these words, replied unto the chief of the Yadus, saying,—Destiny is all powerful. The Yadus, for their benefit, had abandoned Kansa. I said this to the king (Dhritarashtra) but he minded it not. The listener that hath no benefit to receive becometh, for (his own) misery, of perverted understanding through (the influence of destiny).' Meanwhile, jumping down from his car, Partha, himself of massive and long arms, quickly ran on foot after that chief of Yadu's race possessed of massive and long arms, and seized him by his two hands. That first of all gods devoted in self, Krishna, was excited with rage. And therefore, though thus seized, Vishnu forcibly dragged Jishnu after him, like a tempest bearing away a single tree. The high-souled Partha, however, seizing them with great force his legs as he was proceeding at a quick pace towards Bhishma, succeeded, O king, in stopping him with difficulty at the tenth step. And when Krishna stopped, decked as he was with a beautiful garland of gold, cheerfully bowed down to him and said, 'Quell this wrath of thine. Thou art the refuge of the Pandavas, O Kesava. I swear, O Kesava, by my sons and uterine brothers that I will not withdraw from the acts to which I have pledged myself. O younger brother of Indra, at thy command I will certainly annihilate the Kurus.' Hearing that promise and oath of his, Janardana became gratified. And ever engaged as he was in doing what was agreeable to Arjuna—that best of the Kurus.—he once more, discus on arm, mounted on his car. And that slayer of foes once more took up those reins (that he had abandoned), and taking up his conch called *Panchajanya*, Saurin filled all the points of the compass and the welkin with its blare. And thereupon beholding Krishna decked with necklace and *Angada* and ear-rings, with curved eye-lashes smeared with dust, and with teeth of perfect whiteness, once more take up his conch the Kuru heroes uttered a loud cry. And the sound of cymbals and drums and kettle-drums, and the rattle of car-wheels and the noise of smaller drums, mingling with those leonine shouts, set forth from all the ranks of the Kurus, became a

fierce uproar. And the twang of Partha's *Gandiva,* resembling the roll of the thunder, filled the welkin and all the quarters. And shot from the bow of Pandu's son, bright and blazing shafts proceeded in all directions. Then the Kuru king, with a large force, and with Bhishma and Bhurisravas also, arrow in hand, and resembling a comet risen for consuming a constellation, rushed against him. And Bhurisravas hurled at Arjuna seven javelins furnished with wings of gold, and Duryodhana a lance of fierce impetuosity, and Salya a mace, and Santanu's son a dart. Thereupon, Arjuna, baffling with seven shafts the seven javelins, fleet as arrows, shot by Bhurisravas, cut off with another keen-edged shaft the lance hurled from Duryodhana's arm. And the blazing dart coming towards him—effulgent as lightning—hurled by Santanu's son, and the mace hurled from the arm of the ruler of the Madras, that hero cut off with two (other) shafts. Then drawing with his two hands and with great force his beautiful bow *Gandiva* of immeasurable energy, he invoked with proper *mantras* the highly wonderful and terrible *Mahendra* weapon and caused it to appear in the welkin. And with that mighty weapon producing profuse showers of arrows endued with the effulgence of the blazing fire, that high-souled and mighty bowman, decked with diadem and garland of gold, checked the entire Kaurava host. And those shafts from Partha's bow, cutting off the arms, bows, standard-tops, and cars, penetrated into the bodies of the kings and of the huge elephants and steeds of the foe. And filling the cardinal and the subsidiary directions with those sharp and terrible shafts of his, Pritha's son decked with diadem and garland of gold, agitated the hearts of his foes by means of the twang of *Gandiva.* And in that awful passage at arms, the blare of conches and beat of drums and the deep rattle of cars were all silenced by the twang of *Gandiva,* And ascertaining that twang to be of *Gandiva,* king Virata and other heroes among men, and the brave Drupada, the king of the Panchalas, all proceeded to that spot with undepressed hearts. And all thy combatants stood, struck with fear, each at the spot where he heard that twang of *Gandiva.* And none amongst them ventured to proceed to that place whence that sound was heard. And in that awful slaughter of kings, heroic combatants were slain and car-warriors with those that guided their cars. And elephants with resplendent housings of gold and gorgeous standards (on their backs), afflicted with broad-headed shafts falling upon them, suddenly fell down, deprived of life and their bodies mangled by Kiritin. And forcibly struck by Partha with his winged arrows of great impetuosity and broad-headed shafts of keen-edge and points, the standards of innumerable kings stationed at the heads of their *yantras* and *Indrajalas* were cut off.[1] And bands of infantry and car-warriors, in that battle, and steeds and elephants, fell fast on the field, their limbs paralysed, or themselves speedily deprived of life, affected by Dhananjaya with those shafts. And, O king, many were the

[1]What these were it is difficult to determine. The Bombay reading is different. For *Indrajala* they read *Indrakila* which is as unknown as the other.

warriors who in that terrible conflict had their coats of mail and bodies cut through by that mighty weapon called after the name of Indra. And with those terrible and sharp shafts of his, Kiritin caused an awful river to run on the field of battle, having for its waters the blood flowing from the mangled bodies of the combatants and having for its froth their fat. And its current was broad and ran fiercely. And the bodies of elephants and steeds despatched to the other world formed its banks. And its mire consisted of the entrails, the marrow, and the flesh of human beings, and prodigious *Rakshasas* formed the (tall) trees (standing on its banks). And the crowns of human heads in profusion, covered with hair, formed its (floating) mess, and heaps of human bodies, forming its sand-banks, caused the current to flow in a thousand directions. And the coats of mail strewn all over formed its hard pebbles. And its banks were infested by large number of jackals and wolves and cranes and vultures and crowds of *Rakshasas,* and packs of hyenas. And they that were alive beheld that terrible river of current consisting of fat, marrow, and blood, caused by the arrowy showers of Arjuna—that embodiment of (man's) cruelty—to look like the great *Vaitarani.*[1] And beholding the foremost warriors of that army of the Kurus thus slain by Phalguni, the Chedis, the Panchalas, the Kurushas, the Matsyas, and all the combatants of the Pandava side, those foremost of men, elated with victory, together set up a loud shout for frightening the Kaurava warriors. And they uttered that cry indicative of victory, beholding the foremost combatants of the (Kuru) army, the very troops protected by mighty leaders of divisions, thus slain by Kiritin, that terror of foes, who frightened them like a lion frightening herds of smaller animals. And then the bearer of *Gandiva* himself, and Janardana both filled with delight, uttered loud roars. And the Kurus, with Bhishma, and Drona and Duryodhana and Valhika, exceedingly mangled by the weapons (of Arjuna), beholding the sun withdraw his rays, and seeing also that awful and irresistible weapon called after the name of Indra spread out and causing (as it were) the end of the *Yuga* to appear, withdraw their forces for the nightly rest. And that foremost of men, Dhananjaya also, having achieved a great feat and won great renown by crushing his foes, and beholding the sun assume a red hue and the evening twilight to set in, and having completed his work, retired with his uterine brothers to the camp for nightly rest. Then when darkness was about to set in, there arose among the Kuru troops a great and terrible uproar. And all said, 'In today's battle Arjuna hath slain ten thousand car-warriors, and full seven hundred elephants. And all the westerners, and the diverse tribes of the Sauviras, and the Kshudrakas and the Malavas, have all been slain. The feat achieved by Dhananjaya is a mighty one. None else is competent to achieve it. Srutayush, the ruler of the Amvashtas, and Durmarshana, and Chitrasena, and Drona, and Kripa, and the ruler of the Sindhus, and Valhika, and Bhurisravas, and Salya, and Sala, O king, and other warriors by hundreds

[1]The *Vaitarani* is the fabulous river that separate this world from the next.

united together, along with Bhishma himself, have on battle, by the prowess of his own arms, been vanquished today by the angry son of Pritha, *viz.*, Kiritin, that one mighty car-warrior in the world.' Talking thus, O Bharata, all the warriors of thy side went to their tents from the field of battle. And all the combatants of the Kuru army frightened by Kiritin, then entered their tents illumined by thousands of torches, and beautified by innumerable lamps.

SECTION LX

Sanjaya said,—"When the night passed away, O Bharata, the high-souled Bhishma, with wrath engendered, supported by a large force, and stationed at the head of the Bharata army, proceeded against the foe. And Drona and Duryodhana and Valhika, and also Durmarshana and Chitrasena, the mighty Jayadratha, and other royal warriors, supported by large divisions accompanied, surrounding him all sides. And surrounded by those great and mighty car-warriors endued with great prowess and energy, O king, he shone, O best of monarchs, in the midst of those foremost of royal warriors, like the chief of the celestials in the midst of the gods. And the magnificent standards on the backs of the elephants stationed in front of those ranks, of diverse colours, *viz.*, red, yellow, black and brown, waving in the air, looked exceedingly beautiful. And that army with the royal son of Santanu and other mighty car-warriors and with elephants and steeds, looked resplendent like a mass of clouds charged with lightning, or like the firmament, in the season of rains, with gathering clouds.[1] And then the fierce army of the Kurus, bent on battle and protected by Santanu's son, rushed impetuously towards Arjuna like the fierce current of the ocean-going Ganga.[2] Pervaded by diverse kinds of forces possessed of great strength, and having in its wings elephants, steeds, infantry, and cars in profusion, that array the high-souled (Arjuna) having the prince of apes on his banner beheld from a distance to resemble a mighty mass of clouds.[3] That high-souled hero, that bull among men, upon his car furnished with tall standard and unto which were yoked white steeds, at the head of his (own) division and surrounded by a mighty force, proceeded against the whole hostile army. And all the Kauravas with thy sons, beholding that ape-bannered (warrior) with his excellent standard and handsome car-shaft wrapped (in costly cover), accompanied by that bull

[1]In the first line of the 5th, for 'rajna' of the Bengal texts the Bombay text reads 'gupta'. I follow the Bengal reading which is better.

[2]In the second line of the 6th, for *sasars sena* the Bombay reading is *sena mahogra* which is better, I adopt it.

[3]I adopt the Bengal reading *Vyapta* and not *Vyala*.

of Yadu's race, his charioteer in battle, were filled with dismay. And thy army beheld that best of arrays, which was protected by that mighty car-warrior of the world, *viz.*, Kiritin, with weapons upraised to have at each of its corners four thousand elephants. Like the array which was formed on the day before by that best of Kurus *viz.*, king Yudhishthira the just, and like of which had never been seen or heard before by human beings, was this one of today (that the Pandavas formed). Then on the field of battle thousand of drums were loudly beaten, and there arose from all the divisions the loud blare of conches and the notes of trumpets and many leonine shouts. Then (innumerable) bows of loud twang, stretched by heroic warriors with shaft fixed on the bowstrings, and the blare of conches, silenced that uproar of drums and cymbals. And the entire welkin filled with that blare of conches was diffused with an earthly dust that made it wonderful to behold. And with that dust the sky looked as if a vast canopy were spread overhead. And beholding that canopy the brave warriors all rushed impetuously (to battle). And car-warriors, struck by car-warriors, were overthrown with charioteers, steeds, cars, and standards. And elephants, struck by elephants, fell down, and foot-soldiers struck by foot-soldiers. And rushing horsemen, struck down by rushing horsemen with lances and swords, fell down with frightful countenances. And all this seemed exceedingly wonderful. And excellent shields decked with golden stars and possessed of solar effulgence, broken by (strokes of) battle-axes, lances and swords dropped on the field.[1] And many car-warriors mangled and bruised by the tusks and the strong trunks of elephants, fell down with their charioteers. And many bulls among car-warriors struck by bulls among car-warriors with their shafts, fell down on the ground. And many persons hearing the wails of horsemen and foot-soldiers struck with the tusks and other limbs of elephants or crushed by the impetus of those huge creatures rushing in close ranks, fell down on the field of battle.[2]

"Then when cavalry and foot-soldiers were falling fast, and elephants and steeds and cars were flying away in fear, Bhishma, surrounded by many mighty car-warriors, obtained sight of him who had the prince of apes on his standard. And the palmyra-bannered warrior, *viz.* the son of Santanu, having five palmyras on his standard, then rushed against the diadem-decked (Arjuna) whose car, in consequence of the fleetness of the excellent steeds attached to it was endued with wonderful energy and which blazed like the very lightning in consequence of the energy of his mighty weapons. And so against that son of Indra who was like unto Indra himself, rushed many (other) warriors headed by Drona and Kripa and Salya and Vivinsati and Duryodhana and also Somadatta's son, O king. Then the heroic Abhimanyu, the son of Arjuna, conversant with all weapons

[1]The word *Sarvarani* in the text is rendered by K. P. Singha as quivers. Nilakantha explains it as coats of mail. There can be no doubt, however, that the Burdwan Pundits render it correctly as shields.

[2]In the first line of 19th, the Bengal reading *Saykanam* is a mistake. The true reading is *Saditanam*.

and cased in a handsome and golden coat of mail, ruhing out of the ranks, quickly proceeded against all those warriors. And that son of Krishna of feats incapable of being borne, baffling the mighty weapons of all those warriors of great strength, looked resplendent like the adorable Agni himself, on the sacrificial altar, of blazing flames, invoked with high *mantras*. Then Bhishma of mighty energy, creating in that battle a very river whose waters were the blood of foes, and quickly avoiding Subhadra's son, encountered that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, Partha himself. Then Arjuna decked with diadem and garlands with his *Gandiva* of wonderful mien and twang loud as the roar of the thunder, shooting showers of arrows, baffled that shower of mighty weapons (shot by Bhishma). And that high-souled warrior having the prince of apes on his banner, of feats incapable of being borne, then poured in return upon Bhishma, that best of all wielders of bows a shower of sharp-edged arrows and polished shafts of broad heads. And so thy troops also beheld that shower of mighty weapons shot by him who had the prince of apes on his banner, opposed and dispersed by Bhishma like the maker of day dispelling (the gloom of night). And the Kurus and the Srinjayas, and all the people there, beheld that single combat between those two foremost of men, *viz.*, Bhishma and Dhananjaya, proceeding thus steadily and thus distinguished by the terrible twang of the bows of both."

SECTION LXI

Sanjaya said, "And Drona's son, and Bhurisravas, and Chitrasena, O sire, and the son of Samyamani also, all fought with Subhadra's son. And while fighting alone with five tigers among men, people beheld him possessed of exceeding energy, like a young lion fighting with five elephants. And no one among them equalled Krishna's son in sureness of aim, in bravery, in prowess, in lightness of hand or in knowledge of weapons. And beholding his son, that chastiser of foes thus struggling and displaying his prowess in battle, Partha set up a leonine roar. And seeing thy grandson, O king, thus afflicting thy host, thy warriors, O monarch, surrounded him on all sides. Then that smiter of foes, the son of Subhadra, depending upon his prowess and might, advanced with undepressed heart against the Dhartarashtra host. And while battling with the foe in that conflict, his mighty bow endued with the effulgence of the sun, was seen by all to be incessantly stretched for striking. And piercing the son of Drona with one shaft, and Salya with five, he overthrew the standard of Samyamani's son with eight shafts. And with another sharp-edged arrow he cut off the mighty dart of golden staff, resembling a snake, that was hurled at him by Somadatta's son. And the heir of Arjuna,

baffling in the very sight of Salya, his hundreds of terrible shafts, slew his four steeds. Thereupon Bhurisravas, and Salya, and Drona's son and Samyamani, and Sala struck with the fear at the strength of arms displayed by Krishna's son could not stay before him. Then, O great king, the Trigartas and the Madras, with the Kekayas, numbering five and twenty thousand urged by thy son, all of whom were foremost of men accomplished in the science of arms and who were incapable of defeat by foes in battle, surrounded Kiritin with his son for slaying them both. Then, O king, that vanquisher of foes, the commander of the Pandava army, the prince of the Panchalas, beheld the cars of the father and the son (thus) surrounded (by the foe). Supported by many thousands of elephants and cars, and by hundred thousands of cavalry and infantry, and stretching his bow in great wrath he advanced against that division of the Madras and the Kekayas, O chastiser of foes, leading his troops with him. And that division (of the Pandava army), protected by that renowned and firm bowman, and consisting of cars, elephants, and cavalry, looked resplendent as it advanced for the encounter. And while proceeding towards Arjuna, that perpetuator of Panchala's race struck Saradwat's son on his shoulder-joint with three arrows. And piercing the Madrakas then with ten sharp shafts, he speedily slew the protector of Kritavarman's rear. And that chastiser of foes then, with a shaft of broad head, slew Damana, the heir of the high-souled Paurava. Then the son of Samyamani pierced the Panchala prince incapable of defeat in the battle with ten shafts, and his charioteer also with ten shafts. Then that mighty bowman, (thus) severely pierced, licked with his tongue the corners of his mouth, and cut off his enemy's bow with a broad-headed shaft of excessive sharpness. And soon the prince of Panchala afflicted his foe with five and twenty arrows, and then slew his steeds, O king, and then both the protectors of his wings. Then, O bull of Bharata's race, Samyamani's son, standing on that car whose steeds were slain, looked at the son of the renowned king of the Panchalas. Then taking up a terrible scimitar of the best kind, made of steel, Samyamani's son walking on foot, approached Drupada's son staying on his car. And the Pandavas, soldiers and Dhrishtadyumna also of Prishata's race beheld him coming like a wave and resembling a snake fallen from the skies. And he whirled his sword and looked like the sun and advanced with the tread of an infuriate elephant. The prince of Panchala then, excited with rage, quickly taking up a mace, smashed the head of Samyamani's son thus advancing towards him, sharp-edged scimitar in grasp and shield in hand, as soon as the latter, having crossed the shooting distance, was near enough to his adversary's car. And then, O king, while falling down deprived of life, his blazing scimitar and shield, loosened from his grasp, fell down with his body on the ground. And the high-souled son of the Panchala king, of terrible prowess, having slain his foe with his mace, won great renown. And when that prince, that mighty car-warrior and great bowman, was (thus) slain, loud cries of *oh* and *alas* arose among thy troops, O sire. Then Samyamani, excited with rage upon beholding his own son slain, impetuously rushed

towards the prince of Panchala who was incapable of defeat in battle. And all the kings of both the Kuru and the Pandava armies beheld those two princes and foremost of car-warriors engaged in battle. Then that slayer of hostile heroes Samyamani, excited with wrath, struck Prishata's son with three shafts like (the conductor of an elephant striking) a mighty elephant with hooks. And so Salya also, that ornament of assemblies, excited with wrath, struck the heroic son of Prishata on his breast. And then commenced (another) battle (there)."

SECTION LXII

Dhritarashtra said,—"I regard destiny to be superior to exertion, O Sanjaya, inasmuch as the army of my son is continually slaughtered by the army of the Pandavas. Thou always speakest, O *suta*, of my troops as being slaughtered, and thou always speakest of the Pandavas as both unslain and cheerful. Indeed, O Sanjaya, thou speakest of mine as deprived of manliness, felled and falling, and slaughtered, although they are battling to the best of their powers and striving hard for victory. Thou always speakest to me of the Pandavas as obtaining victory and mine as becoming weaker and weaker. O child, I am incessantly hearing of countless cause of unbearable and poignant grief on account of Duryodhana's doing. I do not see, O Sanjaya, the means by which the Pandavas, may be weakened and sons of mine may obtain the victory in battle.

Sanjaya said, "This mighty evil hath proceeded from thee, O king. Listen now with patience to the great slaughter of men, elephants, steeds and car-warriors. Dhrishtadyumna, afflicted by Salya with nine shafts, afflicted in return the ruler of Madras with many shafts made of steel. And then we beheld the prowess of Prishata's son to be highly wonderful inasmuch as he speedily checked Salya that ornament of assemblies. The battle between them lasted for only a short space of time. While angrily engaged in combat, none beheld even a moment's rest taken by any of them. Then, O king, Salya in that battle cut off Dhrishtadyumna's bow with a broad-headed shaft of sharp edge and excellent temper. And he also covered him, O Bharata, with a shower of arrows like rain charged clouds pouring their drops on the mountain breast during the season of rains. And while Dhrishtadyumna was being thus afflicted, Abhimanyu, excited with wrath, rushed impetuously towards the car of the ruler of the Madras. Then the wrathful son of Krishna, of immeasurable soul, obtaining the car of the ruler of the Madras (within shooting distance), pierced Artayani with three sharp shafts.[1] Then the warriors of thy army, O king, desirous of opposing the son of

[1]Salya is called Artayani after the name of his father.

Arjuna in battle, speedily surrounded the car of the ruler of Madras. And Duryodhana, and Vikarna, and Dussasana, and Vivinsati and Durmarshana, and Dussala, and Chitrasena, and Durmukha, and Satyabrata, blessed be thou, and Purumitra, O Bharata,—these, protecting the car of the ruler of the Madras, stationed themselves there. Then Bhimasena, excited with wrath, and Dhrishtadyumna of Prishata's race, and the five sons of Draupadi, and Abhimanyu, and the twin sons of Madri and Pandu,—these ten opposed those ten warriors of the Dhritarashtra army shooting, O king, diverse kinds of weapons. And they approached and encountered one another in battle desirous of slaying one another, in consequence, O king, of thy wicked policy. And when those ten car-warriors, excited with wrath, engaged with the ten others in that awful battle, the other car-warriors of both thy army and of the foe all stood as spectators. And those mighty car-warriors, shooting diverse kinds of weapons and roaring at one another, smote one another fiercely. With wrath engendered in their breasts, desirous of slaying one another, they uttered fierce shouts, challenging one another. And jealous of one another, O king, those kinsfolk united together, encountered one another wrathfully, shooting mighty weapons. And wonderful to say, Duryodhana, excited with rage, pierced Dhrishtadyumna in that battle with four sharp shafts. And Durmarshana pierced him with twenty, and Chitrasena with five, and Durmukha with nine, and Dussaha with seven, and Vivinsati with five, and Dussasana with three shafts. Then, O great king, that scorcher of foes, *viz.*, Prishata's son, pierced each of them in return with five and twenty shafts, displaying his lightness of hand. And Abhimanyu, O Bharata, pierced Satyavrata and Purumitra each with ten shafts. Then the son of Madri, those delighters of their mother, covered their uncle with showers of sharp arrows. And all this seemed wonderful. Then, O monarch, Salya covered his nephews, those two foremost of car-warriors desirous of counteracting their uncle's feats, with arrows, but the sons of Madri wavered not. Then the mighty Bhimasena, the son of Pandu, beholding Duryodhana and desirous of ending the strife, took up his mace. And beholding the mighty-armed Bhimasena with upraised mace and looking like the crested Kailasa mount, thy sons fled away in terror. Duryodhana, however, excited with wrath, urged the Magadha division consisting of ten thousand elephants of great activity. Accompanied by that elephant division and placing the ruler of Magadha before him, king Duryodhana advanced towards Bhimasena. Beholding that elephant division advancing towards him, Vrikodara, mace in hand, jumped down from his car, uttering a loud roar like that of a lion. And armed with that mighty mace which was endued with great weight and strength of adamant, he rushed towards that elephant division, like the Destroyer himself with wide open mouth. And the mighty-armed Bhimasena endued with great strength, slaying elephants with his mace, wandered over the field, like the slayer of Vritra among the Danava host. And with the loud shouts of the roaring Bhima, shouts that made the mind and the heart to tremble with fear, the elephants, crouching close, lost all

power of motion. Then the sons of Draupadi, and that mighty car-warrior, the son of Subhadra, and Nakula and Sahadeva, and Dhrishtadyumna of Prishata's race, protecting Bhima's rear, rushed behind him, checking all by scattering their arrowy showers like the very clouds pouring rain on the mountain breast. And those Pandava warriors struck off the heads of their foes battling from the backs of elephants, with well-tempered and keen-edged shafts of diverse forms.[1] And the heads (of elephant-riders), and arms decked with ornaments, and hands with iron-hooks in grasp, falling fast, resembled a stony shower. And the headless trunk of elephant-riders on the necks of the beasts they rode, looked like headless trees on mountain summits. And we beheld mighty elephants felled and falling, slain by Dhrishtadyumna, the high-souled son of Prishata. Then the ruler of the Magadhas, in that battle, urged his elephant resembling Airavata himself, towards the car of Subhadra's son. Beholding that mighty elephant advancing towards him, that slayer of hostile heroes, the brave son of Subhadra, slew it with a single shaft. And when the ruler of the Magadhas was thus deprived of his elephant, that conqueror of hostile cities *viz.*, the son of Krishna, then struck off that king's head with a broad-headed shaft with silver wings. And Bhimasena, the son of Pandu, having penetrated that elephant division, began to wander over the field, crushing those beasts around him like Indra himself crushing the mountains. And we beheld elephants slain in that battle by Bhimasena, each with only one stroke (of his mace), like hills riven by thunder. And many elephants, huge as hills, were slain there, having their tusks broken or temples, or bones, or backs, or frontal globes. And others, O king, deprived of life, lay there with foaming mouths. And many mighty elephants, with frontal globes completely smashed, vomited large quantities of blood. And some, from fear, laid themselves down on the ground like (so many) hillocks. And smeared with the fat and blood (of elephants) and almost bathed in their marrow, Bhima wandered over the field like the Destroyer himself, club in hand. And Vrikodara, whirling that mace of his which was wet with the blood of elephants, became terrible and awful to behold, like the wielder of *Pinaka* armed with *Pinaka*.[2] And those huge tuskers, while (thus) crushed by the angry Bhima, suddenly fled away, afflicted, crushing thy own ranks. And these mighty bowmen and car-warriors, headed by Subhadra's son (all the while) protected that battling hero whirling his gory mace[3] wet with the blood of elephants, like the celestials protecting the wielder of the thunder-bolt. Of terrible soul, Bhimasena then looked like the Destroyer himself. Indeed, O Bharata, putting forth his strength on all sides, mace in arms, we beheld Bhimasena then to resemble Sankara himself dancing (at the end of the *Yuga*), and his fierce, heavy, and sounding

[1]These were *Kshuras* (arrows with heads like razors), *kshurapras*, (arrows with horse-shoe heads), *bhallas* (broad-headed arrows), and *anjalikas* (arrows with crescent-shaped-heads).

[2]*i.e.*, the universal destroyer armed with his bow.

[3]Gory mace wet with &c. the original is pleonastic.

mace to resemble the club of Yama and possessed of the sound of Indra's bolt. And that gory mace of his, smeared with marrow and hair, resembled (also) the angry Rudra's *Pinaka* while he is engaged in destroying all creatures. As a herdsman chastises his herd of cattle with a goad, so did Bhima smite that elephant division with that mace of his. And while thus slaughtered by Bhima with his mace and with shafts (by those that protected his rear), the elephants ran on all sides, crushing the cars of thy own army. Then driving away those elephants from the field like a mighty wind driving away masses of clouds, Bhima stood there like wielder of the trident on a crematorium."

SECTION LXIII

Sanjaya said, "When that elephant division was exterminated, thy son Duryodhana urged his entire army, commanding the warriors to slay Bhimasena. Then the entire army at the command of thy son, rushed towards Bhimasena who was uttering fierce shouts. That vast and unlimited host difficult of being borne by the very gods, incapable of being crossed like the surging sea on the day of full moon or new moon, abounding with cars, elephants, and steeds, resounding with the blare of conches and the beat of drums, numbering untold foot-soldiers and car-warriors, and shrouded by the dust (raised), that very sea of hostile troops incapable of being agitated, thus coming towards him, Bhimasena checked in battle, O king, like the bank resisting the ocean. That feat, O king, which we beheld, of Bhimasena the high-souled son of Pandu, was exceedingly wonderful and superhuman. With his mace, he fearlessly checked all those kings angrily rushing towards him, with their steeds and cars, and elephants. Checking that vast force with mace, that foremost of mighty men, Bhima, stood in that fierce melee, immovable as the mountain Meru. And in that dreadful, fierce, and terrific encounter his brother and sons and Dhrishtadyumna of Prishata's race, and the sons of Draupadi and Abhimanyu, and the unvanquished Sikhandin—these mighty warriors,—did not abandon him from fear. Taking up his massive and weighty mace made of *Saika* iron, he rushed towards the warriors of thy army like the Destroyer himself, armed with his club. And pressing crowds of cars and crowds of horsemen down into the earth, Bhima wandered over the field like the fire at the end of the *Yuga*. And Pandu's son of infinite prowess crushing crowds of cars with the impetus of his thighs and slaying thy warriors in battle, wandered like the Destroyer himself at the end of the *Yuga*. And he began to grind thy troops with the greatest ease like an elephant crushing a forest of reeds. And dragging car-warriors down from their cars, and warriors fighting from the backs of heroes, and foot soldiers as they stood on the ground,

in the army of thy son, the mighty-armed Bhimasena slew them all with his mace like the wind crushing trees by its force. And that mace of his, slaying elephants and steeds, became smeared with fat, marrow, flesh, and blood, and looked exceedingly terrible. And with the bodies of slain men and cavalry lying scattered about, the field of battle wore the appearance of the abode of Yama. And the terrible and slaughtering mace of Bhimasena, resembling the fierce bludgeon of Death and endued with the effulgence of Indra's bolt, looked like *Pinaka* of the angry Rudra while destroying living creatures. Indeed, that mace of the high-souled son of Kunti, who was slaying all around, looked fiercely resplendent like the bludgeon of the Destroyer himself at the time of the universal dissolution. And beholding him thus routing that large army repeatedly and advancing like Death's self, all the warriors became cheerless. Withersoever the son of Pandu, raising his mace, cast his eyes, in consequence of his look alone, O Bharata, all the troops there seemed to melt away. Beholding Vrikodara of terrible deeds, thus routing the army and unvanquished by even so large a force and devouring the (hostile) division like the Destroyer himself with wide-open mouth, Bhimasena speedily came towards him, on his car of solar effulgence and rattle loud as that of the clouds, (shrouding the welkin) with his arrowy showers like a vapoury canopy charged with rain. Then the mighty-armed Bhimasena, beholding Bhishma thus advancing like the Destroyer himself with wide-open mouth, rushed towards him, excited with wrath. At that moment, that foremost hero of Sini's race *viz.*, Satyaki of sure aim, fell upon the grandsire, slaying his enemies (along the way) with his firm bow and causing thy son's army to tremble. And all the combatants who belonged to thy army were then, O Bharata, unable to impede the progress of that hero thus advancing with his steeds of silvery hue and scattering his sharp shafts furnished with handsome wings. At that time the *Rakshasa* Alamvusha (only) succeeded in piercing him with ten shafts. But piercing Alamvusha in return with four shafts, the grandson of Sini proceeded on his car. Beholding that hero of Vrishni's race thus advancing and rolling (as it were) through the very midst of his enemies, and checking (as he proceeded) the foremost of Kuru warriors, and repeatedly uttering loud shouts in that battle, thy warriors then like masses of clouds pouring rain in torrents on the mountain breast, showered their arrowy downpours on him. They were, however, incapable of impeding the progress of that hero who looked like the noon-day sun in his glory. And there was none who was not then cheerless, save Somadatta's son, O king, and Bhurisravas, the son of Somadatta, O Bharata, beholding the car-warriors of his own side driven away, rushed against Satyaki from desire of battle, taking up his bow of fierce impetus."

SECTION LXIV

Sanjaya said, "Then, O king, Bhurisravas, excited with great wrath, pierced Satyaki with nine arrows like the conductor of an elephant piercing an elephant with the iron hook. Satyaki also, of immeasurable soul, in the very sight of all the troops, pierced the Kaurava warrior with nine shafts. Then king Duryodhana, accompanied by his uterine brothers, surrounded Somadatta's son thus striving in battle. Similarly the Pandavas also, of great energy, quickly surrounding Satyaki in that battle took up their positions around him. And Bhimasena, excited with wrath, and with mace upraised, O Bharata, encountered all thy sons headed by Duryodhana. With many thousands of cars, and excited with wrath and vindictiveness, thy son Nandaka pierced Bhimasena of great might with keen-edged and sharp-pointed shafts whetted on stone and winged with the feathers of the *kanka* bird. Then Duryodhana, O king, in that great battle, excited with wrath, struck Bhimasena in the breast with nine shafts. Then the mighty-armed Bhima of great strength mounted on his own excellent car and addressing (his charioteer) Visoka, said, 'These heroic and mighty sons of Dhritarashtra, all great car-warriors, are exceedingly angry with me and desirous of slaying me in battle. I will slay all these today in thy sight, without doubt. Therefore, O charioteer, guide my steed in battle with care.' Having said this, O monarch, Pritha's son pierced thy son with sharp-pointed arrows decked with gold. And he pierced Nandaka in return with three arrows between his two breasts. Then Duryodhana having pierced the mighty Bhima with six arrows pierced Visoka in return with three other sharp arrows. And Duryodhana, O king, as if smiling the while, with three other sharp arrows cut off at the grasp the resplendent bow of Bhima in that battle. Bhima then, that bull among men, beholding his charioteer Visoka afflicted, in that conflict, with sharp shafts by thy son armed with the bow, and unable to bear it, drew another excellent bow, excited with wrath, for the destruction of thy son, O monarch. And excited with great wrath, he also took up an arrow with horse-shoe head and furnished with excellent wings. And with that (arrow) Bhima cut off the excellent bow of the king. Then thy son, excited to the highest pitch of fury, leaving that broken bow aside, speedily took up another that was tougher. And aiming a terrible shaft blazing as Death's rod, the Kuru king, excited with rage struck Bhimasena between his two breasts. Deeply pierced therewith, and greatly pained, he sat down on the terrace of his car. And while seated on the terrace of his car, he swooned away. Beholding Bhima thus unmanned, the illustrious and mighty car-warriors of the Pandava army, headed by Abhimanyu could not bear it. And those warriors then, with great steadiness, showered on thy sons' head a thick down-pour of fierce shafts. Then the mighty Bhimasena, regaining consciousness, pierced Duryodhana at first with those shafts and then with five. And that mighty bowman the son of Pandu then pierced Salya with

five and twenty shafts furnished with golden wings. And pierced therewith, Salya was borne away from the battle. Then thy fourteen sons, *viz.*, Senapati, Sushena, Jalasandha, Sulochana, Ugra, Bhimaratha, Bhima, Viravahu, Aolupa, Durmukha, Dushpradarsha, Vivitsu, Vikata, and Sama, then encountered Bhimasena in battle. United together they rushed against Bhimasena, and with eyes red in wrath, showering countless arrows, they pierced him deeply. Then the heroic and mighty Bhimasena of strong arms, beholding thy sons, licking the corners of his mouth like a wolf in the midst of smaller creatures, fell upon them with the impetuosity of Garuda. And the son of Pandu then cut off the head of Senapati with a shaft having a horse-shoe head. And with delighted soul and laughing the while, that mighty-armed warrior, piercing Jalasandha with three arrows, despatched him to Yama's abode. And next, smiting Sushena, he sent him to the presence of Death's self. And with a single broad-headed shaft he felled on the ground the head, handsome as the moon, of Ugra, decked with turban and adorned with ear-rings. And in that battle, Pandu's son Bhima, with seventy shafts, despatched Viravahu to the other world with his steeds and standard and charioteer. And smiling the while, O king, Bhimasena quickly despatched both the brothers Bhima and Bhimaratha also to Yama's abode. And then in that great battle in the very sight of all the troops, with an arrow of horse-shoe head Bhima despatched Sulochana also to Death's domain. Then the rest of thy sons that were there, O king, beholding the prowess of Bhimasena and while thus being struck by that illustrious warrior, all fled from battle from fear of Bhima. Then Santanu's son, addressing all the mighty car-warriors (of his army) said, 'That fierce bowman, Bhima, excited with wrath in battle, is slaying the mighty sons of Dhritarashtra and other heroic car-warriors united together, whatever their knowledge of weapons, and whatever their bravery. Therefore, seize ye all that son of Pandu'. Thus addressed, all the troops of the Dhritarashtra army, excited with rage, rushed towards Bhimasena endued with great might, And Bhagadatta, O king, on his elephant of rent temples, suddenly rushed thither where Bhimasena was stationed. And thither to the combat, he shrouded Bhima with his shafts whetted on stone so as to make him completely invisible, like the clouds covering the sun. Those mighty car-warriors, however, (of the Pandava army), relying on the prowess of their own arms, could not bear that shrouding of Bhima (with the arrowy showers of Bhagadatta). They, therefore, surrounding Bhagadatta on all sides, poured on him their arrowy down-pours. And they pierced his elephant also with showers of shafts. And struck by all those mighty car-warriors with showers of fierce shafts of diverse kinds that elephant, O king, of the ruler of the Pragjyotishas with blood trickling down his body, became beautiful to behold on the field of battle like a mass of clouds tinged with the rays of the sun. And that elephant with temporal juice trickling down urged by Bhagadatta, like the Destroyer, ran with double his former speed, shaking the very earth with his tread. Then all

those mighty car-warriors, beholding that terrible mien of the animal, and regarding it irresistible, became cheerless. Then king Bhagadatta, that tiger among men, excited with rage, struck Bhimasena between his two breasts with a straight shaft. Deeply pierced by the king with that shaft, that great bowman and mighty car-warrior, with limbs deprived of sensation in consequence of a swoon, sat down on his car, holding his flagstaff. And beholding those mighty car-warriors terrified and Bhimasena in a swoon, Bhagadatta of great prowess uttered a loud roar. Then, O king, that terrible *Rakshasa* Ghatotkacha, beholding Bhima in that state, became excited with rage and there and then disappeared from the view. And creating a terrible illusion enhancing the fears of the timid, he reappeared in a moment assuming a fierce form. Himself riding on an Airavata created by his powers of illusion, the other *Dik*-elephants, *viz.*, Anjana, Vamana, and Mahapadma of blazing glory, followed him. And those three mighty elephants, ridden by *Rakshasas*, were of huge form, with juice profusely trickling down in three lines, and endued with great speed and prowess. Then Ghatotkacha urged his own elephant to battle, desirous, O chastiser of foes, of slaying Bhagadatta with his elephant. And those other elephants, excited with fury and each endued with four tusks, urged by *Rakshasas* of great strength, fell from all sides upon Bhagadatta's elephant and afflicted him with their tusks. And the elephant of Bhagadatta, thus afflicted by those elephants, (already) struck with arrows and feeling great pain, uttered loud cries that resembled the thunder of Indra. And hearing those terrible and loud cries of that roaring elephant, Bhishma, addressing Drona, Suyodhana and all the kings, said, 'The mighty bowman Bhagadatta is battling with the wicked-souled son of Hidimva, and hath fallen into great distress. That *Rakshasa* is of huge form, and the king also is very wrathful. Engaged in battle, they would certainly prove each other's death. Loud shouts were also heard of the rejoicing Pandavas, and the cries of agony of (king Bhagadatta's) terrified elephant. Blessed be ye, let us all go there for rescuing the king, for, if left unprotected, in battle, he will soon give up his life. Ye warriors of great energy, do, as I bid, even now. Ye sinless ones, make no delay. The combat deepens and becometh fierce, making the hair to stand on end. That commander of a division is high-born, endued with great bravery, and devoted to us. Ye warriors of unfading glory, it is meet that his rescue should be effected by us.' Hearing these words of Bhishma, all the kings (of the Kuru army), headed by Bharadwaja's son, desirous of rescuing Bhagadatta, proceeded with great speed to where the ruler of the Prag-jyotishas was. And beholding the enemy advancing, the Panchalas with the Pandavas, headed by Yudhishthira, pursued them behind. Then that prince of *Rakshasas*, endued with great prowess, beholding that division (of the enemy) advance, uttered a fierce roar, deep as that of thunder. Hearing that roar of his and beholding those battling elephants, Santanu's son Bhishma once again addressed Bharadwaja's son and said, 'I do not like to fight (to-day) with the wicked-souled son of Hidimva. Endued with

great might and energy, he is at present well-supported. He is incapable of being vanquished now by the wielder of the thunder-bolt himself. Of sureness of aim, he is a great smiter. As regards ourselves, our animals are tired (today). We have also been greatly mangled by Panchalas and the Pandavas. I do not like fresh encounter with the victorious Pandavas. Let the withdrawal of our army, therefore, be proclaimed today. Tomorrow we will fight with the foe.' Hearing these words of the grandsire, the Kauravas, afflicted with the fear of Ghatotkacha, and availing of the advent of night as a pretext, gladly did what the grandsire said. And after the Kauravas had withdrawn, the Pandavas, crowned with victory uttered leonine roars, mingling them with the blare of conches and the notes of pipes. Thus did the battle take place that day, O Bharata, between the Kurus and the Pandavas headed by Ghatotkacha. And the Kauravas also, vanquished by the Pandavas and overcome with shame, retired to their own tents when night came. And those mighty car-warriors, the sons of Pandu, their bodies mangled with shafts and themselves filled with (the result of) the battle, proceeded, O king, towards their encampment, with Bhimasena and Ghatotkacha, O monarch, at their head. And filled with great joy, O king, they worshipped those heroes. And they uttered diverse kinds of shouts which were mingled with the notes of trumpets. And those high-souled warriors shouted making the very earth tremble therewith, and grinding as it were, O sire, the hearts of thy sons. And it was thus that those chastisers of foes, when night came, proceeded towards their tents. And king Duryodhana, cheerless at the death of his brothers, passed some time in thoughtfulness, overcome with grief and tears. Then making all the arrangements for his camp according to the rules (of military science), he began to pass the hours in meditation, scorched with grief and afflicted with sorrow on account of his (slain) brothers."

SECTION LXV

Dhritarashtra said, 'Hearing of those feats of the sons of Pandu which are incapable of being achieved by the gods themselves, my heart, O Sanjaya, is filled with fear and wonder. Hearing also of the humiliation of my sons in every way, great hath been my anxiety as to the consequence that will ensue. The words uttered by Vidura will, no doubt, consume my heart. Everything that hath happened seemeth to be due to Destiny, O Sanjaya. The combatants of the Pandava army are encountering and smiting those best of warriors having Bhishma for their head, those heroes conversant with every weapon. What ascetic penances have been performed by the high-souled and mighty sons of Pandu, what boon hath they

obtained, O son, or what science is known to them, in consequence of which, like the stars in the firmament, they are undergoing no diminution? I cannot bear it that my army should be repeatedly slaughtered by the Pandavas. The divine chastisement, highly severe, both fallen on me alone. Tell me everything truly, O Sanjaya, about that for which the sons of Pandu have become unslayable and mine slayable. I do not see the other shore of this (sea of) distress.[1] I am like a man desirous of crossing the vastly deep ocean with my two arms alone. I certainly think that a great calamity hath overtaken my sons. Without doubt, Bhima will slay all my sons. I do not see that hero who is able to protect my sons in battle. The death of my sons in this battle, O Sanjaya, is certain. It behoveth thee, therefore, O *Suta*, to tell me, who asketh thee, everything about the true cause of all these. Beholding his own troops retreating from battle, what did Duryodhana do? And what old Bhishma and Drona, and Kripa, and Suvala's son, and Jayadratha, and that mighty bowman, *viz.*, Drona's son and Vikarna of great strength do? When also, O thou of great wisdom, my sons turned back from the fight, what O Sanjaya, became the resolve of those high-souled warriors?"

Sanjaya said, "Listen, O king, with attention, and having listened, let it go to thy heart. Nothing (in this) is the result of incantation, nothing the result of illusion of any king. Nor have the sons of Pandu created any new terrors. They are endued with might; and they are fighting by fair means in this battle. Desirous of high fame, the sons of Pritha always do every act, including even the support of their lives, agreeably to the way of morality. Endued with every kind of prosperity, and possessed of great strength, they never desist from battle, keeping their eyes on righteousness. And victory is there where righteousness is. It is for this, O king, that the sons of Pritha are unslayable in battle and always victorious. Thy sons are of wicked souls and are addicted to sinfulness. They are cruel and wedded to mean acts. It is for this that they are being weakened in battle. Thy sons, O king, like despicable men, did many cruel and deceitful acts to the sons of Pandu. Disregarding, however, all those offences of thy sons, the sons of Pandu always concealed those acts, O elder brother of Pandu. Thy sons also, O king, on numerous occasions humiliated the Pandavas. Let them now reap the terrible fruit, like poison, of that persistent course of sinfulness.[2] That fruit should be enjoyed by thee also, O king, with thy sons and kinsmen, since thou, O king, could not be awakened even though counselled by thy well-wishers. Repeatedly forbidden by Vidura, by Bhishma, by the high-souled Drona, and by myself also thou didst not understand, rejecting our words intended for thy good and worthy of thy acceptance, like a sick man rejecting the medicine prescribed. Accepting the views of thy sons thou hadst regarded the Pandavas as already vanquished. Listen again, O king, to what thou

[1]The Bengal reading *parantapa* is a mistake for *kathanchana*.

[2]'Kimpaca' is a species of cucurbitaceous plant. To avoid periphrasis I render it poison.

hast asked me, *viz.*, the true cause, O chief of the Bharatas, of the victory of the Pandavas. I will tell thee what I have heard, O chastiser of foes. Duryodhana had asked the grandsire this very question. Beholding his brothers, all mighty car-warriors, vanquished in battle, thy son Duryodhana, O Kaurava, with heart confounded with grief, repairing with humility during the night to the grandsire possessed of great wisdom, asked him this question. Listen to me, O monarch, about it all.

"Duryodhana said, 'Drona and thou, and Salya, and Kripa, and Drona's son, and Kritavarman the son of Hridika, and Sudakshina the ruler of the Kamvojas, and Bhurisravas, and Vikarna, and Bhagadatta of exceeding prowess, are all regarded as mighty car-warriors. All of these, again, are high-born, and prepared to throw away their lives in battle. It is my opinion that these are a match for even the three worlds (united together). Even all the warriors of the Pandava army (united together) cannot bear your prowess. A doubt has arisen in my mind. Explain it to me who enquireth of thee. Who it is, relying on whom the Pandavas are vanquishing us repeatedly.'

"Bhishma said, 'Listen, O king, to the words that I will speak unto thee, O thou of Kuru's race. Frequently wert thou addressed by me to the same effect but thou didst not do what I said. Let peace be made with the Pandavas, O best of the Bharatas. I regard this to be beneficial both to the world and thee, O lord. Enjoy this earth, O king, with thy brothers and be happy, gratifying all thy well-wishers and delighting thy kinsfolk. Although I cried myself hoarse before this, thou didst not yet listen to me, O sire. Thou hadst always disregarded the sons of Pandu. The effect of all that hath now overtaken thee. Listen also, O king, from me as I speak of it, O Lord, to the reason why the Pandavas, whose achievements tire them not, are unslayable.[1] There is not, was not, will not be, the being in all the worlds who would or will be able to vanquish the sons of Pandu who are all protected by the wielder of *Saranga*. Listen truly, O thou that art conversant with morality, to that ancient history which was recited to me by sages of souls under control. In days of yore, all the celestials and the *Rishis*, united together, waited reverentially on the Grandsire upon the mountains of Gandhamadana. And the Lord of all creatures, seated at his ease in their midst, beheld an excellent car stationed in the firmament, blazing with effulgence. Having ascertained (everything about it) by meditation, joining his hands with restrained heart, Brahman, with delighted soul, made his salutations to the highest Divine Being. And the *Rishis* and the celestials, beholding in the firmament (the form thus) displayed, all stood up with joined hands, their eyes fixed on that wonder of wonders. Worshipping him duly, Brahma, the foremost of all conversant with *Brahman*, the Creator of the universe,

[1] *Aklishtakarman* literally means one who is not tired with what he does; hence, one who easily achieves the highest feats. When applied to Krishna or any divine personage it means one who does everything by a fiat of his will, without being dependent on means like ordinary persons. It may also mean one of pure or white deeds.

acquainted with the highest morality, uttered these high words : Thou art the Glory of the Universe for thy form. Thou art the Lord of the Universe. O thou whose protection extendeth through the whole Universe, O thou that hath the Universe for thy work, O thou that hath thy soul under control, Thou art the Supreme Master of the Universe. Thou art Vasudeva. Therefore, I seek refuge in Thee that art the soul of *Yoga* and the highest Divinity. Victory to Thee that art the Supreme God of the Universe. Victory to Thee that art ever employed in the good of the worlds. Victory to Thee that art the Lord of *Yoga*. Thee that art all-powerful. Victory to Thee that art prior, and subsequent to *Yoga*. Having the lotus springing from thy navel, and having large expansive eyes, victory to Thee that art Lord of Lords of the Universe. O Lord of the Past, the Present, and the Future, victory to Thee that art the embodiment of gentleness. Thee that art the sun of suns. O thou that art the receptacle of untold attributes, victory to Thee that art the refuge of all things. Thou art *Narayana*, thou art incapable of being understood, victory to Thee that art the wielder of the bow called *Saranga*. Victory to Thee that art endued with every attribute, O thou that hast the Universe for thy form, O thou that art ever hale. O Lord of the Universe, O thou of mighty arms, victory to Thee that art always ready for benefitting the worlds. O great Snake, O huge Boar, O first Cause, O thou of tawny locks, victory to Thee that art Almighty. O thou of yellow robes, O Lord of the cardinal and the subsidiary points of the compass, O thou that hast the Universe for thy abode, O thou that art Infinite, O thou that hast no decay, O thou that art the Manifest, O thou that art the Unmanifest, O thou that art the immeasurable Space, O thou that hast all thy senses under control, O thou that always achievest what is good, O thou that art immeasurable, O thou that alone knowest thy own nature, victory to Thee that art deep, O thou that art the giver of all wishes, O thou that art without end, O thou that art known as *Brahma*, O thou that art Eternal, O thou that art the Creator of all creatures, O thou that art ever successful, O thou whose acts always display wisdom, O thou that art conversant with morality, O thou that givest victory, O thou of mysterious Self, O thou that art the Soul of all *Yoga*, O thou that art the Cause of everything that hath sprung into existence, O thou that art the knowledge of the selves of all beings, O Lord of the worlds, victory to thee that art the Creator of all beings. O thou that hath thyself for thy origin, O thou that art highly blessed, O thou that art the Destroyer of everything, O thou that art the inspirer of all mental thoughts, victory to Thee that art dear to all conversant with *Brahma*. O thou that art busy in creation and destruction, O controller of all wishes, O Supreme Lord, O thou that art the Cause of *Amrita*, O thou that art All-existent, O thou that art the first that appears at the end of the *Yuga*, O thou that art the giver of victory, O Divine Lord of the Lord of all creatures, O thou that hast the lotus springing from thy navel, O thou of mighty strength, O thou that art sprung from Thyself, O thou that art the great elements in their primeval state, O thou that art the soul

of all (religious) rites, victory to Thee that givest all. The goddess Earth represents thy two feet, the cardinal and the subsidiary directions thy arms, and the heavens thy head. I am thy form, the celestials constitute thy limbs, and the Sun, the moon are thy two eyes. Ascetic austerities and Truth born of morality and (religious) rites, constitute thy strength. Fire is thy energy, the wind is thy breath, and the waters have sprung from thy sweat. The twins Aswins constitute thy ears, and the goddess Saraswati is thy tongue. The *Vedas* are thy Knowledge, and upon thee resteth this Universe. O Lord of *Yoga* and *Yogins,* we do not know thy extent, thy measure, thy energy, thy prowess, thy might, thy origin. O God, O Vishnu, filled with devotion in thee, and depending upon thee with vows and observances, we ever worship Thee as the highest Lord, the God of gods. The *Rishis*, the gods, Gandharvas, the *Yakshas*, the *Rakshasas*, the *Pannagas,* the *Pisachas,* human beings, beasts, birds, reptiles,—all these were created by me on Earth through Thy grace. O thou having the lotus springing from thy navel, O thou of large expansive eyes, O Krishna, O Dispeller of all woe, Thou art the Refuge of all creatures, and Thou art their Guide. Thou hast the Universe for thy mouth. Through thy grace, O Lord of the gods, the gods are ever happy. Through thy grace the Earth hath always been freed from terrors. Therefore, O thou of large eyes, take birth in the race of Yadu.[1] For the sake of establishing righteousness, for slaying the sons of Diti, and for upholding the Universe, do what I have said, O Lord. O Vasudeva, that which is thy supreme mystery, that, O Lord hath been sung by me through Thy grace. Having created the divine Sankarshana out of thy own Self by Thyself, thou didst then, O Krishna, create Thyself as Pradyumna born of thyself. From Pradyumna thou didst then create Aniruddha who is known as the eternal Vishnu. And it was Aniruddha who created me as Brahma, the upholder of the Universe. Created out of Vasudeva's essence I have, therefore, been created by thee. Dividing Thyself into portions, take birth, O Lord, among human beings. And slaughtering the *Asuras* there for happiness of all the worlds, and establishing righteousness, and winning renown, Thou wilt again truly attain to *Yoga*. The regenerate *Rishis* on Earth and the gods, O thou of infinite prowess, devoted to thee, sing of thy wonderous Self under those names that belong to thee. O thou of excellent arms, all classes of creatures rest on thee, having taken refuge in Thee, thou giver of boons. The regenerate ones sing Thee as the world's bridge, having no beginning, middle and end, and as possessed of unlimited *Yoga*.' "

[1]Literally "be a perpetuator (son) of Yadu's race !"

SECTION LXVI

"Bhishma said, 'Then that illustrious Deity, the Lord of the worlds, replied unto Brahma in a soft deep voice, saying,—'Through Yoga, O sire, all that is wished by thee is known to me. It will be even as thou wishest,—And saying this, he disappeared then and there. Then the gods, *Rishis*, and *Gandharvas*, filled with great wonder and curiosity all asked the Grandsire, saying,—'Who is that one, O Lord, that was worshipped by thy illustrious self with such humility and praised in such high words? We desire to hear,—Thus addressed, the illustrious Grandsire replied unto all the Gods, the regenerate *Rishis*, and the *Gandharvas*, in sweet words saying,—He who is called TAT, He who is Supreme, He who is existent at present and who will be for all time, He who is the highest Self, He who is the Soul of beings, and who is the great Lord, I was talking even with His ever-cheerful self, ye bulls among gods. The Lord of the Universe was solicited by me, for the good of the Universe, to take his birth among mankind in the family of Vasudeva. I said unto him,—For the slaughter of the *Asuras* take thy birth in the world of men !—Those *Daityas* and *Rakshasas*, of fierce form and great strength, that were slain in battle, have been born among men. Indeed, the illustrious and mighty Lord, taking birth in the human womb, will live on the Earth, accompanied by Nara. Those ancient and best of *Rishis*, *viz.*, Nara and Narayana, are incapable of defeat in battle by even all the celestials united together. Of immeasurable effulgence, those *Rishis viz.*, Nara and Narayana, when born together in the world of men, will not be known (as such) by fools. He, from whose Self, I, Brahman, the Lord of the whole Universe, have sprung that Vasudeva, that Supreme God of all the worlds, is worthy of your adoration. Endued with great energy, and bearing the conch, the discus, and the mace, he should never be disregarded as a man, ye best of deities. He is the Supreme Mystery, the Supreme refuge, the Supreme *Brahma*, and the Supreme glory. He is without decay, Unmanifest, and Eternal. He it is who hath been sung as *Purusha*, though none can comprehend him. The divine Artificer hath sung of him as the Supreme Energy, the Supreme Felicity, and the Supreme Truth. Therefore, the Lord Vasudeva of immeasurable prowess should never be disregarded as a man by all the *Asuras* and the gods with Indra at their head. That person of foolish understanding is called a wretch, who, from disregard, speaketh of Hrishikesa as only a man. People speak of him as one labouring under darkness who disregardeth Vasudeva, that *Yogin* of illustrious soul, for his entering into a human form. People speak of him as one labouring under darkness who knoweth not that Divine personage, that Soul of the mobile and the immobile creation, that one bearing the auspicious wheel (on his breast), that one of dazzling effulgence, that one from whose navel hath sprung the (primeval) lotus. He who disregardeth that wearer of the diadem and the *Kaustuva* gem, that dispeller of fears of his friends, that high-

souled one, sinketh in thick darkness. Having known all these truths duly, that Lord of the worlds, *viz.*, Vasudeva, should be adored by every one, ye best of gods.'—

"Bhishma continued,—Having said these words unto those gods and *Rishis* in days of yore, the illustrious Grandsire, dismissing them all, repaired to his own abode. And the gods and the *Gandharvas*, and the *Munis* and the *Apsaras* also, having listened to those words spoken by Brahman, were filled with delight and repaired to heaven. Even this was heard by me, O sire, from *Rishis* of cultured soul talking in their assembly, of Vasudeva, that ancient one. And O thou that art well-versed in scriptures, I heard this from Rama, the son of Jamadagni, and Markandeya of great wisdom, and Vyasa and Narada also. Having learnt all this and heard of the illustrious Vasudeva as the Eternal Lord, the Supreme God of all the worlds, and the great Master, from whom hath sprung Brahman himself, the Father of the Universe, why should not that Vasudeva be adored and worshipped by men? Firbidden wert thou before, O sire, by sages of cultured souls, (who said unto thee)—Never go to war with that Vasudeva armed with bow as also with the Pandavas,—This, from folly, thou couldst not apprehend. I regard thee therefore, as a wicked Rakshsa. Thou art, besides, enveloped in darkness. It is for this that thou hatest Govinda and Dhananjaya the son of Pandu, for who else among men would hate the divine Nara and Narayana? It is for this, O king, that I say unto thee that this one is Eternal and Unfading, pervading the whole Universe, Unchanging, the Ruler, Creator and Upholder of all, and the truly Existent. He it is who upholdeth the three worlds. He is the Supreme Lord of all mobile and immobile creatures, and He is the great Master, He is warrior, He is Victory, He is Victor, and He is the Lord of all nature. O king, He is full of goodness and divested of all the qualities of Darkness and Passion. There, where Krishna is, there righteousness is; and there is victory where righteousness is. It is by the *Yoga* of his Supreme Excellence, and the *Yoga* of his Self, that the sons of Pandu, O king, are supported. Victory, therefore, will surely be theirs. He it is that always imparteth to the Pandavas and understanding endued with righteousness, and strength in battle; and He it is that always protecteth them from danger. He is the Eternal God, pervading all beings, and ever blessed. He, of whom thou hadst asked me, is known by the name of Vasudeva. He it is whom Brahmanas and Kshatriyas and Vaisyas and Sudras, having distinctive features of their own, humbly serve and worship with restrained hearts and performing their own duties. He it is who, towards the close of the *Dwapara Yuga* and the beginning of the *Kali Yuga*, is sung of with Sankarshana, by believers with devotion. It is that Vasudeva that createth, *Yuga* after *Yuga*, the worlds of the gods and the mortals, all cities girt by the sea, and the region of human habitation.—"

SECTION LXVII

"Duryodhana said, 'In all the worlds Vasudeva is spoken of as the Supreme Being. I desire, O Grandsire, to know his origin and glory.'

"Bhishma said, 'Vasudeva is the Supreme Being. He is the God of all Gods. None superior to him of eyes like lotus-petals is to be seen, O bull of Bharata's race. Markandeya speaketh of Govinda as the Most Wonderful and the Most high, as the All-being, as the All-soul, as the Highest soul, and as the Supreme male Being. Water, Air, and Fire,—these three were created by Him. That Divine Master and Lord of all the worlds created this Earth. That Supreme Being of illustrious soul laid himself down on the waters. And that Divine Being made up of all kinds of energy slept thereon in *Yoga*. From his mouth He created Fire, and from his breath, the Wind. Of unfading glory, He created from his mouth Speech and the *Vedas*. It was thus that he created first the Worlds and also the gods along with the diverse classes of *Rishis*. And he created decay and death also of all creatures, as well as birth and growth. He is Righteousness and of righteous soul. He is the giver of boons and the giver of all (our) wishes' He is the Actor and Action, and He is himself the Divine Master.[1] He first made the Past, the Present, and the Future; He is the Creator of the Universe. He is of illustrious soul; He is the Master possessed of unfading glory. He created Sankarshana, the First-born of all creatures. He created the divine Sesha who is known as *Ananta* and who upholdeth all creatures and the Earth with her mountains. Of Supreme Energy, He it is whom the regenerate ones know by *Yoga* meditation. Sprung from the secretions of his ear, the great *Asura* known by the name of Madhu, fierce and of fierce deeds and entertaining a fierce intent and about to destroy Brahman, was slain by that Supreme Being. And O sire, in consequence of Madhu's slaughter, the gods, the *Danavas*, and human beings, and *Rishis*, call Janardana the slayer of Madhu. He is the great Boar. He is the great Lion, and He is the Three-stepped Lord.[2] He is the Mother and the Father of all living creatures. There never was, nor will be, any superior to Him of eyes like lotus-petals. From His mouth He created the Brahmanas: and from His two arms the Kshatriyas, and from His thighs, O king, He created the Vaisyas, and from His feet He created the Sudras. One waiting dutifully on Him, observant of vows with ascetic austerities on days of the full-moon and the new-moon, is sure to obtain the Divine Kesava, that refuge of all embodied creatures that essence of *Brahma* and of *Yoga*. Kesava is the higher Energy,

[1]The Bengal reading is *Sa vai devas*. The Bombay reading is *Purvadevas*.

[2]The Three-stepped Lord, Vishnu became *vamana* or the dwarf for robbing the Asura Vali of his dominions. Disguised in that shape he asked of Vali three steps of land. Vali, smiling at the littleness of what was asked, gave it. But when the dwarf expanded his form and covered the heavens and the earth with only two steps of his, no space could be found for the third step. Vali was forthwith seized and bound as a promise-breaker, and sent to reside in the nether regions.

the Grandsire of all the worlds. Him, O king, the sages call *Hrishikesa* (the lord of the senses). Him also should all know as the Preceptor, the Father, and the Master. Inexhaustible regions (of blessedness) are won by him with whom Krishna is gratified. He also who, in a place of fear, seeketh the protection of Kesava, and he who frequently readeth this description, becometh happy and endued with every prosperity. Those men who attain to Krishna are never beguiled, Janardana always saveth those that are sunk in great terrors. Knowing this truly, O Bharata, Yudhishthira, with his whole soul, O king, hath sought the shelter of the highly blessed Kesava, the Lord of Yoga, and the Lord of the Earth."

SECTION LXVIII

"Bhishma said, 'Hear from me, O king, this hymn that was uttered by Brahman himself. This hymn was in days of old communicated by regenerate *Rishis* and the gods (to men) on Earth—Narada described thee as the Master and the Lord of the god of gods and all the *Sadhyas* and the celestials, and as one acquainted with the nature of the Creator of the worlds. Markandeya spoke of thee as the Past, the Present, and the Future, and the sacrifice of sacrifices, and the austerity of austerities. The illustrious Bhrigu said of thee that thou art the God of the gods, that thine is the ancient form of Vishnu. Dwaipayana said of thee that thou art Vasudeva of the Vasus, the establisher of Sakra, and the God of gods and all creatures. In days of old on the occasion of procreating creatures, the sages spoke of thee as Daksha, the Father of creation. Angiras said that thou art the creator of all beings. Devala said of thee that the unmanifest all is thy body, and the manifest is in thy mind, and that the gods are all the result of thy breath.[1] With thy heads is pervaded the heavens, and thy two arms support the Earth. In thy stomach are three worlds and thou art the Eternal Being. Even thus do men exalted by asceticism know thee. Thou art the Sat of Sat, with *Rishis* gratified with sight of Self.[2] With royal sages of liberal minds, never retreating from battle and having morality for their highest end, thou, O slayer of Madhu, art, the sole refuse. Even thus is that illustrious and Supreme Being, *viz.*, Hari, adored and worshipped by Sanatkumar and other ascetics endued with Yoga. The truth about Kesava, O sire, is now narrated to thee, both in brief and detail. Turn thy heart in love to Kesava.' "

Sanjaya continued, "Hearing this sacred story, thy son, O great king,

[1]Word of command.

[2]*i.e.*, really existent among all things.

began to regard highly both Kesava and these mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, the sons of Pandu. Then, O monarch, Bhishma the son of Santanu once more addressed thy son, saying, 'Thou hast now heard truly, O king, about the glory of the high-souled Kesava and of Nara about which thou hadst asked me. Thou hast also heard about the object for which both Nara and Narayana have taken their births among men. Thou hast also been told the reason why those heroes are invincible and have never been vanquished in battle, and why also, O king, the sons of Pandu are incapable of being slain in battle, by anybody. Krishna beareth great love for the illustrious sons of Pandu. It is for this, O king of kings, that I say, '*Let peace be made with the Pandavas.*' Restraining thy passions enjoy thou the Earth with thy mighty brothers (around thee). By disregarding the divine Nara and Narayana, thou shalt certainly be destroyed. Having said these words, thy sire, became silent, O monarch, and dismissing the king, entered his tent. And the king also came back to his (own) tent, having worshipped the illustrious grandsire. And then, O bull of Bharata's race, he laid himself down on his white bed for passing the night in sleep."

SECTION LXIX

Sanjaya said, "After the night had passed away and the sun had risen, the two armies, O king, approached each other for battle. Beholding each other, each rushed in united ranks towards the other excited with rage and desirous of vanquishing the other. And in consequence of thy evil policy, O king, the Pandavas and the Dhartarashtras thus rushed, cased in mail and forming battle-array, for striking each other. And the array that Bhishma protected from all sides, O king, was of the shape of a *Makara*.[1] And so the Pandavas also, O king, protected the array they had formed (of their troops). Then thy sire Devavrata, O great king, that foremost of car-warriors, proceeded in advance, supported by a large division of cars. And others, *viz.*, car-warriors, infantry, elephants, and cavalry, all followed him, each stationed in the place allotted. And beholding them prepared for battle, the illustrious sons of Pandu arrayed their troops in that invincible and prince of arrays called the *Syena*.[2] And in the beak of that array shone Bhimasena of great strength. And in its two eyes were the invincible Sikhandin and Dhrishtadyumna of Prishata's race. And in the head was the heroic Satyaki of prowess incapable of being baffled. And in its neck was Arjuna shaking his *Gandiva*. And in its left wing was the high-souled and blessed Drupada with his son and supported by an *akshauhini* of all forces. And the king of the Kekayas, owning an *akshauhini*, formed

[1]A fabulous aquatic animal resembling an alligator.

[2]Formed after the shape of the hawk.

the right wing (of that array). And in its back were the sons of Draupadi, and Subhadra's son of great prowess. And in its tail was the heroic king Yudhishthira himself, of excellent prowess, supported by his twin brothers. Then in the battle (that ensued). Bhima, penetrating the *Makara* array (of the Kauravas) through its mouth, and approaching Bhishma, covered him with his shafts. Then in that great battle, Bhishma possessed of great prowess shot his mighty weapons, confounding the combatants of the Pandavas disposed in battle-array. And when the combatants (of the Pandava army) were thus confounded, Dhananjaya, speedily proceeding, pierced Bhishma at the van of battle with a thousand arrows. And counteracting, in that conflict, the weapons shot by Bhishma, Arjuna stood ready for the combat, supported by his own division filled with cheerfulness.[1] Then king Duryodhana, that foremost of mighty men, that great car-warrior, beholding that terrible carnage of his troops and remembering the slaughter of his brothers (on the previous day), came quickly towards Bharadwaja's son, and addressing him, said, 'O preceptor, O sinless one, thou art ever my well-wisher,—Relying on thee as also on the grandsire Bhishma, ourselves, hope to vanquish without doubt the very gods in battle, let alone the sons of Pandu that are destitute of energy and prowess. Blessed be thou, act in such a way that the Pandavas may be slain. Thus addressed in battle by thy son, Drona penetrated into the Pandava array in the very sight of Satyaki. Then O Bharata, Satyaki checked the son of Bharadwaja, (and thereupon) ensued a battle that was fierce in its incidents and awful to behold. Then Bharadwaja's son excited with rage and endued with great prowess, as if smiling the while, pierced the grandson of Sini with ten shafts at his shoulder-joint. And Bhimasena also, excited with rage, pierced Bharadwaja's son (with many shafts), desirous of protecting Satyaki, O king, from Drona that foremost of all warriors. Then Drona and Bhishma, and Salya also, O sire, excited with rage, covered Bhimasena, in that battle, with their shafts. Thereupon Abhimanyu excited with wrath, and the sons of Draupadi, O sire, pierced with their sharp-pointed shafts all those warriors with upraised weapons. Then in that fierce battle, the great bowman Sikhandin rushed against those two mighty warriors, *viz.*, Bhishma and Drona who, excited with rage, had (thus) fallen upon the Pandavas. Firmly grasping his bow whose twang resembled the roar of the clouds, that hero, shrouding the very Sun with his arrows, quickly covered his antagonists therewith. The grandsire of the Bharatas, however, getting Sikhandin before him, avoided him, remembering the feminity of his sex. Then, O king, urged by thy son, Drona rushed to battle, desirous of protecting Bhishma in that stress. Sikhandin, however, approaching Drona that foremost of all wielders of weapons, avoided, from fear, that warrior resembling the blazing fire that appears at the end of the Yuga.

[1]The Bengal reading is '*Yudhi sandhaya*'. The Bombay reading is '*pratisamvarya*'. I adopt the latter.

Then, O king, thy son with a large force, desirous of winning great glory, proceeded to protect Bhishma. And the Pandavas also proceeded, O king, firmly setting their hearts upon victory, and the battle then that took place between the combatants of both armies desirous of victory and fame, was fierce and highly wonderful, resembling that (in days of yore) between the gods and *Danavas.*"

SECTION LXX

Sanjaya said, "Then Bhishma the son of Santanu fought fiercely,[1] desirous of protecting the sons from the fear of Bhimasena. And the battle that then took place between the kings of the Kaurava and the Pandava armies was awful in the extreme and destructive of great heroes. And in that general engagement, so fierce and terrible, tremendous was the din that arose, touching the very heavens. And in consequence of the shrieks of huge elephants and the neigh of steeds and the blare of conches and beat of drums, the uproar was deafening. Fighting for the sake of victory, the mighty combatants endued with great prowess roared at one another like bulls in a cow-pen. And heads cut off in that battle with keen-edged shafts, incessantly falling, created, O bull of Bharata's race, the appearance of a stony shower in the welkin. Indeed, O bull of Bharata's race, innumerable were the heads lying on the field of battle, decked with ear-rings and turbans and resplendent with ornaments of gold. And the earth was covered with limbs cut off with broad-headed shafts, with heads decked with ear-rings, and with arms adorned with ornaments. And in a moment the whole field was strewn over with bodies cased in mail, with arms decked with ornaments, with faces beautiful as the moon and having eyes with reddish corners, and with every limb, O king, of elephants, steeds and men. And the dust (raised by the warriors) looked like a thick cloud, and the bright implements of destruction, like flashes of lightning. And the noise made by the weapons resembled the roar of thunder. And that fierce and awful passage-at-arms, O Bharata, between the Kurus and the Pandavas caused a very river of blood to flow there. And in that terrible, fierce, and awful battle causing the hair stand on end, Kshatriya warriors incapable of defeat incessantly poured their arrowy showers. And the elephants of both thy army and the enemy's, afflicted with those arrowy showers, shrieked aloud and ran hither and thither in fury. And in consequence of (the twang of) bows, endued with great energy, of fierce and heroic warriors excited with fury, and of flapping of their bow-strings against their leathern

[1] Literally, "made a fierce battle."

fences, nothing could be distinguished.[1] And all over the field which looked like a lake of blood, headless trunks stood up, and the kings bent upon slaying their foes, rushed to battle. And brave warriors of immeasurable energy and possessed of arms resembling stout bludgeons, slew one another with arrows and darts and maces and scimitars. And elephants, pierced with arrows and deprived of riders to guide them with hooks, and steeds destitute of riders, wildly ran in all directions. And many warriors, O best of the Bharatas, belonging to both thy army and that of the foe, deeply pierced with shafts jumped up and fell down. And in that encounter between Bhima and Bhishma, heaps of arms and heads, as also of bows and maces and spiked clubs and hands and thighs, of legs and ornaments and bracelets, were seen lying over the field. And here and there over the field, O king, were seen large bodies of unretreating elephants and steeds and cars. And the Kshatriya warriors, urged on by fate, slew one another with maces, swords, lances, and straight shafts. And others endued with great heroism and accomplished in fight, encountered one another with their bare arms that resembled spiked clubs made of iron. And other heroic warriors of thy army, engaged with the combatants of the Pandava host, fought on slaying one another with clenched fists and knees, and slaps and blows, O king. And with the fallen and falling warriors and those weltering in agony on the ground, the field of battle everywhere became, O king, terrible to behold, and car-warriors, deprived of the cars and grasping excellent swords, rushed at one another, desirous of slaughter. Then king Duryodhana, surrounded by a large division of Kalingas, and placing Bhishma ahead, rushed towards the Pandavas. And so the Pandava combatants also, supporting Vrikodara, and owning fleet animals, rushed, excited with rage, against Bhishma."

SECTION LXXI

Sanjaya said, "Beholding his brothers and the other kings engaged in battle with Bhishma, Dhananjaya, with weapons upraised, rushed against the son of Ganga. Hearing the blare of *Panchajanya* and the twang of the bow *Gandiva,* and seeing also the standard of Pritha's son, a great fear entered our hearts. And the standard that we behold, O king, of the wielder of *Gandiva* bore the device of lion's tail and looked like a blazing mountain in the welkin. Beautiful and of celestial workmanship, it was variegated with diverse hues, and looking like a risen comet it could not be obstructed

[1]The Bengal reading *Gooranamatitejasa* is what I adopt. The Bombay reading, *Ghoranamamitaujasam* involves a useless hyperbole. Of course, *atitejasa* qualifies *dhanusha* in the next line.

by trees. And in that great battle, the warriors beheld *Gandiva,* the back of whose staff was decked with pure gold, and which looked beautiful like a flash of lightning in the midst of a mass of clouds in the firmament. And while slaying the combatants of thy army, the shouts we heard uttered by Arjuna seemed to resemble the loud roars of Indra himself, and the slaps also of his palms were frightfully loud. Like a roaring mass of clouds charged with lightning and aided by a raging tempest, Arjuna incessantly poured his arrowy showers on all sides, completely shrouding the ten points of the compass. Dhananjaya then possessed of terrible weapons, quickly proceeded towards the son of Ganga. Deprived of four senses in consequence of his weapons, we could not then distinguish the East from the West. And thy warriors, then, O bull of Bharata's race,—their animals tired, steeds slain, and hearts depressed,—thoroughly confounded[1] and huddling close to one another, sought Bhishma's protection along with all thy sons. And in that battle Bhishma the son of Santanu became their protector. Struck with fear, car-warriors jumping down from their cars, cavalry soldiers jumping down from the backs of their steeds, and the foot-soldiers where they stood, all began to fall down on the earth. Hearing the twang of *Gandiva* that resembled the roar of the thunder, all thy warriors were struck with fear and seemed, O Bharata, to melt away. Then, O king, with many huge and fleet steeds of the Kamvoja breed, and surrounded by many thousand of Gopas with a large Gopayana force and supported by the Madras, the Sauviras, the Gandharas and the Trigartas, and surrounded by all the principal Kalingas, the king of the Kalingas, and king Jayadratha accompanied by all the kings and supported by a large force of diverse races with Dussasana at their head, and fourteen thousand principal horsemen, urged by thy son, surrounded the son of Suvala (for supporting him). Then in that battle, all the Pandavas, united together, and riding on separate cars and animals, began, O bull of Bharata's race, to slaughter thy troops.[2] And the dust raised by car-warriors and steeds and foot-soldiers, looking like a mass of clouds, made the field of battle exceedingly awful. And with a large force consisting of elephants, steeds and cars, and armed with lances and bearded darts and broad-headed shafts, Bhishma engaged in battle with the diadem decked (Arjuna). And the king of Avanti engaged with the ruler of Kasi, and the ruler of the Sindhus engaged with Bhimasena. And king Yudhishthira with his sons and counsellors engaged with Salya, the famous chief of the Madras. And Vikarna engaged with Sahadeva, and Chitrasena with Sikhandin. And the Matsyas, O king, engaged with Duryodhana, and Sakuni; and Drupada and Chekitana, and that mighty car-warrior Satyaki engaged in battle with the high-souled Drona aided by his son. And Kripa and Kritavarman both rushed against Dhrishtadyumna. And thus, all over the field, rushing bodies of horses, of elephants and cars, engaged with one another in battle. And although there

[1] *Kandigbhutas* lit. "not knowing which point of the compass was which."

[2] In the second line of 17, the Bombay text incorrectly reads *Arjunam* for *Pandavas*.

were no clouds in the sky, yet flashes of lightning were seen. And all the points of the compass were covered with dust. And, O king, fierce meteors were seen falling with thundering noise. And violent winds blew and a shower of dust fell from above. And the sun, covered by the dust raised by the troops, disappeared in the firmament. And all the warriors, covered by that dust and battling with weapons, were deprived of their senses. And the sound made by weapons, all capable of penetrating through every armour and hurled from heroic arms, became a tremendous uproar. And, O bull of Bharata's race, weapons hurled from excellent arms and possessed of stellar brightness, illumined the whole welkin. And variegated shields made of bull's hides and embossed with gold were strewn, O bull of Bharata's race, all over the field. And heads and limbs were seen falling on all sides, cut off with swords and scimitars possessed of solar effulgence. And great car-warriors, the wheels, axles, and boxes of whose cars were broken, fell down on the ground, their steeds slain and their tall standards tumbling down.[1] And many car-warriors having been slain, their steeds, mangled with weapons, fell down as they ran dragging the cars (to which they were yoked). And, in many places over the field, excellent steeds, afflicted with arrows, with limbs mangled, and with their traces on, ran, dragging the car-yokes after them. And many car-warriors, with their charioteers and steeds, were seen, O king, to be crushed by single elephants endued with great strength.[2] And in that battle, in the midst of large forces, many elephants, scenting the odour of the temporal juice of their compeers, began to snuff the breeze repeatedly. And the whole field was strewn with slain elephants, deprived of life by means of broad-headed shafts and falling down with the wooden edifices and the guides on their backs. And many elephants, in the midst of large forces crushed, with the standards and warriors on their backs, by huge compeers urged by their guides, fell down on the field. And many car-shafts, O king, were seen to be broken in that battle by huge elephants using their trunks, each of which resembled the trunk of the prince of elephants (called Airavata). And many car-warriors also, in that conflict, the *Jalas* of whose cars had been broken, were like branches of trees dragged down by tuskers, seized by the hair of their heads and, thrashed violently on the ground, were crushed into shapeless masses. And other huge elephants, dragging cars that were entangled with other cars, ran in all directions shrieking loudly. And those elephants, thus dragging those cars, looked like others of their species dragging lotus-stalks growing in lakes. And thus was that vast field of battle strewn over with cavalry soldiers and foot-soldiers and great car-warriors and standards."

[1]In the first line of 32 the Bengal reading is *Mahabhujas*. The correct reading seems to be (as in the Bombay text) *Mahadhvajas*.

[2]The last half of the second line of 35 in the Bengal text is vicious, I adopt the Bombay reading.

SECTION LXXII

Sanjaya said, "Sikhandin with Virata king of the Matsyas speedily approached Bhishma that invincible and mighty bowman. And Dhananjaya encountered Drona and Kripa, and Vikarna and many other kings, brave in battle, all mighty bowmen endued with great strength, as also that mighty bowman the ruler of the Sindhus supported by his friends and kinsmen and many kings of the west and the south also, O bull of Bharata's race. And Bhimasena proceeded against that mighty bowman, *viz.*, thy vindictive son Duryodhana, and also against Dussaha. And Sahadeva proceeded against those invincible warriors, *viz.*, Sakuni and that mighty car-warrior Uluka, those great bowmen, who were sire and son. And that mighty car-warrior Yudhishthira, deceitfully treated by thy son, proceeded in that battle, O king, against the elephant division (of the Kauravas). And that son of Pandu and Madri, *viz.*, the heroic Nakula capable of wringing tears from the foe, engaged in battle with the excellent car-warriors of the Trigartas. And those invincible warriors, *viz.*, Satyaki and Chekitana, and the mighty son of Subhadra, proceeded against Salya and the Kaikeyas. And Dhrishtaketu and the *Rakshasa* Ghatotkacha, both invincible in battle, proceeded against the car-division of thy sons. And that mighty car-warrior Dhrishtadyumna, that generalissimo (of the Pandava forces) of immeasurable soul, engaged in battle, O king, with Drona of fierce achievements. And it was thus that those heroic and mighty bowmen of thy army and the Pandavas, engaged in battle, began to strike one another. And when the sun had reached the meridian and the sky was brilliantly illumined by his rays, the Kauravas and the Pandavas began to slay one another. Then cars, furnished with standards from whose tops pennons were afloat, variegated with gold and covered with tiger-skins, looked beautiful as they moved on the field of battle. And the shouts of warriors engaged in battle from desire of vanquishing one another, became as loud as leonine roars. And that encounter which we beheld between the heroic Srinjayas and the Kurus, was fierce in the extreme and highly wonderful. And in consequence of the arrows shot all around, we could not, O king, distinguish, O chastiser of foes, the firmament, the sun and the cardinal and the subsidiary points of the compass. And the splendour, like that of the blue lotus, of darts with polished points, of bearded lances hurled (at the foe), of well-tempered sabres and scimitars, of variegated coats of mail and of the ornaments (on the persons of the warriors), illumined the welkin and the cardinal and the subsidiary points with its effulgence. And the field of battle in many places, O king, shone in consequence of the bodies of monarchs whose effulgence resembled that of the moon and the sun. And brave car-warriors, tigers among men shone in that battle, O king, like the planets in the firmament. And Bhishma, that foremost of car-warriors, excited with rage, checked the mighty Bhimasena in the very sight of the troops. And the impetuous

shafts shot by Bhishma, furnished with golden wings, and whetted on stone, and rubbed with oil pierced Bhima in that battle. Then Bhimasena endued with great strength hurled at him, O Bharata, a dart of fierce impetuosity that resembled a wrathful snake. But Bhishma in that combat cut off with straight shafts that dart with staff made of gold and difficult of being borne, as it coursed impetuously towards him. And with another broad-headed shaft, sharp and well-tempered, he cut off Bhimasena's bow, O Bharata, into two parts. Then, O king, in that battle, Satyaki, coming quickly towards Bhishma, pierced thy sire with innumerable keen-edged and sharp-pointed shafts of fierce impetuosity shot from his bowstring drawn to the ear. Then Bhishma, aiming an exceedingly fierce shaft, felled the charioteer of the Vrishni hero from his box in the car. And when the charioteer of Satyaki's car was thus slain, his steeds, O king, bolted away. Endued with the speed of the tempest or the mind, they ran wild over the field. Then cries were uttered by the whole army which became a loud uproar. And exclamation of *oh* and *alas* arose from the high-souled warriors of the Pandava army. And those cries-said—Run, seize, check the horses, go in haste. And this uproar followed Yuyudhana's car. Meanwhile, Bhishma the son of Santanu began to slay the Pandava forces like Indra slaying the *Danavas*. But the Panchalas and the Somakas, though slain by Bhishma thus, forming yet a laudable resolution, rushed towards Bhishma. And other warriors of the Pandava army, headed by Dhrishtadyumna, and desirous of slaughtering the ranks of thy son, rushed towards Santanu's son in that battle. And so also, O king, the warriors of thy army, headed by Bhishma and Drona, impetuously rushed towards their foes. And thereupon another battle took place."

SECTION LXXIII

Sanjaya said, "King Virata then pierced that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, Bhishma, with three shafts. And that great car-warrior pierced his (antagonist's) steeds also with three shafts furnished with golden wings. And that terrible bowman and mighty car-warrior of firm hand, *viz.*, Drona's son, pierced with six shafts the wielder of *Gandiva* between his two breasts. Thereupon that grinder of foes, *viz.*, Phalguni, that slayer of hostile heroes, cut off Aswatthaman's bow and deeply pierced him in return with five shafts. Deprived of his senses by anger, and unable to bear the cutting off of his bow in that battle, Drona's son, taking up another bow that was tougher, pierced Phalguni, O king, with ninety sharp-shafts, and Vasudeva also with seventy fierce arrows. Then, with eyes red in wrath, Phalguni, with Krishna, breathing long and hot breaths, reflected for a moment. Firmly grasping the bow with his left hand, that grinder of foes, *viz.*, the wielder of

gandiva excited with rage, fixed on his bowstring a number of fierce shafts, sharp and perfectly straight, and capable of taking (the foe's) life. And that foremost of mighty men speedily pierced Drona's son, in that battle, with those arrows. And those arrows, penetrating through his armour, drank his life-blood. But though thus pierced by the wielder of *Gandiva*, Drona's son wavered not. Shooting in return similar arrows at Partha, he stayed unperturbed, in that battle, desirous, O king, of protecting Bhishma of high vows. And that feat of his was applauded by the foremost warriors of the Kuru army, consisting, as it did, of his having encountered the two Krishnas united together. Indeed, Aswatthaman daily battled fearlessly amid the forces, having obtained from Drona all weapons with the methods also of their withdrawal. This one is the son of my preceptor. He is again the dear son of Drona. He is especially a Brahmana, and, therefore, worthy of my regard. Thinking so, that scorcher of foes, the heroic Vibhatsu, that foremost of car-warriors, showed mercy to the son of Bharadwaja. Avoiding the son of Drona, Kunti's son endued with great prowess and having white steeds (yoked unto his car), began to fight, displaying great quickness of arms and causing a great carnage of thy troops. Duryodhana then pierced that great bowman Bhima with ten shafts winged with vulturine feathers, adorned with gold, and whetted on stone. Thereupon Bhimasena, excited with wrath, took up a tough and well-adorned bow capable of taking the life of the foe, and also ten sharp shafts. And steadily aiming those sharp-pointed shafts of fierce energy and impetuous velocity, and drawing the bow-string to his ear, he deeply pierced the king of the Kurus in his wide chest. Thereupon the gem hanging on his breast on threads of gold, surrounded by those shafts, looked beautiful like the Sun in the firmament surrounded by the planets. Thy son, however, endued with great energy, thus struck by Bhimasena, could not bear it (coolly), like a snake unable to bear the sounds of a man's slap. Excited with wrath and desirous of protecting his army, he then pierced Bhima in return, O king, with many shafts whetted on stone and endued with golden wings. Thus struggling in battle and mangling each other fiercely, those two mighty sons of thine looked like a pair of celestials.

"That tiger among men and slayer of hostile heroes, *viz.*, the son of Subhadra, pierced Chitrasena with many sharp shafts and Purumitra also with seven shafts. And piercing Satyavrata too with seventy shafts, that hero resembling Indra himself in battle, began as it were to dance on the field, and caused us much pain. Chitrasena then pierced him in return with ten shafts, and Satyavrata with nine, and Purumitra with seven. Then the son of Arjuna, thus pierced, while yet covered with blood, cut off the large and beautiful bow of Chitrasena that was capable of checking foes. And cutting through his coat of mail he pierced his antagonist's breast with a shaft. Then the princes of thy army, all heroic and mighty car-warriors, excited with wrath and united together in that conflict, pierced him with sharp arrows. And Abhimanyu, acquainted with the mightiest weapons, smote them all with keen shafts. Beholding that feat of his, thy

sons then surrounded the son of Arjuna, who was consuming thy army in that conflict like a swelling fire of blazing flames consuming a heap of dry grass in summer. And the son of Subhadra, while smiting thy troops (thus), seemed to glow in splendour. Seeing that conduct of his, thy grandson Lakshmana then, O monarch, quickly fell upon the son of Subhadra. Thereupon that mighty car-warrior Abhimanyu, excited with wrath, pierced Lakshmana graced with auspicious marks, as also his charioteer, with six sharp arrows. But Lakshmana also, O king, pierced Subhadra's son with many keen shafts. And that feat, O king, seemed to be highly wonderful. Then that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, Abhimanyu, slaying the four steeds as also the charioteer of Lakshmana with sharp shafts, rushed towards the latter. Thereupon Lakshmana, that slayer of hostile heroes, staying on that car of his whose steeds had been slain, and excited with wrath, hurled a dart towards the car of Subhadra's son. Abhimanyu, however, with his sharp arrows, cut off that irresistible dart of fierce mien, resembling a snake, and coming impetuously towards him. Then Kripa, taking Lakshmana up on his own car, bore him away from the conflict, in the very sight of all the troops. Then when that awful conflict became general, the combatants rushed against one another, desirous of taking another's life. And the mighty bowmen of thy army and the great car-warriors of the Pandava host, prepared to lay down their lives in battle, slew one another. With hair dishevelled, divested of their coats of mail, deprived of their cars, and their bows broken, the Srinjayas fought with the Kurus with their bare arms. Then the mighty-armed Bhishma, endued with great strength, and excited with wrath, slew with his celestial weapons the troops of the high-souled Pandavas. And the earth became covered with the fallen bodies of elephants deprived of their guides of men and steeds and car-warriors and cavalry-soldiers."

SECTION LXXIV

Sanjaya said, "Then, O king, the mighty-armed Satyaki invincible in battle, drawing in that conflict an excellent bow capable of bearing a great strain shot innumerable winged arrows resembling snakes of virulent poison, displaying his wonderful lightness of hand. And while slaying his foes in battle, so quickly did he draw the bow, take out his arrows, fix them on the bowstring, and letting them off throw them among the foe, that he then seemed to be a mass of clouds pouring a thick shower of rain. Beholding him then thus blazing up (like a swelling fire), king Duryodhana, O Bharata, despatched ten thousand cars against him. But that great bowman, Satyaki, of prowess incapable of being baffled and possessed of great energy, slew with his celestial weapons all those mighty car-warriors.

Having achieved, bow in hand, that fierce feat, that hero then approached Bhurisravas in battle. And Bhurisravas also, that enhancer of the fame of the Kurus, beholding the Dhartarashtra ranks thus felled by Yuyudhana, rushed in wrath against the latter.[1] Drawing his great bow which resembled that of Indra himself in hue, he shot thousands of shafts, O monarch, looking like snakes of virulent poison and possessed of the strength of the thunder, displaying his extreme lightness of hand. Thereupon the combatants that followed Satyaki, unable to bear those shafts of fatal touch, fled away, O king, in all directions, abandoning, O monarch, the invincible Satyaki in that conflict. Beholding this, the mighty sons of Yuyudhana, all mighty car-warriors of great renown, cased in excellent mail, bearing diverse arms, and possessing excellent standards, approaching that great bowman, *viz.*, Bhurisravas, in battle, wrathfully addressed that warrior bearing on his standard the device of a sacrificial stake, and said these words, 'Listen, O kinsman of the Kauravas, O thou that art possessed of great strength, come, fight in battle with us, *i.e.*, with either all of us jointly or with each of us separately. Vanquishing us in battle thou mayst win great renown, or ourselves, vanquishing thee, will have great gratification." Thus addressed by them, that mighty hero endued with great strength and proud of his prowess, that foremost of men, beholding them before him, replied unto them, saying, 'Ye heroes, ye have said well. If such be now your wish, fight ye then all together with care. I shall slay all of you in battle.' Thus addressed by him, those heroic and mighty bowmen endued with great activity covered that chastiser of foes with a thick shower of arrows. And it was towards the afternoon, O king, that that dreadful battle took place between Bhurisravas alone on one side and the many united together on the other. And those ten heroes covered that single mighty car-warrior with showers of arrows like the clouds showering rain on a mountain cliff in the season of rains. That mighty car-warrior, however, cut off, those clouds of shafts shot by them resembling the fatal darts of Death or the very thunder in effulgence, before they could reach him.[2] They then, surrounding that mighty-armed warrior, endeavoured to slay him. But the son of Somadatta, excited with rage, cut off their bows, O Bharata, and then their heads, with sharp shafts. Thus slain, they fell down, O monarch, like mighty trees felled by the thunder.[3] Beholding then his mighty sons thus slain in battle, the Vrishni hero (Satyaki), O king, uttering a loud roar, rushed against Bhurisravas. And those mighty warriors then each pressed his car against the other. And each of them in that combat slew the

[1]The pronoun 'sa' in the first line of 8 refers to *Yuyudhana*. Burdwan Pundits erroneously take it as referring to Duryodhana, being misled by the words *Kurunam Kirtivardhanas*.

[2]The Bombay reading *asaniparabhan* (which I adopt) is better than the Bengal reading *asaniswanan*, for in connection with *yamadanda* immediately preceding the latter would be incongruous, if not unmeaning.

[3]An additional verse occurs here in connection with the slaughter of Satyaki's sons, in the Bombay texts. The Bengal texts omit it.

other's car-steeds. And both deprived of their cars, those mighty warriors jumped down on the ground. And both taking up large scimitars and excellent shields encountered each other. And those tigers among men, stationed for the encounter, shone brightly. Then Bhimasena, O king, quickly coming up to Satyaki thus armed with an excellent scimitar, took him up on his own car. And thy son also, O monarch, speedily took up Bhurisravas on his car, in that battle, at the very sight of all the bowmen.

"Meanwhile, during the continuance of that battle, the Pandavas, O bull of Bharata's race, excited with wrath, fought with that mighty car-warrior Bhishma. And when the sun assumed a red hue, Dhananjaya exerting himself actively, slew five and twenty thousand great car-warriors. These, urged on by Duryodhana for slaying Partha, were thus completely destroyed before they could even come upto him, like insects on a blazing fire. Then the Matsyas and the Kekayas, all accomplished in the science of arms, surrounded that mighty car-warrior Partha as also his son (for supporting them). Just at that time the sun disappeared, and all the combatants seemed to be deprived of their senses. Then at twilight, O king, thy sire Devavrata, his animals having been tired, caused the troops to be withdrawn. And the troops of both the Pandavas and the Kurus, filled with fear and anxiety in course of that dreadful encounter, proceeded to their respective camps, the Pandavas with the Srinjayas and the Kauravas also rested for the night agreeably to the rules (of military science)."

SECTION LXXV

Sanjaya said, "Having rested for a while, O king, both the Kurus and the Pandavas, after the night had passed away, once more went out for battle. And then loud was the uproar, O king, that arose of mighty car-warriors as they prepared for battle, and of tuskers as these were being equipped for the conflict, and of infantry as they put on their armour, and of steeds also, O Bharata. And the blare of conches and the beat of drums became deafening in all parts of the field. Then king Yudhishthira addressed Dhrishtadyumna and said, 'O mighty-armed one, dispose the troops in the array called *Makara* that scorcheth the foe.' Thus addressed by Pritha's son, that mighty car-warrior Dhrishtadyumna, that foremost of combatants on cars, issued the order, O great king, to the car-warriors, (for forming the *Makara* array). Drupada, and Dhananjaya the son of Pandu, formed the head of that array, and Sahadeva and that mighty car-warrior Nakula formed its two eyes. And the mighty Bhimasena formed its beak. And Subhadra's son, and the sons of Draupadi and the *Rakshasa* Ghatotkacha, and Satyaki, and king Yudhishthira the just, were stationed in its neck. And king Virata that commander of a large division. formed

its back, supported by Dhrishtadyumna and a large force. And the five Kekaya brothers consisted its left wing, and that tiger among men, *viz.*, Dhrishtaketu, and Chekitana of great prowess, stationed in the right wing, stood for protecting that array. And its two feet, O monarch, were constituted by that mighty car-warrior the blessed Kuntibhoja, and Satanika, supported by a large force. And that great bowman, the mighty Sikhandin, surrounded by the Somakas, and Iravat, were stationed in the tail of that *Makara* array. And having, O Bharata, formed their great array, the Pandavas, O monarch, equipped in mail at dawn, again stood for battle. And with elephants and steeds and cars and infantry, and with standards upraised and umbrellas set up, and armed with bright, whetted weapons, they quickly proceeded against the Kauravas.

"Then thy sire Devavrata, beholding the (Pandava) army thus arrayed, disposed his army, O king, in counter-array after the form of a huge crane. And in its beak was Bharadwaja's son (Drona). And Aswatthaman and Kripa, O monarch, formed its two eyes. And that foremost of all bowmen, *viz.*, Kritavarman, united with the ruler of the Kamvojas and with the Valhikas was stationed, O king, in its head. And in its neck. O Bharata, were Surasena, and thy son Duryodhana, O king, surrounded by many kings. And the ruler of the Pragjyotishas, united with the Madras, the Sauviras, and the Kekayas, and surrounded by a large force, was stationed, O king, in its breasts. And Susarman the king of Prasthala, accompanied by his own troops, stood, accoutred in mail, in the left wing. And the Tusharas, the Yavanas and the Sakas, along with the Chulikas, stood in the right wing, O Bharata, of that array. And Srutayush and Satayush and Somadatta's son, O sire, were stationed in the rear of that array protecting one another.

"Then the Pandavas, O king, rushed against the Kauravas for battle. The sun, O Bharata, had risen when the battle commenced. And elephants proceeded against elephants. And horsemen rushed against horsemen, car-warriors against car-warriors, O king, and against elephants also, in that dreadful conflict. And car-men rushed against riders of elephants, and riders of elephants against horsemen. And car-warriors engaged with foot-soldiers, and cavalry with infantry. And all the warriors, O king, excited with wrath, rushed against one another in battle. And the Pandava army, protected by Bhimasena and Arjuna and the twins, looked beautiful like the night decorated with stars. And thy army also, with Bhishma and Kripa and Drona and Salya and Duryodhana, and others, shone like the firmament spangled with the planets. And Bhimasena the son of Kunti, endued with great prowess, beholding Drona rushed against the division of Bharadwaja's son, borne by his steeds of great fleetness. Then Drona, excited with wrath in that conflict and endued with great energy, pierced Bhima with nine shafts made wholly of iron, aiming his vital limbs. Deeply pierced by Bharadwaja's son in that conflict, Bhima despatched Drona's charioteer to the region of Yama. Thereupon the son of Bharadwaja, endued with great prowess, himself restraining his steeds, began to consume the Pandava army like fire consuming a heap of cotton. And while thus

slaughtered, O king, by Drona and Bhishma, the Srinjayas along with the Kekayas took to flight. And so thy troops also, mangled by Bhima and Arjuna, became deprived of their senses as they stood, like a beautiful female in her pride. And in that conflict destructive of heroes great was the distress, O Bharata, that befell both thy army and theirs. And we beheld the wonderful sight, O Bharata, of the troops fighting with one another regardless of their lives.[1] And the Pandavas and the Kauravas, O king, in that conflict, fought with one another counteracting one another's weapons."

SECTION LXXVI

Dhritarashtra said, "Our army is possessed of many excellencies, consisting of diverse forces, its efficiency is great. It is again arrayed according to the rules of science and, therefore, ought to be irresistible. It is attached to us exceedingly, and always devoted to us. It is submissive, and free from the faults of drunkenness and licentiousness. Its prowess had before been tested. The soldiers are neither very old nor very young. They are neither lean nor corpulent. Of active habits, of well-developed and strong frames, they are free from disease. They are cased in mail and well-equipped with arms. They are exercised in every kind of weapons. They are skilled in encounters with swords, with bare arms, and with maces. They are well-exercised in lances, sabres, and darts, as also in iron clubs, short arrows, javelins and mallets. They are devoted to all kinds of armed exercises, and are adepts in mounting upon and descending from the backs of elephants, in moving forward and stepping back, in smiting effectually, in marching and retreating. Many a time have they been tested in the management of elephants and steeds and cars. Having been examined duly they have been entertained on pay, and not for the sake of lineage, nor from favour nor from relationship, nor from strength of attachments, nor from connections of birth and blood. They are all respectable and honest, and their kinsmen have been well-treated and gratified by us. We have done them many good offices. They are, besides, all renowned men and endued with great mental vigour. O son, they are again protected by many foremost of men endued with great activity, and of famous achievements, resembling the very Regents of the world and renowned over the whole earth. Innumerable Kshatriyas, respected throughout the world, and who have of their own will sided us with their forces and followers also protect them. Indeed, our army is like the vast ocean filled with the water of innumerable rivers running from all directions.

[1] *Ekayangatas* is lit. "intently."

It abounds with elephants, and with cars which though destitute of wings, yet resemble the winged tenants of the air. Vast numbers of combatants constitute the waters of that ocean, and the steeds and other animals constitute its terrible waves. Innumerable swords and maces and darts and arrows and lances constitute the oars (piled on that ocean). Abounding with standards and ornaments and adorned with cloth inlaid with gold and gems, the rushing steeds and elephants constitute the winds agitating it into fury. Our host, therefore, really resembles the vast, shoreless ocean roaring in rage. And that host is protected by Drona and Bhishma and by Kritavarman and Kripa and Dussasana, and others headed by Jayadratha. It is also protected by Bhagadatta and Vikarna by Drona's son, and Suvala's son, and Valhika and by many other mighty and high-souled heroes of the world. That our army should yet be slaughtered in battle is due only to predestined fate, O Sanjaya. Neither men nor highly blessed *Rishis* of old ever beheld such preparations (for battle) on earth before. That so large an army, mustered according to science, and attached (to us) by wealth, should yet be slaughtered in battle, alas, what can it be but the result of Destiny? O Sanjaya, all these seem to be unnatural. Indeed Vidura had often said what was both beneficial and desirable. But my wicked son Duryodhana would not accept it. I believe that high-souled and well-knowing person had foreseen all that is now happening and hence the counsel he gave.[1] Or, O Sanjaya, all these, in all its details, had been pre-arranged by Him, for that which is ordained by the Creator must happen as ordained and cannot be otherwise."

SECTION LXXVII

Sanjaya said, "Thou hast, O king, in consequence of thy own fault, been overtaken by this calamity. O bull of Bharata's race, the faults which thou, O monarch, hadst seen in that unrighteous course of conduct (towards the Pandavas), were not seen by Duryodhana. It was through thy fault, O king, that the match at dice had taken place. And it is through thy fault that this battle hath taken place with the Pandavas. Having committed a sin, do thou, therefore, reap the fruit of that sin of thine. One reapeth the fruit of acts perpetrated by one's own self. Do thou, therefore, O king, reap the fruit of thy own acts both here and hereafter. Therefore, O monarch, though overtaken by this calamity, be calm still, and listen, O sire, to the (account of the) battle as I recite it.

"The heroic Bhimasena, having with his sharp shafts broken thy mighty array, then came upon all the younger brothers of Duryodhana.

[1] Literally, "hence his thoughts were so."

The mighty Bhima, beholding Dussasana and Durvisaha and Dussaha and Durmada and Jaya, and Jayasena and Vikarna and Chitrasena and Sudarsana, and Charuchitra and Suvarman and Duskarna and Karna, and many other mighty car-warriors, excited with rage, of the Dhartarashtra host near enough to himself, penetrated into (thy) mighty array that was protected by Bhishma in that battle. Then, beholding him in their midst, all those warriors said, 'Ye kings, let us take this one's life' !—Thereupon that son of Pritha was surrounded by those cousins of his who were firmly resolved (to take his life). And Bhima then resembled Surya himself of fierce splendour surrounded by the mighty planets of evil nature, at the time of the universal destruction. And although the son of Pandu was there in the very midst of the (Kaurava) array, yet fear entered not his heart, as it did not that of Indra while surrounded by the *Danavas* in the fierce battle of old between the celestials and the *Asuras*. Then thousands of car-warriors armed with all weapons and fully prepared for battle overwhelmed his single self with terrible shafts. Thereupon the heroic Bhima, disregarding the sons of Dhritarashtra, slew in that conflict many foremost warriors (of the Kaurava army) fighting from cars or upon the back of elephants and steeds. And ascertaining the purpose harboured by those cousins of his who were bent upon his destruction, the mighty Bhima set his heart upon slaying them all. Then leaving his car and taking up his mace, the son of Pandu began to smite that very sea of Dhartarashtra troops.

"Then when Bhimasena thus penetrated the Dhartarashtra host, Dhrishtadyumna the son of Prishata, forsaking Drona (with whom he had been engaged), quickly proceeded to the spot where Suvala's son was stationed. That bull among men, baffling countless warriors of thy army, came upon the empty car of Bhimasena in that battle. And beholding in that conflict Visoka, the charioteer of Bhimasena, Dhrishtadyumna, O king, became exceedingly cheerless and almost deprived of his senses. With voice choked in tears, and sighing as he spoke, he asked Visoka, in grief, saying, 'Where is Bhima who is dear to me as my life itself?' Visoka then, joining his hands, replied unto Dhrishtadyumna saying, 'The mighty son of Pandu, endued with great strength, ordering me to wait for him here, hath alone penetrated into the Dhartarashtra host that resembleth the very ocean. That tiger among men very cheerfully said unto me these words—'Wait for me, O charioteer, restraining the steeds for a short space of time, that is, till I slay those that are bent upon my destruction.—Beholding then the mighty Bhima rushing mace in hand, all our troops (that supported him) became filled with delight. Then in this fierce and terrible battle, O prince, thy friend, breaking the mighty array (of the foe), hath penetrated into it. Hearing these words of Visoka, Prishata's son Dhrishtadyumna, endued with great strength, said unto the charioteer these words on the field of battle. 'What need have I today of life itself, if forgetting my affection for the Pandavas, I forsake Bhima in battle? If I return today without Bhima, what will the Kshatriyas say of me? What

will they say of me when they will learn that while I was on the field Bhima penetrated alone into the hostile array making a single opening in it? The gods with Indra at their head visit him with evil who, forsaking his comrades in battle, returneth home unhurt! The mighty Bhima again is my friend and kinsman. He is devoted to me, and I also am devoted to that slayer of foes. Therefore, I will go thither, whither Bhima hath gone. Behold me slaying the foe like Vasava slaying the *Danavas*.' Having said this, the heroic Drishtadyumna, O Bharata, proceeded through the midst of the foe, along the tracks opened by Bhimasena and marked by elephants crushed with his mace. He then obtained sight of Bhimasena consuming the hostile ranks or felling Kshatriya warriors like the tempest devastating rows of trees. And car-warriors and horsemen and foot-soldiers and tuskers, while thus slaughtered by him, uttered loud cries of woe. And cries of *ah* and *alas* arose from thy troops, O sire, while they were slaughtered by the victorious Bhima accomplished in all moods of warfare. Then the Kaurava warriors all accomplished in arms, surrounding Vrikodara on all sides, fearlessly poured upon him their arrowy showers at the same time. Then the mighty son of Prishata, beholding that foremost of all wielders of weapons, that celebrated hero, *viz*., the son of Pandu, thus attacked on all sides by fierce ranks of foes in close array, mangled with shafts, treading the field on foot, and vomiting the poison of his wrath, mace in hand and looking like the Destroyer himself at the hour of the universal dissolution, quickly approached him and comforted him by his presence. And taking him upon his car, and plucking the arrows off from all his limbs, and embracing him warmly, the high-souled son of Prishata comforted Bhimasena in the very midst of the foe. Then thy son, in that terrible conflict, quickly coming up to his brothers, said unto them, 'This son of Drupada of wicked soul, is now united with Bhimasena. Let us all approach him together for slaying him. Let not the foe seek our ranks (for battle).' Hearing these words, the Dhartarashtras, thus urged on by the command of their eldest brother and unable to put up (with the foe), quickly rushed, with upraised weapons, for slaying Dhrishtadyumna like fierce comets at the hour of the universal dissolution. Taking up their beautiful bows, those heroes, making the very earth shiver with the twang of their bowstring and the rattle of their car-wheels, showered shafts on Drupada's son, like the clouds covering the mountain-breast with torrents of rain. But that hero conversant with all modes of warfare, though thus struck with sharp arrows in that battle, did not waver. On the other hand, that mighty car-warrior, the youthful son of Drupada, beholding those heroic sons of thine staying before him in battle and exerting themselves to their utmost being desirous of slaying them applied that fierce weapon called *Pramohana* and engaged with thy sons, O king, like Indra with the *Danavas* in battle. Then those heroic warriors were deprived of their senses, their minds and strength afflicted by the *Pramohana* weapon. And the Kauravas fled away in all directions, with their steeds and elephants and cars, beholding those sons of thine deprived of their senses in a swoon like

those whose hours had come. And at that time Drona, the foremost of all wielders of weapons, approaching Drupada, pierced him with three fierce shafts. And that monarch then, O king, *viz.*, Drupada, deeply pierced by Drona, left the battle, O Bharata, remembering his former hostility (with Bharadwaja's son). Thereupon Drona endued with great prowess having thus vanquished Drupada, blew his conch. And hearing the blare of his conch, all the Somakas were struck with fear. Then Drona, possessed of great energy, that foremost of all wielders of weapons, heard of thy sons being deprived of their senses in battle with the *Pramohana* weapon. Then the son of Bharadwaja, desirous of rescuing the princes, speedily left that part of the field where he was and proceeded to the place where thy sons were. And that mighty bowman *viz.*, Bharadwaja's son of great prowess, there beheld Dhrishtadyumna and Bhima careering through the field in that dreadful conflict. And that mighty car-warrior beheld thy sons deprived of their senses. Taking up then the weapon called *Prajna*, he neutralised the *Pramohana* weapon (that Dhrishtadyumna had shot). Then thy sons those mighty car-warriors, when their senses returned, once more proceeded to battle with Bhima and Prishata's son. Then Yudhishthira, addressing his own troops said, 'Let twelve brave car-warriors cased in mail and headed by Subhadra's son, follow, to the utmost of their might, the track of Bhima and Prishata's son in battle. Let intelligence be had (of those two warriors). My heart is very uneasy.' Thus ordered by the king, those heroes possessed of great prowess in battle and proud of their manliness, saying '*Yes*,' all proceeded forward when the sun had reached the meridian. And those chastisers of foes then, *viz.*, the Kaikeyas and the sons of Draupadi, and Dhrishtaketu of great prowess, supported by a large force and with Abhimanyu at their head, and disposing themselves in the array called *Suchimukha*,[1] penetrated into that car-division of the Dhartarashtras in battle. And thy troops, O king, struck with the fear of Bhimasena and deprived of their senses by Dhrishtadyumna, were unable to resist (the rush of) those mighty bowmen headed by Abhimanyu. And they were quite helpless, like a lady in the streets. And those mighty bowmen with standards variegated with gold cutting through (the Kaurava ranks), proceeded with great speed for rescuing Dhrishtadyumna and Vrikodara. And the latter, beholding those mighty bowmen headed by Abhimanyu, became filled with delight and continued to smite down thy ranks. And the heroic prince of Panchala, *viz.*, the son of Prishata, seeing meanwhile his preceptor advancing towards him with great speed, no longer wished to compass the death of thy sons. Causing Vrikodara then to be taken up on the car of the king of the Kaikeyas, he rushed in great wrath against Drona accomplished in arrow and all weapons. And that slayer of foes, *viz.*, the valiant son of Bharadwaja, excited with rage, cut off with a broad-headed shaft the bow of Prishata's son who was rushing

[1] *Suchimukha* is literally "needle-mouthed." It is a wedge-like column with the thin or pointed end turned towards the side of the enemy.

towards him with impetuosity. And remembering the bread he had eaten of his master and desirous of doing good to Duryodhana, he also sped hundreds of shafts after Prishata's son. Then that slayer of hostile heroes, *viz.*, the son of Prishata, taking up another bow, pierced Drona with seventy shafts whetted on stone and furnished with wings of gold. Then that grinder of foes, *viz.*, Drona, once more cut off his bow, and despatched his four steeds to Yama's abode with four excellent arrows, and also slew his charioteer, O Bharata, with a broad-headed shaft. Then that mighty car-warrior of strong arms, *viz.*, Dhrishtadyumna, quickly descending from that car whose steeds had been slain, ascended the great car of Abhimanyu. Then Drona caused the Pandava army consisting of cars, elephants, and steeds, to tremble, in the very sight of Bhimasena and the intelligent son of Prishata. Beholding then that army thus broken by Drona of immeasurable energy, all those mighty car-warriors were incapable of checking its flight. And that army, thus slaughtered by Drona with his sharp shafts, began to move in eddies there, like the agitated sea. And beholding the (Pandava) army in that condition, thy troops were filled with delight. And seeing the preceptor excited with rage and thus consuming the ranks of the foe, all thy warriors, O Bharata, set up loud shouts and uttered exclamations in praise of Drona."

SECTION LXXVIII

Sanjaya said, "Then king Duryodhana, regaining his senses, once more began to resist Bhima with showers of arrows. And once more those mighty car-warriors *viz.*, thy sons, united together, began to fight valiantly with Bhimasena. And Bhimasena also of mighty arms during that battle, having got his car, ascended it and proceeded to the spot where thy sons were. And taking up a strong and very tough bow adorned with gold and capable of taking the lives of foes he pierced thy sons in that conflict, with his shafts. Then king Duryodhana struck the mighty Bhimasena at the very vitals with a long shaft of exceeding sharpness. Then that mighty bowman, pierced thus deeply by thy son, bow in hand, forcibly drawing his own with eyes red in wrath, struck Duryodhana in his two arms and the breast with three shafts. But struck thus, O king, he moved not, like a prince of mountains. Beholding then those two heroes excited with rage and smiting each other, the younger brothers of Duryodhana, all of whom were heroes prepared to lay down their lives, remembering their previously formed scheme of afflicting Vrikodara of terrible deeds, set about firmly resolved, for smiting him down. And as they fell upon him in battle, Bhimasena of great strength rushed against

them, O king, like an elephant rushing against an attacking compeer. Excited with fury and endued with great energy, that celebrated hero then, O king, afflicted thy son Chitrasena with a long arrow. And as regards thy other sons, that descendant of Bharata smote them all in that battle, with diverse kinds of shafts furnished with wings of gold and endued with great impetus. Then king Yudhishthira the just, disposing all his own divisions properly despatched twelve mighty car-warriors including Abhimanyu and others to follow Bhimasena behind. Those, O king, all proceeded against those mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, thy sons. Beholding those heroes on their cars, resembling the Sun himself or the fire in splendour—those great bowmen of blazing effulgence and superb beauty, looking resplendent in that dreadful conflict with ornaments of gold,—thy mighty sons abandoned Bhima (with whom they had been fighting). The sons of Kunti, however, could not bear the sight of their abandoning the conflict alive."

SECTION LXXIX

Sanjaya said, "Then Abhimanyu, accompanied by Bhimasena pursuing thy sons, afflicted them all. Then the mighty car-warriors of thy army, including Duryodhana and others, beholding Abhimanyu and Bhimasena united with Prishata's son in the midst of the (Kauravas) troops, took up their bows, and borne by their fleet steeds rushed to the spot where those warriors were. And on that afternoon, O king, a dreadful conflict took place between the mighty combatants of thy army and those of the foe, O Bharata. And Abhimanyu, having, in that fierce battle, slain the steeds of Vikarna, pierced the latter with five and twenty small arrows. Then that mighty car-warrior, Vikarna, abandoning that car whose steeds had been slain, mounted on the resplendent car, O king, of Chitrasena. Then thus stationed on the same car, *viz.*, those two brothers of Kuru's race, the son of Arjuna covered, O Bharata, with showers of arrows. Then Durjaya and Vikarna pierced Abhimanyu with five shafts made wholly of iron. Abhimanyu however, shook not in the least but stood firm like the mountain Meru. Dussasana in that battle, O sire, fought with the five Kekaya brothers. All these, O great king, seemed exceedingly wonderful. The sons of Draupadi, excited with rage, resisted Duryodhana in that battle. And each of them, O king, pierced thy son with three shafts. Thy son also, invincible in battle, pierced each of the sons of Draupadi, O monarch, with sharp shafts. And pierced by them (in return) and bathed in blood, he shone like a hill with rillets of water mixed with red-chalk (gliding down its breast). And the mighty Bhishma also, in that battle, O king, afflicted the Pandava army like a herdsman belabouring his herd. Then, O monarch, the twang of *Gandiva* was heard, of Partha, who was engaged in slaughtering the foe on the right of the army.

And in that part of the field headless trunks stood up by thousands, amongst the troops, O Bharata, of both the Kauravas and the Pandavas. And the field of battle resembled an ocean whose water was blood, and whose eddies were the shafts (shot by the combatants). And the elephants constituted the islands of that ocean, and the steeds its waves. And cars constituted the boats by which brave men crossed it. And many brave combatants, with arms cut off, divested of armour, and hideously mutilated, were seen lying there in hundreds and thousands. And with the bodies of infuriate elephants deprived of life and bathed in blood, the field of battle, O Bharata, looked as if strewn with hills. And the wonderful sight we saw there, O Bharata, was that neither in their army nor in thine was a single person that was unwilling to fight. And thus, O monarch, did those brave warriors, of both thy army and the Pandavas, fight, seeking glory and desirous of victory."

SECTION LXXX

Sanjaya said, "Then when the sun assumed a red hue, king Duryodhana, desirous of battle, rushed towards Bhima from desire of slaying him. Beholding that heroic warrior cherishing deep animosity (thus) coming towards him, Bhimasena, excited with great wrath, said these words,—'That hour hath come which I have desired for so many years. I will slay thee to-day if thou dost not abandon the battle. Slaying thee I shall to-day dispel the sorrows of Kunti as also of Draupadi and the woes that were ours during our exile in the woods. Filled with pride, thou hadst formerly humiliated the sons of Pandu. Behold, O son of Gandhari, the dire fruit of that sinful behaviour. Following the counsels of Karna as also of Suvala's son, and recking the Pandavas little, thou hadst formerly behaved towards them as thou hadst hinted. Thou hadst also disregarded Krishna who begged thee (for peace). With a joyous heart didst thou despatch Uluka (to us) with thy messages. For all these, I shall slay thee to-day with all thy kinsmen, and thus avenge all those offences of thine of former days.' Having said these words, Bhima bending his bow and stretching it repeatedly, and taking up a number of terrible shafts whose effulgence resembled that of the lightning itself, and filled with wrath, quickly sped six and thirty of them at Duryodhana. And those shafts resembled the flames of a blazing fire, and coursed straight with the force of the thunder-bolt. And then he pierced Duryodhana's bow with two shafts, and his charioteer with two. And with four shafts he despatched Duryodhana's (four) steeds to the regions of Yama. And that grinder of foes then, with two shafts shot with great force, cut off in that battle the king's umbrella from his excellent car. And with three other shafts

he cut off his handsome and blazing standard. And having cut it off, he uttered a loud shout in the very sight of thy son. And that beautiful standard of the latter, decked with diverse gems, suddenly fell down on the earth from his car like a flash of lightning from the clouds. And all the kings beheld that beautiful standard of the Kuru king, bearing the device of an elephant, decked with gems, and blazing like the sun, fell down cut off (by Bhimasena). And that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, Bhima, then pierced Duryodhana in that battle, smiling the while, with ten shafts like a guide piercing a mighty elephant with the hook. Then that foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, the mighty king of the Sindhus, supported by many brave warriors, placed himself on the flank of Duryodhana. And then that great car-warrior, *viz.*, Kripa, O king, caused the vindictive Duryodhana, that son of Kuru's race, of immeasurable energy, to mount on his own car. Then king Duryodhana, deeply pierced by Bhimasena and feeling great pain, sat down on the terrace of that car. Then Jayadratha, desirous of slaying Bhima, surrounded him on all sides with several thousands of cars. Then, O king, Dhrishtaketu and Abhimanyu of great energy, and the Kekayas, and the sons of Draupadi, all encountered thy sons. And the high-souled Abhimanyu smote them all, piercing each with five straight shafts, resembling the bolts of heaven or Death's selves, shot from his excellent bow. Thereupon, all of them, unable to bear it (coolly), showered on that foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, the son of Subhadra, a perfect down-pour of sharp shafts like rain-charged clouds pouring rain on the breast of the mountains of Meru. But Abhimanyu, that invisible warrior accomplished in arms, thus afflicted by them in battle, caused all thy sons, O king, to tremble like the wielder of the thunder-bolt causing the mighty *Asuras* to tremble in the battle between the celestials and the latter. Then that foremost of car-warriors, O Bharata, shot fourteen broad-headed shafts, fierce and looking like snakes of virulent poison, at Vikarna. Endued with great prowess and as if dancing in that battle, he felled with those shafts the standard of Vikarna from his car and slew also his charioteer and steeds. Then that mighty car-warrior, the son of Subhadra, again sped at Vikarna many other arrows that were well-tempered, straight-going, and capable of penetrating every armour. And those arrows furnished with feathers of the *kanka* bird, coming at Vikarna and passing through his body, entered the earth, like hissing snakes. And those arrows, with wings and points decked with gold, bathed in Vikarna's blood, seemed to vomit blood on the earth. Beholding Vikarna thus pierced, his other uterine brothers rushed, in that battle, against those car-warriors headed by Subhadra's son. And when these invincible warriors upon their (own) cars came upon those combatants (of the Pandava army) resplendent like so many suns and staying on their cars both began to pierce one another. And Durmukha, having pierced Srutakarman with five shafts, cut off the latter's standard with a single shaft and then pierced his charioteer with seven. And advancing closer, he slew with half a dozen shafts his foe's steeds, fleet as the wind and cased in golden armour, and then

felled his charioteer. Srutakarman, however, staying on that car of his, the steeds of which had been slain, hurled in great wrath a dart blazing like a fierce meteor. That dart, blazing with effulgence, passing through the renowned Durmukha's hard coat of mail, penetrated into the earth. Meanwhile the mighty Sutasoma beholding Srutakarman deprived of his car, caused him to mount upon his own car in the very sight of all the troops. The heroic Srutakirti rushed against thy son Jayatsena in that battle, desirous, O king, of slaying that renowned warrior. Then thy son Jayatsena, O king, with a sharp arrow having a horse-shoe head, smiling the while, cut off the bow of the high-souled Srutakirti as the latter came along stretching it in his hands. Then Satanika, beholding his uterine brother's bow cut off, endued as he was with great valour, quickly came at that spot repeatedly roaring like a lion. And Satanika, drawing his bow in that battle with great force, speedily pierced Jayatsena with ten shafts, and uttered a loud shout like an infuriate elephant. And with another arrow of sharp point and capable of penetrating every armour, Satanika deeply pierced Jayatsena in the chest. Just at that time, Dushkarna who was near his brother (Jayatsena) infuriate with anger, cut off Satanika's bow and arrow. Then the mighty Satanika taking up another excellent bow capable of bearing a great strain, aimed many sharp shafts. And addressing Dushkarna in the presence of his brother (Jayatsena), saying—'Wait', 'Wait',—he sped at him those sharp and blazing shafts resembling so many snakes. And then he speedily cut off Dushkarna's bow with one arrow, and slew his charioteer, O sire, with two, and then pierced Dushkarna himself with seven arrows. And that spotless warrior then with a dozen sharp shafts slew all the steeds of Dushkarna that were fleet as the mind and of variegated hue. And then with another broad-headed arrow, well-aimed and capable of coursing swiftly, Satanika, excited with great wrath deeply pierced Dushkarna in the chest. And thereupon the latter fell down on the earth like a tree struck with lightning. Beholding Dushkarna slain, five mighty car-warriors, O king, surrounded Satanika on all sides, from desire of slaying him. And they struck the renowned Satanika with showers of arrows. Then the five Kekaya brothers, excited with wrath, approached (Satanika for rescuing him). Beholding the latter coming upon them, thy sons—those mighty car-warriors,—rushed towards them like elephants rushing against mighty elephants. (These amongst thy sons, *viz.*,) Durmukha and Durjaya and the youthful Durmarshana and Satranjaya and Satrusha, all renowned warriors, excited with rage, proceeded, O king, against the (five) Kekaya brothers. On their cars that resembled (fortified) towns, unto which were yoked steeds decked with ornaments, and which were graced with beautiful standards of variegated hue, those heroes wielding excellent bows and cased in beautiful coats of mail and owning excellent standards, entered the hostile army like lions entering one forest from another. Smiting one another, fierce and terrific was the battle that ensued between them and the foe, in which cars and elephants got entangled with one another. Cherishing

feelings of hostility towards one another, the terrible battle in which they took part lasted for a short space of time about sunset, increasing the population of Yama's kingdom. And car-warriors and horsemen by thousands were strewn over the field. And Bhishma the son of Santanu excited with wrath, began to slaughter the troops of the high-souled Pandavas with his straight shafts. And with his arrows he began to despatch the combatants of the Panchalas to the domains of Yama. And the grandsire, having thus broken the ranks of the Pandavas at last withdrew his troops and retired. O king, to his encampment. And king Yudhishthira also, beholding both Dhrishtadyumna and Vrikodara, smelt their heads, and filled with joy, retired to his tents."

SECTION LXXXI

Sanjaya said, "Then those heroes, O king, who cherished feelings of hostility towards one another, retired to their tents, their persons covered with blood. Having rested for a while agreeably to rule, and praising one another (for the feats of the day), they were again seen clad in mail, desirous of battle. Then thy son, O king, overwhelmed with anxiety and covered with blood trickling down (from his wounds), asked the grandsire, saying.[1] 'Our troops are fierce and terrible and carry innumerable standards. They are, again, arrayed properly. Yet the brave and mighty car-warriors of the Pandavas, having penetrated (into our array) and afflicted and slaughtered (our troops), escaped unhurt.[2] Confounding us all, they have won great fame in battle. Bhima again, having penetrated into our *Makara* array which was strong as the thunder-bolt, afflicted me with his terrible shafts each resembling the rod of Death. Beholding him excited with wrath, O king, I was deprived of my senses. Even now I cannot regain my peace of mind. Through thy grace, O thou that art firm in truth, I desire to obtain victory and slay the sons of Pandu.' Thus addressed by him, the high-souled son of Ganga, that foremost of all wielders of weapons, endued with great mental energy, understanding that Duryodhana was possessed by grief replied unto him, laughing the while though cheerless, saying,[3] 'Penetrating into (their) army with the utmost exertions and with my whole soul, O prince,

[1]The Bombay reading, which I adopt, is *visravat* in the beginning of the 2nd line. The Bengal reading is *visramvat*, meaning "from motives of affectionate enquiry". It may also mean "from confidence," though not in this connection.

[2]The last word of 4 is read differently in the Bengal texts viz., *Rathanghas*, instead of, as in the Bombay edition, *Maharathas*.

[3]*Vimana* the nominative singular of *Vamanas* refers to *Gangasutas*. The Burdwan Pundits wrongly translate it "with mind unmoved." I am not aware of any other reading.

I wish to give thee victory and joy. For thy sake I do not at all dissemble. They that have become the allies of the Pandavas in this battle are fierce and numerous. Mighty car-warriors of great renown, they are exceedingly brave and accomplished in arms. Incapable of being fatigued, they vomit forth their wrath. Cherishing feelings of animosity towards thee, and swelling with prowess, they are not capable of being defeated easily. I will, however, O king, contend against those heroes with my whole soul and throwing away my very life. For thy sake, in battle, O thou of great glory, my life itself shall today be recklessly exposed. For thy sake I would consume all the worlds with the celestials and the *Daityas*, let alone thy foes here. I will, O king, fight with those Pandavas, and do all that is agreeable to thee. Hearing these words, Duryodhana became inspired with great confidence and his heart was filled with delight. And cheerfully he ordered all the troops, and all the kings, (in his army) saying, *Advance*. And at that command, O king, his army consisting of cars, steeds, foot-soldiers, and elephants, began to advance. And that large force, O king, armed with diverse kinds of weapons, was exceedingly cheerful. And that army of thine, O monarch, consisting of elephants, steeds, and foot-soldiers, on the field of battle, looked exceedingly beautiful. And huge tuskers, stationed in large bodies, and skilfully urged, looked resplendent on the field all around. And many royal combatants accomplished in diverse weapons were seen in the midst of thy troops. And the dust, red as the morning sun, raised by those cars and foot-soldiers and elephants and steeds in large bodies as they were duly moved over the field, looked beautiful, shrouding the rays of the sun. And the many-coloured banners stationed on cars and elephants, waving in the air and moving along the welkin, looked beautiful like flashes of lightning amid the clouds. And loud and fierce was the uproar made by the twang of the bows stretched by the kings, resembling the roar of the ocean while churned in the *Krita* age by the gods and the great Asuras. And that army of thy sons, looking so proud, consisting of (combatants of) diverse hues and shapes, shouting so fiercely, and capable of slaying hostile warriors, then looked like those masses of clouds that appear at the end of the *Yuga*.[1]' "

SECTION LXXXII

Sanjaya said, "O chief of the Bharatas, Ganga's son, once more addressing thy son who was plunged in thought, told him these delightful

[1]The last verse is read variously. But the Bombay and the Bengal texts have faults of their own. The first word is *ugranadam* (Bengal) and not *ugranagam* (Bombay). The *Vahuvarnarupam* (Bombay) is correct, and not *Vahuvarnarutam* (Bengal). The last word of the first line is *Samudirnamevam* (Bombay), and not *Samudirnavarnam* (Bengal).

words, 'Myself and Drona and Salya and Kritavarman of Satwata's race, and Aswatthaman and Vikarna and Bhagadatta and Suvala's son and Vinda and Anuvinda of Avanti, and Valhika with the Valhikas,[1] and the mighty king of the Trigartas and the invincible ruler of the Magadhas, Vrihadvala the king of the Kosalas, and Chitrasena and Vivingsati and many thousands of car-warriors graced with tall standards, a large number of country-born steeds well-mounted with excellent horse-soldiers and many infuriate elephants of large size with temporal juice issuing from their mouths and cheeks, and many brave foot-soldiers armed with diverse weapons and born in diverse realms, are all prepared to do battle for thy sake.[2] These, and many others ready for thy sake to lay down their lives, are, as I think, competent to vanquish the very gods in battle. I should, however, always tell thee, O king, what is for thy good. The Pandavas are incapable of being vanquished by the very gods with Vasava. They have Vasudeva for their ally and are equal to Mahendra himself in prowess. As regards myself, I shall, however, always do thy bidding. Either I shall vanquish the Pandavas in battle or they will vanquish me. Having said these words, the grandsire gave him an excellent herb of great efficacy for healing his wounds. And therewith thy son was cured of his wounds. Then at dawn when the sky was clear, the valiant Bhishma, that foremost of men well-versed in all kinds of array, himself disposed his troops in that array called *Mandala* bristling with weapons. And it abounded with foremost of warriors and with tuskers and foot-soldiers. And it was surrounded on all sides with many thousands of cars, and with large bodies of horsemen armed with swords and lances. Near unto every elephant were placed seven cars, and near unto every car were placed seven horsemen. And behind every horseman were placed seven bowmen, and behind every bowman were seven combatants with shields. And thus, O king, thy army, arrayed by mighty car-warriors, stood for fierce battle, protected by Bhishma. And ten thousand horses, and as many elephants, and ten thousand cars, and thy sons, all equipped in mail, *viz.*, the heroic Chitrasena and others, protected the grandsire. And it was seen that Bhishma was protected by those brave warriors, and those princes themselves of great strength, accoutred in mail, were (in their turn) protected by him. And Duryodhana accoutred in mail sat upon his car on the field, and possessed of every grace, looked resplendent like Sakra himself in heaven. Then, O Bharata, loud were the shouts uttered by thy sons and deafening the clatter of cars and the uproar of musical instruments. That mighty and impenetrable array of those slayer of foes, *viz.*, the Dhartarashtras (in the form called) *Mandala*, (thus) arrayed by Bhishma, began to proceed, facing the west. Incapable of being defeated by enemies, it looked beautiful in every point. Beholding

[1]Differently read in the Bengal texts, viz., *Somadatta* with the *Saindhavas*.

[2]The Bengal reading *Rathas* in the first line of 6 is a mistake; should be, as in the Bombay text, *tatha*.

then the array called *Mandala* that was exceedingly fierce, king Yudhishthira himself disposed his troops in the array called *Vajra*. And when the divisions were thus arrayed, car-warriors and horsemen, stationed in their proper places, uttered leonine shouts. Accompanied by their respective forces, the brave warriors of both armies, well versed in smiting, and longing for battle, proceeded, desirous of breaking each other's array. And Bharadwaja's son proceeded against the king of the Matsyas, and his son (Aswatthaman) against Sikhandin. And king Duryodhana himself rushed against the son of Prishata. And Nakula and Sahadeva went forth against the king of the Madras. And Vinda and Anuvinda of Avanti proceeded against Iravat. And many kings together battled with Dhananjaya. And Bhimasena, exerting himself well, opposed the son of Hridika in battle. And possessed of great prowess, (Abhimanyu) the son of Arjuna, fought in battle, O king, against the sons Chitrasena and Vikarna, and Durmarshana. And Hidimva's son, that prince of the *Rakshasas*, rushed against that mighty bowman, the ruler of the Pragjyotishas, like one infuriate elephant against another. And the *Rakshasa* Alamvusha, O king, excited with wrath, rushed in battle against the invincible Satyaki in the midst of his followers. And Bhurisravas, exerting himself greatly, fought against Dhrishtaketu. And Yudhishthira, the son of Dharma, proceeded against king Srutayush. And Chekitana in that battle fought against Kripa. And others (among the Kuru warriors), exerting themselves powerfully, proceeded against that mighty car-warrior Bhima. And thousands of (other) kings surrounded Dhananjaya, with darts, lances, arrows, maces, and spiked clubs in their hands. Then Arjuna, excited with great wrath, addressing him of Vrishni's race, said, 'Behold, O Madhava, the Dhartarashtra troops in battle, arrayed by the high-souled son of Ganga, acquainted with every kind of array. Behold, O Madhava, those brave warriors, countless in number, and desirous of battle (with me). Behold, O Kesava, the ruler of the Trigartas with his brothers.[1] This very day I shall slay them all, O Janardana, before thy eyes,—them, that is, O foremost of the Yadus, who, longing for battle (with me), are on the field.' Having said these words, the son of Kunti, rubbing his bowstring, showered his arrows on that multitude of kings. And those great bowmen also, poured on him thick showers of arrows, like clouds that fill a lake with torrents of rain in the rainy season. And loud shouts were heard in thy army, O monarch, when in that great battle the two Krishnas were seen covered with thick showers of arrows. And the gods, the celestial *Rishis*, and the *Gandharvas* with the *Uragas*, beholding the two Krishnas in that state, were filled with great wonder. Then Arjuna, O king, excited with wrath, invoked the *Aindra* weapon. And then the prowess we beheld of Vijaya seemed to be highly wonderful insomuch that those showers of weapons shot by his foes were

[1]The last word of the first line of 36 is *amitan* in the Bengal texts. The Bombay reading is *Varmitan*. I prefer the Bengal reading.

checked by his myriads of arrows. And there among those thousands of kings and steeds and elephants, was none, O king, that was not wounded. And others, O sire, the son of Pritha pierced, each with two or three arrows. And while being thus struck by Pritha, they sought the protection of Bhishma, the son of Santanu. But Bhishma then became the rescuer of those warriors who were like men sinking in the fathomless deep. And in consequence of those warriors thus flying away and mixing with thy troops, thy broken ranks, O king, were agitated like the vast deep with a tempest."

SECTION LXXXIII

Sanjaya said, "And when the battle was thus raging and after Susarman had ceased fighting, and the (other) heroic warriors (of the Kuru army) had been routed by the high-souled son of Pandu; after, indeed, thy army, resembling the very ocean, had become quickly agitated and the son of Ganga had speedily proceeded against the car of Vijaya, king Duryodhana, beholding the prowess of Partha in battle, quickly proceeded towards those kings, and addressing them as also the heroic and mighty Susarman stationed in their van, said in their midst these words, gladdening them all, 'This Bhishma, the son of Santanu, this foremost one among the Kurus, reckless of his very life, is desirous of fighting with his whole soul against Dhananjaya. Exerting your best, ye all, united together, and accompanied by your troops, protect in battle the grandsire, of Bharata's race, who is proceeding against the hostile army.' Saying, '*Yes*,' all those divisions, belonging to those kings, O monarch, proceeded, following the grandsire. Then the mighty Bhishma, the son of Santanu, (thus rushing to battle), speedily came upon Arjuna of Bharata's race who also had been coming towards him, on his exceedingly resplendent and large car unto which were yoked white steeds and upon which was set up his standard bearing the fierce ape, and whose rattle resembled the deep roll of the clouds. And thy entire army, beholding the diadem-decked Dhananjaya, thus coming to battle, uttered, from fear, many loud exclamations. And beholding Krishna, reins in hand, and looking like the mid-day sun in splendour, thy troops could not gaze at him. And so also the Pandavas were incapable of looking at Santanu's son Bhishma of white steeds and white bow and resembling the planet *Sukra* risen in the firmament. And the latter was surrounded on all sides by the high-souled warriors of the Trigartas headed by their king with his brothers and sons, and by many other mighty car-warriors.

"Meanwhile, Bharadwaja's son pierced with his winged arrows the king of the Matsyas in battle. And in that combat he cut off the latter's standard with one shaft, and his bow also with another. Then Virata,

the commander of a large division, leaving aside that bow thus cut off, quickly took up another that was strong and capable of bearing a great strain. And he also took up a number of blazing arrows that resembled snakes of virulent poison. And he pierced Drona in return with three (of these) and his (four) steeds with four. And then he pierced Drona's standard with one arrow, and his charioteer with five. And he also pierced Drona's bow with one arrow, and (at all this) that bull among Brahmanas became highly angry. Then Drona slew Virata's steeds with eight straight shafts, and then his charioteer, O chief of the Bharatas, with one shaft. His charioteer having been slain, Virata jumped down from his car whose steeds also had been killed. And then that foremost of car-warriors speedily mounted upon the car of (his son) Sankha. Then sire and son, staying on the same car, began with great might to resist the son of Bharadwaja with a thick shower of arrows. Then the mighty son of Bharadwaja, excited with wrath, quickly shot at Sankha in that encounter, an arrow resembling a snake of virulent poison. And that arrow, piercing through Sankha's breast and drinking his blood, fell upon the earth, wet and smeared with gore. Struck with that arrow of Bharadwaja's son, Sankha speedily fell down from his car, his bow and arrows loosened from his grasp in the very presence of his sire. And beholding his son slain, Virata fled from fear, avoiding Drona in battle, who resembled Death's self with gasping mouth. The son of Bharadwaja then, without losing a moment, checked the mighty host of the Pandavas resisting combatants by hundreds and thousands.

"Sikhandin also, O king, getting at Drona's son in that battle, struck the latter between his brows with three swiftly coursing shafts. And that tiger among men, *viz.*, Aswatthaman, pierced with those shafts looked beautiful like the mountain Meru with its three tall golden crests. Then, O king, Aswatthaman excited with rage, and within half the time taken up by a wink of the eye, overthrew in that battle Sikhandin's charioteer and standard and steeds and weapons, covering them with myriads of shafts. Then that foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, Sikhandin, that scorcher of foes, jumping down from that car whose steeds had been slain, and taking up a sharp and polished scimitar and a shield, excited with rage, moved on the field with great activity like a hawk. And while moving with great activity, O king, on the field sword in hand, the son of Drona failed to find an opportunity (for striking him). And all this seemed highly wonderful. And then, O bull of Bharata's race, the highly wrathful son of Drona sent after Sikhandin in that battle many thousands of shafts. But Sikhandin, that foremost of mighty men, with his sharp sword cut that fierce shower of arrows coming towards him. Then the son of Drona cut into pieces that resplendent and beautiful shield decked with a hundred moons and then that sword also of Sikhandin. And he pierced the latter's person also, O king, with a large number of winged arrows. Then Sikhandin, whirling the fragment (in his hand) of that sword of his which had been cut off by Aswatthaman with his arrows and which resembled a blazing

snake, quickly hurled it at him. The son of Drona however, displaying in that battle the lightness of his arms, cut off that (broken blade) coming impetuously towards him and resembling in splendour the fire that blazeth forth at the end of the *Yuga*. And he pierced Sikhandin himself with innumerable arrows made of iron. Then Sikhandin, O King, exc edingly afflicted with those whetted arrows, speedily mounted on the car of (Satyaki) that high-souled scion of Madhu's race. Then Satyaki, excited with rage, pierced in that battle, with his terrible shafts the cruel *Rakshasa* Alamvusha on all sides. That prince of *Rakshasas* then, O Bharata, cut off in that combat Satyaki's bow with a crescent-shaped arrow and pierced Satyaki also with many shafts. And creating by his *Rakshasa* powers and illusion, he covered Satyaki with showers of arrows. But wonderful was the prowess that we then beheld of the grandson of Sini, inasmuch as struck with those whetted shafts he betrayed no fear. On the other hand, O Bharata, that son of Vrishni's race applied (with *Mantras*) the *Aindra* weapon, which that illustrious hero of Madhu's race had obtained from Vijaya.[1] That weapon, consuming into ashes that Demoniac illusion, covered Alamvusha all over with terrible shafts, like a mass of clouds covering the mountain-breast with torrents of rain in the rainy season. Thereupon the *Rakshasa,* thus afflicted by that hero of Madhu's race, fled away in fear, avoiding Satyaki in battle. Then the grandson of Sini, having vanquished that prince of *Rakshasas* who was incapable of being vanquished by Maghavat himself, uttered a loud roar in the very sight of all thy troops. And Satyaki, of prowess incapable of being baffled, then began to slay thy troops with innumerable shafts whereupon the latter fled away in fear.

"Meanwhile, O monarch, Dhrishtadyumna, the mighty son of Drupada, covered thy royal son in battle with innumerable straight shafts. While, however, O Bharata, Dhrishtadyumna was thus shrouding him with his shafts, thy royal son was neither agitated nor struck with fear. On the other hand, he speedily pierced Dhrishtadyumna in that battle (first) with sixty and (then) with thirty shafts. And all these seemed highly wonderful. Then the commander of the Pandava army, O Bharata, excited with wrath cut off his bow. And that mighty car-warrior then slew in that combat the four steeds of thy son, and also pierced him with seven shafts of the keenest points. Thereupon (thy son), that mighty-armed warrior endued with great strength, jumping down from that car whose steeds had been slain, ran on foot, with an upraised sabre, towards the son of Prishata. Then the mighty Sakuni, devoted to the king, quickly coming to that spot, caused thy royal son to mount on his own car in the very sight of all. Then that slayer of foes, the son of Prishata, having vanquished the king, began to slaughter thy troops like the wielder of the thunder-bolt slaughtering the *Asuras*.

"Kritavarman, in that battle, covered with his arrows that mighty

[1]Satyaki was Arjuna's disciple in arms. Vijaya was another name of Arjuna.

car-warrior Bhima. Indeed, he overwhelmed the latter entirely, like a mighty mass of clouds shrouding the sun. Then that chastiser of foes *viz.*, Bhimasena, excited with wrath, and laughing the while, sped some shafts at Kritavarman. Struck therewith, that *Atiratha* of the Satwata race, excelling all in might, trembled not, O king, but (instead) pierced Bhima (in return) with many sharp arrows. Then the mighty Bhimasena, slaying the four steeds of Kritavarman, felled the latter's charioteer, and then his beautiful standard. And that slayer of hostile heroes (*viz.*, Bhima) then pierced Kritavarman himself with many shafts of diverse kinds. And Kritavarman, pierced all over, seemed to be excessively mangled in every limb. Then from that car whose steeds had been slain, Kritavarman quickly went to the car of Vrishaka, in the very sight, O king, of both Salya and thy son. And Bhimasena, excited with rage, began to afflict thy troops. Goaded to fury, he began to slay them, like the destroyer himself armed with his club."

SECTION LXXXIV

Dhritarashtra said, "Many and wonderful, O Sanjaya, were the single combats I hear thee speak of between the Pandavas and my warriors. Thou speakest not, however, O Sanjaya, of any one of my side having been cheerful (on such occasions). Thou always speakest of the sons of Pandu as cheerful and never routed, O *Suta* and thou speakest of mine as cheerless, deprived of energy, and constantly vanquished in battle. All this, without doubt, is Destiny."

Sanjaya said,"Thy men, O bull of Bharata's race, exert themselves according to the measure of their might and courage, and display their valour to the utmost extent of their strength. As contact with the properties of the ocean make the sweet waters of the celestial stream Ganga brakish, so the valour, O king, of the illustrious warriors of thy army coming in contact with the heroic sons of Pandu in battle, becometh futile. Exerting themselves according to their might, and achieving the most difficult feats, thou shouldst not, O chief of the Kurus, find fault with thy troops. O monarch, this great and awful destruction of the world, swelling the (population of the) domains of Yama, hath arisen from thy misconduct and that of thy sons. It behoveth thee not, O king, to grieve for what hath arisen from thy own fault. Kings do not always in this world protect their lives. These rulers of Earth, desirous of winning by battle the regions of the righteous, daily fight, penetrating into (hostile) divisions, with heaven only for their aim.

"On the forenoon of that day, O king, great was the carnage that ensued, resembling what occurred in the battle between the gods and

the *Asuras* (of old). Listen to it, O monarch, with undivided attention. The two princes of Avanti, those great bowmen endued with exceeding might, those excellent warriors fierce in battle, beholding Iravat, advanced against him. The battle that took place between them was fierce, making the hair stand on end. Then Iravat, excited with rage, quickly pierced those two brothers of celestial forms with many sharp and straight shafts. Those two, however, conversant with all modes of warfare, pierced him in return in that battle. Struggling their best to slaughter the foe, and desirous of counteracting each other's feats, no distinction, O king, could be observed between them as they fought. Iravat then, O monarch, with four shafts, despatched the four steeds of Anuvinda to the abode of Yama. And with a couple of sharp, broad-headed shafts, O sire, he cut off the bow and standard also of Anuvinda. And this feat, O king, seemed highly wonderful. Then Anuvinda, leaving his own car, mounted on the car of Vinda. Taking up an excellent and strong bow capable of bearing a great strain, Anuvinda, as also his brother Vinda, those foremost of car-warriors hailing from Avanti, both stationed on the same car, quickly shot many shafts at the high-souled Iravat. Shot by them, those shafts of great impetuosity decked with gold, while coursing through the air, covered the welkin.[1] Then Iravat, excited with rage, showered on those mighty car-warriors, those two brothers (of Avanti) his arrowy down-pours, and felled their charioteer. When the charioteer, deprived of life, fell down on the ground, the horses, no longer restrained, ran away with car. Having vanquished those two warriors, that daughter's son of the king of the Nagas, displaying his prowess, then began to consume with great activity thy ranks. Then that mighty Dhartarashtra host, while thus slaughtered in battle, began to reel in many directions like a person who hath drunk poison.

"That prince of *Rakshasa,* the mighty son of Hidimva, on his car of solar effulgence furnished with a standard, rushed against Bhagadatta. The ruler of the Pragjyotishas was stationed on his prince of elephants like the wielder of the thunder-bolt in days of old in the battle occasioned by the ravishment of Taraka. The gods, the *Gandharvas,* and the *Rishis* had all come there. They could not, however, notice any distinction between Hidimva's son and Bhagadatta. As the chief of the celestials, excited with wrath, had inspired the *Danavas* with fear, so did Bhagadatta, O king, frightened the Pandava warriors. And the warriors of the Pandava army, frightened by him on all sides, failed, O Bharata, to find among their ranks any protector. We beheld however, O Bharata, the son of Bhimasena there, on his car. The other mighty car-warriors fled away with cheerless hearts. When, however, O Bharata, the troops of the Pandavas rallied, in the battle that then ensued an awful uproar arose among thy troops. Then Ghatotkatcha, O king, in that dreadful battle, covered Bhagadatta with his arrows like the clouds pouring rain on the breast of Meru. Baffling all

[1] *Divakaram prapya*, lit, 'reaching the path of the sun,' *i.e.*, while coursing through the sky.

those arrows shot from the *Rakshasa's* bow, the king quickly struck the son of Bhimasena in all his vital limbs. That prince of the *Rakshasa*, however, though struck with innumerable straight shafts, wavered not at all (but stood still) like a mountain pierced (with shafts). Then the ruler of the Pragjyotishas, excited with wrath, hurled in that combat fourteen lances, all of which, however, were cut off by the *Rakshasa*. Cutting off by means of his sharp shafts those lances, the mighty-armed *Rakshasa* pierced Bhagadatta with seventy shafts, each resembling the thunder-bolt in force. Then the ruler of the Pragjyotishas, laughing the while, O Bharata, despatched in that combat the four steeds of the *Rakshasa* to Death's domain. The prince of the *Rakshasas*, however, of great valour, staying on that car whose steeds had been slain, hurled with great force a dart at the elephant of the ruler of the Pragjyotishas. King Bhagadatta then cut off that swift dart furnished with a staff of gold and coursing impetuously towards him into three fragments, and thereupon it fell down on the ground. Beholding his dart cut off, the son of Hidimva fled from fear like Namuchi, that foremost of the *Daityas*, in days of old, from battle with Indra. Having vanquished in battle that hero of great valour and renowned prowess, who, O king, cannot be vanquished in battle by Yama himself or Varuna, king Bhagadatta with his elephant began to crush down the troops of the Pandavas like a wild elephant. O king, crushing as he treads the lotus-stalks (in a lake).

"The ruler of the Madras engaged in battle with his sister's sons, the twins. And the overwhelmed those sons of Pandu with clouds of arrows. Then Sahadeva, beholding his maternal uncle, engaged in battle (with him), covered him with arrows like the clouds covering the maker of day. Covered with those clouds of arrows, the ruler of the Madras wore a delighted expression, and the twins also felt great delight for the sake of their mother.[1] Then Salya, that mighty car-warrior, smiting effectively in that battle, despatched with four excellent shafts, O king, the four steeds of Nakula to the abode of Yama. Nakula then, that mighty car-warrior, quickly jumping down from that car whose steeds had been slain, mounted upon the vehicle of his renowned brother. Stationed then on the same car, those two heroes, both fierce in battle, and both excited with rage, began to shroud the car of the ruler of Madras, (with their arrows), drawing their bows with great strength. But that tiger among men, though thus covered by his sister's sons with innumerable straight arrows shook not in the least (but stood immovable) like a hill. Laughing the while, he smote them (in return) with showers of arrows. Then Sahadeva of great prowess, O Bharata, excited with wrath, took up a (powerful) shaft, and rushing at the ruler of the Madras, shot it at him[2]. That shaft endued with the

[1]The meaning seems to be that Salya was pleased in witnessing the skill of his sister's sons, while the twins themselves were pleased in displaying that skill before one who was related to them through their mother.

[2]The Burdwan Pundits render this verse by carelessly taking, *Viryavat* as an adjective of *saram*. It qualifies Sahadeva. The reading *Viryavat* occurs in no text.

impetuosity of *Garuda* himself, shot by him, pierced the ruler of the Madras through, and fell on the earth. Thereupon that mighty car-warrior, deeply pierced and greatly pained, sat down. O king, on the terrace of his car, and went into a swoon. Beholding him (thus) afflicted by the twins, deprived of consciousness, and prostrated (on his car), his charioteer bore him away on his vehicle over the field. Seeing the car of the ruler of the Madras retreating (from battle) the Dhartarashtras all became cheerless and thought it was all over with him.[1] Then those mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, the two sons of Madri, having vanquished in battle their maternal uncle, cheerfully blew their conches and uttered leonine roars. And then they rushed joyfully, O king, towards thy forces like the gods Indra and Upendra, O monarch, towards the *Daitya* host."

SECTION LXXXV

Sanjaya said, "Then when the sun attained the meridian, king Yudhishthira, beholding Srutayush, urged on his steeds. And the king rushed at Srutayush, that chastiser of foes, striking him with nine straight shafts of keen points. That great bowman, *viz.*, king Srutayush then, checking in that battle those arrows shot by the son of Pandu, struck Yudhishthira with seven shafts. These penetrating through his armour, drank his blood in that battle, as if sucking the very vital energies dwelling in the body of that high-souled one. The son of Pandu then, though deeply pierced by that high-souled king, pierced king Srutayush (in return), at the latter's heart, with an arrow shaped as the boar's ear. And that foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, the son of Pritha, with another broad-headed arrow, quickly felled on the earth the standard of the high-souled Srutayush from his car. Beholding his standard overthrown, king Srutayush then, O monarch, pierced the son of Pandu with seven sharp shafts. Thereupon Yudhishthira, the son of Dharma, blazed up with wrath, like the fire that blazeth forth at the end of the *Yuga* for consuming creatures. Beholding the son of Pandu excited with rage, the gods, the *Gandharvas*, and the *Rakshasas*, trembled, O king, and the universe became agitated. And even this was the thought that arose in the minds of all creatures, *viz.*, that that king, excited with rage, would that day consume the three worlds. Indeed, when the son of Pandu was thus excited with wrath, the *Rishis* and the celestials prayed for the peace of the world. Filled with wrath and frequently licking the corners of his mouth, Yudhishthira assumed a terrible expression looking like the sun that riseth at the end of the *Yuga*. Then all thy warriors,

[1]Lit. "This one no longer is" *i.e.*, 'alive'.

[2]The original is *Vichnvantas* (a practical) meaning 'plucking as flowers'.

O king, became hopeless of their lives, O Bharata. Checking, however, that wrath with patience, that great bowman endued with high renown then cut off Srutayush's bow at the grasp. And then, in the very sight of all the troops, the king in that battle pierced Srutayush whose bow had been cut off, with a long arrow in the centre of the chest. And the mighty Yudhishthira then, O king, speedily slew with his arrows the steeds of Srutayush and then, without losing a moment, his charioteer. Beholding the prowess of the king, Srutayush leaving that car whose steeds had been slain, quickly fled away from battle. After that great bowman had been vanquished in combat by the son of Dharma, all the troops of Duryodhana, O king, turned their faces. Having, O monarch, achieved this feat, Yudhishtnira, the son of Dharma, began to slay thy troops like Death himself with wide-open mouth.

"Chekitana of the Vrishni race, in the very sight of all the troops, covered with his shafts Gautama, that foremost of car-warriors. Baffling all those arrows, Kripa the son of Saradwat, pierced Chekitana in return who was fighting with great care, O king, with arrows in that battle. Then, O Bharata, with another broad-headed arrow he cut off Chekitana's bow, and endued with great lightness of hand, he also felled with another broad-headed arrow the former's charioteer. Kripa then, O monarch, slew Chekitana's steeds, as also both the warriors that protected the latter's wings. Then Chekitana of the Satwata race, quickly jumped down from his car, and took up a mace. The foremost of all wielders of the mace, Chekitana, with that hero-slaying mace of his, slew the steeds of Gautama and then felled his charioteer. Then Gautama, standing on the ground, shot sixteen arrows at Chekitana. Those arrows, piercing through that hero of the Satwata race, entered the earth. Thereat, Chekitana excited with age, once more hurled his mace, desirous of slaying Gautama, like Purandara desirous of slaying Vritra. Then Gautama with many thousands of arrows checked that huge mace, endued with the strength of adamant, that was coursing towards him. Then Chekitana, O Bharata, drawing his sabre from the sheath, rushed with great speed towards Gautama. Thereupon Gautama also, throwing away his bow, and taking up a polished sabre, rushed with great speed towards Chekitana. Both of them possessed of great strength, and both armed with excellent sabres, began to strike each other with those sharp-edged weapons of theirs. Then those bulls among men, struck with the force of each other's sabres, fell down on the earth, that (common) element of all creatures. Exhausted by the efforts they had made, the limbs of both were motionless in a swoon. Then Karakarsha impelled by friendship, quickly rushed to that spot. And that invincible warrior, beholding Chekitana in that plight, took him up on his car in the very sight of all troops. And so also the brave Sakuni, thy brother-in-law, O monarch, speedily caused Gautama, that foremost of car-warriors, to mount on his car.

"The mighty Dhrishtaketu, excited with wrath, speedily pierced the son of Somadatta, O king, with ninety shafts in the chest. And the son

f Somadatta looked highly resplendent with those shafts on his chest, like he sun, O king, with his rays at mid-day. Bhurisravas, however, in that attle, with his excellent shafts, deprived Dhrishtaketu, that mighty car-varrior, of his car, slaying his charioteer and steeds. And beholding him eprived of his car, and his steeds and charioteer slain, Bhurisravas covered Dhrishtaketu in that combat with a thick shower of arrows. The high-souled Dhrishtaketu then, O sire, abandoning that car of his, mounted upon the ehicle of Satanika. Chitrasena, and Vikarna, O king, and also Durmarshana,—these car-warriors cased in golden mail,—all rushed against he son of Subhadra. Then a fierce battle took place between Abhimanyu nd those warriors, like the battle of the body, O king, with wind, bile, and hlegm.[1] That tiger among men, however, (*viz.*, Abhimanyu), having, O king, deprived thy sons of their cars, slew them not, remembering Bhima's vords.[2] Then during the progress of the fight, Kunti's son (Arjuna), f white steeds, beholding Bhishma, who was incapable of being vanquished y very gods, proceeding to rescue thy sons in view of Abhimanyu—a oy and alone though a mighty car-warrior, addressed Vasudeva and said hese words, 'Urge the steeds, O Hrishikesa, to that spot where are those umerous car-warriors. They are many in number, brave, accomplished n arms, invincible in battle. Guide the horses so, O Madhava, that the foe nay not be able to slay our troops.' Thus urged by Kunti's son of immeasur-ble energy, he of Vrishni's race then drove that car, unto which vere yoked white steeds, to battle. When Arjuna, excited with rage, thus roceeded towards thy army, a loud uproar, O sire, arose among thy troops.[3] The son of Kunti then, having come up to those kings that were protecting Bhishma, (first) addressed Susarman, O king, and said these words, 'I know thee to be foremost in battle, and a dire enemy (of ours) of old. Behold o-day the terrible fruit of that evil behaviour (of thine).[4] I will today cause hee to visit the manes of thy ancestors.' That leader of car-divisions, Susar-nan, however, hearing these harsh words uttered by that slayer of foes *iz.*, Vibhatsu, told him nothing (in reply), well or ill. (But) approaching he heroic Arjuna, with a large number of kings in his train, and surround-ng him in that battle, he covered him aided by thy sons, O sinless one, vith arrows from all sides, *viz.*, front, rear, and flanks , like the clouds cover-ng the maker of day. Then, O Bharata, a dreadful battle took place between hy army and the Pandavas, in which blood ran like water."

[1]These, in Hindu physiology, are the three humours of the body always contending or mastery over the vital forces.

[2]Bhima had vowed to slay the sons of Dhritarashtra; therefore, Abhimanyu liked not o falsify his uncle's vow by himself slaying any of them.

[3]Instead of *yat* in the beginning of the second line, *yada* would be better. None of he printed text, however, have *yada*.

[4]In the first line of 50, the Bengal reading is *Satam*. I prefer the Bombay reading vhich is *atyantam*. For, again, *paryayasya* in the beginning of the second line, the Bombay ext reads *anayassa* which is better.

SECTION LXXXVI

Sanjaya said, 'Then the mighty Dhananjaya, struck with those shafts and drawing long breaths like a trodden snake, cut off, with great force, by means of his successive shafts, the bows of those mighty car-warriors. Cutting off in a moment, O king, the bows of those powerful monarchs in that battle, the high-souled Arjuna, desiring to exterminate them pierced all of them simultaneously with his shafts. Struck (thus) by Indra's son, O king, some of them fell down on the field, covered with blood. And some had their limbs mangled, and some had their heads struck off. And some perished with bodies mangled and coats of mail cut through. And afflicted by the arrows of Partha, many of them, falling down on the earth, perished together. Beholding then those princes slain in battle, the ruler of the Trigartas advanced on his car. And two and thirty others amongst those car-warriors, they who had been protecting the rear of the slain combatants also fell upon Partha. These all, surrounding Partha, and drawing their bows of loud twang, poured on him a thick shower of arrows like the clouds pouring torrents of water on the mountain breast. Then Dhananjaya afflicted with that arrowy down-pour in that battle, became excited with wrath, and with sixty arrows steeped in oil he despatched all those protectors of the rear. Having vanquished in battle those sixty car-warriors, the illustrious Dhananjaya became cheerful at heart. And having slain also the forces of those kings, Jishnu sped for Bhishma's slaughter. Then the ruler of the Trigartas, beholding his friends those mighty car-warriors slain, speedily advanced upon Partha, with a number of (other) kings in his van, for slaying him. Then the Pandava warrior headed by Sikhandin, beholding those combatants advancing upon Dhananjaya that foremost of all conversant with arms, proceeded with whetted weapons in hand, desirous of protecting the car of Arjuna. Partha also beholding those brave men advanced towards him with the ruler of the Trigartas, mangled them in battle with arrows shot from *Gandiva*. Then that distinguished bowman, desirous of approaching Bhishma beheld Duryodhana and other kings headed by the ruler of the Sindhus. Fighting with great energy for a moment and checking those warriors that were desirous of protecting Bhishma, the heroic Arjuna of great valour and infinite prowess avoiding Duryodhana and Jayadratha and others,—that warrior of mighty strength and great mental vigour,—at last proceeded, bow and arrow in hand, towards the son of Ganga in battle. The high-souled Yudhishthira also, of fierce prowess and infinite renown, avoiding in battle the ruler of the Madras who had been assigned to his share, quickly proceeded, with excited wrath and accompanied by Bhima and the sons of Madri towards Bhishma, the son of Santanu, for battle. Conversant with all modes of warfare the high-souled son of Ganga and Santanu, though attacked in battle by all the sons of Pandu united together, wavered not at all. Of fierce might and great energy king Jayadratha of sure aim, advancing

in battle, forcibly cut off with his own excellent bow the bows of all those mighty car-warriors. And the illustrious Duryodhana also with excited wrath and having wrath for his position, struck Yudhishthira and Bhimasena and the twins and Partha, with arrows resembling flames of fire. Pierced with arrows by Kripa and Sala and Chitrasena, O lord, the Pandavas, inflamed with rage, resembled the gods pierced with arrows by the united *Daityas* (in days of old). King Yudhishthira then, beholding Sikhandin flying away, having had his weapon cut off by Santanu's son became filled with anger. The high-souled Ajatasatru, angrily addressing Sikhandin in that battle, said these words, 'Thou saidst at that time, in the presence of thy sire, unto me.—Even I shall slay Bhishma of high vows with my shafts of the hue of the effulgent sun. Truly do I say this.—Even this was thy oath. That oath of thine thou dost not fulfil inasmuch as thou dost not slay Devavrata in battle. O hero, be not a person of unfulfilled vow. Take care of thy virtue, race, and fame. Behold Bhishma of terrible impetuosity scorching all my troops with his innumerable arrows of fierce energy and destroying everything in a moment like Death himself. With thy bow cut off avoiding the battle, and vanquished by the royal son of Santanu, whither dost thou go, forsaking thy kinsmen and brothers? This doth not become thee. Beholding Bhishma of infinite prowess, and our army routed and flying away, thou art assuredly, O son of Drupada, frightened, since the colour of thy face is pale. Unknown to thee, O hero, Dhananjaya hath engaged in the dreadful battle. Celebrated over the whole world, why O hero, art thou afraid today of Bhishma.[1]'—Hearing these words of king, Yudhishthira the just, that were harsh, though fraught with sound reason, the high-souled Sikhandin, regarding them as good counsel, speedily set himself about slaying Bhishma.[2] And while Sikhandin was proceeding to battle with great impetuosity for falling upon Bhishma, Salya began to resist him with terrible weapons that were difficult of being baffled. The son of Drupada, however, O king, of prowess equal to that of Indra himself, beholding those weapons effulgent as the fire that blazeth forth at the hour of universal dissolution (thus) displayed, was not confounded in the least. Checking those weapons by means of his own shafts, that mighty bowman, *viz.*, Sikhandin, stayed there without moving. And then he took up another weapon, *viz.*, the fierce *Varuna* weapon for baffling (those fiery weapons of Salya). Then the celestials staying in the firmament, and the kings of the earth also, all beheld Salya's weapons baffled by that *Varuna* weapon of Sikhandin. Meanwhile, the high-souled and heroic Bhishma, O king, in that battle, cut off the bow and the variegated standard also of Pandu's son, king Yudhishthira of the Ajamida race. Thereupon casting aside his bow and arrows upon beholding Yudhishthira overwhelmed with fear, and taking up a mace in that battle, Bhimasena rushed, on foot, at

[1]The Bombay reading which I adopt is *ajnayamanas cha*. The Bengal reading seems to be incorrect.

[2]*Vipralapapavidham* is literally "force from unreasoning declamation." The Bombay reading is vicious.

Jayadratha. Then Jayadratha, with five hundred terrible arrows of keen points and each resembling the rod of Death, pierced Bhimasena from every side who was thus rushing impetuously at him, mace in hand. Disregarding those arrows, the impetuous Vrikodara, with heart filled with rage, slew in that battle all the steeds, born in Aratta, of the king of the Sindhus. Then beholding Bhimasena on foot, thy son (Chitrasena) of unrivalled prowess and resembling the chief of the celestials himself, quickly rushed at him on his car, with upraised weapons, for giving him his quietus. Bhima also, roaring and uttering a loud shout, rushed at him impetuously, mace in hand. Thereupon the Kauravas all around beholding that upraised mace resembling the rod of Death, forsaking thy brave son, fled away, desirous of avoiding its fall (amongst them). In that fierce and awful crush (of men), O Bharata, confounding the senses, Chitrasena, however, beholding that mace coursing towards him, was not deprived of his senses. Taking up a bright scimitar and a shield, he forsook his car and became a warrior on foot in the field, for jumping down (from his vehicle) like a lion from the top of a cliff he came down upon the level ground. Meanwhile that mace, falling upon that beautiful car and destroying the vehicle itself with its steeds and charioteer in that battle, dropped on the ground like a blazing meteor, loosened from the firmament, falling upon the earth. Then thy troops, O Bharata, beholding that highly wonderful feat became filled with joy, and all of them together set up a loud shout over the field of battle. And the warriors all applauded thy son (for what they witnessed)."

SECTION LXXXVII

Sanjaya said,—"Approaching then thy son Chitrasena of great energy who had thus been deprived of his car, thy son Vikarna caused him to mount on his car. And during the progress of that general engagement, so fierce and dreadful, Bhishma, the son of Santanu, impetuously rushed at Yudhishthira. Then the Srinjayas with their cars, elephants, and horses, trembled. And they regarded Yudhishthira to be already within the jaws of Death. The lord Yudhishthira, however, of Kuru's race, accompanied by the twins, proceeded towards that mighty bowman, that tiger among men *viz.*, Bhishma. Then the son of Pandu, shooting in that battle thousands of arrows, shrouded Bhishma like the clouds shrouding the sun. And those numberless arrows, well shot by Yudhishthira, were received by the son of Ganga in distinct sets by hundreds and thousands.[1]

[1]The meaning seems to be that the arrows shot by Yudhishthira were cut off by Bhishma, in numberless distinct sets, taking each set at a time.

And so also, O sire, innumerable were the arrows shot by Bhishma (in return), which looked like flights of insects coursing through the air. In half the time taken up by a wink of the eye, Bhishma, the son of Santanu, in that battle, made Kunti's son invisible by means of his numberless shafts shot in sets. Then king Yudhishthira, excited with rage, sped at the high-souled Kaurava a long arrow resembling a snake of virulent poison. That mighty car-warrior, Bhishma, however, O king, cut off in that combat, with a horse-shoe (headed) arrow, that shaft shot from Yudhishthira's bow before it could reach him. Having cut off that long arrow resembling Death himself, Bhishma then slew in that battle the steeds, decked with gold, of that prince of Kuru's line. Then Yudhishthira the son of Pandu, abandoning that car whose steeds had been slain, quickly mounted upon the car of the high-souled Nakula. Then Bhishma that subjugator of hostile cities, excited with rage, and coming upon the twins in that battle, covered them with arrows. Beholding those two (brothers), O king, thus afflicted, with the arrows of Bhishma, Yudhishthira began to reflect earnestly desirous, O monarch, of (compassing) Bhishma's destruction. Then Yudhishthira, O king, urged his friends and the rulers (on his side), saying,—'Slay Bhishma the son of Santanu, uniting together.' Then all those rulers, hearing these words of Pritha's son, surrounded the grandsire with a large number of cars. Thy sire Devavrata then, thus surrounded on all sides, began to sport, O king, with his bow, felling (all the while) many mighty car-warriors. Him of Kuru's race, thus careering over the field of battle, the Pandavas beheld resembling a young lion in the forest amid a herd of deer. Uttering a loud roar in that battle and striking fear into the hearts of brave warriors by means of his shafts, the Kshatriyas beholding him, O king, were all struck with fear, like inferior animals upon seeing a lion. Indeed the Kshatriyas beheld the movements of that lion of Bharata's race in battle to resemble those of a conflagration aided by the wind while consuming a heap of dry grass. And Bhishma in that battle felled the heads of car-warriors like a skilful man felling (with stones) ripe (palmyra) fruits from trees that bear them. And the heads of warriors, O king, falling upon the surface of the earth produced a loud noise resembling that of a stony shower. During the progress of that fierce and dreadful battle a great confusion set in among all the troops. And in consequence of that confusion the arrays (of both armies) were broken. And the Kshatriyas summoning one another individually, approached one another for fight. Then Sikhandin, sighting the grandsire of the Bharatas, rushed at him impetuously, saying,—Wait, Wait—Remembering, however, the feminity of Sikhandin, and disregarding him on that account, Bhishma proceeded against the Srinjayas. Thereupon the Srinjayas, beholding Bhishma in that great battle, were filled with joy. And they set forth diverse kinds of loud shouts, mingled with the blare of their conches. Then commenced a fierce battle in course of which cars and elephants got entangled with one another. And it was that hour of the day, O lord, when the sun was on the other side (of the meridian). Then Dhrishtadyumna, the prince

of the Panchalas, and that mighty car-warrior Satyaki, greatly afflicted the (Bharata) host with showers of arrows and lances. And with innumerable shafts, O king, these two began to smite down thy warriors in that battle. Thy combatants, however, O bull among men, though slaughtered in battle (thus) retreated not from the fight, having formed an honourable resolution in that engagement. Indeed, thy troops began to smite according to the measure of their courage. While, however, O king, thy high-souled combatants were being slaughtered by the illustrious son of Prishata, loud cries of woe were heard among them. Hearing those loud cries, that couple of mighty car-warriors of thy army, *viz.*, Vinda and Anuvinda of Avanti, quickly proceeded against Prishata's son. And those mighty car-warriors, speedily slaying his steeds, together covered Prishata's son with showers of arrows. Thereupon that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, the prince of the Panchalas, quickly jumping down from that car of his, mounted without loss of time the car of the high-souled Satyaki. Then king Yudhishthira, supported by a large force, proceeded against those chastisers of foes, *viz.*, the two princes of Avanti excited with rage. Similarly thy son, O sire, with every preparation, stood, surrounding Vinda and Anuvinda in that battle (for supporting them). Arjuna also in that battle, excited with rage, fought against many bulls of the Kshatriya race, like the wielder of the thunder-bolt against the *Asuras*. Drona also, who always does what is agreeable to thy son, inflamed with wrath in that battle, began to consume the Panchalas like fire consuming a heap of cotton. Thy other sons, O king, owning Duryodhana as their chief, surrounding Bhishma in that battle, fought against the Pandavas. Then when the sun assumed a red hue,[1] king Duryodhana, O Bharata, addressing thy troops, said,—Lose no time—And while they were thus battling and achieving feats difficult of accomplishment, the sun having become invisible in consequence of his retirement behind the western hill, there soon flowed, towards dusk, an awful river whose current and billows were of blood, and which was infested by innumerable jackals. And the field of battle became dreadful, abounding as it did with spirits and with those jackals howling hideously, forboding evil. *Rakshasas* and *Pisachas* and other cannibals were seen all round, in hundreds and thousands. Then Arjuna, having vanquished those kings headed by Susarman along with all their followers, in the midst of their division, proceeded towards his tent. And the lord Yudhishthira also of Kuru's race, accompanied by his brothers, and followed by his troops, proceeded, O king, when night set in, towards his tent. And Bhimasena, too, having vanquished those kings, *viz.*, those car-warriors headed by Duryodhana, proceeded towards his tent. And king Duryodhana (with his troops), surrounding Bhishma, the son of Santanu, in that great battle proceeded towards his tent. And Drona, and Drona's son, and Kripa, and Salya, and Kritavarman of the Satwata race, surrounding the whole (Dhartarashtra) army, proceeded towards their tents. And

[1] *i.e.*, just before setting.

similarly Satyaki also, O king, and Dhrishtadyumna, the son of Prishata, surrounding their army, proceeded towards their tents. It was thus, O king, that those chastisers of foes, *viz.*, thy troops and the Pandavas, ceased to fight when darkness came. Then the Pandavas, and the Kauravas, retiring to their tents, entered the same, applauding one another. And making arrangements for the protection of their brave warriors and disposing outposts according to rule, they plucked out the arrows (from their bodies) and bathed in diverse kinds of water. And Brahmanas performed propitiatory rites for them, and bards sang their praises. And those renowned men sported for a while in accompaniment with music both vocal and instrumental. And for a while the whole scene resembled heaven itself. And those bulls among men for a while spoke not of battle. And when both armies abounding with tired men and elephants and steeds slept there, they became, O monarch, beautiful to behold."

SECTION LXXXVIII

Sanjaya said, "Having passed the night in sound sleep, those rulers of men, the Kauravas and the Pandavas, once more proceeded to battle. And when the troops of both armies were about to proceed to the field, great was the uproar heard there, resembling the loud uproar of the ocean itself. Then king Duryodhana, and Chitrasena, and Vivinsati, and that foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, Bhishma and Bharadwaja's son possessed of great prowess,—those mighty car-warriors, clad in mail and uniting together, O king, formed with great care the array of the Kauravas against the Pandavas. Having formed that mighty array fierce as the ocean and having for its billows and current its steeds and elephants, thy sire Bhishma, the son of Santanu, then, O king, proceeded in the van of the whole army, supported by the Malavas, and the inhabitants of the southern countries, and the Avantis. Next to him was the valiant son of Bharadwaja, accompanied by the Pulindas, the Paradas, and the Kshudraka-Malavas. Next to Drona was the valiant Bhagadatta. O king, firmly resolved on fight, accompanied by the Magadhas, the Kalingas, and the Pisachas. Behind Bhagadatta was Vrihadvala the king of the Kosalas accompanied by the Melakas, the Tripuras, and the Chichilas. Next to Vrihadvala was the brave Trigarta, the ruler of the Prasthala, accompanied by a large number of the Kamvojas, and by Yavanas in thousands. Next to the ruler of the Trigartas, O Bharata, proceeded that mighty hero, *viz.*, the son of Drona, uttering leonine roars and filling the earth with those shouts. Next to Drona's son proceeded king Duryodhana with the whole army, surrounded by his uterine brothers. Behind Duryodhana proceeded Kripa the son of Saradwat. It was thus that that mighty array, resembling the very ocean, advanced

(to battle). And standards and white umbrellas, O lord, and beautiful bracelets and costly bows shed their effulgence there. And beholding that mighty array of thy forces, that great car-warrior Yudhishthira, speedily addressed the generalissimo (of his forces), *viz.*, Prishata's son saying, 'Behold, O great bowman, that array, already formed, resembling the ocean. Do thou also, O son of Prishata, form without delay thy counter-array. (Thus addressed), the heroic son of Prishata, O great king, formed that terrible array called *Sringataka* that is destructive of all hostile arrays. At the horns were Bhimasena and that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, Satyaki, with many thousands of cars as also of horse and infantry. Next to them was that foremost of men, (*viz.*, Arjuna) of white steeds and having Krishna for his charioteer.[1] In the centre were king Yudhishthira and the twin sons of Pandu by Madri. Other royal bowmen, conversant with the science of arrays, with their troops, filled up that array. In the rear were ordered Abhimanyu, and that mighty car-warrior, Virata, and the sons of Draupadi and the *Rakshasa* Ghatotkacha. Thus, O Bharata, having formed their mighty array, the heroic Pandavas waited on the field, longing for battle and desirous of victory. And the loud noise of drums mingling with the blare of conches and leonine roars and shouts (of the combatants) and the slapping of their armpits, became terrible and filled all the points of the compass. Then those brave warriors, approaching one another for battle, looked at one another, O king, with winkless eyes. Then O ruler of men, the warriors, first challenging each other by name, engaged with each other.[2] Then commenced a fierce and terrible battle between thy troops and those of the foe striking one another. And in that battle, O Bharata, whetted shafts fell in showers like terrible snakes with mouths wide open. And polished darts of impetuous force, washed with oil, O king, shone like the effulgent flashes of lightning from the clouds. And maces decked with gold and attached to bright slings were seen to fall all over the field, resembling beautiful crests of hills. And sabres of the colour of the clear (blue) sky, O Bharata, and shields of bull's hides and decked with a hundred moons, as they fell everywhere over the field, O king, looked beautiful. And as the two armies, O king, were engaged in battle with each other, they looked resplendent like the celestial and the demoniac hosts battling with each other. All around they rushed against one another in battle. Foremost of royal car-warriors, impetuously dashing against car-warriors in that dreadful battle, fought on, with the yokes of their cars entangled with those of their adversaries. And, O bull of Bharata's race, all over the field flashes of fire mixed with smoke were generated, in consequence of friction, in the tusks of battling elephants. And combatants on the backs of elephants, struck with lances, were seen all around to fall down like blocks (loosened)

[1] *Krishna-sarathis* (Bombay); the Bengal reading is *Vanaradhvajas*.

[2] The true reading, I think, is that of the Bombay text, *viz.*, *namabhis*. The Bengal reading is *manobhis*. How can persons challenge each other mentally, although they may single out their antagonists so?

from crests of hills.[1] And brave foot-soldiers, battling with their bare arms or with lances, and striking one another, looked exceedingly beautiful. And the warriors of the Kaurava and the Pandava hosts, coming upon one another in that conflict, despatched one another with diverse kinds of shafts to the abode of Yama. Then Bhishma, the son of Santanu, filling (the air) with the rattle of his car, and depriving the foe of his senses by the twang of his bow, rushed against the Pandavas in battle. The car-warriors of the Pandavas, too, headed by Dhrishtadyumna, uttering fierce shouts, rushed at him, firmly resolved on fight. Then commenced, O Bharata, a battle between the infantry, car-warriors, and elephants, of theirs and thine, in which the combatants became all entangled with one another."

SECTION LXXXIX

Sanjaya said, "The Pandavas were incapable of even looking at Bhishma excited with rage in battle and scorching every side like the Sun himself shedding scorching heat. Then all the (Pandava) troops, at the command of Dharma's son, rushed at the son of Ganga who was grinding (everything) with his whetted arrows, Bhishma, however, who delighted in battle felled the mightiest of bowmen amongst the Srinjayas and the Panchalas, with his shafts. Though thus slaughtered by Bhishma, the Panchalas along with the Somakas still rushed impetuously at him, forsaking the fear of death. The heroic Bhishma, the son of Santanu, however, in that battle, cut off, O king, the arms and heads of their car-warriors. Thy sire, Devavrata deprived their car-warriors of cars. And the heads of cavalry soldiers on their chargers fell fast. And we beheld, O king, huge elephants looking like hills, deprived of their riders, and paralysed with Bhishma's weapons, lying all around. Amongst the Pandavas, O king, there was no other man save that foremost of car-warriors, the mighty Bhimasena, (who could resist Bhishma). Indeed, Bhima alone, approaching Bhishma, encountered him in battle. Then in that encounter between Bhima and Bhishma, a fierce and terrible uproar arose among all the troops (of the *Kauravas*). The Pandavas then, filled with joy, uttered leonine shouts. During that destructive carnage, king Duryodhana, surrounded by his uterine brothers, protected Bhishma in that battle. Then that foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, Bhima, slew Bhishma's charioteer. Thereupon the steeds no longer controlled, ran away from the field with car. Then that slayer of foes, *viz.*, Bhima with a sharp arrow having a horse-shoe head, cut off the head of Sunabha. (Thus) slain, the latter fell down on the

[1] *Nagas*, which may mean both stones and trees. In either case, the comparison would apply.

earth. When that son of thine, that mighty car-warrior and great bowman was slain, seven of his heroic brothers, O sire, could not (quietly) bear (that act). These, *viz.*, Adityaketu and Vahvasin, and Kundadhara and Mahodara, and Aparajita, and Panditaka and the invincible Visalakha, clad in variegated armour and with their beautiful coats of mail and weapons,—these grinders of foes desirous of battle,—rushed against the son of Pandu. And Mahodara, in that battle, pierced Bhimasena with nine winged arrows, each resembling the thunder-bolt in force, like the slayer of Vritra striking (the great *Asura*) Namuchi. And Adityaketu struck him with seventy shafts, and Vishnu with five. And Kundadhara struck him with ninety shafts, and Visalaksha with seven. And that conqueror of foes, the mighty car-warrior Aparajita, O king, struck Bhimasena of great strength with many arrows. And Panditaka also, in battle, pierced him with three arrows. Bhima, however, did not (quietly) bear these attacks of his foes in battle. Forcibly grasping the bow with his left hand, that grinder of foes cut off, in that battle, the head, with a straight shaft, of thy son Aparajita, graced with a fine nose. Thus vanquished by Bhima, his head then dropped on the ground. Then, in the very sight of all the troops, Bhima despatched, with another broad-headed arrow, the mighty car-warrior Kundadhara to the domain of Death. Then that hero of immeasurable soul, once more aiming an arrow, sped it, O Bharata, at Panditaka in that battle. And the arrow killing Panditaka, entered the earth, like a snake impelled by Death quickly entering the earth after despatching the person (whose hour had come). Of undepressed soul, that hero then, O king, recollecting his former woes, felled Visalaksha's head, cutting it off with three arrows. Then Bhima, in that battle, struck the mighty bowman Mahodara in the centre of the chest with a long shaft. Slain (therewith), O king, the latter fell down on the earth. Then, O Bharata, cutting off with an arrow the umbrella of Adityaketu in that battle, he severed his head with another broad-headed shaft of exceeding sharpness. Then, O monarch, excited with rage, Bhima, with another straight shaft, despatched Vahvasin towards the abode of Yama. Then thy other sons, O king, all fled away regarding the words to be true which Bhima had uttered in the (midst of the Kaurava) assembly.[1] Then king Duryodhana afflicted with sorrow on account of his brothers, addressed all his troops, saying, 'There is Bhima. Let him be slain.' Thus, O king, thy sons, those mighty bowmen, beholding their brothers slain, recollected those words beneficial and peaceful, that Vidura of great wisdom had spoken. Indeed, those words of the truthful Vidura are now being realised,—those beneficial words, O king, which, influenced by covetousness and folly as also by affection for thy sons, thou couldst not then understand. From the way in which that mighty armed hero is slaying the Kauravas, it seemeth that that mighty son of Pandu hath assuredly taken his birth for the destruction of thy sons.

[1]His pledge, *viz.*, that in battle he would slay all the sons of Dhritarashtra.

Meanwhile, king Duryodhana, O sire, overwhelmed with great grief, went to Bhishma, and there, overcome with sorrow, he began to lament, saying, 'My heroic brothers have been slain in battle by Bhimasena. Although, again, all our troops are fighting bravely, yet they also are falling. Thou seemest to disregard us, behaving (as thou dost) like an indifferent spectator, Alas, what course have I taken. Behold my evil destiny.' "

Sanjaya continued. "Hearing these cruel words of Duryodhana, thy sire Devavrata with eyes filled with tears, said this unto him.[1] 'Even this was said by me before, as also by Drona, and Vidura, and the renowned Gandhari. O son, thou didst not then comprehend it. O grinder of foes, it hath also been before settled by me that neither myself, nor Drona, will ever escape with life from this battle. I tell thee truly that those upon whom Bhima will cast his eyes in battle, he will surely slay. Therefore, O king, summoning all thy patience, and firmly resolved on battle, fight with the sons of Pritha, making heaven thy goal. As regards the Pandavas, they are incapable of being vanquished by the very gods with Vasava (at their head). Therefore, setting thy heart firmly on battle, fight, O Bharata.—' "

SECTION XC

Dhritarashtra said, "Beholding my sons, so many in number, O Sanjaya, slain by a single person, what did Bhishma and Drona and Kripa do in battle?[2] Day after day, O Sanjaya, my sons are being slain. I think, O *Suta,* that they are completely overtaken by evil destiny, inasmuch as my sons never conquer but are always vanquished. When my sons staying in the midst of those unretreating heroes, *viz.*, Drona and Bhishma, and the high-souled Kripa, and Somadatta's heroic son and Bhagadatta, and Aswatthaman also, O son, and other brave warriors, are being still slain in battle, what can it be said save the result of fate?[3] The wicked Duryodhana did not comprehend (our) words before, though admonished by me, O son, and by Bhishma and Vidura. (Though forbidden) always by Gandhari, too, from motives of doing him good, Duryodhana of wicked understanding awoke not before from folly.[4] That (conduct) hath now borne

[1]The Bengal reading is *tatas kruddhar*. The Bombay reading is *vachas kruram*. I adopt the latter.

[2]The last word of this verse in the Bengal text is *Sanjaya*; in the Bombay text, it is *Samyuge*. The latter seems to be the true reading, for after Sanjaya in the first line, its repetition in the second is useless.

[3]The last word of the 4th verse is *anivartinam* . In the Bengal texts it is *sumahatmanam*.

[4]The last word of the first line of 8 is *Vichetasa* and not (as in the Bengal texts, including the Burdwan edition) *Viseshatas* which would scarcely have any meaning.

fruit, inasmuch as Bhimasena, excited with wrath, despatcheth, day after day in battle, my insensate sons to the abode of Yama."

Sanjaya said, "Those excellent words of Vidura, uttered for thy good, but which thou didst not then understand, have now come to be realised. Vidura had said, 'Restrain thy sons from the dice.' Like a man whose hour is come refusing the proper medicine, thou didst not then listen to the words of well-wishing friends counselling thee (for thy good). Those words uttered by the righteous have now been realised before thee. Indeed, the Kauravas are now being destroyed for having rejected those words, deserving of acceptance, of Vidura and Drona and Bhishma and thy other well-wishers. These very consequences happened even then when thou declinedst to listen to those counsels. Hear now, however, to my narration of the battle exactly as it has happened.[1] At midday the battle became exceedingly awful and fraught with great carnage. Listen to me, O king, as I describe it. Then all the troops (of the Pandava army), excited with rage, rushed, at the command of Dharma's son, against Bhishma alone from desire of slaying him. Dhrishtadyumna and Sikhandin, and the mighty car-warrior Satyaki, accompanied, O king, by their forces, proceeded against Bhishma alone. And those mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, Virata and Drupada, with all the Somakas, rushed in battle against Bhishma alone. And the Kaikeyas, and Dhrishtaketu, and Kuntibhoja, equipped in mail and supported by their forces, rushed, O king, against Bhishma alone. And Arjuna, and the sons of Draupadi, and Chekitana of great prowess, proceeded against all the kings under the command of Duryodhana. And the heroic Abhimanyu, and that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, the son of Hidimva, and Bhimasena excited with wrath, rushed against the (other) Kauravas. (Thus) the Pandavas, divided into three bodies began to slaughter the Kauravas. And similarly the Kauravas also, O king, began to slaughter their foes.[2] That foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, Drona excited with wrath, rushed against the Somakas and the Srinjayas, desirous of sending them to the abode of Yama. Thereupon loud cries of woe arose among the brave Srinjayas while they were being slaughtered. O king, by Bharadwaja's son bow in hand. Large numbers of Kshatriyas, struck down by Drona, were seen to all convulsing like persons writhing in the agony of disease. All over the field were continuously heard moans and shrieks and groans resembling those of persons afflicted with hunger. And so the mighty Bhimasena, excited with wrath, and like unto a second Yama, caused a terrible carnage amongst the Kaurava troops. There in that dreadful battle, in consequence of the warriors slaying one another, a terrible river began to flow whose billowy current consisted of blood.[3] And that battle, O king, between the

[1]I have expanded the first line of 13, as a closely literal version would scarcely be intelligent to the general reader. The sense is that the evil consequences, that have now overtaken thee, arose even then when the beneficial counsels of Vidura were first rejected.

[2]The Bengal reading *Dwidhabhutais* is incorrect. It should be, as in the Bombay text, *tridhabhutais*.

[3]In the Bengal texts, *tava* in the first line is incorrect. It should be *tatra* (Bombay).

Kurus and the Pandavas, becoming fierce and awful, began to swell the population of Yama's kingdom. Then in that battle Bhima excited with wrath, fell with great impetuosity upon the elephant division (of the Kauravas) and began to send many to the regions of Death. Then, O Bharata, struck with Bhima's shafts, some of those beasts fell down, some were paralysed, some shrieked (in pain), and some ran away in all directions. Huge elephants, their trunks cut off and limbs mangled, screaming like cranes, began, O king, to fall down on the earth. Nakula and Sahadeva fell upon the (Kaurava) cavalry. Many steeds with garlands of gold on their heads and with their necks and breasts adorned with ornaments of gold, were seen to be slain in hundreds and thousands. The earth, O king, was strewn with fallen steeds. And some were deprived of their tongues; and some breathed hard; and some uttered low moans, and some were void of life. The earth looked beautiful, O chief of men, with those steeds of such diverse kinds. At the same time, O Bharata, she looked fiercely resplendent, O monarch, with a large number of kings slain by Arjuna in that battle. And strewn with broken cars and rent banners and brilliant umbrellas, with torn *chamaras* and fans, and mighty weapons broken into fragments, with garlands and necklaces of gold, with bracelets, with heads decked with ear-rings, with head-gears loosened (from off heads), with standards, with beautiful bottoms of cars, O king, and with traces and reins, the earth shone as brightly as she does in spring when strewn with flowers. And it was thus, O Bharata, that the Pandava host suffered destruction when Bhishma the son of Santanu, and Drona that foremost of car-warriors, and Aswatthaman, and Kripa, and Kritavarman, were inflamed with wrath. And similarly thy army also suffered the same kind of destruction when the other side, *viz.*, the Pandava heroes were excited with rage."

SECTION XCI

Sanjaya said, "During the progress, O king, of that fierce battle fraught with the slaughter of great heroes, Sakuni the glorious son of Suvala, rushed against the Pandavas. And so also, O monarch, Hridika's son of the Satwata race, that slayer of hostile heroes, rushed in that battle against the Pandava ranks. And smiling the while, (several warriors on thy side), with a large number of steeds consisting of the best of the Kamvoja breed as also of those born in the country of the Rivers, and of those belonging to Aratta and Mahi and Sindhu, and of those of Vanayu also that were white in hue, and lastly those of hilly countries, surrounded (the Pandava army).[1]

[1]Steeds that are described as *Nadijas* would literally mean "those born in rivers." The Punjab, or some other country watered by many rivers is meant.

And so also with horses, exceedingly swift, fleet as the very winds, and belonging to the *Tittri* bread, (others encompassed that army). And with many horses, clad in mail and decked with gold, the foremost of their class and fleet as the winds the mighty son of Arjuna (*viz.*, Iravat), that slayer of foes, approached the (Kaurava) force. This handsome and valiant son of Arjuna, named Iravat, was begotten upon the daughter of the king of the Nagas by the intelligent Partha. Her husband having been slain by Garuda, she became helpless, and of cheerless soul. Childless as she was, she was bestowed (upon Arjuna) by the high-souled Airavat. Partha accepted her for wife, coming to him as she did under the influence of desire. It was thus that that son of Arjuna was begotten upon the wife of another.[1] Abandoned by his wicked uncle from hatred of Partha, he grew up in the region of the Nagas, protected by his mother. And he was handsome and endued with great strength, possessed of diverse accomplishments, and of prowess incapable of being baffled. Hearing that Arjuna had gone to the region of Indra, he speedily went thither. And the mighty-armed Iravat, possessed of prowess incapable of being baffled. approaching his sire, saluted him duly, standing before him with joined hands. And he introduced himself to the high-souled Arjuna, saying, 'I am Iravat. blessed be thou, and I am thy son, O lord'. And he reminded Arjuna of all the circumstances connected with the latter's meeting with his mother. And thereupon the son of Pandu recollected all those circumstances exactly as they happened. Embracing his son then who resembled himself in accomplishments, Partha, in Indra's abode, was filled with joy. The mighty-armed Iravat then, O king, in the celestial regions was, O Bharata, joyfully commanded by Arjuna, with regard to his own business, (in these words), 'When the battle takes place, assistance should be rendered by thee'. Saying 'Yes', O lord, he went away. And now at the time of battle he presented himself. O king, accompanied with a large number of steeds of great fleetness and beautiful colour. And those steeds, decked with ornaments of gold, of various colours and exceeding fleetness, suddenly coursed over the field, O king, like swans on the bosom of the vast deep. And those steeds falling upon thine of exceeding swiftness, struck their chests and noses against those of thine. Afflicted by their own impetuous clash (against thine), they suddenly fell down, O king, on the earth. And in consequence of those steeds as also of thine occasioned by that clash, loud sounds were heard resembling what occurs at Garuda's swoop. And the rider of those steeds, O king, thus dashing against one another in that battle, began to slay one another fiercely. And during that general engagement which was fierce and terrible, the chargers of both sides (escaping from press of battle) ran wildly away over the field. Weakened by one another's shafts, brave warriors, with their horses killed under them, and themselves worn out with exertion, perished fast sabring one another. Then when those cavalry divisions were thinned and a remnant only

[1]Literally, "in soil belonging to another." The original is *parakshetre*.

survived, the younger brothers of Suvala's son, possessed of great wisdom, rode out, O Bharata (from the Kaurava array) to the van of battle, mounted on excellent charges that resembled the tempest itself in both fleetness and the violence of their dash and that were well-trained and neither old nor young.[1] Those six brothers endued with great strength, *viz.*, Gaya, Gavaksha, Vrishava, Charmavat, Arjava, and Suka dashed out of the mighty (Kaurava) array, supported by Sakuni and by their respective forces of great valour, themselves clad in mail, skilled in battle, fierce in mien, and possessed of exceeding might. Breaking through that invincible cavalry division (of the Pandavas), O thou of mighty arms, those Gandhara warriors who could with difficulty be vanquished, supported by a large force, desirous of heaven, longing for victory, and filled with delight, penetrated into it. Beholding them filled with joy, the valiant Iravat, addressing his own warriors decked with diverse ornaments and weapons, said unto them, 'Adopt such contrivances in consequence of which these Dhritarashtra warriors with their weapons and animals may all be destroyed.' Saying 'Yes', all those warriors of Iravat began to slay those mighty and invincible Dhartarashtra soldiers. Beholding that their own warriors were thus overthrown by Iravat's division, those sons of Suvala being unable to beat it coolly, all rushed at Iravat and surrounded him on all sides. And commanding (all their followers) to attack those of Iravat with lances, those heroes swept over the field, creating a great confusion. And Iravat, pierced with lances by those high-souled warriors, and bathed in blood that trickled down (his wounds), looked like an elephant pierced with the hook. Wounded deeply on the chest, back, and flanks, singly encountering the many, he did not yet, O king, swerve from his (natural) firmness. Indeed, Iravat, excited with rage, deprived all those adversaries of their senses, piercing them, in that battle, with sharp shafts. And that chastiser of foes, tearing those lances from off his body, struck with them the sons of Suvala in battle. Then unsheathing his polished sword and taking a shield, he rushed on foot, desirous of slaying Suvala's sons in that combat. The sons of Suvala, however, recovering their senses, once more rushed at Iravat, excited with wrath. Iravat, however, proud of his might, and displaying his lightness of hand, proceeded towards all of them, armed with his sword. Moving as he did with great activity, the sons of Suvala, although they moved about on their fleet steeds, could not find an opportunity for striking that hero (on foot). Beholding him then on foot, his foes surrounded him closely and wished to take him captive. Then that crusher of foes, seeing them contiguous to himself, struck off, with his sword, both their right and left arms, and mangled their other limbs. Then those arms of theirs adorned with gold, and their weapons, fell down on the earth, and they themselves, with limbs mangled,

[1] *Vayuvega-samsparsam.* literally, "the contact (of whose dash or collision) resembles that of the wind in force." The meaning, therefore, is that those chargers dashed against hostile division with the fury of the tempest.

fell down on the field, deprived of life. Only Vrishava, O king, with many wounds on his person, escaped (with life) from that dreadful battle destructive of heroes. Beholding them lying on the field of battle, thy son Duryodhana, excited with wrath said unto that *Rakshasa* of terrible mien, *viz.*, Rishyasringa's son (Alamvusha), that great bowman versed in illusion, that chastiser of foes, who bore feelings of animosity against Bhimasena in consequence of the slaughter of Vaka, these words: "Behold, O hero, how the mighty son of Phalguni, versed in illusion, hath done me a severe injury by destroying my forces. Thou also, O sire, art capable of going everywhere at will and accomplished in all weapons of illusion. Thou cherishest animosity also for Partha. Therefore, do thou slay this one in battle.' Saying '*Yes*', that *Rakshasa* of terrible mien proceeded with a leonine roar to that spot where the mighty and youthful son of Arjuna was. And he was supported by the heroic warriors of his own division, accomplished in smiting, well-mounted, skilled in battle and fighting with bright lances. Accompanied by the remnant of that excellent cavalry division (of the Kauravas), he proceeded, desirous of slaying in battle the mighty Iravat. That slayer of foes, *viz.*, the valiant Iravat, excited with rage, and advancing speedily from desire of slaying the *Rakshasa,* began to resist him. Beholding him advance, the mighty *Rakshasa* speedily set himself about for displaying his powers of illusion. The *Rakshasa* then created a number of illusive chargers which were riden by terrible *Rakshasas* armed with spears and axes. Those two thousand accomplished smiters advancing with rage, were however, soon sent to the regions of Yama, (falling in the encounter with Iravat's forces). And when the forces of both perished, both of them, invincible in battle, encountered each other like Vritra and Vasava. Beholding the *Rakshasa,* who was difficult of being vanquished in battle, advancing towards him, the mighty Iravat, excited with rage, began to check his onset. And when the *Rakshasa* approached him nearer, Iravat with his sword quickly cut off his bow, as also each of his shafts into five fragments. Seeing his bow cut off, the *Rakshasa* speedily rose up into the welkin, confounding with his illusion the enraged Iravat. Then Iravat also, difficult of approach, capable of assuming any form at will, and having a knowledge of what are the vital limbs of the body, rising up into the welkin, and confounding with his illusion the *Rakshasa* began to cut off the latter's limbs in that battle and thus were the limbs of the *Rakshasa* repeatedly cut into several pieces.[1] Then the Rakshasa, however, O king, was re-born, assuming a youthful appearance. Illusion is natural with them, and their age and form are both dependent on their will. And the limbs of that Rakshasa, O king, cut into pieces, presented a beautiful sight. Iravat, excited with rage, repeatedly cut that mighty Rakshasa with his sharp axe. The brave Rakshasa, thus cut into pieces like a tree by the mighty Iravat, roared fiercely. And those roars of his became deafening. Mangled with the axe, the Rakshasa began to pour

[1]In the first line of 64, the true reading is *Survamarmajna*, and not *Sarvadharmajna*.

forth blood in torrents. Then (Alamvusha), the mighty son of Rishyasringa, beholding his foe blazing forth with energy, became infuriate with rage and himself put forth his prowess in that combat. Assuming a prodigious and fierce form, he endeavoured to seize the heroic son of Arjuna, *viz.*, the renowned Iravat. In the sight of all the combatants there present, beholding that illusion of the wicked Rakshasa in the van of battle, Iravat became inflamed with rage and adopted steps for himself having recourse to illusion. And when that hero, never retreating from battle, became inflamed with wrath, a *Naga* related to him by his mother's side, came to him. Surrounded on all sides, in that battle by *Nagas,* that *Naga*, O king, assumed a huge form mighty as *Ananta* himself. With diverse kinds of *Nagas* then he covered the Rakshasa. While being covered by those *Nagas*, that bull among Rakshasas reflected for a moment, and assuming the form of Garuda, he devoured those snakes. When that *Naga* of his mother's line was devoured through illusion, Iravat became confounded. And while in that state, the Rakshasa slew him with his sword, Alamvusha felled on the earth Iravat's head decked with ear-rings and graced with a diadem and looking beautiful like a lotus or the moon.

"When the heroic son of Arjuna was thus slain by the Rakshasa, the Dhartarashtra host with all the kings (in it) were freed from grief. In that great battle that was so fierce, awful was the carnage that occurred among both the divisions. Horses and elephants and foot-soldiers entangled with one another, were slain by tuskers. And many steeds and tuskers were slain by foot-soldiers. And in that general engagement bodies of foot-soldiers and cars, and large numbers of horses belonging both to thy army and theirs, were slain. O king, by car-warriors. Meanwhile, Arjuna, not knowing that the son of his loins had been slaughtered, slew in that battle many kings who had been protecting Bhishma. And the warriors, O king, of thy army and the Srinjayas, by thousands, poured out their lives as libations (on the fire of battle), striking one another. And many car-warriors, with dishevelled hair, and with swords and bows fallen from their grasp fought with their bare arms, encountering one another. The mighty Bhishma also, with shafts capable of penetrating into the very vitals, slew many mighty car-warriors and caused the Pandava army to tremble (the while). By him were slain many combatants in Yudhishthira's host, and many tuskers and cavalry-soldiers and car-warriors and steeds. Beholding, O Bharata, the prowess of Bhishma in that battle, it seemed to us that it was equal to that of Sakra himself. And the prowess of Bhimasena, as also that of Parshata, was hardly less, O Bharata, (than that of Bhishma). And so also the battle fought by that great bowman (*viz.*, Satyaki) of Satwata's race, was equally fierce. Beholding, however, the prowess of Drona, the Pandavas were struck with fear. Indeed they thought, 'Alone, Drona can slay us with all our troops. What then should be said of him when he is surrounded by a large body of warriors who for their bravery are renowned over the world? Even this, O king, was what the Partha said, afflicted by Drona. During the progress of that fierce battle, O bull of Bharata's race,

the brave combatants of neither army forgave their adversaries of the other. O sire, the mighty bowmen of both thy army and that of the Pandavas, inflamed with wrath, fought furiously with one another, as if they were possessed of by the Rakshasas and demons. Indeed, he did not see any one in the battle which was so destructive of lives and which was considered as a battle of the demons, to take of life."

SECTION XCII

Dhritarashtra said, "Tell me, O Sanjaya, all that the mighty Partha did in battle when they heard that Iravat had been slain."

Sanjaya said, "Beholding Iravat slain in battle, the Rakshasa Ghatotkacha, the son of Bhimasena, uttered loud shouts. And in consequence of the loudness of those roars, the earth having the ocean for her robes, along with her mountains and forests, began to tremble violently. And the welkin also and the quarters both cardinal and subsidiary, all trembled. And hearing those loud roars of his, O Bharata, the thighs and other limbs of the troops began to tremble, and sweat also appeared on their persons. And all thy combatants, O king, became cheerless of heart. And all over the field the warriors stood still, like an elephant afraid of the lion. And the *Rakshasa,* uttering those loud roars resembling the rattle of thunder, assuming a terrible form, and with a blazing spear upraised in hand, and surrounded by many bulls among *Rakshasas* of fierce forms armed with diverse weapons, advanced, excited with rage and resembling the Destroyer himself at the end of the *Yuga.* Beholding him advance in wrath and with a terrible countenance, and seeing also his own troops almost all running away from fear of that *Rakshasa,* king Duryodhana rushed against Ghatotkacha, taking up his bow with arrow fixed on the string, and repeatedly roaring like a lion. Behind him proceeded the ruler of the Vangas, with ten thousand elephants, huge as hills, and each with juice trickling down. Beholding thy son, O king, (thus) advancing surrounded by that elephant division, that ranger of the night (*viz.*, Ghatotkacha) was highly inflamed with rage. Then commenced a battle with utmost vehemences that made the hair stand on end, between the formidable *Rakshasa* and the troops of Duryodhana. And beholding also that elephant division risen (on the horizon) like a cloud, the *Rakshasas,* inflamed with rage, rushed towards it, weapons in hand, and uttering diverse roars like clouds charged with lightning. With arrows and darts and swords and long shafts, as also with spears and mallets and battle-axes and short arrows, they began to smite down that elephant host. And they slew huge elephants with mountain-summits and large trees. While the *Rakshasas* slew those elephants, O king, we saw that some of them had their frontal globes smashed, some

were bathed in blood, and some had their limbs broken or cut through. At last when that elephant host was broken and thinned, Duryodhana, O king, rushed upon the *Rakshasas*, under the influence of rage and becoming reckless of his very life. And that mighty warrior sped clouds of sharp shafts at the *Rakshasas*. And that great bowman slew many of their foremost warriors. Inflamed with rage, O chief of the Bharatas, that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, thy son Duryodhana, then slew with four shafts four of the principal *Rakshasas*, *viz.*, Vegavat, Maharudra, Vidyujihva, and Pramathin. And once again, O chief of the Bharatas, that warrior of immeasurable soul, sped at the *Rakshasa* host showers of arrows that could with difficulty be resisted. Beholding that great feat of thy son, O sire, the mighty son of Bhimasena blazed up with wrath. Drawing his large bow effulgent as the lightning, he rushed impetuously at the wrathful Duryodhana. Beholding him (thus) rushing like Death himself commissioned by the Destroyer, thy son Duryodhana, O king, shook not at all. With eyes red in anger, and excited with rage, Ghatotkacha then, addressing thy son, said, 'I shall today be freed from the debt I owe to my sires, as also to my mother, they that had so long been exiled by thy cruel self. The sons of Pandu, O king, were vanquished by thee in that match at dice. Drupada's daughter Krishna also, while ill and, therefore, clad in a single raiment, was brought into the assembly and great trouble was given by thee in diverse ways, O thou most wicked, unto her. While dwelling also in her sylvan retreat, thy well-wisher, that wicked wight, *viz.*, the ruler of the Sindhus, persecuted her further, disregarding my sires. For these and other wrongs, O wretch of thy race, I shall today take vengeance if thou dost not quit the field.' Having said these words, Hidimva's son, drawing his gigantic bow, biting his (nether) lip with his teeth, and licking the corners of his mouth, covered Duryodhana with a profuse shower, like a mass of clouds covering the mountain-breast with torrents of rain in the rainy season."

SECTION XCIII

Sanjaya said,—"That arrowy shower, difficult of being borne by even the *Danavas*, king Duryodhana, however, (quietly) bore in that battle, like a gigantic elephant bearing a shower (from the blue).[1] Then filled with anger and sighing like a snake, thy son, O bull of Bharata's race, was placed in a position of great danger. He then shot five and twenty sharp arrows of keen points. These, O king, fell with great force on that bull among

[1]The last word of the second line is variously read. The Bengal reading is *Mahadwijas* probably implying *Garuda*, the prince of birds. I have adopted the Bombay reading.

Rakshasas, like angry snakes of virulent poison on the breast of Gandhamadana. Pierced with those shafts, blood trickled down the *Rakshasa's* body and he looked like an elephant with rent temples.[1] Thereupon that cannibal set his heart upon the destruction of the (Kuru) king. And he took up a huge dart that was capable of piercing even a mountain. Blazing with light, effulgent as a large meteor, it flamed with radiance like the lightning itself. And the mighty-armed Ghatotkacha, desirous of slaying thy son, raised that dart. Beholding that dart upraised, the ruler of the Vangas mounting upon an elephant huge as a hill, drove towards the *Rakshasa*. On the field of battle, with the mighty elephant of great speed. Bhagadatta placed himself in the very front of Duryodhana's car. And with that elephant he completely shrouded the car of thy son. Beholding then the way (to Duryodhana's car) thus covered by the intelligent king of the Vangas, the eyes of Ghatotkacha, O king, became red in anger. And he ruled that huge dart, before upraised, at that elephant. Struck, O king, with that dart hurled from the arms of Ghatotkacha, that elephant, covered with blood and in great agony, fell down and died. The mighty king of the Vangas, however, quickly jumping down from that elephant, alighted on the ground. Duryodhana then beholding the prince of elephants slain, and seeing also his troops broken and giving way, was filled with anguish. From regard, however, for a Kshatriya's duty[2] as also his own pride, the king, though defeated, stood firm like a hill. Filled with wrath and aiming a sharp arrow that resembled the *Yuga* fire in energy, he sped it at that fierce wanderer of the night. Beholding that arrow, blazing as Indra's bolt, thus coursing towards him, the high-souled Ghatotkacha baffled it by the celerity of his movements. With eyes red in wrath, he once more shouted fiercely, frightening all thy troops, like the clouds that appear at the end of the *Yuga*. Hearing those fierce roars of the terrible *Rakshasa*, Bhishma the son of Santanu, approaching the preceptor, said these words, 'These fierce roars that are heard, uttered by *Rakshasas*, without doubt indicate that Hidimva's son is battling with king Duryodhana. That *Rakshasa* is incapable of being vanquished in battle by any creature. Therefore, blessed be ye, go thither and protect the king. The blessed Duryodhana hath been attacked by the high-souled *Rakshasa*. Therefore, ye chastisers of foes, even this is our highest duty.[3]' Hearing those words of the grandsire, those mighty car-warriors without loss of time and with the utmost speed, proceeded to the spot where the king of the Kurus was. They met Duryodhana and Somadatta and Valhika and Jayadratha; and Kripa and Bhurisravas and Salya, and the two princes of Avanti along with Vrihadvala, and Aswatthaman and Vikarna, and Chitrasena and Vivinsati. And many thousands of other car-warriors, including all those that followed them, proceeded, desirous of rescuing thy son Duryodhana who had been hotly

[1] *i.e.*, with temporal juice trickling down.
[2] The duty consisted in not retreating from the field.
[3] *i.e.*, the rescue of the king.

pressed. Beholding that invincible division protected by those mighty car-warriors, coming towards him with hostile intentions, that best of *Rakshasas*, *viz*., the mighty-armed Ghatotkacha, stood firm like the Mainaka mountain, with a huge bow in hand, and surrounded by his kinsmen armed with clubs and mallets and diverse other kinds of weapons. Then commenced a fierce battle, making the hair stand on end, between those *Rakshasas* on the one side and that foremost of Duryodhana's divisions on the other. And the loud noise of twanging bows in that battle was heard, O king, on all sides resembling the noise made by burning bamboos. And the din produced by the weapons falling upon the coats of mail of the combatants resembled, O king, the noise of splitting hills. And the lances, O monarch, hurled by heroic arms, while coursing through the welkin, looked like darting snakes. Then, excited with great wrath and drawing his gigantic bow, the mighty-armed prince of the *Rakshasas*, uttering a loud roar, cut off, with a crescent-shaped arrow, the preceptor's bow in a rage. And overthrowing, with another broad-headed arrow, the standard of Somadatta, he uttered a loud yell. And he pierced Valhika with three shafts in the centre of the chest. And he pierced Kripa with one arrow, and Chitrasena with three. And with another arrow, well-armed and well-sped from his bow drawn to its fullest stretch, he struck Vikarna at the shoulder-joint. Thereupon the latter, covered with gore, sat down on the terrace of his car. Then that *Rakshasa* of immeasurable soul, excited with rage, O bull of Bharata's race, sped at Bhurisravas five and ten shafts. These, penetrating through the latter's armour, entered the earth. He then struck the chariot of Vivingsati and Aswatthaman. These fell down on the front of their cars, relinquishing the reins of the steeds. With another crescent-shaped shaft he overthrew the standard of Jayadratha bearing the device of a boar and decked with gold. And with a second arrow he cut off the latter's bow. And with eyes red in wrath, he slew with four shafts the four steeds of the high-souled king of Avanti. And with another arrow, O king, well-tempered and sharp, and shot from his bow drawn to its fullest stretch, he pierced king Vrihadvala. Deeply pierced and exceedingly pained, the latter sat down on the terrace of his car. Filled with great wrath and seated on his car, the prince of the *Rakshasas* then shot many bright arrows of keen points that resembled snakes of virulent poison. These, O king, succeeded in piercing Salya accomplished in battle."

SECTION XCIV

Sanjaya said, "Having in that battle made all those warriors (of thy army) turn their faces from the field, the *Rakshasa* then, O chief of the Bharatas, rushed at Duryodhana, desirous of slaying him. Beholding him

rushing with great impetuosity towards the king, many warriors of thy army, incapable of defeat in battle, rushed towards him (in return) from desire of slaying him. Those mighty car-warriors, drawing their bows that measured full six cubits long, and uttering loud roars like a herd of lions, all rushed together against that single warrior. And surrounding him on all sides, they covered him with their arrowy showers like the clouds covering the mountain-breast with torrents of rain in autumn. Deeply pierced with those arrows and much pained, he resembled then an elephant pierced with the hook. Quickly then he soared up into the firmament like Garuda. And (while there) he uttered many loud roars like the autumnal clouds, making the welkin and all the points of the compass, cardinal and subsidiary, resounded with those fierce cries. Hearing those roars of the *Rakshasa*, O chief of the Bharatas, king Yudhishthira then, addressing Bhima, said unto that chastiser of foes these words, 'The noise that we hear uttered by the fiercely-roaring *Rakshasa*, without doubt, indicates that he is battling with the mighty car-warriors of the Dhartarashtra army. I see also that the burden has proved heavier than what that bull among *Rakshasas* is able to bear. The grandsire, too, excited with rage, is ready to slaughter the Panchalas. For protecting them Phalguni is battling with the foe. O thou of mighty arms hearing now of these two tasks, both of which demand prompt attention, go and give succour to Hidimva's son who is placed in a position of very great danger.' Listening to these words of his brother, Vrikodara, with great speed, proceeded, frightening all the kings with his leonine roars, with great impetuosity, O king, like the ocean itself during the period of the new full moon. Him followed Satyadhriti and Sauchiti difficult of being vanquished in battle, and Srenimat, and Vasudana and the powerful son of the ruler of Kasi, and many car-warriors headed by Abhimanyu, as also those mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, the sons of Draupadi, and the valiant Kshatradeva, and Kshatradharman, and Nila, the ruler of the low countries, at the head of his own forces. And these surrounded the son of Hidimva with a large division of cars (for aiding him).[1] And they advanced to the rescue of Ghatotkacha, that prince of the *Rakshasas*, with the six thousand elephants, always infuriate and accomplished in smiting. And with their loud leonine roars, and the clatter of their car-wheels, and with the tread of their horse's hoofs, they made the very earth to tremble. Hearing the din of those advancing warriors the faces of thy troops who were filled with anxiety in consequence of their fear of Bhimasena became pale. Leaving Ghatotkacha then they all fled away. Then commenced in that part of the field a dreadful battle between those high-souled warriors and thine, both of whom were unretreating. Mighty car-warriors, hurling diverse kinds of the weapons, chased and smote one another. That fierce battle striking terror into the hearts of the timid, was such that the different classes of combatants became entangled with one another. Horses

[1]In the second line of 15, the Bengal reading *saravarshena* is incorrect. The Bombay reading *Rathavansena* is what I follow.

engaged with elephants and foot-soldiers with car-warriors. And challenging one another, O king, they engaged in the fight.[1] And in consequence of that clash of cars, steeds, elephants, and foot-soldiers, a thick dust appeared, raised by the car-wheels and the tread (of those combatants and animals). And that dust, thick and of the colour of reddish smoke, shrouded the field of battle. And the combatants were unable to distinguish their own from the foe. Sire recognised not the son, and son recognised not the sire, in that dreadful engagement which made the hair stand on end and in which no consideration was shown (by any one for any body). And the noise made by the hissing weapons and the shouting combatants resembled, O chief of Bharata's race, that made by departed spirits (in the infernal regions). And there flowed a river whose current consisted of the blood of elephants and steeds and men. And the hair (of the combatants) formed its weeds and moss. And in that battle heads falling from the trunks of men made a loud noise like that of a falling shower of stones. And the earth was strewn with the headless trunks of human beings, with mangled bodies of elephants and with the hacked limbs of steeds. And mighty car-warriors chased one another for smiting one another down, and hurled diverse kinds of weapons. Steeds, urged by their riders and falling upon steeds, dashed against one another and fell down deprived of life. And men, with eyes red in wrath, rushing against men and striking one another with their chests, smote one another down. And elephants, urged by their guides against hostile elephants, slew their compeers in that battle, with the points of their tusks. Covered with blood in consequence of their wounds and decked with standards (on their backs), elephants were entangled with elephants and looked like masses of clouds charged with lightning. And some amongst them mounted (by others) with the points of their tusks, and some with their frontal globes split with lances, ran hither and thither with loud shrieks like masses of roaring clouds. And some amongst them with their trunks lopped off,[2] and others with mangled limbs, dropped down in that dreadful battle like mountains shorn of their wings.[3] Other huge elephants, copiously shedding blood from their flanks, ripped open by compeers, looked like mountains with (liquified) red chalk running down their sides (after a shower).[4] Others, slain with shafts or pierced with lances and deprived of their riders, looked like mountains deprived of their crests.[5] Some amongst them, possessed by wrath and blinded (with fury) in

[1]The Bengal reading *hayais* in the instrumental plural is incorrect. The Bombay text reads *hayas* (nom. plural). This is correct.

[2]Literally, 'divided in twin'.

[3]Mountains, in Hindu mythology, had wings, till they were shorn of these by Indra with his thunder. Only *Mainaka*, the son of Himavat, saved himself by a timely flight. To this day he conceals himself within the ocean.

[4]The Bengal reading of the first line of this verse is vicious. The true reading is *parswaistudaritairanye*. Both *parsa* and *darita* should be (as here) in the instrumental plural, and *anye* should be in the nom. plural.

[5]The correct reading, as settled by the Burdwan Pundits, is *Hataroha vyodrisyanta*. Some texts have *Hayaroha* which is incorrect.

consequence of the juice (trickling down their temples and cheeks).[1] and no longer restrained with the hook, crushed cars and steeds and foot-soldiers in that battle by hundreds. And so steeds, attacked by horsemen with bearded darts and lances, rushed against their assailants, as if agitating the points of the compass. Car-warriors of noble parentage and prepared to lay down their lives, encountering car-warriors, fought fearlessly, relying upon their utmost might. The combatants, O king, seeking glory or heaven, struck one another in that awful press, as if in a marriage by self-choice. During however, that dreadful battle making the hair stand on end, the Dhartarashtra troops generally were made to run their backs on the field."

SECTION XCV

Sanjaya said, "Beholding his own troops slain, king Duryodhana then excited with wrath, rushed towards Bhimasena, that chastiser of foes. Taking up a large bow whose effulgence resembled that of Indra's bolt, he covered the son of Pandu with a thick shower of arrows. And filled with rage, and aiming a sharp crescent-shaped shaft winged with feathers, he cut off Bhimasena's bow. And that mighty car-warrior, noticing an opportunity, quickly aimed at his adversary a whetted shaft capable of riving the very hills. With that (shaft), that mighty-armed (warrior) struck Bhimasena in the chest. Deeply pierced with that arrow, and exceedingly pained, and licking the corners of his mouth, Bhimasena of great energy caught hold of his flag-staff decked with gold. Beholding Bhimasena in that cheerless state, Ghatotkacha blazed up with wrath like an all-consuming conflagration. Then many mighty car-warriors of the Pandava army, headed by Abhimanyu and with wrath generated (in their bosoms), rushed at the king shouting loudly. Beholding them (thus) advancing (to the fight) filled with wrath and in great fury, Bharadwaja's son addressing the mighty car-warriors (of thy side), said these words,— 'Go quickly, blessed be ye, and protect the king. Sinking in an ocean of distress, he is placed in a situation of great danger. These mighty car-warriors of the Pandava army, these great bowmen, placing Bhimasena at their head, are rushing towards Duryodhana, shooting and hurling diverse kinds of weapons, resolved upon winning success, uttering terrible shouts, and frightening the kings (on your side)'. Hearing these words of the preceptor, many warriors of thy side headed by Somadatta rushed

[1]"Blinded cheeks." The Sanskrit word is *madandha*. Literally rendered, it would be "juice-blind". This can scarcely be intelligible to the general European reader. Hence the long-winded adjectival clause I have used.

upon the Pandava ranks. Kripa and Bhurisravas and Salya, and Drona's son and Vivingsati, and Chitrasena and Vikarna, and the ruler of the Sindhus, and Vrihadvala, and those two mighty bowmen, *viz.*, the two princes of Avanti, surrounded the Kuru king. Advancing only twenty steps, the Pandavas and the Dhartarashtras began to strike, desirous of slaughtering each other. The mighty-armed son of Bharadwaja also, having said those words (unto the Dhartarashtra warriors), stretched his own large bow and pierced Bhima with six and twenty arrows. And once again that mighty car-warrior speedily covered Bhimasena with a shower of arrows like a mass of clouds dropping torrents of rain on the mountain-breasts in the rainy season. That mighty bowman Bhimasena, however, of great strength, speedily pierced him in return with ten shafts on the left side. Deeply pierced with those arrows and exceedingly pained, O Bharata, the preceptor, enfeebled as he is with age, suddenly sat down on the terrace of his car, deprived of consciousness. Beholding him thus pained, king Duryodhana himself, and Aswatthaman also, excited with wrath, both rushed towards Bhimasena. Beholding those two warriors advance, each like Yama as he shows himself at the end of the *Yuga*, the mighty-armed Bhimasena, quickly taking up a mace, and jumping down from his car without loss of time, stood immovable like a hill, with that heavy mace resembling the very club of Yama, upraised in battle. Beholding him with mace (thus) upraised and looking (on that account) like the crested Kailasa, both the Kuru king and Drona's son rushed towards him. Then the mighty Bhimasena himself rushed impetuously at those two foremost of men thus rushing together towards him with great speed. Beholding him thus rushing in fury and with terrible expression of face, many mighty car-warriors of the Kaurava army speedily proceeded towards him. Those car-warriors headed by Bharadwaja's son, impelled by the desire of slaughtering Bhimasena, hurled at his breast diverse kinds of weapons, and thus all of them together afflicted Bhima from all sides. Beholding that mighty car-warrior thus afflicted and placed in a situation of great peril, many mighty car-warriors of the Pandava army, headed by Abhimanyu, and prepared to lay down dear life itself, rushed to the spot, desirous of rescuing him. The heroic ruler of the low country, the dear friend of Bhima, *viz.*, Nila, looking like a mass of blue clouds, rushed at Drona's son, filled with wrath. A great bowman, Nila always desired an encounter with Drona's son. Drawing his large bow, he pierced the son of Drona with many winged arrows, like Sakra in days of old, O king, piercing the invincible *Danava* Viprachitti, that terror of the celestials, who, moved by anger frightened the three worlds by his energy. Pierced after the same way by Nila with his well-shot arrows winged with feathers, Drona's son, covered with blood and exceedingly pained, was filled with wrath. Drawing then his large bow, of twang loud as the roar of Indra's thunder, that foremost of intelligent persons set his heart upon the destruction of Nila. Aiming then a few bright shafts of broad heads and sharpened by the hands of their forger, he slew the four steeds of his adversary and overthrew also

his standard. And with the seventh shaft he pierced Nila himself in the chest. Deeply pierced and exceedingly pained, he sat down on the terrace of his car. Beholding king Nila, who looked like a mass of blue clouds, in a swoon, Ghatotkacha, filled with wrath and surrounded by his kinsmen, rushed impetuously towards Drona's son, that ornament of battle. Similarly many other *Rakshasas*, incapable of being easily defeated in battle, rushed at Aswatthaman. Beholding then that *Rakshasa* of terrible mien coming towards him, the valiant son of Bharadwaja impetuously rushed towards him. Filled with wrath he slew many *Rakshasas* of formidable visage, that is, those wrathful ones amongst them who were in Ghatotkacha's van. Beholding them repulsed from the encounter by means of the shafts shot from the bow of Drona's son, Bhimasena's son Ghatotkacha of gigantic size was filled with rage. He then exhibited a fierce and awful illusion. Therewith that prince of the *Rakshasas*, endued with extraordinary powers of illusion, confounded the son of Drona in that battle. Then all thy troops, in consequence of that illusion, turned their backs upon the field. They beheld one another cut down and lying prostrate on the surface of the earth, writhing convulsively, perfectly helpless, and bathed in blood. Drona and Duryodhana and Salya and Aswatthaman, and other great bowmen that were regarded as foremost among the Kauravas, also seemed to fly away. All the car-warriors seemed to be crushed, and all the kings seemed to be slain. And horses and horse-riders seemed to be cut down in thousands. Beholding all this, thy troops fled away towards their tents. And although, O king, both myself and Devavrata cried out at the top of our voices, saying, 'Fight, do not fly away, all this is *Rakshasa* illusion in battle, applied by Ghatotkacha.' Yet they stopped not, their senses having been confounded. Although both of us said so, still struck with panic, they gave no credit to our words. Beholding them fly away the Pandavas regarded the victory to be theirs. With Ghatotkacha (among them) they uttered many leonine shouts. And all around they filled the air with their shouts mingled with the blare of their conches and the beat of their drums. It was thus that thy whole army, routed by the wicked Ghatotkacha, towards the hour of sunset, fled away in all directions.' "

SECTION XCVI

Sanjaya said, "After that great battle, king Duryodhana, approaching Ganga's son and saluting him with humility, began to narrate to him all that had happened about the victory won by Ghatotkacha and his own defeat. That invincible warrior, O king, sighing repeatedly, said these words unto Bhishma, the grandsire of the Kurus, 'O lord, relying upon thee, as Vasudeva hath been (relied upon) by the foe, a fierce war hath been

commenced by me with the Pandavas. These eleven *Akshauhinis* of celebrated troops that I have, are, with myself, obedient to thy command, O chastiser of foes. O tiger among the Bharatas, though thus situated, yet have I been defeated into battle by the Pandava warriors headed by Bhimasena relying upon Ghatotkacha. It is this that consumeth my limbs like fire consuming dry tree. O blessed one, O chastiser of foes, I therefore, desire, through thy grace, O grandsire, to slay Ghatotkacha myself, that worst of *Rakshasas*, relying upon thy invincible self. It behoveth thee to see that wish of mine may be fulfilled.' Hearing these words of the king, that foremost one among the Bharatas, *viz.*, Bhishma, the son of Santanu, said these words unto Duryodhana, 'Listen, O king, to these words of mine that I say unto thee, O thou of Kuru's race, about the way in which thou, O chastiser of foes, shouldst always behave. One's own self, under all circumstances, should be protected in battle, O repressor of foes. Thou shouldst always, O sinless one, battle with king Yudhishthira—the Just, or with Arjuna, or with the twins, or with Bhimasena. Keeping the duty of a king before himself, a king striketh a king. Myself, and Drona, and Kripa, and Drona's son, and Kritavarman of the Satwata race, and Salya, and Somadatta's son, and that mighty car-warrior Vikarna, and thy heroic brothers headed by Dussasana, will all, for thy sake, battle against that mighty *Rakshasas*. Or if thy grief on account of that fierce prince of the *Rakshasas* be too great, let this one proceed in battle against that wicked warrior, that is to say, king Bhagadatta who is equal unto Purandara himself in fight'. Having said this much unto the king, the grandsire skilled in speech then addressed Bhagadatta in the presence of the (Kuru) king, saying, 'Proceed quickly, O great monarch, against that invincible warrior, *viz.*, the son of Hidimva. Resist in battle, with care, and in view of all the bowmen, that *Rakshasa* of cruel deeds, like Indra in days of old resisting Taraka. Thy weapons are celestial. Thy prowess also is great, O chastiser of foes. In days of old many have been the encounters that thou hadst with *Asura*, O tiger among kings, thou art that *Rakshasa's* match in great battle. Strongly supported by thy own troops, slay, O king, that bull among *Rakshasas*'. Hearing these words of Bhishma the generalissimo (of the Kaurava army), Bhagadatta specially set out with a leonine roar facing the ranks of the foe. Beholding him advance towards them like a mass of roaring clouds, many mighty car-warriors of the Pandava army proceeded against him, inflamed with wrath. They were Bhimasena, and Abhimanyu and the *Rakshasa* Ghatotkacha; and the sons of Draupadi, and Satyadhriti, and Kshatradeva, O sire, and the rulers of the Chedis, and Vasudana, and the king of the Dasarnas. Bhagadatta then, on his elephant named Supratika, rushed against them. Then commenced a fierce and awful battle between the Pandavas and Bhagadatta, that increased the population of Yama's kingdom. Shafts of terrible energy and great impetuosity, shot by car-warriors, fell, O king, on elephants and cars. Huge elephants with rent temples and trained (to the fight) by their guides, approaching fell upon one another fearlessly. Blind (with fury) in consequence

of the temporal juice trickling down their bodies, and excited with rage, attacking one another with their tusks resembling stout bludgeons, they pierced one another with the points of those weapons.[1] Graced with excellent tails, and ridden by warriors armed with lances, steeds, urged by those riders fell fearlessly and with great impetuosity upon one another. And foot-soldiers, attacked by bodies of foot-soldiers with darts and lances, fell down on the earth by hundreds and thousands. And car-warriors upon their cars, slaughtering heroic adversaries in that battle by means of barbed arrows and muskets and shafts, uttered leonine shouts.[2] And during the progress of the battle making the hair stand on end, that great bowman, *viz.*, Bhagadatta, rushed towards Bhimasena, on his elephant of rent temples and with juice trickling down in seven currents and resembling (on that account) a mountain with (as many) rillets flowing down its breast after a shower. And he came, O sinless one, scattering thousands of arrows from the head of Supratika (whereon he stood) like the illustrious Purandara himself on his Airavata. King Bhagadatta afflicted Bhimasena with that arrowy shower like the clouds afflicting the mountain breast with torrents of rain on the expiry of summer. That mighty bowman Bhimasena, however, excited with rage, slew by his arrowy showers the combatants numbering more than a hundred, that protected the flanks and rear of Bhagadatta.[3] Beholding them slain, the valiant Bhagadatta, filled with rage, urged his prince of elephants towards Bhimasena's car. That elephant, thus urged by him, rushed impetuously like an arrow propelled from the bowstring towards Bhimasena, that chastiser of foes. Beholding that elephant advancing, the mighty car-warriors of the Pandava army, placing Bhimasena at their head, themselves rushed towards it. Those warriors were the (five) Kekaya princes, and Abhimanyu, and the (five) sons of Draupadi and the heroic ruler of the Dasarnas, and Kshatradeva also, O sire, and the ruler of the Chedis, and Chitraketu. And all these mighty warriors came, inflamed with anger, and exhibiting their excellent celestial weapons. And they all surrounded in anger that single elephant (on which their adversary rode). Pierced with many shafts, that huge elephant, covered with gore flowing from his wounds, looked resplendent like a prince of mountain variegated with (liquified) red chalk (after a shower). The ruler of the

[1]The first line is evidently pleonastic. Sanskrit, however, being very copious, repetitions can scarcely be marked at the first glance. Literally rendered, the original is—"Juice-blind and excited with rage." 'Juice-blind,' I have explained elsewhere.

[2]The word I render "muskets" is *nalika* sometime ago the Bharata (a Bengali periodical of Calcutta edited by Babu Dwijendra Nath Tagore) in a paper on Hindu weapons of warfare from certain quotations from the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, argued that the *nalika* must have been some kind of musket vomiting bullets of iron in consequence of some kind of explosive force. The *Rishis* discouraged use of *nalika*, declaring them to be barbarous and fit only for kings that would come in the Kali age.

[3]*Padarakshan* lit., those that protected the feet (for any warrior of note). These always stood at the flanks and rear of the warrior they protected. In the case of car-warriors these were called *chakra-rakshas* (protectors of the wheels). So we have *Parshni-rakshas* and *Prishata-rakshas*', &c.

Dasarnas then, on an elephant that resembled a mountain, rushed towards Bhagadatta's elephant. That prince of elephants, however, *viz.*, Supratika, bore (the rush of) that advancing compeer like the continent bearing (the rush of) the surging sea. Beholding that elephant of the high souled king of the Dasarnas thus resisted, even the Pandava troops, applauding, cried out 'Excellent, excellent !' Then that best of kings, *viz.*, the ruler of the Pragjyotishas, excited with rage, sped four and ten lances at that elephant. These, speedily penetrating through the excellent armour, decked with gold, that covered the animal's body, entered into it, like snakes entering ant-hills. Deeply pierced and exceedingly pained, that elephant, O chief of the Bharatas, its fury quelled, speedily turned back with great force. And it fled away with great swiftness, uttering frightful shrieks, and crushing the Pandava ranks like the tempest crushing trees with its violence. After that elephant was (thus) vanquished, the mighty car-warriors of the Pandava army, uttering loud leonine shouts, approached for battle. Placing Bhima at their head, they rushed at Bhagadatta scattering diverse kinds of arrows and diverse kinds of weapons. Hearing the fierce shouts, O king, of those advancing warriors swelling with rage and vengeance, that great bowman Bhagadatta, filled with rage and perfectly fearless, urged his own elephant. That prince of elephants then, thus urged with the hook and the toe, soon assumed the form of the (all-destructive) *Samvarta* fire (that appears at the end of the *Yuga*). Crushing crowds of cars and (hostile) compeers and steeds with riders, in that battle, it began, O king, to turn hither and thither. Filled with rage it also crushed foot-soldiers by hundreds and thousands. Attacked and agitated by that elephant, that large force of the Pandavas shrank in dimensions, O king, like a piece of leather exposed to the heat of fire. Beholding, then the Pandava array broken by the intelligent Bhagadatta, Ghatotkacha, of fierce mien, O king, with blazing face and eyes red as fire, filled with rage, rushed towards him. Assuming a terrible form and burning with wrath, he took up a bright dart capable of riving the very hills. Endued with great strength, he forcibly hurled that dart that emitted blazing flames from every part desirous of slaying that elephant. Beholding it coursing towards him with great impetuosity, the ruler of the Pragjyotishas sped at it a beautiful but fierce and sharp arrow with a crescent head. Possessed of great energy he cut off that dart with that arrow of his. Thereupon that dart, decked with gold, thus divided in twain, dropped down on the ground, like the bolt of heaven, hurled by Indra, flashing through the welkin. Beholding that dart (of his adversary), O king, divided in twain and fallen on the ground, Bhagadatta took up a large javelin furnished with a golden staff and resembling a flame of fire in effulgence, and hurled it at the Rakshasa, saying, 'Wait, Wait'. Seeing it coursing towards him like the bolt of heaven through the welkin, the Rakshasa jumped up and speedily seizing it uttered a loud shout. And quickly placing it against his knee, O Bharata, he broke it in the very sight of all the kings. All this seemed exceedingly wonderful. Beholding that feat achieved by the mighty Rakshasa, the celestials in the firmament, with the *Gandharvas*

and the *Munis,* were filled with wonder. And the Pandava warriors also, headed by Bhimasena, filled the earth with cries of '*Excellent, Excellent*'. Hearing, however, those loud shouts of the rejoicing Pandavas, that great bowman, *viz.*, the valiant Bhagadatta, could not bear it (coolly). Drawing his large bow whose effulgence resembled that of Indra's bolt, he roared with great energy at the mighty car-warriors of the Pandava army, shooting at the same time many bright arrows of great sharpness and possessed of the effulgence of fire. And he pierced Bhima with one arrow, and the Rakshasa with nine. And he pierced Abhimanyu with three, and the Kekaya brothers with five. And with another straight arrow shot from his bow drawn to its fullest stretch, he pierced, in that battle, the right arm of Kshatradeva. Thereupon the latter's bow with arrow fixed on the bowstring dropped down from his hand. And he struck the five sons of Draupadi with five arrows. And from wrath, he slew the steeds of Bhimasena. And with three shafts winged with feathers, he cut down Bhimasena's standard bearing the device of a lion. And with three other shafts he pierced Bhima's charioteer. Deeply pierced by Bhagadatta in that battle, and exceedingly pained, Visoka thereupon, O chief of the Bharatas, sat down on the terrace of the car. Then, O king, that foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, Bhima, thus deprived of his car, quickly jumped down from his large vehicle taking up his mace. Beholding him with mace upraised and looking like a crested hill, all thy troops, O Bharata, became filled with great fear. Just at this time that son of Pandu who had Krishna for his charioteer, O king, slaughtering the foe on all sides as he came, appeared at that spot where those tigers among men, those mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, Bhimasena and Ghatotkacha, sire and son, were engaged with the ruler of the Pragjyotishas. Beholding his brothers, those mighty car-warriors, engaged in battle, that son of Pandu quickly commenced to fight, profusely scattering his shafts, O chief of the Bharatas. Then that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, king Duryodhana, speedily urged on a division of his troops abounding with cars and elephants. Towards that mighty division of the Kauravas thus advancing with impetuosity, Arjuna of white steeds rushed with great impetuosity. Bhagadatta also, upon that elephant of his, O Bharata, crushing the Pandava ranks, rushed towards Yudhishthira. Then commenced a fierce battle between Bhagadatta, O sire, and the Panchalas, the Srinjayas, and the Kekayas, with upraised weapons. Then Bhimasena, in that battle told both Kesava and Arjuna in detail about the slaughter of Iravat as it had occurred."

SECTION XCVII

Sanjaya said, "Hearing that his son Iravat had been slain, Dhananjaya was filled with great grief and sighed like a snake. And addressing Vasava

in the midst of battle, he said these words, 'Without doubt, the high-souled Vidura of great wisdom had before seen (with his mind's eye) this awful destruction of the Kurus and the Pandavas. It was for this that he forbade king Dhritarashtra.[1] In this battle, O slayer of Madhu, many other heroes have been slain by the Kaurava and many amongst the Kauravas have similarly been slain by ourselves. O best of men, for the sake of wealth vile acts are being done. Fie upon that wealth for the sake of which such slaughter of kinsmen is being perpetrated. For him that hath no wealth, even death would be better than the acquisition of wealth by the slaughter of kinsmen. What, O Krishna, shall we gain by slaying our assembled kinsmen? Alas, for Duryodhana's fault, and also of Sakuni the son of Suvala, as also through the evil counsels of Karna, the Kshatriya race is being exterminated, O slayer of Madhu, I now understand, O mighty-armed one, that the king acted wisely by begging of Suyodhana[2] only half the kingdom, or, instead, only five villages. Alas, even that was not granted by that wicked-souled wight. Beholding so many brave Kshatriyas lying (dead) on the field of battle, I censure myself, (saying) fie upon the profession of a Kshatriya. The Kshatriyas will regard me powerless in battle. For this alone, I am battling. Else, O slayer of Madhu, this battle with kinsmen is distasteful to me. Urge the steeds on with speed towards the Dhartarashtra army, I will, with my two arms, reach the other shore of this ocean of battle that is so difficult to cross. There is no time, O Madhava, to lose in action'. Thus addressed by Partha, Kesava, that slayer of hostile heroes, urged those steeds of white hue endued with the speed of the wind. Then, O Bharata, loud was the noise that was heard among thy troops, resembling that of the ocean itself at full tide when agitated by the tempest.[3] In the afternoon, O king, the battle that ensued between Bhishma and the Pandavas was marked by noise that resembled the roar of the clouds. Then, O king, thy sons, surrounding Drona like the Vasus surrounding Vasava, rushed in the battle against Bhimasena. Then Santanu's son, Bhishma, and that foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, Kripa, and Bhagadatta, and Susarman, all went towards Dhananjaya. And Hridika's son (Kritavarman) and Valhika rushed towards Satyaki. And king Amvashta placed himself before Abhimanyu. And other great car-warriors, O king, encountered other great car-warriors. Then commenced a fierce battle that was terrible to behold. Bhimasena then, O king, beholding thy sons, blazed up with wrath in that battle, like fire with (a libation of) clarified butter. Thy sons, however, O monarch, covered that son of Kunti with their arrows like the clouds drenching the mountain-breast in the season of rains. While being (thus) covered in diverse ways by thy sons, O king, that hero, possessed of the activity of the tiger, licked

[1]In the first line of the 3rd verse, the Bengal reading is *bhayam*. The true reading, however, is *khayam*.

[2]In the second line of 8th, for the Bengal reading, *vachaymasa yodhanam*, the Bombay reading is *yachtacha Suyodhanam*. This is better. The Bengal reading has no meaning.

[3]Literally, "when its impetuosity is stirred up by the wind."

the corners of his mouth.[1] Then, O Bharata, Bhima felled Vyudoroska with a sharp horse-shoe-headed arrow. Thereupon that son of thine was deprived of life. With another broad-headed arrow, well-tempered and sharp, he then felled Kundalin like a lion overthrowing a smaller animal. Then, O sire, getting thy (other) sons (within reach of his arrows), he took up a number of shafts, sharp and well-tempered, and with careful aim speedily shot these at them. Those shafts, sped by that strong bowman, *viz.*, Bhimasena, felled thy sons, those mighty car-warriors, from their vehicles. (These sons of thine that were thus slain were) Anadhriti, and Kundabhedin, and Virata, and Dirghalochana, and Dirghavahu, and Suvahu, and Kanykadhyaja. While falling down (from their cars), O bull of Bharata's race, those heroes looked resplendent like falling mango trees variegated with blossoms in the spring. Then thy other sons, O monarch, fled away, regarding the mighty Bhimasena as Death himself. Then like the clouds pouring torrents of rain on the mountain breast, Drona in that battle covered with arrows from every side that hero who was thus consuming thy sons. The prowess that we then beheld of Kunti's son was exceedingly wonderful, for though held in check by Drona, he still slew thy sons. Indeed, as a bull beareth a shower of rain falling from above. Bhima cheerfully bore that shower of arrows shot by Drona. Wonderful, O monarch, was the feat that Vrikodara achieved there, for he slew thy sons in that battle and resisted Drona the while. Indeed, the elder brother of Arjuna sported amongst those heroic sons of thine, like a mighty tiger, O king, among a herd of deer. As a wolf, staying in the midst of a herd of deer, would chase and frighten those animals, so did Vrikodara, in that battle chase and frighten thy sons.

"Meanwhile, Ganga's son, and Bhagadatta, and that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, Gautama, began to resist Arjuna, that impetuous son of Pandu. That *Atiratha*, baffling with his weapons the weapons of those adversaries of his in that battle, despatched many prominent heroes of thy army to the abode of Death. Abhimanyu also, with his shafts, deprived that renowned and foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, king Amvashta, of his car. Deprived of his car and about to be slain by the celebrated son of Subhadra, that king quickly jumped down from his car in shame, and hurled his sword in that battle at the high-souled Abhimanyu. Then, that mighty monarch got up on the car of Hridika's son, conversant with all movements in battle, Subhadra's son, that slayer of hostile heroes, beholding that sword coursing towards him, baffled it by the celerity of his movements. Seeing that sword thus baffled in that battle by Subhadra's son, loud cries of 'well done' 'well done' were, O king, heard among the troops. Other warriors headed by Dhrishtadyumna battled with thy troops, while thy troops, also, all battled with those of the Pandavas. Then, O Bharata, fierce was the engagement that took place between thine and theirs, that combatants smiting

[1]The Bengal reading, which I adopt is *sardula iva vegavan*. The Bombay reading is *sardula iva darpitas*.

one another with great force and achieving the most difficult feats. Brave combatants, O sire, seizing one another by the hair, fought using their nails and teeth, and fists and knees, and palms and swords, and their well-proportioned arms. And seizing one another's *laches,* they despatched one another to the abode of Yama. Sire slew son, and son slew sire. Indeed, the combatants fought with one another, using every limb of theirs. Beautiful bows with golden staves, O Bharata, loosened from the grasp of slain warriors, and costly ornaments, and sharp shafts furnished with wings of pure gold or silver and washed with oil, looked resplendent (as they lay scattered on the field), the latter resembling, in particular, snakes that had cast off their slough. And swords furnished with ivory handles decked with gold, and the shield also of bowmen, variegated with gold, lay on the field, loosened from their grasp. Bearded darts and axes and swords and javelins. all decked with gold, beautiful coats of mail, and heavy and short bludgeons, and spiked clubs, and battle-axes, and short arrows, O sire, and elephants' housings of diverse shapes, and yak tails, and fans, lay scattered on the field. And mighty car-warriors lay on the field with diverse kinds of weapons in their hands or beside them, and looking alive, though the breath of life had gone.[1] And men lay on the field with limbs shattered with maces and heads smashed with clubs, or crushed by elephants, steeds, and cars. And the earth, strewn in many places with the bodies of slain steeds, men, and elephants, looked beautiful, O king, as if strewn with hills. And the field of battle lay covered with fallen darts and swords and arrows and lances and scimitars and axes and bearded darts and iron crows and battle-axes, and spiked clubs and short arrows and *Sataghnis*[2] and bodies mangled with weapons. And, O slayer of foes, covered with blood, warriors lay prostrate on the field, some deprived of life and therefore, in the silence of death, and others uttering low moans. And the earth, strewn with those bodies, presented a variegated sight. And strewn with the arms of strong warriors smeared with sandal paste and decked with leathern fences and bracelets, with tapering thighs resembling the trunks of elephants, and with fallen heads, graced with gems attached to turbans and with ear-rings of large-eyed combatants, O Bharata, the earth assumed a beautiful sight. And the field of battle, overspread with blood, dyed coats of mail and golden ornaments of many kinds, looked exceedingly beautiful as if with (scattered) fires of mild flames. And with ornaments of diverse kinds fallen off from their places, with bows lying about, with arrows of golden wings scattered around, with many broken cars adorned with rows of bells, with many slain steeds scattered about covered with blood and with their tongues protruding, with bottoms of cars, standards, quivers, and banners, with gigantic conches, belonging to great heroes, of milky whiteness lying about, and with trunkless elephants lying prostrate, the earth looked beautiful

[1]In the first line of 54, the Bombay reading *pragrihya* is better than the Bengal reading *visrijya.*

[2]Literally, *hundred-slayers*; supposed to be a kind of rockets.

like a damsel adorned with diverse kinds of ornaments. And there, with other elephants pierced with lances and in great agony, and frequently uttering low moans with their trunks, the field of battle looked beautiful as if with moving hills. With blankets of diverse hue, and housings of elephants, with beautiful hooks falling about having handles decked with stones of *lapis lazuli,* with bells lying about that had adorned gigantic elephants, with clean and variegated cloths as also skins of the *Ranku* deer, with beautiful neck-chains of elephants, with gold-decked girths, with broken engines of diverse kinds, with bearded darts decked with gold, with embroidered housings of steeds, embrowned with dust, with the lopped off arms of cavalry soldiers, decked with bracelets and lying about, with polished and sharp lances and bright swords, with variegated head-gears fallen off (from heads) and scattered about, with beautiful crescent-shaped arrows decked with gold, with housings of steeds, with skins of the *Ranku* deer, torn and crushed, with beautiful and costly gems that decked the head-gears of kings, with their umbrellas lying about and yak tails and fans, with faces, bright as the lotus or the moon, of heroic warriors, decked with beautiful ear-rings and graced with well-cut beards, lying about and radiant with other ornaments of gold, the earth looked like the firmament besmangled with planets and stars. Thus, O Bharata, the two armies, *viz.*, thine and theirs, encountering each other in battle, crushed each other. And after the combatants had been fatigued, routed, and crushed, O Bharata, dark night set in and the battle could no longer be seen. Thereupon both the Kurus and the Pandavas withdrew their armies, when that awful night of pitchy darkness came. And having withdrawn their troops, both the Kurus and the Pandavas took rest for the night, retiring to their respective tents."

SECTION XCVIII

Sanjaya said, "Then king Duryodhana, and Sakuni the son of Suvala, and thy son Dussasana, and the invincible *Suta's* son (Karna) meeting together, consulted in the following way. How could the sons of Pandu, with their followers, be vanquished in battle? Even this was the subject of their consultation. Then king Duryodhana, addressing the *Suta's* son and the mighty Sakuni, said unto all those counsellors of his, 'Drona, Bhishma, and Kripa, and Salya and Somadatta's son do not resist the Parthas. I do not know what the cause is of such conduct (of theirs). Unslain by any of these, the Pandavas are destroying my forces. Therefore, O Karna, I am becoming weaker in strength and my weapons also are being exhausted. I am deceived by the heroic Pandavas—they that are incapable of being vanquished by the very gods. Doubt filleth my mind as to

ow, indeed, I shall succeed is smiting them in battle.' Unto the ing who said so, O great monarch, the *Suta's* son answered, 'Do not grieve, O chief of the Bharata. Even I will do what is agreeable to thee. Let Santanu's son Bhishma soon withdraw from the great battle. After Ganga's son will have withdrawn from the fight and laid aside his weapons, will slay the Partha along with all the Somakas, in the very sight f Bhishma. I pledge my truth, O king. Indeed, Bhishma every day showeth ercy towards the Pandavas. He is, besides incapable of vanquishing those ighty car-warriors. Bhishma is proud of showing his prowess in battle. He is again, very fond of fight. Why, O sire, will he, therefore, vanquish he assembled Pandavas (for then the battle will be over) ? Therefore, epairing without delay to the tent of Bhishma, solicit that old and everend signior to lay aside his weapons. After he will have laid side his weapons, O Bharata, think the Pandavas as already slain, vith all their friends and kinsmen, O king, by myself alone.' Thus addressed y Karna, thy son Duryodhana then said unto his brother Dussasana hese words, 'See, O Dussasana, that without delay that all who walk in ny train be dressed.' Having said these words, O monarch, the king addres- ed Karna, saying, 'Having caused Bhishma, that foremost of men, o consent to this, I will, without delay, come to thee, O chastiser f foes. After Bhishma will have retired from the fight, thou wilt mite (the foe) in battle'. Then thy son, O monarch, set out without delay, ccompanied by his brothers like He of a hundred sacrifices (accompanied) y the gods. Then his brother Dussasana caused that tiger among ing, endued, besides, with the prowess of a tiger, to mount on his horse. Graced with bracelets, with diadem on head, and adorned with other orna- ents on his arms. O king, thy son shone brightly as he proceeded along he streets. Smeared with fragrant sandal-paste of the hue of the *Bhandi* ower and bright as burnished gold, and clad in clean vestments, nd proceeding with the sportive gait of the lion, Duryodhana looked eautiful like the Sun of brilliant radiance in the firmament. And as that ger among men proceeded towards the tent of Bhishma, many mighty owmen, celebrated over the world, followed him behind. And his brothers lso walked in his train, like the celestials walking behind Vasava. And thers, foremost of men, mounted upon steeds, and others again n elephants, O Bharata, and others on cars, surrounded him on all sides. And many amongst those that wished him well, taking up arms for the rotection on his royal self, appeared there in large bodies, like the celestials urrounding Sakra in heaven. The mighty chief of the Kurus, adored by ll the Kauravas, thus proceeded, O king, towards the quarters of the enowned son of Ganga. Ever followed and surrounded, by his uterine rothers, he proceeded, often raising his right arm, massive and resembling he trunk of an elephant and capable of resisting all foes. And with that rm of his, he accepted the regards that were paid to him from all sides y by-standers who stood raising towards him their joined hands. And e heard, as he journeyed, the sweet voices of the natives of diverse

realms. Of great fame, he was eulogised by bards and eulogists. And in return that great king paid his regards unto them all. And many high-souled persons stood around him with lighted lamps of gold fed with fragrant oil. And surrounded with golden lamps, the king looked radiant like the Moon attended by the blazing planets around him. And (attendants) with head-gears decked with gold, having canes and *Jhariharas* in hand, softly caused the crowd all around to make way. The king then, having reached the excellent quarters of Bhishma, alighted from his horse. And arrived at Bhishma's presence, that ruler of men saluted Bhishma and then sat himself down on an excellent seat that was made of gold, beautiful throughout and overlaid with a rich coverlet. With hands joined, eyes bathed in tears, and voice chocked in grief, he then addressed Bhishma, saying, 'Taking thy protection, this battle, O slayer of foes, we ventured to vanquish the very gods and the *Asuras* with Indra at their head. What shall I say, therefore, of the sons of Pandu, heroic though they be, with their kinsmen and friends ? Therefore, O son of Ganga, it behoveth thee, O lord, to show me mercy. Slay the brave sons of Pandu like Mahendra slaying the *Danavas*.—I will slay, O king, all the Somakas and the Panchalas and the Karushas along with the Kekayas, O Bharata—these were thy words to me. Let these words become true. Slay the assembled Parthas, and those mighty bowmen, *viz*., the Somakas. Make thy words true, O Bharata. If from kindness (for the Pandavas), O king, or from thy hatred of my unfortunate self, thou sparest the Pandavas, then permit Karna, that ornament of battle, to fight. He will vanquish in battle the Parthas with all their friends and kinsmen. The king, thy son Duryodhana having said this, shut his lips without saying anything more to Bhishma of terrible prowess."

SECTION XCIX

Sanjaya said, "The high-souled Bhishma, deeply pierced with wordy daggers by thy son, became filled with great grief. But he said not a single disagreeable word in reply. Indeed, mangled by those wordy daggers and filled with grief and rage, he sighed like a snake and reflected (in silence) for a long while. Raising his eyes then, and as if consuming, from wrath, the world with the celestials, the *Asuras,* and the *Gandharvas,* that foremost of persons conversant with the world, then addressed thy son and said unto him these tranquil words, 'Why, O Duryodhana, dost thou pierce me thus with thy wordy daggers? I always endeavour to the utmost of my might to achieve, and do achieve, what is for thy good. Indeed, from desire of doing what is agreeable to thee, I am prepared to cast away my life in battle. The Pandavas are

really invincible. When the brave son of Pandu gratified Agni in the forest of Khandava, having vanquished Sakra himself in battle, even that is a sufficient indication.[1] When, O mighty-armed one, the same son of Pandu rescued thee while thou wert being led away a captive by the *Gandharvas,* even that is a sufficient indication. On that occasion, O lord, thy brave uterine brothers had all fled, as also Radha's son of the *Suta* caste. That (rescue, therefore, by Arjuna) is a sufficient indication. In Virata's city, alone he fell upon all of us united together. That is a sufficient indication. Vanquishing in battle both Drona and myself excited with rage, he took away our robes. That is a sufficient indication. On that occasion, of old, of the seizure of kine, he vanquished that mighty bowman the son of Drona, and Saradwat also. That is a sufficient indication. Having vanquished Karna also who is very boastful of his manliness, he gave the latter's robes unto Uttara. That is a sufficient indication. The son of Pritha defeated in battle the Nivatakavachas who were incapable of defeat by Vasava himself. That is a sufficient indication. Who, indeed, is capable of vanquishing in battle the son of Pandu by force, him, *viz.*, that hath for his protector the Protector of the Universe armed with conch, discus, and mace? Vasudeva is possessed of infinite power, and is the Destroyer of the Universe. He is the highest Lord of all, the God of gods, the Supreme Soul and eternal. He hath been variously described, O king, by Narada and other great *Rishis.* In consequence of thy folly, however, O Suyodhana, thou knowest not what should be said and what should not. The man on the point of death beholdeth all trees to be made of gold. So thou also, O son of Gandhari, seest everything inverted. Having provoked fierce hostilities with the Pandavas and the Srinjayas, fight now (thyself) with them in battle. Let us see thee act like a man. As regards myself, I will, O tiger among men, slay all the Somakas and the Panchalas assembled together, avoiding Sikhandin alone. Slain by them in battle, I will go to Yama's abode, or slaying them in battle, I will give thee joy. Sikhandin was born in Drupada's palace as female at first. She became a male in consequence of the grant of a boon. After all, however, she is Sikhandini. Him I will not slay even if I have to lose my life, O Bharata. She is the same Sikhandini that the Creator had first made her. Pass the night in happy sleep, O son of Gandhari. Tomorrow I will fight a fierce battle about which men will speak as long as the world lasts.' Thus addressed by him, thy son, O monarch, came away. And saluting his signior with a bow of the head, he came back to his own tent. Coming back, the king dismissed his attendants. And soon then that destroyer of foes entered his abode. And having entered (his tent) the monarch passed the night (in sleep). And when the night dawned, rising up, the king, ordered all the royal warriors, saying, *Draw up the forces. Today Bhishma, excited with wrath, will slay all the Somakas.'*

Hearing those copious lamentations of Duryodhana in the night,

[1]Some of the Bengal texts, in the first line of the 6th, incorrectly read *sa-run* for *Sakram.*

Bhishma regarded them, O king, as commands to himself. Filled with great grief and deprecating the status of servitude, Santanu's son reflected for a long time, thinking of an encounter with Arjuna in battle. Understanding from signs that Ganga's son had been thinking of that, Duryodhana, O king, commanding Dussasana, saying, 'O Dussasana, let cars be quickly appointed for protecting Bhishma. Let all the two and twenty divisions (of our army) be urged on. That hath now come about which we had been thinking for a series of years, *viz.*, the slaughter of the Pandavas with all their troops and the acquisition (by ourselves) of the kingdom. In this matter, I think, the protection of Bhishma is our foremost duty. Protected by us, he will protect us and slay the Parthas in battle. Of cleansed soul, he said unto me,—I will not slay Sikhandini. He was a female before, O king, and, therefore, should be avoided by me in battle. The world knoweth, O thou of mighty arms, that from desire of doing good to my father, I formerly gave up a swelling kingdom. I will not, therefore, slay in battle, O foremost of men, any female or anybody that was a female before. This that I tell thee is true. This Sikhandin, O king, was first born a female. Thou hast heard that story. She was born as Sikhandini after the manner I told thee before the battle began. Taking her birth as a daughter she hath become a man. Indeed, she will fight with me, but I will never shoot my arrows at her. As regards all other Kshatriyas desirous of victory to the Pandavas, O sire, whom I may get within my reach on the field of battle, I will slay them.—These were the words that Ganga's son acquainted with the scriptures, that chief of Bharata's race, said unto me. Therefore, with my whole soul I think that protecting the son of Ganga is our foremost duty. The very wolf may slay the lion left unprotected in the great forest. Let not Ganga's son be slain by Sikhandin like the lion slain by the wolf. Let our maternal uncle Sakuni, and Salya, and Kripa, and Drona, and Vivingsati, carefully protect the son of Ganga. If he is protected, (our) victory is certain.'

"Hearing these words of Duryodhana, all surrounded Ganga's son with a large division of cars. And thy sons also, taking up their position around Bhishma, proceeded to battle. And they all went, shaking the earth and the welkin, and causing fear in the hearts of the Pandavas. The mighty car-warriors (of the Kaurava army), supported by those cars and elephants, and clad in mail, stood in battle, surrounding Bhishma. And all of them took up their positions for protecting that mighty car-warrior like the celestials in the battle between themselves and the *Asuras* for protecting the wielder of the thunder-bolt. Then king Duryodhana once more addressing his brother, said, 'Yudhamanyu protects the left wheel of Arjuna's car, and Uttamaujas his right wheel. And (thus protected) Arjuna protects Sikhandin. O Dussasana, adopt such steps that, protected by Partha, Sikhandin may not be able to slay Bhishma left unprotected by us.' Hearing these words of his brother, thy son Dussasana, accompanied by the troops, advanced for battle, placing Bhishma in the van. Beholding Bhishma (thus surrounded by a large number of cars, Arjuna, that foremost of car-warriors,

addressed Dhrishtadyumna and said, 'O prince, place that tiger among men, Sikhandin, today in front of Bhishma, I myself will be his protector, O prince of Panchala."

SECTION C

Sanjaya said, "Then Bhishma, the son of Santanu, went out with the troops. And he disposed his own troops in mighty array called *Sarvatobhadra*.[1] Kripa, and Kritavarman, and that mighty car-warrior Saivya, and Sakuni, and the ruler of the Sindhus, and Sudakshina the ruler of the Kamvojas, these all, together with Bhishma and thy sons, O Bharata, took up their stations in the van of the whole army and in the very front of the (Kaurava) array. Drona and Bhurisravas and Salya and Bhagadatta, O sire, clad in mail, took up their position in the right wing of that array. And Aswatthaman, and Somadatta, and those great car-warriors, *viz.*, the two princes of Avanti, accompanied by a large force, protected the left wing. Duryodhana, O monarch, surrounded on all sides by the Trigartas. took up, for encountering the Pandavas, a position in the midst of that array. That foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, Alamvusha, and that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, Srutayush, clad in mail, took up their position in the rear of that array, and therefore, of the whole army. Having, O Bharata, on that occasion formed their array thus, thy warriors, clad in mail, looked like scorching fires.

"Then king Yudhishthira, and that son of Pandu, *viz.*, Bhimasena, and the twin sons of Madri, *viz.*, Nakula and Sahadeva, clad in mail, took up their position in the van of that array and therefore, at the very head of all their troops. And Dhrishtadyumna, and Virata, and that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, Satyaki,—these destroyers of hostile ranks,—stood, supported by a large force. And Sikhandin, and Vijaya (Arjuna), and the *Rakshasa* Ghatotkacha, and Chekitana of mighty arms, and the valiant Kuntibhoja, stood for battle, surrounded by a large force. And that great bowman Abhimanyu, and the mighty Drupada, and the (five) Kaikeya brothers, stood for battle, clad in mail. Having formed their mighty and invincible array thus, the Pandavas, endued with great courage in battle, stood for the fight, clad in mail.

"Then the kings of thy array, O monarch, exerting themselves at their best, accompanied by their forces, and placing Bhishma at their van, rushed against the Parthas in battle. Similarly the Pandavas also, O king,

[1]The Bengal reading *atmana*, the last word of the verse, seems to be a mistake. The Bombay text gives the right word, which is *atmanas* (genetive). *Sarvatobhadra* seems to have been a kind of square array in which the troops faced all the points of the compass.

headed by Bhimasena, and desirous of victory in battle proceeded, for battling with Bhishma. With leonine roars and confused cries, blowing their conches *Krakachas,* and cow-horns, beating their drums and cymbals and *Pandavas* in thousands.[1] And uttering terrible shouts, the Pandavas advanced to battle. With the din of our drums and cymbals and conches and smaller drums, with loud leonine roars, and other kinds of shouts, ourselves also, replying to the cries of the foe, rushed against him with great impetuosity, inflamed with rage. Those sounds mingling with one another, produced a tremendous uproar. The warriors then, of the two armies, rushing at one another, began to strike. And in consequence of the din produced by that encounter, the earth seemed to tremble. And birds, uttering fierce cries, hovered in the air. The Sun, radiant as he was when he had risen, became dimmed. And fierce winds blew, indicating great terrors. Frightful jackals wandered, yelling terribly, O king, and foreboding an awful carnage at hand. The quarters seemed, O king, to be ablaze, and showers of dust fell from the blue. And a shower fell there, of pieces of bones mixed with blood. And tears fell from the eyes of the animals which were all weeping. And filled with anxiety, O king, these began to urinate and eject the contents of their stomachs. And the loud shouts of battle, O bull of Bharata's race, were rendered inaudible by the louder cries of *Rakshasas* and cannibals. And jackals and vultures and crows and dogs, uttering diverse kinds of cries, began, O sire, to fall and swoop down on the field. And blazing meteors, striking against the Sun's disc, fell with great celerity on the earth, foreboding great terrors. Then those two vast hosts belonging to the Pandavas and the Dhartarashtras, in course of that awful encounter, shook in consequence of that tremendous uproar of conches and drums like forests shaken by the tempest. And the noise made by the two armies, both of which abounded with kings, elephants, and steeds, and which encountered each other in an evil hour, resembled the noise made by oceans tossed by the tempest."

SECTION CI

Sanjaya said, "Then the noble Abhimanyu of great energy, borne by his steeds of a tawny hue, rushed at the mighty host of Duryodhana, scattering his arrowy showers like the clouds pouring torrents of rain. O son of Kuru's race, thy warriors, in that battle, were unable to resist that slayer of foes, *viz.,* Subhadra's son, who, excited with wrath and

[1]In the Bengal texts, *savdas* in the first line is vicious. The true reading seems to be *sahkhan*, as in the Bombay edition. Then again in *Kunjaran* (Bengal), the Bombay text reads *Pushkaran* which is unquestionably correct.

possessed of wealth of arms, was then immersed in that inexhaustible ocean of (Kaurava) forces. Death-dealing shafts, O king, shot by him in that battle, despatched many heroic Kshatriyas to the regions of the king of the departed spirits. Indeed, excited with wrath Subhadra's son in that battle shot fierce and blazing arrows in profusion that resembled snakes of virulent poison or rods of death himself. And Phalguni's son speedily split into fragments car-warriors with their cars, steeds with their riders, and elephant-warriors along with the huge animals they rode. And the rulers of the earth, filled with joy, applauded those mighty feats in battle and praised him also that achieved them. And the son of Subhadra, O Bharata, tossed those divisions (of the Kaurava army) like the tempest tossing a heap of cotton on all sides in the welkin. Routed by him, O Bharata, the troops failed to find a protector, like elephants sunk in a slough. Then, O best of men, having routed all troops, Abhimanyu stood, O king, like a blazing fire without a curl of smoke. Indeed, O king, thy warriors were incapable of bearing that slayer of foes, like insects impelled by fate unable to bear a blazing fire. That mighty car-warrior and great bowman, having struck all the foes of the Pandavas, looked at that moment like Vasava himself armed with the thunder. And his bow, the back of whose staff was decked with gold, as it moved on every side, seemed, O king, like the lightning's flash as it sported amid the clouds. And well-tempered and sharp shafts came from his bow-string in that battle like flights of bees, O king, from blossoming trees in the forest. And as the high-souled son of Subhadra careered on the field on his car whose limbs were decked with gold, people were incapable of finding an opportunity (for striking him). Confounding Kripa and Drona and mighty son of Drona, as also the ruler of the Sindhus, the great bowman moved on the field of battle with great activity and skill. As he consumed thy troops, O Bharata, I beheld his bow incessantly drawn to a circle and resembling on that account the circular halo of light that is sometimes seen around the Sun. Brave Kshatriyas, beholding him endued with such activity and scorching the foe thus, thought, in consequence of those feats, that the world contained two Phalgunis. Indeed, O king, the vast host of the Bharatas, afflicted by him, reeled hither and thither like a woman drunk with wine. Routing that large army and causing many mighty car-warriors to tremble, he gladdened his friends (like Vasava gladdening the celestials) after vanquishing Maya. And while being routed by him in that battle, thy troops uttered loud exclamations of woe that resembled the roar of the clouds. Hearing that awful wail thy troops, O Bharata, that resembled the roar of the very sea at full tide when agitated by the winds, Duryodhana then, O king, addressed the son of Rishyasringa and said, 'This Abhimanyu singly, O thou of mighty arms, like a second Phalguni, routeth from rage (my) army like Vritra routing the celestial host. I do not see any other efficacious medicine for him in battle than thyself, O best of *Rakshasas,* that art well-skilled in every science. Therefore, go speedily and slay the heroic son of Subhadra in battle. As regards ourselves, headed by Bhishma and Drona,

we will slay Partha himself.' Thus addressed, the mighty and valiant *Rakshasa* speedily went to battle at the command of thy son, uttering loud roars like the clouds themselves in the season of rains. And in consequence of that loud noise, O king, the vast host of the Pandavas trembled throughout like the ocean when agitated by the wind. And many combatants, O king, terrified by those roars, giving up dear life, fell prostrate on the earth. Filled with joy and taking up his bow with arrow fixed on the string, and apparently dancing on the terrace of his car, that *Rakshasa* proceeded against Abhimanyu himself. Then the angry *Rakshasa*, having in that battle got Arjuna's son within reach, began to rout his ranks,—even those that stood not far from him. Indeed, the *Rakshasa* rushed in battle against that mighty Pandava host which he began to slaughter, like Vala rushing against the celestial host. Attacked in battle by that Rakshasa of terrible mien, the slaughter was very great, O sire, that took place amongst those troops. Exhibiting his prowess, the *Rakshasa* began to rout that vast force of the Pandavas, with thousands of arrows. Thus slaughtered by that *Rakshasa* of terrible visage, the Pandava army fled away from excess of fear. Grinding that army like an elephant grinding lotus-stalks, the mighty Rakshasa then rushed in battle against the sons of Draupadi. Then those great bowmen, accomplished in fighting, *viz.*, the sons of Draupadi, rushed towards the *Rakshasa* in battle like five planets rushing against the Sun. That best of *Rakshasa* then was afflicted by those brothers endued with great energy, like the Moon afflicted by the five planets of the awful occasion of the dissolution of the world. Then the mighty Prativindhya quickly pierced the *Rakshasa* with whetted shafts, sharp as battle-axes and furnished with points capable of penetrating every armour. Thereupon that foremost of *Rakshasas*, with his armour pierced through, looked like a mass of clouds penetrated by the rays of the Sun. Pierced with these shafts furnished with golden wings, Rishyasringa's son, O king, looked resplendent like a mountain with blazing crests. Then those five brothers in that great battle, pierced that foremost of *Rakshasas* with many whetted shafts of golden wings. Pierced with those terrible shafts resembling angry snakes, Alamvusha, O king, became inflamed with rage like the king of the serpents himself. Deeply pierced, O king, within only a few moments, O sire, by those great car-warriors, the *Rakshasa*, much afflicted, remained senseless for a long while. Regaining his consciousness then, and swelling through rage to twice his dimensions, he cut off their arrows and standards and bows. And as if smiling the while he struck each of them with five arrows. Then that mighty *Rakshasa* and great car-warrior, Alamvusha, excited with wrath, and as if dancing on the terrace of his car, quickly slew the steeds, and then the charioteers, of those five illustrious adversaries of his. And burning with rage he once more pierced them with sharp arrows of diverse shades by hundreds and thousands. Then that wanderer of the night, *viz.*, the *Rakshasa* Alamvusha, having deprived those great bowmen of their cars, rushed impetuously at them, wishing to despatch them to Yama's abode. Beholding them (thus) afflicted in battle by that wicked-

souled *Rakshasa*, the son of Arjuna rushed at him. Then the battle that took place between him and the cannibal resembled that between Vritra and Vasava. And the mighty car-warriors of thy army, as also of the Pandavas, all became spectators of that engagement. Encountering each other in fierce battle, blazing with wrath, endued with great might, and with eyes red in rage, each beheld the other in that battle to resemble the *Yuga* fire. And that engagement between them became fierce and awful like that between Sakra and Samvara in days of old in the battle between the gods and *Asuras*."

SECTION CII

Dhritarashtra said, "How, O Sanjaya, did Alamvusha resist in combat the heroic son of Arjuna smiting many of our mighty car-warriors in battle? And how also did that slayer of hostile heroes, *viz.*, the son of Subhadra, fight with Rishyasringa's son ? Tell me all this in detail, exactly as it happened in that fight. What also did Bhima, that foremost of car-warriors, and the *Rakshasa* Ghatotkacha, and Nakula, and Sahadeva and the mighty car-warrior Satyaki, and Dhananjaya, do with my troops in battle ? Tell me all this truly, O Sanjaya, for thou art skilled (in narration).

"Sanjaya said, 'I will presently describe to thee, O sire, the awful battle that took place between that foremost of the *Rakshasas* and the son of Subhadra. I will also describe to thee the prowess that Arjuna put forth in battle, and Bhimasena the son of Pandu and Nakula, and Sahadeva, as also the warriors of thy army headed by Bhishma and Drona, all of whom fearlessly achieved wonderful feats of diverse kinds, Alamvusha, uttering loud shouts and repeatedly roaring at Abhimanyu, rushed impetuously against that mighty car-warrior in battle, saying, 'Wait, Wait'—Abhimanyu also, repeatedly roaring like a lion, rushed with at great force at that mighty bowman, *viz.*, the son of Rishyasringa, who was an implacable foe of the former's sire. Soon then those two foremost of car-warriors, man and *Rakshasa*, on their cars, encountered each other, like a god and *Danava*. That best of *Rakshasa* were endued with powers of illusion, while Phalguni's son was acquainted with celestial weapons. Then Abhimanyu, O king, pierced Rishyasringa's son in that battle with three sharp shafts and once more with five. Alamvusha also, excited with wrath, speedily pierced Abhimanyu in the chest with nine shafts like a guide piercing an elephant with hooks. Then, O Bharata, that wanderer of the night, endued with great activity, afflicted Arjuna's son in that combat with a thousand arrows. Then Abhimanyu excited with rage, pierced that prince of the *Rakshasas* in his wide chest

with nine straight shafts of great sharpness. Piercing through his body these penetrated into his very vitals. And that best of Rakshasas, his limbs mangled by them, looked beautiful like a mountain overgrown with flowering *Kinsukas*. Bearing those shafts of golden wings on his body, that mighty prince of Rakshasas looked rediant like a mountain on fire. Then the vindictive son of Rishyasringa, inflamed with wrath, covered Abhimanyu, who was equal unto Mahendra himself, with clouds of winged arrows. Those sharp shafts resembling the rods of Yama himself, shot by him, pierced Abhimanyu through and entered the earth. And similarly the gold-decked arrows shot by Arjuna's son, piercing Alamvusha through, entered the earth. The son of Subhadra then, in that battle, with his straight shafts, obliged the Rakshasa to turn his back upon the field, like Sakra repulsing Maya in days of old. That scorcher of foes, the Rakshasa, then, thus repulsed and struck repeatedly by his adversary, exhibited his great powers of illusion by causing a thick darkness to set in. Then all the combatants there, O king, were covered by that darkness. Neither could Abhimanyu be seen, nor could friends be distinguished from foes in that battle. Abhimanyu, however, beholding that thick and awful gloom, invoked into existence. O son of Kuru's race, the blazing solar weapon. Thereupon, O king, the universe once more became visible. And thus he neutralised the illusion of that wicked Rakshasa. Then that prince of men, excited with wrath and endued with great energy, covered that foremost of Rakshasa in that battle with many straight shafts. Diverse other kinds of illusion were conjured up there by that Rakshasa. Conversant with all weapons, the son of Phalguni however, neutralised them all. The Rakshasa then, his illusions all destroyed, and himself struck with shafts, abandoned his car even there, and fled away in great fear. After that Rakshasa addicted to unfair fight had been thus vanquished, the son of Arjuna began to grind thy troops in battle, like a juice-blind prince of wild elephants agitating a lake overgrown with lotus.[1] Then Bhishma the son of Santanu, beholding his troops routed, covered Subhadra's son with a thick shower of arrows. Then many mighty car-warriors of the Dhartarashtra army, standing in a ring round that single hero, began to strike him forcibly with their shafts. That hero then, who resembled his sire in prowess and who was equal to Vasudeva in valour and might,—that foremost of all wielders of weapons,—achieved diverse feats in that battle that were worthy of both his sire and maternal uncle. Then the heroic Dhananjaya, excited with wrath and desirous of rescuing his son, arrived at the spot where the latter was slaughtering thy troops as he came along. And similarly, O king, thy sire Devavrata in that battle approached Partha like *Rahu* approaching the sun.[2] Then thy sons, O monarch, supported by cars,

[1]The Bengal reading *vanya-nagendra* is better than the Bombay reading *gandha-nagendra*.

[2]In Hindu mythology, solar eclipses are caused by Rahu's attempts at swallowing the Sun.

elephants, and steeds, surrounded Bhishma in that battle and protected him from every side. And so also the Pandavas, O king, clad in mail and surrounding Dhananjaya, engaged in fierce battle, O bull of Bharata's race. Then Saradwat's son (Kripa), O king, pierced Arjuna who was staying in front of Bhishma, with five and twenty shafts. Thereupon, like a tiger attacking an elephant, Satyaki, approaching Kripa, pierced him with many whetted shafts from desire of doing what was agreeable to the Pandavas. Gautama in return, excited with wrath, quickly pierced him of Madhu's race in the chest with nine arrows winged with the feathers of the *Kanka* bird. Sini's grandson also, excited with wrath, and forcibly drawing his bow, quickly sped at him an arrow capable of taking his life. The fiery son of Drona, however, excited with wrath, cut in twain that arrow as it coursed impetuously towards Kripa, resembling Indra's bolt in effulgence. Thereupon that foremost of car-warriors, viz., Sini's grandson, abandoning Gautama, rushed in battle towards Drona's son like *Rahu* in the firmament against the Moon. Drona's son, however, O Bharata, cut Satyaki's bow in twain. After his bow had thus been cut off, the former began to strike the latter with his shafts. Satyaki then, taking up another bow capable of bearing a great strain and slaughtering the foe, struck Drona's son, O king, in the chest and arms with six shafts. Pierced therewith and feeling great pain, for a moment he was deprived of his senses, and he sat down on the terrace of his car, catching hold of his flag-staff. Regaining his consciousness then, the valiant son of Drona, excited with rage afflicted him of Vrishni's race in that battle, with one long shaft. That shaft, piercing Sini's grandson through, entered the earth like a vigorous young snake entering its hole in the season of spring. And with another broad-headed arrow, Drona's son in that battle cut off the excellent standard of Satyaki. And having achieved this feat he uttered a leonine roar. And once more, O Bharata, he covered his adversary with a shower of fierce shafts like the clouds, O king covering the Sun after summer is past, Satyaki also, O monarch, baffling that arrowy shower, soon covered the son of Drona with diverse showers of arrows That slayer of hostile heroes, *viz.*, the grandson of Sini, freed from that arrowy shower like the Sun from the clouds, began to scorch the son of Drona (with his energy). Swelling with rage the mighty Satyaki once more covered his foe with a thousand arrows and uttered a loud shout. Beholding his son then thus afflicted like the Moon by *Rahu*, the valiant son of Bharadwaja rushed towards the grandson of Sini. Desirous, O king, of rescuing, his son who was afflicted by the Vrishni hero, Drona, in that great battle, pierced the latter with a shaft of exceeding sharpness. Satyaki then, abandoning the mighty car-warrior Aswatthaman, pierced Drona himself in that battle with twenty arrows of exceeding sharpness. Soon after, that scorcher of foes and mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, Kunti's son of immeasurable soul, excited with wrath, rushed in that battle against Drona. Then Drona and Partha encountered each other in fierce combat like the planets *Budha* and *Sukra*,

O king, in the firmament.[1]

SECTION CIII

Dhritarashtra said, "How did those bulls among men, *viz.*, that great bowman Drona, and Dhananjaya the son of Pandu, encounter each other in battle? The son of Pandu is ever dear to the wise son of Bharadwaja. The preceptor also is ever dear to Pritha's son, O Sanjaya. Both of those car-warriors delight in battle, and both of them are fierce like lions. How therefore, did Bharadwaja's son and Dhananjaya, both fighting with care encounter each other in battle?"

Sanjaya said, "In battle Drona never recognises Partha as dear to himself. Partha also, keeping a Kshatriya's duty in view, recognises not in battle his preceptor. Kshatriyas, O king, never avoid one another in battle. Without showing any regard for one another, they fight with sires and brothers. In that battle, O Bharata, Partha pierced Drona with three shafts. Drona, however, regarded not those shafts shot in battle from Partha's bow. Indeed, Partha once more covered the preceptor in the fight with a shower of arrows. Thereupon the latter blazed up with wrath like a conflagration in a deep forest. Then, O king, Drona soon covered Arjuna in that combat with many straight shafts, O Bharata. Then king Duryodhana, O monarch, despatched Susarman for taking up the wing of Drona. Then the ruler of the Trigartas, excited with rage and forcibly drawing his bow, covered Partha, O king, with a profusion of arrows furnished with iron heads. Shot by those two warriors, O king, the shafts looked beautiful in the welkin like cranes in the autumnal sky. Those shafts, O lord, reaching the son of Kunti, entered his body like birds disappearing within a tree bending with a load of tasteful fruits. Arjuna then, that foremost of car-warriors, uttering a loud roar in that battle pierced the ruler of the Trigartas and his son with his shafts. Pierced by Partha like Death himself at the end of the *Yuga*, they were unwilling to avoid Partha, resolved as they were on laying down their lives. And they shot showers on the car of Arjuna. Arjuna, however, received those arrowy showers with showers of his own, like a mountain, O monarch, receiving a downpour from the clouds. And the lightness of hand that we then beheld of Vibhatsu was exceedingly wonderful. For alone he baffled that unbearable shower of arrows shot by many warriors like the wind alone scattering myriads of clouds rushing upon clouds. And at that feat of Partha, the gods and the *Danavas* (assembled there for witnessing the fight) were highly gratified. Then, O Bharata, engaged with the Trigartas

[1] *Budha* is Mercury, and *Sukra* is Venus.

in that battle, Partha shot, O king, the *Vayavya* weapon against their division. Then arose a wind that agitated the welkin, felled many trees, and smote down the (hostile) troops. Then Drona, beholding the fierce *Vayavya* weapon, himself shot an awful weapon called the *Saila*. And when that weapon, O ruler of men, was shot by Drona in that battle, the wind abated and the ten quarters became calm. The heroic son of Pandu, however, made the car-warriors of the Trigarta division destitute of prowess and hope, and caused them to turn their backs on the field. Then Duryodhana and that foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, Kripa, and Aswatthaman, and Salya, and Sudakshina, the ruler of the Kamvojas, and Vinda and Anuvinda of Avanti, and Valhika supported by the Valhikas, with a large number of cars surrounded Partha on all sides. And similarly Bhagadatta also, and the mighty Srutayush, surrounded Bhima on all sides with an elephant division. And Bhurisravas, and Sala, and Suvala's son, O monarch, began to check the twin sons of Madri with showers of bright and sharp arrows. Bhishma, however, in that battle, supported by the sons of Dhritarashtra with their troops, approaching Yudhishthira, surrounded him on all sides. Beholding that elephant division coming towards him, Pirtha's son Vrikodara, possessed of great courage, began to lick the corners of his mouth like a lion in the forest. Then Bhima, that foremost of car-warriors, taking up his mace in that great battle, quickly jumped down from his car and struck terror into the hearts of thy warriors. Beholding him mace in hand, those elephant-warriors in that battle carefully surrounded Bhimasena on all sides. Stationed in the midst of those elephants, the son of Pandu looked resplendent like the Sun in the midst of a mighty mass of clouds. Then that bull among the sons of Pandu began with his mace to consume that elephant-division like the wind dispelling a huge mass of clouds covering the welkin. Those tuskers, while being slaughtered by the mighty Bhimasena, uttered loud cries of woe like roaring masses of clouds. With diverse scratches (on his person) inflicted by those huge animals with their tusks, the son of Pritha looked beautiful on the field of battle like a flowering *Kinsuka*. Seizing some of the elephants by their tusks, he deprived them of those weapons. Wrenching out the tusks of others, with those very tusks he struck them on their frontal globes and felled them in battle like the Destroyer himself armed with his rod. Wielding his mace bathed in gore, and himself bespattered with fat and marrow and smeared with blood, he looked like *Rudra* himself. Thus slaughtered by him, the few gigantic elephants that remained, ran away on all sides, O king, crushing even friendly ranks. And in consequence of those huge elephants fleeing away on all sides, Duryodhana's troops once more, O bull of Bharata's race, fled away from the field."

SECTION CIV

Sanjaya said, "At mid-day, O king, happened a fierce battle, fraught with great carnage, between Bhishma and the Somakas. That foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, Ganga's son began to consume the ranks of the Pandavas with keen shafts by hundreds and thousands. Thy sire Devavrata began to grind those troops like a herd of bulls grinding (with their tread) a heap of paddy sheaves. Then Dhrishtadyumna and Sikhandin and Virata and Drupada, falling upon Bhishma in that battle, struck that mighty car-warrior with numerous arrows. Bhishma then, having pierced Dhrishtadyumna and Virata each with three arrows, sped a long shaft, O Bharata, at Drupada. Thus pierced in battle by Bhishma, that grinder of foes, those great bowmen became filled with wrath O king, like snakes trod upon (by human feet). Then Sikhandin pierced the grandsire of the Bharatas (with many shafts). Of unfading glory, Bhishma, however, regarding his foe as a female struck him not. Dhrishtadyumna then, in that battle, blazing up with wrath like fire, struck the grandsire with three shafts in his arms and chest. And Drupada pierced Bhishma with five and twenty shafts, and Virata pierced him with ten, and Sikhandin with five and twenty. Deeply pierced (with those shafts) he became covered with blood, and looked beautiful like a red *Asoka* variegated with flowers. Then the son of Ganga pierced, in return, each of them with three straight shafts. And then, O sire, he cut off Drupada's bow with a broad-headed arrow. The latter then, taking up another bow, pierced Bhishma with five shafts. And he pierced Bhishma's charioteer also with three sharp shafts on the field of battle. Then the five sons of Draupadi, and the five Kaikeya brothers and Satyaki also of the Satwata race, headed by Yudhishthira, all rushed towards Ganga's son, desirous of protecting the Panchalas headed by Dhrishtadyumna. And so all the warriors of thy army also, O king, prepared to protect Bhishma, rushed at the head of their troops against the Pandava host. And then happened there a fierce general engagement between thy army of men and steeds and theirs, that increased the population of Yama's kingdom. And car-warriors falling upon car-warriors despatched one another to Yama's abode. And so men and elephant-riders and horse-riders, falling upon others (of their class), despatched them to the other world with straight shafts. And here and there on the field, O monarch, cars, deprived of riders and charioteers by means of diverse kinds of fierce shafts, were in that battle dragged on all sides over the field. And those cars, O king, crushing large numbers of men and steeds in battle, were seen to resemble the wind itself (in speed) and vapoury edifices in the firmament (for their picturesque forms). And many car-warriors cased in mail and endued with great energy, decked with ear-rings and head-gears and adorned with garlands and bracelets, resembling the children of the celestials, equal to Sakra himself for prowess in battle, surpassing Vaisravana in wealth and Vrishaspati in intelligence, ruling over extensive territories, and possessed

of great heroism, O monarch, deprived of their cars, were seen to run hither and thither like ordinary men. Huge tuskers also, O chief of men, deprived of their skilled riders, ran, crushing friendly ranks, and fell down with loud shrieks. Prodigious elephants looking like newly-risen clouds and roaring also like the clouds, were seen to run in all directions, deprived of their coats of mail. And, O sire, their *Chamaras* and variegated standards, their umbrellas with golden staves, and the bright lances (of their riders), lay scattered about.[1] And elephant-riders, O king, deprived of their elephants, belonging both of thy army and theirs, were seen to run (on foot) amid that awful press. And steeds from diverse countries, decked with ornaments of gold, were seen, by hundreds and thousands, to run with the speed of the wind. And horse-riders, deprived of their horses, and armed with swords were in that battle seen to run, or made to run (by others assailing them). Elephant, meeting with a flying elephant in that dreadful battle, proceeded, quickly crushing foot-soldiers and steeds. And, similarly, O king those prodigious creatures crushed many cars in that battle, and cars also, coming upon fallen steeds crushed them (in their course). And steeds too, in the press of battle, crushed many foot-soldiers, O king (with their hoofs). And thus, O monarch, they crushed one another in diverse ways.[2] And in that fierce and awful battle there flowed a terrible river of bloody current. And heaps of bows obstructed its straight course, and the hair (of slain warriors) formed its moss. And (broken) cars formed its lakes, and arrows its eddies. And steeds formed its fishes. And heads (severed from trunks) formed its blocks of stone. And it abounded with elephants that formed its crocodiles. And coats of mail and head-gears formed its froth. And bows (in the hands of the warriors) constituted the speed of its current, and swords its tortoises. And banners and standards in profusion formed the trees on its banks. And mortals constituted its banks which that river continually ate away. And it abounded with cannibals that formed its swans. And that stream (instead of swelling the ocean with its discharge) swelled the population of Yama's kingdom. And brave Kshatriyas,—mighty car-warriors,—casting off all fear, O king, sought to cross that river with the aid of cars, elephants, and steeds that played the part of rafts and boats. And as the river Vaitarani beareth all departed spirits towards the domains of the King of the Dead, so that river of bloody current bore away all timid men deprived of their senses in a swoon. And the Kshatriyas, beholding that awful carnage, all exclaimed, saying, 'Alas, through Duryodhana's fault the Kshatriyas are being exterminated. Why, Oh, Dhritarashtra of sinful soul, deluded by avarice, harboured envy for the sons of Pandu, who are graced with numerous virtues.' Diverse exclamations of this kind were heard there, made by one another, fraught with the praises of the Pandavas and censure of thy sons. Hearing then these

[1]Both the Bombay and the Bengal texts repeat *Chamarais* in the second line of 24th. This is certainly erroneous. The Burdwan Pundits read it *tomarais*. This is correct.

[2]In the second line of 30th, the correct reading is *Rathas* (nom. plural) and not *Rathan*. So in the first line of 31st, the word is *turangas* (nom. plural) and not *turangan*.

words uttered by all the combatants, thy son Duryodhana, that offender against all, addressed Bhishma and Drona and Kripa and Salya, O Bharata, saying, 'Fight ye without boastfulness. Why tarry ye at all?' Then the battle was resumed between the Kurus and the Pandavas, that fierce battle, O king, caused by the match at dice and marked by an awful slaughter. Thou beholdest now, O son of Vichitravirya, the dreadful fruit of that rejection by thee (of the counsels of thy friends) though warned against it by many illustrious persons. Neither the sons of Pandu, O king, nor their troops, nor they that follow them, nor the Kauravas, show the least regard for their lives in battle. For this reason, O tiger among men, a dreadful destruction of kinsmen is taking place, caused either by Destiny or by thy evil policy, O king."

SECTION CV

Sanjaya said, "O tiger among men, Arjuna sent those Kshatriyas that followed Susarman to the abode of the King of the Dead by means of his whetted shafts. Susarman however, in that battle, pierced Partha with his shafts. And he pierced Vasudeva with seventy, and Arjuna once more with nine shafts. Checking those shafts by means of his arrowy showers, that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, the son of Indra, despatched Susarman's troops unto Yama's abode. Those mighty car-warriors, while being slaughtered by Partha in that battle as if by Death himself at the end of the *Yuga*, all fled away from the field, O king struck with panic, Some abandoning their steeds, some abandoning, O sire, their cars, and others their elephants, fled away in all directions. Others taking with them their horses, elephants, and cars, fled away, O king, with great speed. Foot-soldiers in that dreadful battle, throwing aside their weapons, and without any regard for one another, fled away hither and thither. Though forbidden by Susarman the ruler of the Trigartas, and by other foremost of kings, they stayed not yet in battle. Beholding that host routed, thy son Duryodhana himself at the head of the whole army and with Bhishma ahead, attacked Dhananjaya with all his vigour, for the sake, O king, of (protecting) the life of the ruler of the Trigartas. And he stayed in battle, scattering diverse kinds of arrows, supported by all his brothers. The rest of the men all fled away. Similarly, the Pandavas, O king, clad in mail and with all their vigour, proceeded, for the sake of Phalguni, to the spot where Bhishma was. Although acquainted with the awful prowess, in battle of the wielder of *Gandiva*, these yet proceeded with loud cries and great bravery to the spot where Bhishma was and surrounded him on all sides. Then the palmyra-bannered hero covered the Pandava army, in that battle, with his straight shafts. The sun having reached the meridian, the Kauravas, O king, fought with the

Pandavas in one confused mass. The heroic Satyaki, having pierced Kritavarman with five arrows, stayed in battle scattering his arrows by thousands. And so king Drupada also, having pierced Drona with many whetted shafts, once more pierced him with seventy shafts and his charioteer with nine. Bhimasena also, having pierced his great grandsire king Valhika uttered a loud roar like a tiger in the forest. Arjuna's son (Abhimanyu) pierced by Chitrasena with many shafts, deeply pierced Chitrasena in the chest with three arrows. Engaged with each other in battle, those two foremost of men looked resplendent on the field like the planets, Venus and Saturn, O king, in the firmament. Then that slayer of foes, *viz.*, the son of Subhadra, having slain his antagonist's steeds and charioteer with nine arrows, uttered a loud shout. Thereupon that mighty car-warrior, (*viz.*, Chitrasena), quickly jumping down from that car whose steed had been slain, mounted, O king, without delay, the car of Durmukha. The valiant Drona, pierced the latter's charioteer also, Then, O king, Drupada, thus afflicted at the head of his troops, retreated by the aid of his fleet steeds, recollecting the hostility that existed from days of old (between himself and Drona). Bhimasena, within a moment, deprived king Valhika of his steeds, car and charioteer, in the very sight of all the troops. Fallen into a situation of great danger and with fear in his heart, O king, Valhika, that best of men, jumping down from that vehicle, quickly mounted upon the car of Lakshmana in that battle. Satyaki, having checked Kritavarman in that dreadful battle, fell upon the grandsire and rained on him shafts of diverse kinds.[1] Piercing the grandsire with sixty whetted shafts winged with feathers, he seemed to dance on his car, shaking his large bow. The grandsire then hurled at him a mighty dart made of iron, decked with gold, endued with great velocity, and beautiful as a daughter of the Nagas. Beholding that irresistible dart, resembling Death himself, coursing towards him, that illustrious warrior of the Vrishni race baffled it by the celerity of movements. Thereupon that fierce dart, unable to reach him of the Vrishni race, fell down on the earth like a large meteor of blazing splendour. Then he of Vrishni's race, O king, taking up with a firm hand his own dart of golden effulgence, hurled it at the car of the grandsire. That dart, hurled in that dreadful battle with the strength of Satyaki's arms, coursed impetuously like the fatal night, coursing speedily towards a (doomed) man. As it coursed, however, towards him with great force, Bhishma cut it in twain, O Bharata, with a couple of horse-shoe-headed arrows of keen edge, and thereupon it fell down on the earth. Having cut that dart, that grinder of foes, *viz.*, Ganga's son, excited with wrath and smiling the while struck Satyaki in the chest with nine arrows. Then the Pandava warriors, O elder brother of Pandu, with their cars, elephants,

[1]Lit. "reached him with shafts etc."

and steeds,[1] surrounded Bhishma in that battle, for the sake of rescuing him of Madhu's race. Then commenced again a fierce battle, making the hair to stand on end, between the Pandavas and the Kurus both of whom were desirous of victory."

SECTION CVI

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding Bhishma excited with wrath in battle, surrounded on all sides by the Pandavas like the Sun in the firmament. O king, by the clouds at the end of summer, Duryodhana, O monarch, addressed Dussasana, saying, 'This heroic and great bowman Bhishma, this slayer of heroes, hath, O bull of Bharata's race, been surrounded on all sides by the brave Pandavas. It is thy duty, O hero, to protect that illustrious one. Protected by us in battle, our grandsire Bhishma will slay all the Panchalas along with the Pandavas. The protection of Bhishma, therefore, I think, is our highest duty, for this great bowman of his vows, *viz.*, Bhishma, is our protector in return. Therefore, surrounding the grandsire with all our troops, do thou protect him, who always achieveth the most difficult feats in battle. Thus addressed by Duryodhana, thy son Dussasana, surrounding Bhishma with a large force on all sides took up his position. Then Suvala's son Sakuni, with hundreds and thousands of horsemen having bright spears and swords and lances in hand, and who formed a proud, well-dressed, and strong body bearing standards, and who were mingled with excellent foot-soldiers that were all well-trained and skilled in battle began to check Nakula, and Sahadeva, and Yudhishthira the son of Pandu, surrounding those foremost of men on all sides. Then king Duryodhana despatched ten thousand (other) brave horsemen for resisting the Pandavas. When these rushed like so many Garudas towards the enemy with great impetuosity, the earth, O king, struck with their horse-hoofs, trembled and uttered a loud noise. And the loud clatter of their hoofs was heard resembling the noise made by a large forest of bamboos, in conflagration on a mountain. And as these dashed over the field, there rose a cloud of dust, which rising to the welkin shrouded the very Sun. And in consequence of those impetuous steeds, the Pandava army was agitated like a large lake with a flight of swans suddenly alighting on its bosom. And in consequence of their neighing, nothing else could be heard there. Then king Yudhishthira, and the two sons of Pandu by Madri, quickly checked the charge of those horsemen in battle, like the continent,

[1]Both the Bengal and the Bombay printed texts are in fault regarding the word *Pandupurvaja*. The Bombay text makes it a nom. plural. The Bengal text makes it an accusative singular. There can be no doubt that the Burdwan Pundits are right in taking it as a vocative.

O king, bearing the force, at full tide, of the surging sea swollen with the waters of the rainy season. Then those (three) car-warriors, O monarch, with their straight shafts, cut off the heads of those horse-riders. Slain by those strong bowmen, they fell down, O king, (on the earth), like mighty elephants trumbling into mountain caves, slain by huge compeers. Indeed, coursing all over the field, those warriors (of the Pandavas army) cut off the heads of those cavalry soldiers with sharp-bearded darts and straight shafts. Struck with swords, those horsemen, O bull of Bharata's race, suffered their heads to drop like tall trees, dropping their fruits. All over the field, O king, steeds along with their riders were seen fallen or falling, deprived of life. And while being (thus) slaughtered, the steeds, affected with panic, fled away like smaller animals desirous of saving their lives at sight of the lion. And the Pandavas, O king, having vanquished their foes in that great battle, blew their conches and beat their drums. Then Duryodhana, filled with grief on seeing his troops vanquished, addressed the ruler of the Madras, O chief of the Bharatas, and said, 'There, the eldest son of Pandu, accompanied by the twins in battle, in thy very sight, O thou of mighty arms, routeth our troops, O lord. O mighty-armed one, resist him like the continent resisting the ocean. Thou art exceedingly well-known as possessed of might and prowess that are irresistible.' Hearing these words of thy son, the valiant Salya proceeded with a large body of cars to the spot where Yudhishthira was. Thereupon, the son of Pandu began to resist in battle that large host of Salya rushing impetuously towards him with the force of a mighty wave. And that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, king Yudhishthira the just, in that battle quickly pierced the ruler of the Madras in the centre of the chest with ten shafts. And Nakula and Sahadeva struck him with seven straight shafts. The ruler of the Madras then struck each of them with three arrows. And once more he pierced Yudhishthira with sixty sharp-pointed arrows. And excited with wrath he struck each of the sons of Madri also with two shafts. Then that vanquisher of foes, the mighty-armed Bhima, beholding the king, in that great battle, staying within reach of Salya's car as if within the very jaws of Death, quickly proceeded to Yudhishthira's side. Then when the Sun, having passed the meridian, was sinking, there commenced a fierce and terrible battle (on that part of the field).

SECTION CVII

Sanjaya said, "Then thy sire, excited with wrath, began to strike the Parthas and their troops all round, with excellent shafts of great sharpness. And he pierced Bhima with twelve shafts, and Satyaki with nine. And having pierced Nakula with three shafts, he pierced Sahadeva with seven.

And he pierced Yudhishthira in the arms and the chest with twelve shafts. And piercing Dhrishtadyumna also, that mighty warrior uttered a loud roar. Him Nakula pierced (in return) with twelve shafts, and Satyaki with three. And Dhrishtadyumna pierced him with seventy shafts, and Bhimasena with seven. And Yudhishthira pierced the grandsire in return with twelve shafts. Drona (on the other hand), having pierced Satyaki, pierced Bhimasena next. And he pierced each of them with five sharp shafts, each of which resembled the rod of Death. Each of those two, however, pierced Drona, that bull among Brahmanas, in return, with three straight shafts. The Sauviras, the Kitavas, the Easterners, the Westerners, the Northerners, the Malavas, the Abhishahas, the Surasenas, the Sivis, and the Vasatis, did not avoid Bhishma in battle although they were incessantly slaughtered by him with sharp shafts. And similarly kings coming from diverse countries and armed with diverse weapons, approached the Pandavas (without seeking to avoid them in battle). And the Pandavas, O king, surrounded the grandsire on all sides. Surrounded on all sides, yet unvanquished by that large body of cars, Bhishma blazed up like a fire in the midst of a forest, and consumed his foes. His car was his fire-chamber; his bow constituted the (flames of that fire); swords, darts, and maces, constituted the fuel; his shafts were the sparks (of that fire); and Bhishma was himself the fire that consumed the foremost of Kshatriyas. Indeed, with shafts furnished with golden wings and vulturine feathers and endued with great energy, with barbed arrows, and *nalikas*, and long shafts, he covered the hostile host. And he felled elephants and car-warriors also with his sharp shafts. And he made that large body of cars resemble a forest of palmyras shorn of their leafy heads. And that mighty armed warrior, that foremost of all wielders of weapons, O king, deprived cars and elephants and steeds of their riders in that conflict. And hearing the twang of his bow-string and the noise of his palms, loud as the roar of the thunder, all the troops trembled, O Bharata. The shafts of thy sire. O bull of Bharata's race, told on the foe. Indeed, shot from Bhishma's bow they did not strike the coats of mail only (but pierced them through). And we beheld, O king, many cars destitute of their brave riders dragged over the field of battle, O monarch, by the fleet steeds yoked unto them. Fourteen thousand car-warriors, belonging to the Chedis, the Kasis, and the Karushas, of great celebrity and noble parentage, prepared to lay down their lives, unretreating from the field, and owning excellent standards decked with gold, having met with Bhishma in battle who resembled the Destroyer himself with wide-open mouth, all went to the other world along with their cars, steeds, and elephants. And we beheld there, O king, cars by hundreds and thousands, some with their axles and bottoms broken, and some, O Bharata, with broken wheels. And the earth was strewn with cars broken along with their wooden fences, with the prostrate forms of car-warriors, with shafts, with beautiful but broken coats of mail, with axes. O monarch; with maces and short arrows and sharp shafts, with bottoms of cars, with quivers and broken wheels, O sire, with innumerable bows

and scimitars and heads decked with ear-rings; with leathern fences and gloves and overthrown standards, and with bows broken in various parts. And elephants, O king, destitute of riders, and slain horsemen (of the Pandava army), lay dead. The valiant Pandavas notwithstanding all their efforts, could not rally those car-warriors, who, afflicted by the shafts of Bhishma, were flying away from the field. Indeed, O king, that mighty host while being slaughtered by Bhishma endued with energy equal to that of Indra himself, broke so completely that no two persons fled together. With its cars, elephants, and steeds overthrown, and with its standards laid low in profusion, the army of the sons of Pandu, deprived of senses, uttered loud exclamations of woe. And at that time, sire slew son, and son slew sire, and friend smote dear friend, impelled by fate. And many combatants of the Pandavas army, throwing aside their armour, were seen flying in all directions with dishevelled hair. Indeed, the Pandava troops looked like bulls running wild in fear, and no longer restrained by the yoke. Indeed, loud were the exclamations, we heard of woe that they uttered.

"Then that delighter of the Yadavas, beholding the Pandava army breaking, reined the excellent car (that he guided), and addressing Vibhatsu the son of Pritha, said,—That hour is come, O Partha, which thou hadst hoped for. Strike now, O tiger among men, or thou wilt be deprived of thy senses. Formerly, O hero, thou saidst, O Partha, in that conclave of kings in Virata's city, in the presence also of Sanjaya, these words:— 'I will slay all the warriors of Dhritarashtra's son, all of them with their followers, including, Bhishma and Drona, that would fight with me in battle—O son of Kunti, O chastiser of foes, make those words of thine true. Remembering the duty of a Kshatriya, fight, without any anxiety.' Thus addressed by Vasudeva, Arjuna hung down his head and looked askance at him. And Vibhatsu replied very unwillingly, saying, 'To acquire sovereignty with hell in the end, having slain those who should not be slain, or the woes of an exile in the woods,—(these are the alternatives). Which of these should I achieve? Urge the steeds, O Hrishikesa, I will do thy bidding. I will overthrow the Kuru grandsire Bhishma, that invincible warrior.'— Thus asked, Madhava urged those steeds of a silvery hue, to the spot where Bhishma, incapable of being looked at like the Sun himself, was staying. Then that large host of Yudhishthira rallied and came again to the fight, beholding the mighty-armed Partha proceeding for an encounter with Bhishma. Then Bhishma that foremost one among the Kurus, repeatedly roared like a lion. And he soon covered Dhananjaya's car with a shower of arrows. Within a trice that car of his with its steeds and charioteer, became entirely invisible in consequence of that thick shower of arrows. Vasudeva, however, without fear, mustering patience, and endued with great activity, urged those steeds mangled with Bhishma's shafts. Then Partha, taking up his celestial bow of twang loud as the roar of the clouds, caused Bhishma's bow to drop from his hands, cutting it (into fragments) by means of his sharp shafts. Then thy sire, the Kuru hero, whose bow had thus been cut off, stringed another large bow within the twinkling of the

eye. Arjuna, however, excited with wrath, cut that bow also of his. The son of Santanu applauded that lightness of hand displayed by Arjuna, saying, 'Well done, Well done, O mighty-armed one. Well done, O son of Kunti.'—Having addressed him thus, Bhishma took up another beautiful bow in that battle, and shot many arrows at Partha's car. And Vasudeva showed great skill in the management of steeds, for, displaying the circling motion he baffled all those arrows (of Bhishma). Mangled with the arrows of Bhishma, those two tigers among men looked beautiful like two angry bulls marked with scratches of horns. Then that slayer of hostile heroes. *viz.*, the mighty-armed Vasudeva of Madhu's race beholding that Partha was fighting mildly and that Bhishma was incessantly scattering his arrowy showers in battle, and that stationed between the two hosts, the latter was scorching everything like the Sun himself, smiting down the foremost of Yudhishthira's combatants, and, in fact, achieving feat on Yudhishthira's army like unto what happeneth at the end of the *Yuga*, could not any longer bear it. Abandoning then, O sire, Partha's steeds that looked like silver, and filled with wrath, that great lord of *Yoga* powers jumped down from that great car. Repeatedly roaring like a lion, the mighty Krishna of great energy and immeasurable splendour. the Lord of Universe, with eyes red as copper from rage, and having his bare arms alone for his weapons, rushed towards Bhishma, whip in hand, desirous of slaying him and seeming to split the universe itself with his tread. Beholding Madhava in the vicinity of Bhishma and about to fall upon him in that furious battle, the hearts of all the combatants seemed to be in a stupor. 'Bhishma is slain, Bhishma is slain.'—These loud exclamations were heard there, O king, caused by the fear-inspired by Vasudeva. Robed in yellow silk, and himself dark as the *lapis lazuli,* Janarddana, when he pursued Bhishma, looked beautiful as a mass of clouds charged with lightning. Like a lion towards an elephant, or the leader of a bovine herd upon another of his species, that bull of Madhu's race, with a loud roar, impetuously rushed towards Bhishma. Beholding him of eyes like lotus petals (thus) rushing towards him in that battle, Bhishma began to fearlessly draw his large bow. And with a fearless heart he addressed Govinda, saying, 'Come, come, O thou of eyes like lotus petals. O God of the gods, I bow to thee. O best of the Sa watas, throw me down today in this great battle. O god, slain by thee in battle, O sinless one, great will be the good done to me, O Krishna, in every respect in the world. Amongst all in the three worlds, great is the honour done to me today in battle, O Govinda. Strike me as thou pleasest, for I am thy slave, O sinless one.' Meanwhile, the mighty-armed Partha. quickly following Kesava behind, seized him by encircling him with his two arms. That best of male beings, *viz.*, Krishna, of eyes like lotus petals, seized by Partha, still proceeded with great speed, bearing the latter away with him. The mighty Partha, that slayer of hostile heroes, however, forcibly catching hold of his legs, stopped Hrishikesa with great difficulty at the tenth step. Then Arjuna his dear friend, filled with sorrow, affectionately addressed Ke ava, who was then sighing like a snake and whose eyes were

troubled in wrath, saying, 'O thou of mighty arms, stop, O Kesava, it behoveth thee not to make those words false which thou hadst spoken before, *viz.*, I will not fight. O Madhava, people will say that thou art a liar. All this burden resteth upon me. I will slay the grandsire. I swear, O Kesava, by my weapons, by truth, and my good deeds, that, O slayer of foes, I will do all by which the destruction of my foes may be achieved. Behold this very day that invincible and mighty car-warrior in the act of being thrown down by me, with the greatest ease. like the crescent moon at the end of the *Yuga* (when the destruction of the universe comes). Madhava, however, hearing these words of the high-souled Phalguni, spoke not a word, but in anger once more mounted upon the car. And then upon those two tigers among men, when stationed on their car, Bhishma the son of Santanu, once more poured his arrowy showers like the clouds pouring rain upon the mountain-breast. Thy sire Devavrata took the lives of the (hostile) warriors like the Sun sucking with his rays the energies of all things during summer. As the Pandavas had been breaking the ranks of the Kurus in battle, so thy sire broke the Pandava ranks in battle. And the routed soldiers, helpless and heartless, slaughtered in hundreds and thousands by Bhishma, were unable to even look at him in that battle,—him who resembled the mid-day Sun blazing in his own splendour. Indeed, the Pandavas afflicted with fear, timidly gazed at Bhishma who was then achieving super-human feats in that battle. And the Pandava troops, thus fleeing away, O Bharata, failed to find a protector, like a herd of kine sunk in a shoal of ants while being trod down by a strong person. Indeed, the Pandavas could not, O Bharata, look at that mighty car-warrior incapable of being shaken, who, furnished with a profusion of shafts, was scorching the kings (in the Pandava army), and who in consequence of those shafts looked like the blazing Sun shedding his fiery rays. And while he was thus grinding the Pandava army, the thousand-rayed maker of day repaired to the setting hills, and the troops, worn with fatigue, set their hearts on withdrawal (from the field)."

SECTION CVIII

Sanjaya said, "While they were battling, the Sun set, O Bharata, and there came the dreadful hour of twilight and the battle could no longer be seen. Then king Yudhishthira, seeing that twilight had come and that his own troops, slaughtered by Bhishma, had thrown aside their weapons, and that stricken with fear, and turned off the field, they were seeking to flee away, and beholding Bhishma also, that mighty car-warrior, excited with wrath and afflicting everybody in fight, and noticing that the mighty car-warriors of the Somakas, having been vanquished, had all become cheerless,

reflected a little, and then ordered the troops to be withdrawn. Then king Yudhishthira withdrew his forces. And similarly, the withdrawal of thy forces also took place at the same time. Then those mighty car-warriors, O chief of the Kurus, having withdrawn their forces, entered their tents. themselves mangled in battle. Afflicted by the shafts of Bhishma and reflecting upon that hero's feats in battle, the Pandavas obtained no peace of mind. Bhishma also, having vanquished the Pandavas and the Srinjayas in battle, was worshipped by thy sons and glorified by them, O Bharata. Accompanied by the rejoicing Kurus, he then entered his tent. Night then set in, that deprives all creatures of their senses. Then in that fierce hour of night, the Pandavas, the Vrishnis and the invincible Srinjayas sat down for a consultation. All those mighty persons, skilled in arriving at conclusions in council, coolly deliberated about that which was beneficial for them in view of their immediate circumstances. Then king Yudhishthira, having reflected for a long while, said these words, casting his eyes on Vasudeva, 'Behold, O Krishna, the high-souled Bhishma of fierce prowess. He crusheth my troops like an elephant crushing a forest of reeds. We dare not even look at that high-souled warrior. Like a raging conflagration he licketh up my troops. The valiant Bhishma of keen weapons, when excited with wrath in battle and bow in hand shooting his shafts, becometh as fierce as the mighty *Naga* Takshaka of virulent poison. Indeed, the angry Yama is capable of being vanquished, or even the chief of the celestials armed with the thunder, or Varuna himself, noose in hand, or the Lord of the *Yakshas* armed with mace. But Bhishma, excited with wrath, is incapable of being vanquished in battle. When this is the case, O Krishna, I am, through the weakness of my understanding, plunged in an ocean of grief having got Bhishma (as a foe) in battle. I will retire into the woods, O invincible one. My exile there would be for my benefit. Battle, O Krishna, I no longer desire. Bhishma slayeth us always. As an insect, by rushing into a blazing fire meeteth only with death, even so do I rush upon Bhishma. In putting forth prowess, O thou of Vrishni's race, for the sake of my kingdom, I am, alas, led to destruction. My brave brothers have all been exceedingly afflicted with arrows. In consequence of the affection they bear to myself their (eldest) brother they had to go into the woods, deprived of kingdom. For myself alone, O slayer of Madhu, hath Krishna been sunk into such distress. I regard life to be of high value. Indeed, even life now seemeth to be difficult of being saved. (If I can save that life), its latter remnant will I pass in the practice of excellent virtue. If, with my brothers, O Kesava, I am worthy of thy favour, tell me, O Krishna, what is for my benefit, without contravening the duties of my order. Hearing these words of his, and (describing the situation) in detail, Krishna, from compassion, said these words in reply for comforting Yudhishthira, 'O son of Dharma, O thou that art firm in truth, do thou not indulge in sorrow, thou that hast these invincible heroes, these slayers of foes, for thy brothers. Arjuna and Bhimasena are each endued with the energy of the Wind and the Fire. The twin sons of Madri also are each as valiant as the Chief of the celestials

himself. From the good understanding that exists between us, do thou set me also to this task. Even I, O son of Pandu, will fight with Bhishma. Directed by thee, O great king, what is there that I may not do in great battle. Challenging that bull among men, *viz.*, Bhishma, I will slay him in battle, in the very sight of the Dhartarashtras, if Phalguni doth not wish to slay him. If, O son of Pandu, thou seest victory to be certain on the slaughter of the heroic Bhishma, even, I, on a single car, will slay that aged grandsire of the Kurus. Behold, O king, my prowess, equal to that of the great Indra in battle. I will overthrow from his car that warrior who always shooteth mighty weapons. He that is an enemy of the sons of Pandu, without doubt, is my enemy also. They, that are yours, are mine, and so they, that are mine, are yours. Thy brother (Arjuna) is my friend, relative, and disciple. I will, O king, cut off my own flesh and give it away for the sake of Arjuna. And this tiger among men also can lay down his life for my sake. O sire, even this is our understanding, *viz.*, that we will protect each other. Therefore, command me, O king, in what way I am to fight. Formerly, at Upaplavya, Partha had, in the presence of many persons, vowed, saying, 'I will slay the son of Ganga.' These words of the intelligent Partha should be observed (in practice). Indeed, if Partha requests me without doubt I will fulfill that vow. Or, let it be the task of Phalguni himself in battle. It is not heavy for him. He will slay Bhishma, that subjugator of hostile cities. If excited in battle, Partha can achieve feats that are incapable of being achieved by others. Arjuna can slay in battle the very gods exerting themselves actively, along with the *Daityas* and the *Danavas*. What need be said of Bhishma, therefore, O king? Endued with great energy, Bhishma, the son of Santanu, is now of perverted judgment, of intelligence decayed, and of little sense, without doubt, he knoweth not what he should do.'

"Hearing these words of Krishna, Yudhishthira said, 'It is even so, O thou of mighty arms, even as thou sayest, O thou of Madhu's race. All these together are not competent to bear thy force. I am sure of always having whatever I desire, when, O tiger among men, I have thyself staying on my side. O foremost of victorious persons, I would conquer the very gods with Indra at their head, when, O Govinda, I have thee for my protector. What need I say, therefore, of Bhishma, though he is a mighty car-warrior? But, O Krishna, I dare not, for my own glorification, falsify thy words. Therefore, O Madhava, as promised before by thee, render me aid without fighting for me. In this battle an agreement was made by me with Bhishma. He said,—I will give thee counsel, but fight I shall never for thee, since I shall have to fight for Duryodhana's sake. Know this for truth. Therefore, O Lord, Bhishma may give me sovereignty by giving me good counsel, O Madhava. Therefore, O slayer of Madhu, all of us accompanied by thee, will once more repair unto Devavrata, for asking him about the means of his own death. All of us then, O best of persons, together going to Bhishma without delay, will speedily ask him of Kuru's race his advice. O Janardana, he will truly give us beneficial counsel; and O Krishna, I will do in battle what he will say. Of austere vows, he will give us counsel,

as also victory. We were children and orphans. By him were we reared. O Madhava, him, our aged grandsire, I wish to day,—him, the sire of our sire. Oh, fie upon the profession of a *Kshatriyas*.'

Sanjaya continued, "Hearing these words, O king, he of Vrishni's race said unto Yudhishthira, 'O thou of great wisdom, these words of thine, O king, are to my taste. Bhishma, otherwise called Devavrata, is skilled in weapons. With only his glances he can consume the foe. Repair unto that son of the Ocean-going (Ganga), for asking him about the means of his death. Asked by thee, in particular, he will certainly say the truth. We will, therefore, proceed for questioning the Kuru grandsire. Repairing unto the reverend son of Santanu, we will, O Bharata, ask him his advice and according to the advice that he will give us we will fight with the foe.' Having thus deliberated, O elder brother of Pandu, the heroic sons of Pandu, and the valiant Vasudeva, all proceeded together towards the abode of Bhishma, casting aside their coats of mail and weapons and entering then his tent, they all bowed to him, bending their heads. And the sons of Pandu, O king, worshipping that bull of Bharata's race, and bowing unto him with their heads, sought his protection. The Kuru grandsire, the mighty-armed Bhishma, then addressed them, saying, 'Welcome art thou, O thou of Vrishni's race. Welcome art thou, O Dhananjaya. Welcome to thee, O king Yudhishthira the just, and to thee, O Bhima. Welcome to you also, ye twins. What am I to do now for enhancing your joy ? Even if it be exceedingly difficult of achievement, I will yet do it with all my soul. Unto the son of Ganga who thus repeatedly spoke unto them with such affection, king Yudhishthira, with a cheerful heart, lovingly said these words, 'O thou that art conversant with everything, how shall we obtain victory, and how shall we acquire sovereignty ? How also may this destruction of creatures be stopped ? Say all these unto me, O lord. Tell us the means of thy own death. How, O hero, shall we be able to bear thee in battle ? O grandsire of the Kurus, thou givest not thy foes even a minute hole to pick in thee. Thou art seen in battle with thy bow ever drawn to a circle. When thou takest thy shafts, when aimest them, and when drawest the bow (for letting them off), no one is able to mark. O slayer of hostile heroes, constantly smiting (as thou dost) cars and steeds and men and elephants, we behold thee on thy car, O mighty-armed one, to resemble a second Sun. What man is there, O bull of Bharata's race, who can venture to vanquish thee, scattering showers of arrows in battle, and causing a great destruction. Tell me, O grandsire, the means by which we may vanquish thee in battle, by which sovereignty may be ours, and lastly, by which my army may not have to undergo such destruction. Hearing these words, Santanu's son, O elder brother of Pandu, said unto the son of Pandu, 'As long as I am alive, O son of Kunti, victory cannot be yours in battle, O thou of great wisdom. Truly do I say this unto thee. After. however, I am vanquished in fight, ye may have victory in battle, ye sons of Pandu. If, therefore, ye desire victory in the battle, smite me down without delay. I give you permission, ye sons of Pritha, strike me as ye please. I am thus known to

you in what I regard to be a fortunate circumstance.[1] After I am slain, all the rest will be slain. Therefore, do as I bid'.

"Yudhishthira said, 'Tell us the means by which we may vanquish thee in battle, thee that art, when excited with wrath in the fight, like unto the Destroyer himself armed with mace. The wielder of the thunder-bolt may be vanquished or Varuna, or Yama. Thou, however, art incapable of being defeated in battle by even the gods and *Asuras* united together, with Indra at their head.'

"Bhishma said, 'That, O son of Pandu, is true, which thou sayest. O thou, of mighty arms. When with weapons and my large bow in hand I contend carefully in battle, I am incapable of being defeated by the very gods and the *Asuras* with Indra at their head. If, however, I lay aside my weapons, even these car-warriors can slay me. One that hath thrown away his weapons, one that hath fallen down, one whose armour hath slipped off, one whose standard is down, one who is flying away, one who is frightened, one who says—I am thine—one who is a female, one who beareth the name of a female, one no longer capable of taking care of one's self, one who hath only a single son, or one who is a vulgar fellows,—with these I do not like to battle. Hear also, O king, about my resolve formed before. Beholding any inauspicious omen I would never fight. That mighty car-warrior, the son of Drupada, O king, whom thou hast in thy army, who is known by the name of Sikhandin, who is wrathful in battle, brave, and ever victorious, was a female before but subsequently obtained manhood. How all this took place, ye all know it truly. Brave in battle and clad in male, let Arjuna, keeping Sikhandin before him, attack me with his sharp shafts. When that inauspicious omen will be there, especially in the form of one that was a female before, I will never seek, though armed with bow and arrow, to strike him. Obtaining that opportunity, let Dhananjaya the son of Pandu quickly pierce me on every side with his shafts, O bull of Bharata's race. Except the highly blessed Krishna, and Dhananjaya the son of Pandu, I do not behold the person in the three worlds who is able to slay me while exerting myself in battle. Let Vibhatsu, therefore, armed with weapons, struggling carefully in battle, with his excellent bow in hand, placing (Sikhandin or) something else before, throw, me down (from my car). Then the victory will be certain. Do this, O great king, even this that I have said unto thee, O thou of excellent vows. Thou wilt then be able to slay all Dhartarashtras assembled together in battle.'

Sanjaya continued, "The Parthas then, having ascertained all this went back to their tents, saluting the Kuru grandsire, *viz.*, the high-souled Bhishma. After Ganga's son, prepared to go to the other world, had said this, Arjuna. burning with grief and his face suffused in shame, said these

[1]That you know me to be invincible is a fortunate circumstance, for if you had not known this, you would have fought on for days together and thus caused a tremendous destruction of creatures. By your coming to know, that destruction may be stopped.

words, 'How, O Madhava, shall I fight in battle with the grandsire who is my senior in years, who is possessed of wisdom and intelligence, and who is the oldest member of our race? While sporting in days of childhood, O Vasudeva, I used to smear the body of this high-souled and illustrious one with dust by climbing on his lap with my own filthy body. O elder brother of Gada, he is the sire of my sire Pandu. While a child, climbing on the lap of this high-souled one I once called him *father, I am not thy father but thy father's father, O Bharata !*—even this is what he said to me (in reply) in my childhood. He who said so, Oh, how can he be slain by me. O, let my army perish. Whether, it is victory or death that I obtain I will never fight that high-souled person. (Even this is what I think). What dost thou think, O Krishna!'

"Vasudeva said, 'Having vowed the slaughter of Bhishma before, O Jishnu, how canst thou abstain from slaying him, agreeably to the duties of a Kshatriya? Throw down from his car, O Partha, that Kshatriya who is invincible in battle. Victory can never be yours without slaying Ganga's son. Even thus shall he go to the abode of Yama. This hath been settled before by the gods. That which hath been destined before, O Partha, must happen. It cannot be otherwise. None save thee, O invincible one, not even the wielder of the thunder-bolt himself, would be capable of fighting with Bhishma, who is like the Destroyer with wide-open mouth. Slay Bhishma, without any anxiety. Listen also to these words of mine that are what Vrihaspati of great intelligence had said unto Sakra in days of old. One should slay even an aged person endued with every merit and worthy of reverence if he cometh as a foe, or, indeed any other who approacheth for destroying one's self—O Dhananjaya, this is the eternal duty sanctioned for the Kshatriya, *viz.*, that they should fight, protect subjects, and perform sacrifices, all without malice.'

"Arjuna said, 'Sikhandin, O Krishna, will certainly be the cause of Bhishma's death, for Bhishma, as soon as he beholds the prince of the Panchalas, abstains from striking. Therefore, keeping Sikhandin before him and at our head, we will, by that means, overthrow the son of Ganga. Even this is what I think. I will hold in check other great bowmen with my shafts. As regards Sikhandin, he will fight with Bhishma alone, that foremost of all warriors. I have heard from that chief of the Kurus that he would not strike Sikhandin, for having been born before as a woman he subsequently became a male person.'

Sanjaya continued, "Having settled this with Bhishma's permission, the Pandavas, along with Madhava, went away with rejoicing hearts. And then those bulls among men retired to their respective beds."

SECTION CIX

Dhritarashtra said, "How did Sikhandin advance against the son of Ganga in battle, and how did Bhishma also advance against the Pandavas? Say all this unto me, O Sanjaya!"

Sanjaya said, "Then all those Pandavas, towards the hour of sun-rise, with beat of drums and cymbals and smaller drums, and with the blare of conches of milky whiteness, all around, went out for battle, placing Sikhandin in their van. And they marched out, O king, having formed an array that was destructive of all foes. And Sikhandin, O monarch, was stationed in the very van of all the troops. And Bhimasena and Dhananjaya became the protectors of his car-wheels. And in his rear were the sons of Draupadi and the valiant Abhimanyu. And those mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, Satyaki and Chekitana, became the protectors of the last. And behind them was Dhrishtadyumna protected by the Panchalas. Next to Dhrishtadyumna, behind, marched the royal lord Yudhishthira, accompanied by the twins, filling the air with leonine shouts, O bull of Bharata's race. Next behind him was Virata, surrounded by his own troops. Next to him marched Drupada, O mighty-armed one. And the five Kaikeya brothers and the valiant Dhrishtaketu, O Bharata, protected the rear of the Pandava army. Having disposed their vast army in such an array, the Pandavas rushed against thy host, prepared to cast away their lives. And similarly the Kauravas, O king, placing that mighty car-warrior Bhishma at the head of their whole host, proceeded against the Pandavas. And that invincible warrior was protected by thy mighty sons. Next behind them was the great bowman Drona, as also his mighty son (Aswatthaman). Next behind was Bhagadatta surrounded by his elephant division. And behind Bhagadatta were Kripa and Kritavarman. Behind them were Sudakshina the mighty ruler of the Kamvojas, and Jayatsena, the king of the Magadhas, and Suvala's son and Vrihadvala. And similarly, many other kings, that were all great bowmen, protected the rear of thy host, O Bharata. As each day came, Bhishma the son of Santanu, formed arrays in battle, sometimes after the manner of the *Asuras*, sometimes after that of the *Pisachas*, and sometimes after that of the *Rakshasas*. Then commenced the battle between thy troops, O Bharata, and theirs, both parties smiting one another and increasing the population of Yama's kingdom. And the Parthas with Arjuna at their head, placing Sikhandin in the van, proceeded against Bhishma in that battle, scattering diverse kinds of arrows. And then, O Bharata afflicted by Bhishma with his shafts, (many of) thy warriors, profusely bathed in blood, repaired to the other world. And Nakula and Sahadeva, and the mighty car-warrior Satyaki, approaching thy army, began to afflict it with great vigour. Thus slaughtered in battle, O bull of Bharata's race, thy warriors were unable to resist that vast host of the Pandavas. Then thy host, vigorously afflicted by great car-warriors and thus slaughtered by them everywhere, fled away on all sides. Slaughtered with sharp shafts by

the Pandavas and the Srinjayas they found not a protector, O bull of Bharata's race."

Dhritarashtra said, "Tell me, O Sanjaya, what the valiant Bhishma, excited with rage, did in battle, upon beholding my host afflicted by the Parthas. O sinless one, tell me how that hero, that chastiser of foes, rushed against the Pandavas in battle, and slaughtered the Somakas."

Sanjaya said, "I will tell thee, O king, what thy sire did when thy sons' host was afflicted by the Pandavas and the Srinjayas. With cheerful hearts, the brave sons of Pandu, O elder brother of Pandu, encountered thy son's host, slaughtering (all whom they met). That carnage, O chief of men, of human beings, elephants and steeds, that destruction by the foe of thy army in battle, Bhishma could not brook. That invincible and great bowman, then, reckless of his very life poured upon the Pandavas, the Panchalas, and the Srinjayas, showers of long shafts and calf-toothed and crescent-shaped arrows. And with weaopns, O monarch, he checked with his shafts and with showers of other weapons, both offensive and defensive, all sped with energy and wrath, the five foremost of mighty car-warriors of the Pandavas, who had been struggling vigorously in battle. Excited with wrath, he slaughtered in that battle countless elephants and steeds. And that bull among men, O monarch throwing down many car-warriors from their cars,[1] and horsemen from their horses, and crowds of foot soldiers, and elephant-warriors from the backs of the beasts they rode, struck terror into the foe. And the Pandava warriors all rushed together upon Bhishma singly, upon that mighty car-warrior struggling in battle with great activity, like the *Asuras* rushing together upon him with the thunderbolt in hand. Shooting on all sides his whetted arrows whose touch resembled that of Indra's thunder, he seemed to the enemy to have assembled a terrible visage. While fighting in that battle, his large bow, resembling that of Sakra himself, seemed to be always drawn to a circle. Beholding those feats in battle, thy sons, O monarch, filled with exceeding wonder, worshipped the grandsire. The Parthas cast their eyes, with cheerless hearts, upon thy heroic sire struggling in battle, like the celestials upon (the *Asura*) Viprachitti (in days of old).[2] They could not resist that warrior who then resembled the Destroyer himself with wide-open mouth. In that battle on the tenth day, Bhishma, with his sharp shafts, consumed the division of Sikhandin like a conflagration consuming a forest. Him resembling an angry snake of virulent poison, or the Destroyer urged by Death himself, Sikhandin pierced with three shafts in the centre of the chest. Deeply pierced therewith, Bhishma saw that it was Sikhandin (who was piercing him). Excited with wrath, but unwilling (to fight with Sikhandin) Bhishma laughingly said, 'Whether thou choosest to strike me or not, I will never fight with thee.

[1]The adjective *Vahu* in the first line of 32 qualifies *rathinas* in the second line. The last of the verse is a nom. sing. and not a vocative.

[2]The Bengal texts read *mahasuram* in the second line of the verse. This seems to be vicious. A latter reading would be *mahasuram* (the great *Asura*). The Bombay text reads *rane suram*. I adopt the last.

Thou art that Sikhandin still which the Creator had made thee first'.[1] Hearing these words of his, Sikhandin, deprived of his senses by warth, and licking the corners of his mouth addressed Bhishma in that battle, saying, 'I know thee, O mighty-armed one, to be the exterminator of the Kshatriya race. I have heard also of thy battle with Jamadagni's son. I have also heard much of thy super-human prowess. Knowing thy prowess I will still fight with thee today. For doing what is agreeable to the Pandavas and is agreeable to my own self, O chastiser of foes, I will today fight with thee in battle, O best of men. I will, of a certainty, slay thee. I swear this before thee by my troth! Hearing these words of mine, do that which thou shouldst. Whether thou choosest to strike me or not, thou shall not escape me with life. O thou that art ever victorious, O Bhishma, look thy last on this world.

Sanjaya continued, "Having said so, Sikhandin in that battle pierced Bhishma with five straight shafts, having already pierced him with his wordy shafts. Hearing those words of his, the mighty car-warrior Arjuna, regarding Sikhandin to be Bhishma's Destroyer, urged him on, saying, 'I will fight behind thee, routing the foe with my shafts. Excited with fury, rush thou against Bhishma of terrible prowess. The mighty Bhishma will not be able to afflict thee in battle. Therefore, O mighty-armed one, encounter Bhishma with vigor. If, O sire, thou returnest today without slaying Bhishma, thou wilt, with myself, be an object of ridicule to the world. Seek to do that in battle by which, O hero, we may not incur ridicule in this great battle. Slay the grandsire. O thou of great strength, I will protect thee in this battle, checking all the car-warriors (of the Kuru army). Do thou slay the grandsire. Drona, and Drona's son, and Kripa, and Suyodhana, and Chitrasena, and Vikarna, and Jayadratha the ruler of the Sindhus, Vinda and Anuvinda of Avanti, and Sudakshina the ruler of the Kamvojas, and the brave Bhagadatta, and the mighty king of the Magadhas, and Somadatta's son, and the brave *Rakshasas* who is Rishyasringa's son and the ruler of the Trigartas, alone with all the other great car-warriors (of the Kuru army). I will check like the continent resisting the surging sea. Indeed, I will hold in check all the mighty warriors of the Kuru army assembled together and battling with us. Do thou slay the grandsire.' "

SECTION CX

Dhritarashtra said, "How did Sikhaindin the prince of the Panchalas, excited with wrath, rushed in battle against the grandsire, *viz.*, Ganga's son of righteous soul and regulated vows. What mighty car-warriors of

[1] *i.e.* Thou art still a woman though the sex hath been changed.

the Pandavas army, upraised weapons, desirous of victory, and exerting themselves with activity, protected Sikhandin on that occasion which required great activity? How also did Bhishma the son of Santanu, endued with great energy, fight on that tenth day of battle with the Pandavas and the Srinjayas? I cannot brook the idea of Sikhandin encountering Bhishma in battle. (Indeed, when Sikhandin attacked Bhishma), was Bhishma's car or his bow broken?"

Sanjaya said, "While fighting in that battle, O bull of Bharata's race, neither the bow nor the car of Bhishma had suffered any injury. He was then slaying the foe with straight shafts. Many thousands of mighty car-warriors belonging to thy army, as also elephants, O king, and steeds well harnessed, proceeded for battle, with the grandsire in the van. Agreeably to his vow, O thou of Kuru's race, the ever-victorious Bhishma was incessantly engaged in slaughtering the troops of the Parthas. The Panchalas and the Pandavas were unable to bear that great bowman battling (with them) and slaying his foes with his shafts. When the tenth day came, the hostile army was torn into pieces by Bhishma with his shafts by hundreds and thousands. O elder brother of Pandu, the sons of Pandu were incapable of defeating in battle the great bowman Bhishma who resembled the Destroyer himself armed with the lance.

"Then, O king, the unvanquished Vibhatsu or Dhananjaya, who was capable of drawing the bow with even the left hand, came to that spot, frightening all the car-warriors. Roaring loudly like a lion, and repeatedly drawing the bow-string, and scattering showers of arrows, Partha careered on the field of battle like Death himself. Frightened at those roars of his, thy warriors, O bull of Bharata's race, fled away in terror, like smaller animals, O king, at the sound of the lion. Beholding the son of Pandu crowned with victory and thus afflicting that host, Duryodhana, himself under the influence of terror addressed Bhishma and said, 'You son of Pandu, O sire, with white steeds (yoked unto his car), and having Krishna for his charioteer, consumeth all my troops like a conflagration consuming a forest. Behold, O son of Ganga, all troops, slaughtered by Pandu's son in battle, are, O foremost of warriors, fleeing away. Indeed, as the herdsman belaboureth his cattle in the forest, even so, O scorcher of foes is my army being belaboured. Broken and driven away on all sides by Dhananjaya with his shafts, the invincible Bhima is also routing that (already broken) host of mine. And Satyaki, and Chekitana, and the twin sons of Madri, and the valiant Abhimanyu,—these also are routing my troops. The brave Dhrishtadyumna, and the *Rakshasa* Ghatotkacha also, are vigorously breaking and driving away my army in this fierce conflict. Of these troops that are being slaughtered by all those mighty car-warriors, I do not see any other refuge in the matter of their staying and fighting on the field, O Bharata, save thee, O tiger among men, that art possessed of prowess equal to that of the celestials, Therefore, receive thou those great car-warriors without delay, and be thou the refuge of these afflicted troops. Thus addressed by him, O king, thy sire Devavrata, the

son of Santanu, reflecting for a moment and settling what he should do, said these words unto thy son, comforting him (therewith), 'O Duryodhana, listen calmly to what I say, O king, O thou of great might, formerly I vowed before thee that slaying every day ten thousand high-souled Kshatriyas, I would come back from the battle. I have fulfilled that vow, O bull of Bharata's race! O thou of great might, today I will achieve even a great feat. Today I will either sleep myself being slain, or, I will slay the Pandavas. O tiger among men, I will today free myself from the debt I owe thee,—the debt, O king, arising out of the food, thou gavest me,—by casting away my life at the head of thy army.' Having said these words, O chief of the Bharatas, that invincible warrior, scattering his shafts among the Kshatriyas, attacked the Pandava host. And the Pandavas then, O bull of Bharata's race, began to resist the son of Ganga staying in the midst of his forces and excited with wrath like a snake of virulent poison. Indeed, O king, on that tenth day of the battle, Bhishma, displaying his might, slew, O son of Kuru's race, hundreds of thousands. And he drained the energies of those royal and mighty car-warriors that were the foremost among the Panchalas, like the Sun sucking up the moisture (of the earth) with his rays. Having slain ten thousand elephants of great activity and ten thousand steeds also, O king, along with their riders, and full two hundred thousands of foot-soldiers, that best of men, *viz.*, Bhishma, shone resplendent in battle like a fire without a curl of smoke. And no one amongst the Pandavas was capable of even looking at him who then resembled the burning Sun staying in the northern solstice. The Pandavas, however, though afflicted in battle by that great bowman, still rushed, accompanied by the mighty car-warriors of the Srinjayas, for slaughtering him. Battling with myriads upon myriads around him, Santanu's son Bhishma then looked like the cliff of Meru covered on all sides with masses of clouds. Thy sons, however, stood, surrounding Bhishma on all sides with a large force (for protecting him). Then commenced a fierce battle (between the Kurus and the Pandavas)."

SECTION CXI

Sanjaya said, "Arjuna then, O king, beholding the prowess of Bhishma in battle, addressed Sikhandin saying, 'Proceed towards the grandsire. Thou shouldst not entertain the slightest fear of Bhishma today. Even I will throw him down from his excellent car by means of my sharp shafts'. Thus addressed by Partha, Sikhandin, O bull of Bharata's race, having heard those words, rushed at the son of Ganga. And so Dhrishtadyumna also, O king, and the mighty car-warrior Abhimanyu, having heard those words of Partha, joyfully rushed at

Bhishma. And old Virata and Drupada, and Kuntibhoja also, clad in mail, rushed at Bhishma in the very sight of thy son. And Nakula, Sahadeva, and the valiant king Yudhishthira also, and all the rest of the warriors, O monarch, rushed against Bhishma. As regards thy warriors O king, that rushed, according to the measure of their might and courage, against those mighty car-warriors (of the Pandava army) united together, listen to me as I speak (of them) unto thee. Like a young tiger attacking a bull, Chitrasena, O king, rushed against Chekitana who in that battle was proceeding for getting at Bhishma. Kritavarman, O king, resisted Dhrishtadyumna who had reached the presence of Bhishma and who was exerting himself with great activity and vigour in that battle. Somadatta's son, O monarch, with great activity, resisted Bhimasena excited with fury and desirous of slaying Bhishma. Similarly Vikarna, desirous of (protecting) Bhishma's life, resisted the brave Nakula who was scattering innumerable arrows around. And so, O king, Kripa the son of Saradwat, excited with rage, resisted Sahadeva proceeding towards Bhishma's car. And the mighty Durmukha rushed at that *Rakshasa* of cruel deeds, *viz.*, the mighty son of Bhishmasena, desirous of Bhishma's slaughter. Thy son Duryodhana himself resisted Satyaki proceeding to battle. Sudakshina the ruler of the Kamavojas, O king, resisted Abhimanyu, O monarch, who was proceeding towards Bhishma's car. And Aswatthaman, O king, excited with rage, resisted old Virata and Drupada, those two chastisers of foes united together. And Bharadwaja's son, exerting himself with vigour in battle, resisted the eldest Pandava, that is to say, king Yudhishthira the just, who was desirous of Bhishma's death. And that great bowman, *viz.*, Dussasana, in that battle, resisted Arjuna who was rushing with great speed, with Sikhandin before him, desirous of coming upon Bhishma O monarch, and illuminating the ten quarters (with his bright weapons). And other warriors of thy army resisted in that great battle other mighty car-warriors of the Pandavas proceeding against Bhishma. Dhrishtadyumna, that mighty car-warrior, excited with rage, rushed against Bhishma alone and addressing the troops, repeatedly said in a loud voice, 'There, Arjuna, that delighter of Kuru's race, is proceeding against Bhishma in battle. Rush ye against Ganga's son. Be not afraid. Bhishma will not be able to attack you in battle.[1] Vasava himself cannot venture to fight with Arjuna in battle. What therefore, need be said of Bhishma who, though possessed of bravery in battle, is feeble and old." Hearing these words of their commander, the mighty car-warriors of the Pandava army, filled with joy, rushed towards the car of Ganga's son. Many foremost of men, however, of thy army cheerfully received and resisted those heroes coming towards Bhishma like impetuous mass of living energy. That mighty car-warrior, Dussasana, abandoning all fears, rushed against Dhananjaya, desirous of protecting the life of Bhishma. And so the heroic Pandavas also, O king, rushed in battle against thy sons, those mighty car-warriors, stationed

[1]Literally, "will not get or obtain you."

about Bhishma's car. And then, O king we beheld a highly wonderful incident, *viz.*, that Partha, having proceeded as far as Dussasana's car, could not advance further. As the continent resists the surging sea, even so did thy son (Dussasana) resist the angry son of Pandu. Both of them were foremost of car-warriors. Both of them, O Bharata, were invincible. Both of them, in beauty and splendour, O Bharata, resembled the Sun or the Moon. Both of them were excited with wrath. And each of them desired to slay the other. And they encountered each other in dreadful battle like Maya and Sakra in days of old. And Dussasana, O king, in that battle pierced the son of Pandu with three shafts and Vasudeva with twenty. Then Arjuna, excited with rage upon beholding him of Vrishni's race thus afflicted, pierced Dussasana with a hundred shafts. These, penetrating through the latter's armour, drank his blood in that battle. Then Dussasana, excited with wrath, pierced Partha with five shafts. And once more, O chief of the Bharatas, he pierced Arjuna in the forehead with three sharp shafts. And with those shafts sticking to his forehead, the son of Pandu looked beautiful in that battle, like Meru, O king with its tall crests. That great bowman, viz., Partha, then thus deeply pierced by thy son wielding the bow, looked resplendent in that battle like a flowering *Kinsuka*. The son of Pandu then, excited with rage, afflicted Dussasana, like *Rahu* inflamed with rage on the fifteenth day of the lighted fortnight afflicting the Moon at full. Thus afflicted by that mighty warrior, thy son, O king, pierced Partha in that battle with many shafts whetted on stone and winged with the features of the *Kanka* bird. Then Partha, cutting off Dussasana's bow and splitting his car with three shafts, sped at him many fierce arrows resembling the darts of Death. Thy son, however, cut off all those shafts of Partha exerting himself with vigour before they could reach him. All this seemed highly wonderful. Then thy son pierced Partha with many shafts of great sharpness. Then Partha, excited with rage in that battle, placed on his bowstring a number of shafts whetted on stone and furnished with wings of gold and aiming them, sped them all at his foe. These, O king, penetrated the body of that high-souled warrior, like swans, O monarch, diving into a lake. Thus afflicted by the high-souled son of Pandu, thy son avoiding Partha, quickly proceeded to the car of Bhishma. Indeed, Bhishma then became an island unto him who was thus sinking into fathomless waters. Regaining consciousness then, thy son, O monarch, endued with heroism and prowess, once more began to resist Partha with sharp arrows like Purandara resisting (the *Asura*) Vritra. Of huge form, thy son began to pierce Arjuna, but the latter was scarcely pained (at all this)."

SECTION CXII

Sanjaya said The mighty bowman (Alamvusha) the son of Rishyasringa, in that battle, resisted Satyaki clad in mail and proceeding towards Bhishma. He of Madhu's race, however, O king, excited with wrath, pierced the *Rakshasa* with nine arrows, smiling the while, O Bharata. And so the *Rakshasa* also, O king, excited with wrath, afflicted him of Madhu's race, *viz.*, that bull of Sini's line, with nine arrows. Then Sini's grandson, that slayer of hostile heroes, of Madhu's race, excited with rage, sped in that battle a profusion of arrows at the *Rakshasa*. Then that mighty-armed *Rakshasa* pierced Satyaki, of prowess incapable of being baffled, with many sharp arrows, and uttered a loud shout. Then he of Madhu's race, endued with great energy, though deeply pierced by the *Rakshasa* in that battle, still, relying upon his prowess, laughed (at his wounds) and uttered loud roars. Then Bhagadatta, excited with rage, afflicted him of Madhu's race in that battle with many sharp arrows like a guide piercing a huge elephant with the hook. Then that foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, the grandson of Sini, abandoning the *Rakshasa* in battle, sped many straight shafts at the ruler of the Pragjyotishas. The ruler of the Pragjyotishas then, with a broad-headed arrow of great sharpness, displaying great lightness of hand, cut off, the large bow of Satyaki. Then that slayer of hostile heroes, excited with rage and taking up another bow of greater impetus, pierced Bhagadatta in that battle with many sharp arrows. That mighty bowman, *viz.*, Bhagadatta, then deeply pierced, began to lick the corners of his mouth. And he then hurled at his foe, in that dreadful battle, a tough dart, made wholly of iron, decked with gold and stones of *lapis lazuli,* and fierce as the rod of Yama himself. Sped with the might of Bhagadatta's arm and coursing towards him impetuously, Satyaki, O king, cut that dart in twain by means of his shafts. Thereupon that dart fell down suddenly, like a great meteor shorn of its splendour. Beholding the dart baffled, thy son (Duryodhana), O monarch, surrounded him of Madhu's race with a large number of cars. And seeing that mighty car-warrior among the Vrishnis thus surrounded, Duryodhana, angrily addressing all his brothers, said, 'Take such steps, ye Kauravas, that Satyaki may not, in this battle, escape you and this large division of cars, with life. If he be slain, the vast host of the Pandavas may be regarded as slain also.' Accepting Duryodhana's words with the answer —So be it,—those mighty car-warriors fought with Sini's grandson in the view of Bhishma. The mighty ruler of the Kamvojas, in that battle, resisted Abhimanyu who was proceeding against Bhishma. The son of Arjuna, having pierced the king with many straight shafts,[1] once more pierced that monarch, O monarch, with four and sixty shafts. Sudakshina,

[1]There can be no doubt that (in the second line of 19 corresponding with the first line of 19 of the Bombay text), *Arjuni* should be a nominative, and not an accusative. The Bombay reading, therefore, is vicious. The Burdwan Pundits also err in taking that word as occurring in the accusative form.

however, desirous of Bhishma's life, pierced Abhimanyu in that battle with five arrows and his charioteer with nine. And the battle that took place there, in consequence of the meeting of those two warriors, was fierce in the extreme. That grinder of foes Sikhandin, then rushed at the son of Ganga. Old Virata and Drupada, those mighty car-warriors, both excited with rage, rushed to battle with Bhishma, resisting the large host of the Kauravas as they went. That best of car-warriors, *viz.*, Aswatthaman, excited with rage, encountered both those warriors. Then commenced a battle, O Bharata, between him and them. Virata then, O chastiser of foes, struck, with broad-headed shafts, that mighty bowman and ornament of battle, *viz.*, Drona's son, as the latter advanced against them. And Drupada also pierced him with three sharp shafts. Then the preceptor's son, Aswatthaman, coming upon those mighty warriors thus striking him, *viz.*, the brave Virata and Drupada both proceeding towards Bhishma, pierced them both with many shafts. Wonderful was the conduct that we then beheld of those two old warriors, inasmuch as they checked all those fierce shafts shot by Drona's son, Like an infuriate elephant in the forest rushing against an infuriate compeer, Kripa, the son of Saradwat, proceeded against Sahadeva who was advancing upon Bhishma. And Kripa, brave in battle, quickly struck that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, the son of Madri, with seventy shafts decked with gold. The son of Madri, however, cut Kripa's bow in twain by means of his shafts. And cutting off his bow, Sahadeva then pierced Kripa with nine arrows. Taking up then, in that battle, another bow capable of bearing a great strain Kripa, excited with rage and desirous of Bhishma's life, cheerfully struck Madri's son in that battle with ten shafts. And so the son of Pandu, in return, desirous of Bhishma's death, excited with rage, struck the wrathful Kripa in the chest (with many shafts). And then occurred there a terrible and fierce battle. That scorcher of foes, *viz.*, Vikarna, desirous of saving the grandsire Bhishma, excited with rage in that battle, pierced Nakula with sixty arrows. Nakula also, deeply pierced by thy intelligent son, pierced Vikarna in return with seven and seventy shafts. There those two tigers among men, those two chastisers of foes, those two heroes, struck each other for the sake of Bhishma, like two bovine bulls in a fold. Thy son Durmukha, endued with great prowess, proceeded, for the sake of Bhishma, against Ghatotkacha advancing to battle and slaughtering thy army as he came. Hidimva's son, however, O king, excited with rage, struck Durmukha, that chastiser of foes, in the chest a straight shaft. The heroic Durmukha then, shouting cheerfully, pierced Bhimasena's son on the field of battle with sixty shafts of keen points. That mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, the son of Hridika resisted Dhrishtadyumna, that foremost of car-warriors, who was advancing to battle from desire of Bhishma's slaughter. The son of Prishata, however, having pierced Kritavarman with five shafts made wholly of iron, once more struck him quickly in the centre of the chest fifty shafts. And similarly, O king, Prishata's son struck Kritavarman with nine sharp and blazing shafts winged with the feathers of the *Kanka* bird. Encountering each other

with great vigour, the battle that took place between them for Bhishma's sake was as fierce as that between Vritra and Vasava. Against Bhimasena who was advancing upon the mighty Bhishma, proceeded Bhurisravas with great speed, saying,—Wait, Wait,—And the son of Somadatta struck Bhima in the centre of the chest with an arrow of exceeding sharpness and golden wings in that battle. And the valiant Bhimasena, with that arrow on his chest, looked beautiful, O best of kings, like the Krauncha mountain in days of old with the dart of Skanda. And those two bulls among men, enraged in battle, shot at each other shafts brightly polished by their forgers and endued with effulgence of the Sun. Bhima, longing for Bhishma's death, fought with the mighty son of Somadatta, and the latter, desirous of Bhishma's victory, fought with the former, each carefully seeking to counteract the other's feats. Bharadwaja's son resisted Yudhishthira the son of Kunti, who, accompanied by a large force, was coming towards Bhishma. Hearing the rattle of Drona's car, O king, that resembled the roar of the clouds, the Prabhadrakas, O sire, began to tremble. That large force, of Pandu's son, resisted by Drona in battle, could not, exerting vigorously, advance even one step. Thy son Chitrasena, O king, resisted Chekitana of wrathful visage who was exerting vigorously for coming upon Bhishma. Possessed of great prowess and great dexterity of hand, that mighty car-warrior for the sake of Bhishma, battled with Chekitana, O Bharata, according to the utmost of his power. And Chekitana also fought with Chitrasena to the utmost of his power. And the battle that took place there in consequence of the meeting of those two warriors, was exceedingly fierce. As regards Arjuna, although he was resisted by all means, O Bharata, he still compelled thy son to turn back and then crushed thy troops. Dussasana however, to the utmost stretch of his power, began to resist Partha, wishing, O Bharata, to protect Bhishma. The army of thy son, O Bharata, undergoing such slaughter, began to be agitated here and there by many foremost car-warriors (of the Pandava)."

SECTION CXIII

Sanjaya said, "The heroic Drona, that great bowman endued with the prowess of an infuriate elephant, that foremost of men possessed of great might, taking up his large bow which was capable checking even an infuriate elephant, and shaking it (in his hands), was engaged in afflicting the Pandava ranks, having penetrated into their midst. That valiant warrior acquainted with every omen, beholding the omens on all sides, addressed his son who also was scorching the hostile ranks and said these words. 'This is that day, O son, on which the mighty Partha, desirous of slaying Bhishma in battle, will exert himself to the best of his might. My arrows

are coming out (of the quiver, of their own accord). My bow seems to yawn. My weapon seems unwilling to obey my behests, and my heart also is cheerless. Animals and birds are uttering fearful and incessant cries. Vultures seem to disappear beneath the feet of the Bharata troops. The Sun himself seems to have lost hue. The quarters are all ablaze. The Earth seems to shriek, inspire fear, and tremble everywhere. *Kankas,* and vultures, and cranes are frequently crying. Jackals are uttering inauspicious and fierce yells foreboding great danger. Large meteors seem to fall from the centre of the solar disc. The constellation called *Parigha,* with a trunkless form, appeareth around the Sun. The solar and the lunar discs have become awful, foreboding great danger to Kshatriyas about the mangling of their bodies. The idols of the Kuru king in his temples tremble and laugh and dance and weep. The illustrious Moon riseth with his horns downward. The bodies of the kings belonging to the Kuru army all seem to be pale, and though clad in mail, are shorn of splendour. The loud blare of *Panchajanya* and the twang of *Gandiva* are heard on all sides of both the armies. Without doubt, Arjuna, relying upon his great weapons and avoiding other warriors will advance upon the grandsire. The pores of my body are contracting, and my heart also is depressed, thinking, O mighty-armed one, of the encounter between Bhishma and Arjuna. Keeping on his fore the Panchala prince of sinful soul and conversant with deceit, Partha is proceeding towards Bhishma for battle. Bhishma said before that he would not slay Sikhandin. By the Creator had that one been made female, though through chance he subsequently became a male person. That mighty son of Yajnasena is also an inauspicious omen (by himself). The son of the Ocean-going (Ganga) will not strike that person of inauspicious self. Thinking of this, viz., that Arjuna, excited with wrath, is about to fall upon the aged Kuru grandsire, my heart is exceedingly depressed. The wrath of Yudhishthira, an encounter between Bhishma and Arjuna in battle, and an endeavour like this (of the shooting of weapons) by myself,—these (three) are certainly fraught with great harm to creatures. Arjuna is endued with great energy ; he is powerful, brave, accomplished in weapons, and possessed of valour that is very active. Capable of shooting his arrows to a great distance and shooting them with force, he is, besides, acquainted with omens, Endued with great might and intelligence, and above fatigue, that foremost of warriors is incapable of defeat by the very gods with Vasava at their head. The son of Pandu possesses terrible weapons and is ever victorious in battle. Avoiding his path, go thou to battle (for Bhishma's victory) O thou of rigid vows.[1] Today in this dreadful battle thou wilt behold a great carnage. The beautiful and costly coats of mail, decked with gold, of brave warriors will be pierced with straight shafts. And the tops of standards, and bearded javelins, and bows, and bright lances of sharp points, and darts bright with gold, and the standards on the backs of elephants, will all be cut off by Kiritin

[1] I think *Yatavrata* had better be read *Yatavratam.* It would then mean Bhishma.

in wrath. O son, this is not the time when dependants should take care of their lives. Go to battle, keeping heaven before thee, and for the sake of fame and victory. There, the ape-bannered (Arjuna) crosseth on his car the river of battle that is awful and incapable of being easily crossed, and hath cars, elephants, and steeds, for its eddies. Regard for Brahmanas, self-restraint, liberality, asceticism, and noble conduct, are seen in Yudhishthira alone who hath for his brothers Dhananjaya, and the mighty Bhimasena, and the twin sons of Madri by Pandu, and who hath Vasudeva of the Vrishni race for his protector. The wrath, born of grief, of that Yudhishthira whose body hath been purified by the flames of penance, directed to the wicked-souled son of Dhritarashtra, is consuming this Bharata host. There cometh Partha, having Vasudeva for his protector, checking (as he cometh) this entire Dhartarashtra army. Behold, Kiritin is agitating this host like a large whale agitating the vast sea of crested waves. Hark, cries of distress and woe are heard in the van of the army. Go, encounter the heir of the Panchala king. As for myself, I will proceed against Yudhishthira. The heart of king Yudhishthira's very strong array is difficult of access. Inaccessible as the interior of the sea, it is guarded on all sides by *Atirathas*. Satyaki, and Abhimanyu and Dhrishtadyumna, and Vrikodara, and the twins, even these are protecting that ruler of men, *viz.*, king Yudhishthira. Dark as the younger brother of Indra, and risen like a tall *Sala,* behold Abhimanyu advancing at the head of the (Pandava) host, like a second Phalguna! Take up thy mighty weapons, and with thy large bow in hand proceed against the royal son of Prishata (*viz.*, Sikhandin), and against Vrikodara. Who is there that doth not wish his dear son to live for many years? Keeping the duties of a Kshatriya, however, before me, I am engaging thee (to this task). So Bhishma also, in this battle, is consuming the mighty host of the Pandavas. O son, he is, in battle, equal to Yama or Varuna himself.' "

SECTION CXIV

Sanjaya said, "Hearing these words of the high-souled Drona, Bhagadatta and Kripa and Salya and Kritavarman, and Vinda and Anuvinda of Avanti, and Jayadratha the ruler of the Sindhus, and Chitrasena and Vikarna and Durmarshana and others, these ten warriors of thy army, supported by a large host consisting of many nationalities, fought with Bhimasena, desirous of winning high renown in the battle for Bhishma's sake. And Salya struck Bhima with nine arrows, and Kritavarman struck him with three, and Kripa with nine. And Chitrasena and Vikarna and Bhagadatta, O sire, each struck him with ten arrows. And the ruler of the Sindhus struck him with three, and Vinda and Anuvinda of Avanti each struck him with five arrows. And Duryodhana struck that son of Pandu with twenty sharp

arrows. Bhimasena, O king, pierced in return every one of those kings, those foremost of men in the world, those mighty car-warriors of the Dhartarashtra army, one after another. The brave Pandava, that slayer of hostile heroes, pierced Salya with seven arrows, and Kritavarman with eight. And he cut off Kripa's bow with arrow fixed thereon, O Bharata, in the middle, dividing it in twain. And after thus cutting off his bow, he pierced Kripa once more with seven arrows. And he struck Vinda and Anuvinda with three arrows each. And he pierced Durmarshana with twenty arrows, and Chitrasena with five, and Vikarna with ten, and Jayadratha with five. And once more striking the ruler of the Sindhus with three arrows, he uttered a loud shout, filled with joy. Then Gautama, that foremost of car-warriors, taking up another bow, angrily pierced Bhima with ten sharp shafts. Pierced with those ten shafts like a huge elephant with the hook, the valiant Bhimasena, O king, filled with wrath, struck Gautama in that battle with many shafts. Possessed of the splendour of Yama himself, as he appears at the end of the *Yuga*, Bhimasena then, with three arrows, despatched unto Death's domain the steeds of the ruler of the Sindhus as also his charioteer. Thereupon that mighty car-warrior, (*viz.*, Jayadratha), quickly jumping down from that car whose steeds had been slain, shot in that battle many sharp-pointed shafts at Bhimasena. Then, O sire, with a couple of broad-headed arrows, he cut off, O chief of the Bharatas, the bow of the high-souled king of the Sindhus in the middle. His bow cut off, himself deprived of car, his steeds and charioteer slain, Jayadratha then, O king, quickly mounted on the car of Chitrasena. Indeed, the son of Pandu achieved in that battle a most wonderful feat, for piercing all those mighty car-warriors and holding them in check, he deprived, O sire, the ruler of the Sindhus of his car in the very sight of all the army. Salya could not brook to see the prowess that Bhimasena displayed, for saying unto him,—Wait, Wait,—he aimed some sharp arrows well-polished by the forger's hands, and pierced Bhima therewith in that battle. And Kripa and Kritavarman and the valiant Bhagadatta, and Vinda and Anuvinda of Avanti, and Chitrasena, and Durmarshana, and Vikarna, and the valiant ruler of the Sindhus also, in that battle,—These chastisers of foes, all quickly pierced Bhima for the sake of Salya. Bhima then pierced each of them in return with five arrows. And he pierced Salya then with seventy arrows and once more with ten. And Salya then pierced him with nine arrows and once more with five. And he pierced Bhimasena's charioteer also, deep in his vitals, with a broad-headed arrow. The valiant Bhimasena then, beholding his charioteer Visoka deeply pierced, sped three arrows at the arms and chest of the ruler of Madras. And as regards the other great bowmen, he pierced each of them in that battle with three straight arrows, and then uttered a loud roar like that of a lion. Each of those great bowmen then, exerting himself with vigour, deeply pierced that son of Pandu skilled in battle, with three arrows in his vitals. That mighty bowman *viz.*, Bhimasena, though pierced deeply, trembled not (but stood still) like a mountain drenched with torrents of rain by

showering clouds. Then that mighty car-warrior of the Pandavas, filled with wrath, that celebrated hero, deeply, pierced the ruler of the Madras with three arrows. And he pierced the ruler of the Pragjyotishas, O king, in that battle, with a hundred arrows. Of great renown, he then pierced Kripa with many arrows, and then, displaying great dexterity, he cut off with a keen-edged shaft the bow, with arrow fixed thereon, of the high-souled Kritavarman. Then Kritavarman, that scorcher of foes, taking up another bow, struck Vrikodara between his eyebrows with a long arrow. Bhima, however, in that battle, having pierced Salya with nine arrows made wholly of iron, and Bhagadatta with three, and Kritavarman with eight, pierced each of the others with Gautama at their head, with two arrows. Those warriors also, in return, pierced him, O king, with sharp-pointed shafts. Though thus afflicted by those mighty car-warriors with all kinds of weapons, yet, regarding them all as straw, he coursed on the field without any anxiety. Those foremost of car-warriors (on the other hand), with great coolness, sped at Bhima sharp-pointed arrows by hundreds and thousands. The heroic and mighty Bhagadatta then, in that battle, hurled at him a dart of fierce impetuosity furnished with a golden staff. And the Sindhu king, of strong arms, hurled at him a lance and an axe. And Kripa, O king, hurled at him a *Sataghni,* and Salya an arrow. And the other great bowmen each sped at him five arrows with great force. The son of the Wind-god then cut off, with a sharp shaft, that lance in twain. And he cut off that axe also with three shafts, as if it were a sesame stalk. And with five shafts winged with the feathers of the *Kanka* bird, he cut that *Sataghni* into fragments. That mighty car-warrior then, having cut off the arrow sped by the ruler of the Madras, forcibly cut off the dart sped by Bhagadatta in that battle. As regards the other fierce shafts, Bhimasena, proud of his feats in battle, cut them each into three fragments by means of his own straight shafts. And he struck each of those great bowmen also with three safts. Then Dhananjaya, during the progress of that dreadful battle, beholding the mighty car-warrior Bhima striking the foe and battling (against many) with his arrows, came thither on his car. Then those bulls among men, of thy army, beholding those two high-souled sons of Pandu together, gave up all hopes of victory. Then Arjuna, desirous of slaying Bhishma, placing Sikhandin before him, approached Bhima who had been fighting with those great car-warriors and fell upon those fierce combatants, numbering ten, of thy army, O Bharata. Then Vibhatsu, desirous of doing what was agreeable to Bhima, pierced all those warriors, O king, who had been battling with Bhima. Then king Duryodhana urged Susarman, for the destruction of both Arjuna and Bhimasena, saying, 'O' Susarman, go thou quickly supported by a large force. Slay those two sons of Pandu, *viz.*, Dhananjaya and Vrikodara.' Hearing these words of his, the Trigarta king who ruled the country called Prasthala, quickly rushed in battle upon those two bowmen, *viz.*, Bhima and Dhananjaya, and surrounded them both by many thousands of cars. Then commenced a fierce battle between Arjuna and the foe."

SECTION CXV

Sanjaya said, "Arjuna covered with his straight shafts the mighty car-warrior Salya who was struggling vigorously in battle. And he pierced Susarman and Kripa with three arrows each. And in that battle the *Atiratha* Arjuna, afflicting thy host, struck the ruler of the Pragjyotishas, and Jayadratha the king of the Sindhus, and Chitrasena, and Vikarna, and Kritavarman, and Durmarshana, O monarch, and those two mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, the princes of Avanti, each with three arrows winged with the feathers of the *Kanka* and the peacock. Jayadratha, staying on the car of Chitrasena, pierced Partha (in return), O Bharata, and then, without loss of time, Bhima also, with his shafts. And Salya, and that foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, Kripa, both pierced Jishnu, O monarch, with diverse arrows capable of penetrating into the very vitals. Thy sons headed by Chitrasena, O king, each quickly pierced Arjuna and Bhimasena in that battle, O sire, with five sharp shafts. Those two foremost of car-warriors however, *viz.*, those sons of Kunti, those bulls of Bharata's race, began in that battle to afflict the mighty host of the Trigartas. Susarman (in return) pierced Partha with nine swift arrows, and uttered a loud shout frightening the vast host (of the Pandavas). And other heroic car-warriors pierced Bhimasena and Dhananjaya with many straight-going arrows of keen points and golden wings. Amid these car-warriors, however, those two bulls of Bharata's race, *viz.*, the two sons of Kunti, those great car-warriors, looked exceedingly beautiful. And they seemed to sport amid them like two furious lions amid a herd of kine. Cutting off in various ways the bows and arrows of many brave warriors in that battle, those two heroes felled the heads of combatants by hundreds upon hundreds. Innumerable cars were broken, and steeds by hundreds were slain, and many elephants, along with their riders, were laid low on the field in that dreadful battle. And car-warriors and horsemen and elephant-riders in large numbers, O king, deprived of life were seen moving in convulsions all over the field. And the earth was covered with slain elephants and foot-soldiers in large bands, and steeds deprived of life, and cars broken in diverse ways. And the prowess we beheld there of Partha was highly wonderful, in as much as holding in check all those heroes, that mighty warrior caused a great slaughter. Kripa, and Kritavarman, and Jayadratha, the ruler of the Sindhus, and Vinda and Anuvinda of Avanti,—these did not forsake the battle. Then that great bowman Bhima, and that mighty car-warrior Arjuna, began in that battle to rout the fierce host of the Kauravas. The kings (in that army) quickly sped at Dhananjaya's car myriads upon myriads and millions upon millions of arrows furnished with peacock feathers. Partha, however, checking those arrows by means of his own arrowy showers, began to send those mighty car-warriors to Yama's abode. The great car-warrior Salya then, excited with wrath and as if sporting in that battle, struck Partha

in the chest with some straight shafts of broad heads. Partha then, cutting off by means of five shafts Salya's bow and leathern fence, pierced the latter deeply in the very vitals with many arrows of keen points. Taking up another bow capable of bearing a great strain, the ruler of the Madras then furiously attacked Jishnu with three arrows, O king, and Vasudeva with five. And he struck Bhimasena in the arms and the chest with nine arrows. Then Drona, O king, and that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, the ruler of the Magadhas, commanded by Duryodhana, both came to that spot where those two mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, Partha and Bhimasena, were slaughtering the mighty host of the Kuru king. Jayatsena (the king of the Magadhas) then, O bull of Bharata's race pierced Bhima, that wielder of awful weapons in battle, with eight sharp arrows. Bhima, however, pierced him (in return) with ten arrows, and once more with five. And with another broad-headed shaft he felled Jayatsena's charioteer from his niche in the car. The steeds (of his car), no longer restrained, ran wildly in all directions and thus carried away the ruler of the Magadhas (from battle) in the sight of all the troops. Meanwhile Drona, noticing an opening, pierced Bhimasena, O bull of Bharata's race, with eight keen shafts furnished with heads shaped after the frog's mouth. Bhima, however, ever delighting in battle, pierced the preceptor, who was worthy of paternal reverence, with five broad-headed arrows, and then, O Bharata, with sixty. Arjuna, again piercing Susarman with a large number of arrows made (wholly) of iron, destroyed his troops like the tempest destroying mighty masses of clouds. Then Bhishma, and the king (*viz.*, Duryodhana), and Vrihadvala, the ruler of the Kosalas, excited with rage, advanced upon Bhimasena and Dhananjaya. At this, the heroic warriors of the Pandava army, and Dhrishtadyumna the son of Prishata, rushed in battle against Bhishma who was advancing like Death himself with wide-open mouth. Sikhandin also, sighting the grandsire of the Bharatas, was filled with joy and rushed at him, abandoning all fear of the mighty car-warrior. Then all the Parthas with Yudhishthira at their head, placing Sikhandin in the van, and uniting with the Srinjayas, fought with Bhishma in battle. And similarly all the warriors of thy army, placing Bhishma of regulated vows in their van, fought in battle with all the Parthas headed by Sikhandin. The battle then that commenced there between the Kauravas and the sons of Pandu for the sake of Bhishma's victory or victory over Bhishma, was exceedingly terrible. Indeed, in that game of battle, played for the sake of victory or the reverse, Bhishma, O monarch, became the stake on which the victory of thy army depended. Then Dhrishtadyumna, O king, commanded all the troops, saying, 'Rush against the son of Ganga. Do not fear, ye best of car-warriors. Hearing those words of their generalissimo, the army of the Pandavas quickly advanced against Bhishma, ready to lay down their lives in that dreadful battle. Bhishma then, that foremost of car-warriors, received that large host rushing towards him, like the continent receiving the surging sea."

SECTION CXVI

Dhritarashtra said, "How, O Sanjaya, did Santanu's son Bhishma of mighty energy fight on the tenth day of battle, with the Pandavas and the Srinjayas? How also did the Kurus resist the Pandavas in battle? Describe to me the great battle fought by Bhishma, that ornament of battle."

Sanjaya said, "I will presently describe to thee, O Bharata, how the Kauravas fought with the Pandavas, and how that battle took place. Day after day many mighty car-warriors of thy army, excited with wrath, were despatched to the other world by the diadem-decked (Arjuna) with his great weapons. The ever-victorious Kuru warrior Bhishma also, agreeably to his vow, always caused a great carnage among the Partha army. O chastiser of foes, beholding Bhishma, fighting at the head of the Kurus, and Arjuna also fighting at the head of the Panchalas, we could not say truly on which side the victory would declare itself. On the tenth day of battle, when Bhishma and Arjuna encountered each other, awful was the carnage that took place. On that day, O scorcher of foes, Santanu's son, Bhishma, conversant with high and mighty weapons, repeatedly slew thousands upon thousands of warriors. Many, O Bharata, whose names and families were not known, but who, endued with great bravery, were unretreating from battle, were on that day slain by Bhishma. Scorching the Pandava army for ten days, Bhishma of virtuous soul gave up all desire of protecting his life. Wishing his own slaughter presently at the head of his troops,—*No more shall I slay large numbers of foremost of warriors.*—thought thy mighty-armed sire Devavrata. And seeing Yudhishthira near him, O king, he addressed him, saying, 'O Yudhishthira, O thou of great wisdom, O thou that art acquainted with every branch of learning, listen to these righteous and heaven-leading words, O sire, that I say. O Bharata, I no longer desire to protect, O sire, this body of mine. I have passed much time in slaying large numbers of men in battle. If thou wishest to do what is agreeable to me, strive to slay me, placing Partha with the Panchalas and the Srinjayas at thy van'. Ascertaining this to be his intention, king Yudhishthira of true sight proceeded to battle with the Srinjayas (for his support). Then Dhrishtadyumna, O king, and Pandu's son Yudhishthira, having heard those words of Bhishma urged their array on. And Yudhishthira said, 'Advance ! Fight ! Vanquish Bhishma in battle. Ye all will be protected by that conqueror of foes, *viz.*, Jishnu of unbaffled aim. And this great bowman, this generalissimo (of our forces), *viz.*, the son of Prishata, as also Bhima, will assuredly protect you. Ye Srinjayas, entertain no fear today of Bhishma in battle. Without doubt, we will vanquish Bhishma today, placing Sikhandin in our van'. Having, on the tenth day of battle, made such a vow, the Pandavas, resolved to (conquer or) go to heaven, advanced, blinded by rage, with Sikhandin and Dhananjaya the son of Pandu to the fore. And

they made the most vigorous efforts for the overthrow of Bhishma. Then diverse kings, of great might, urged by thy son, and accompanied by Drona and his son and a large force, and the mighty Dussasana at the head of all his uterine brothers, proceeded towards Bhishma staying in the midst of that battle. Then those brave warriors of thy army, placing Bhishma of high vows in their van, battled with the Parthas headed by Sikhandin. Supported by the Chedis and the Panchalas, the ape-bannered Arjuna, placing Sikhandin ahead, proceeded towards Bhishma, the son of Santanu. And the grandson of Sini battled with Drona's son, and Dhrishtaketu with the descendant of Puru, and Yudhamanyu with thy son Duryodhana at the head of his followers. And Virata, at the head of his forces, encountered Jayadratha supported by his own troops. And Vardhakshatra's heir, O chastiser of foes, encountered thy son Chitrasena armed with excellent bow and arrows.[1] And Yudhishthira proceeded against the mighty bowman Salya at the head of his troops. And Bhimasena, well-protected, proceeded against the elephant-division (of the Kaurava army). And Dhrishtadyumna, the prince of Panchala, excited with fury and accompanied by his brothers, proceeded against Drona, that foremost of all wielders of weapons, invincible, and irresistible. That chastiser of foes, *viz.,* prince Vrihadvala, bearing on his standard the device of the lion, proceeded against Subhadra's son whose standard bore the device of the *Karnikara* flower. Thy sons, accompanied by many kings, proceeded against Sikhandin and Dhananjaya the son of Pritha, from desire of slaughtering both of them. When the combatants of both armies rushed against each other with awful prowess, the earth shook (under their tread). Beholding Santanu's son in battle, the divisions of thy army and of the foe, O Bharata, became mingled with one another. Tremendous was the din, O Bharata, that arose there of those warriors burning with rage and rushing against each other. And it was heard on all sides, O king. With the blare of conchs and the leonine shouts of the soldiers, the uproar became awful. The splendour, equal to that of either the Sun or the Moon, of bracelets and diadems of all the heroic kings, became dimmed. And the dust that rose looked like a cloud, the flash of bright weapons constituting its lightning. And the twang of bows, the whiz of arrows, the blare of conchs, the loud beat of drums, and the rattle of cars, of both the armies, constituted the fierce roar of those clouds. And the welkin, over the field of battle, in consequence of the bearded darts, the javelins, the swords and showers of arrows of both armies, was darkened. And car-warriors, and horsemen felled horsemen, in that dreadful battle. And elephants killed elephants, and foot-soldiers slew foot-soldiers. And the battle that took place there for Bhishma's sake, between the Kurus and

[1]Both the Bengal and the Bombay texts are confusing here. I follow the text as settled by the Burdwan Pundits. If the erudition of the Burdwan Pundits be rejected, 28 would read as, "Virata, at the head of his forces, encountered Jayadratha supported by his own troops, and also Vardhaskhemi's heir O Chastiser of foes." This would be evidently wrong.

he Pandavas, O tiger among men, was fierce in the extreme, like that etween two hawks for a piece of flesh. Engaged in battle, that encounter etween those combatants desirous of slaughtering and vanquishing one nother, was extremely dreadful."

SECTION CXVII

anjaya said, "Abhimanyu, O king, displaying his prowess for the ake of Bhishma, fought with thy son who was supported by a large force. hen Duryodhana, excited with wrath, struck Abhimanyu in the chest with ine straight arrows, and once more with three. Then in that battle, Arjuna's on, inflamed with wrath, hurled at Duryodhana's car a terrible dart esembling the rod of Death himself. Thy son, however, that mighty ar-warrior, O king, with a broad-headed arrow of great sharpness, cut off n twain that dart of terrible force coursing towards him with great speed. eholding that dart of his drop down on the earth, Arjuna's wrathful son ierced Duryodhana with three shafts in his arms and chest. And once more, O Chief of the Bharatas, that mighty car-warrior of Bharata's race struck he Kuru king with ten fierce shafts in the centre of his chest. And the battle, O Bharata, that took place between those two heroes, *viz.*, Subhadra's on, and that bull of Kuru's race, the former fighting for compassing hishma's death and the latter for Arjuna's defeat, was fierce and nteresting to behold, and gratifying to the senses, and was applauded by all he kings. That bull among Brahmanas and chastiser of foes, *viz.*, the son f Drona, excited with wrath in that battle, forcibly struck Satyaki in the hest with fierce arrow. The grandson of Sini also, that hero of mmeasurable soul, struck the preceptor's son in every vital limbs with nine hafts winged with the feathers of the *Kanka* bird. Aswatthaman then, in hat battle, struck Satyaki (in return) with nine shafts, and once nore, quickly, with thirty, in his arms and chest. Then that great bowman f the Satwata race, possessed of great fame, deeply pierced by Drona's on, pierced the latter (in return) with arrows. The mighty car-warrior aurava, covering Dhrishtaketu in that battle with his shafts, mangled that reat bowman exceedingly. The mighty car-warrior Dhrishtaketu, endued ith great strength, quickly pierced the former with thirty arrows, Then he mighty car-warrior Paurava cut off Dhrishtaketu's bow, and uttering loud shout, pierced him with whetted shafts. Dhrishtaketu then king up another bow, pierced Paurava, O king, with three and seventy afts of great sharpness. Those two great bowmen and mighty car-warriors, oth of gigantic stature, pierced each other with showers of arrows. ach succeeded in cutting off the other's bow, and each slew the ther's steeds. And both of them, thus deprived of their cars, then

encountered each other in a battle with swords. And each took up a beautiful shield made of bull's hide and decked with a hundred moons and graced with a hundred stars. And each of them also took up a polished sword of brilliant lustre. And thus equipt, they rushed, O king at each other, like two lions in the deep forest, both seeking the companionship of the same lioness in her season. They wheeled in beautiful circles, advanced and retreated, and displayed other movements, seeking to strike each other. Then Paurava, excited with wrath, addressed Dhrishtaketu, saying—Wait, Wait,—and struck him on the frontal bone with that large scimitar of his. The king of the Chedis also, in that battle, struck Paurava, that bull among men, on his shoulder-joint, with his large scimitar of sharp edge. Those two repressors of foes, thus encountering each other in dreadful battle and thus striking each other, O king, both fell down on the field. Then thy son Jayatsena, taking Paurava up on his car, removed him from the field of battle on that vehicle. And as regards Dhrishtaketu, the valiant and heroic Sahadeva, the son of Madri, possessed of great prowess, bore him away from the field.

"Chitrasena, having pierced Susarman with many arrows made wholly of iron, once more pierced him with sixty arrows and once more with nine. Susarman, however, excited with wrath in battle, pierced thy son, O king, with hundreds of arrows. Chitrasena then, O monarch, excited with rage, pierced his adversary with thirty straight shafts. Susarman, however, pierced Chitrasena again in return.[1]

"In that battle for the destruction of Bhishma, Subhadra's son, enhancing his fame and honour, fought with prince Vrihadvala, putting forth his prowess for aiding (his sire) Partha and then proceeded towards Bhishma's front. The ruler of the Kosalas, having pierced the son of Arjuna with five shafts made of iron, once more pierced him with twenty straight shafts. Then the son of Subhadra pierced the ruler of Kosalas with eight shafts made wholly of iron. He succeeded not, however, in making the ruler of the Kosalas to tremble, and, therefore, he once more pierced him with many arrows. And Phalguni's son then cut off Vrihadvala's bow, and struck him again with thirty arrows winged with feathers of the *Kanka* bird. Prince Vrihadvala then, taking up another bow, angrily pierced the son of Phalguni in that battle with many arrows. Verily, O scorcher of foes, the battle, for Bhishma's sake, that took place between them, both excited with rage and both conversant with every mode of fight, was like the encounter of Vali and Vasava in days of old on the occasion of the battle between the gods and the *Asuras*.

"Bhimasena, fighting against the elephant-division, looked highly resplendent like Sakra armed with the thunder after splitting large

[1]This Susarman was not the king of the Trigartas but another person who was on the Pandava side.

mountains.[1] Indeed, elephants, huge as hills, slaughtered by Bhimasena n battle, fell down in numbers on the field, filling the earth with their hrieks. Resembling massive heaps of antimony, and of mountain-like proportions, those elephants with frontal globes split open, lying prostrate on the earth, seemed like mountains strewn over the earth's surface. The mighty bowman Yudhishthira, protected by a large force, afflicted the ruler of the Madras, encountering him in that dreadful battle. The ruler of the Madras, in return, displaying his prowess for the sake of Bhishma, afflicted the son of Dharma, that mighty car-warrior, in battle. The king of Sindhus, having pierced Virata with nine straight arrows of keen points, once more struck him with thirty. Virata, however, O king, hat commander of a large division, struck Jayadratha in the centre of his hest with thirty shafts of keen points. The ruler of the Matsyas and the uler of the Sindhus, both armed with beautiful bows and beautiful scimitars, both decked with handsome coats of mail and weapons and standards, and both of beautiful forms looked resplendent in that battle.

"Drona, encountering Dhrishtadyumna the prince of the Panchalas n dreadful battle, fought fiercely with his straight shafts. Then Drona, O king, having cut off the large bow of Prishata's son, pierced him deeply with fifty arrows. Then that slayer of hostile heroes, *viz.*, the son of Prishata, aking up another bow, sped at Drona who was contending with him, many arrows. The mighty car-warrior Drona however, cut off all those arrows, triking them with his own. And then Drona sped at Drupada's son five ierce shafts. Then that slayer of hostile heroes, *viz.*, the son of Prishata, excited with rage, hurled at Drona in that battle a mace resembling the rod of Death himself. Drona however, with fifty arrows checked that mace decked with gold as it coursed impetuously towards him. Thereupon that mace, cut into fragments, O king, by those shafts shot from Drona's bow, fell down on the earth. Then that scorcher of foes, *viz.*, the son of Prishata, beholding his mace baffled, hurled at Drona an excellent dart made wholly of iron. Drona, however, O Bharata, cut that dart with nine shafts in that battle and then afflicted that great bowman, *viz.*, the son of Prishata. Thus took place, O king, that fierce and awful battle between Drona and the son of Prishata, for the sake of Bhishma.

"Arjuna, getting at the son of Ganga, afflicted him with many arrows of keen points, and rushed at him like an infuriate elephant in the forest upon another. King Bhagadatta, however, of great prowess then rushed at Arjuna, and checked his course in battle with showers of arrows. Arjuna then, in that dreadful battle, pierced Bhagadatta's elephant coming towards him, with many polished arrows of iron, that were all bright as silver and furnished with keen points. The son of Kunti, meanwhile, O king, urged Sikhandin, saying,—Proceed, proceed, towards Bhishma, and slay him !—Then, O elder brother of Pandu, the ruler of Pragjyotishas,

[1]Both the Bengal and the Bombay texts have *Rathanika*. The correct reading as settled by the Burdwan Pundits, is *Gajanika*.

abandoning that son of Pandu, quickly proceeded, O king, against the car of Drupada. Then Arjuna, O monarch, speedily proceeded towards Bhishma, placing Sikhandin ahead. And then there took place a fierce battle, for all the brave combatants of thy army rushed with great vigour against Arjuna, uttering loud shouts. And all this seemed extremely wonderful. Like the wind dispersing in the summer masses of clouds in the welkin, Arjuna dispersed, O king, all those diverse divisions of thy sons. Sikhandin, however, without any anxiety, coming up at the grandsire of the Bharatas, quickly pierced him with great many arrows. As regards Bhishma, his car was then his fire-chamber. His bow was the flame of that fire. And swords and darts and maces constituted the fuel of that fire. And the showers of arrows he shot were the blazing sparks of that fire with which he was then consuming Kshatriyas in that battle. As a raging conflagration with constant supply of fuel, wandereth amid masses of dry grass when aided by the wind, so did Bhishma blaze up with his flames, scattering his celestial weapons. And the Kuru hero slew the Somakas that followed Partha in that battle. Indeed that mighty car-warrior checked also the other forces of Arjuna, by means of his straight and whetted shafts furnished with wings of gold. Filling in that dreadful battle all the points of the compass, cardinal and subsidiary, with his leonine shouts, Bhishma felled many car-warriors, O king, (from their cars) and many steeds along with their riders. And he caused large bodies of cars to look like forests of palmyras shorn of their leafy heads. That foremost of all wielders of weapons, in that battle, deprived cars and steeds and elephants, of their riders. Hearing the twang of his bow and the slap of his palms, both resembling the roll of the thunder, the troops, O king, trembled all over the field. The shafts, O chief of men, of thy sire were never bootless as they fell. Indeed, shot from Bhishma's bow they never fell only touching the bodies of the foe (but pierced them through in every case). We saw crowds of cars, O king, deprived of riders, but unto which were yoked fleet steeds, dragged on all sides with the speed of the wind. Full fourteen thousand great car-warriors of noble parentage, prepared to lay down their lives, unretreating and brave, and possessed of standards decked with gold, belonging to the Chedis, the Kasis, and the Karushas, approaching Bhishma, that hero who resembled the Destroyer himself with wide-open mouth, were despatched to the other world, with their steeds, cars and elephants. There was not, O king, a single great car-warrior among the Somakas, who, having approached Bhishma in that battle, returned with life from that engagement. Beholding Bhishma's prowess, people regarded all those warriors (who approached him) as already despatched to the abode of the king of the Dead. Indeed, no car-warrior ventured to approach Bhishma in battle, except the heroic Arjuna having white steeds (yoked unto his car) and owning Krishna for his charioteer, and Sikhandin, the prince of Panchala, of immeasurable energy."

SECTION CXVIII

Sanjaya said, "Sikhandin, O bull among men, approaching Bhishma in battle, struck him in the centre of the chest with ten broad-headed arrows. The son of Ganga, however, O Bharata, only looked at Sikhandin with wrath and as if consuming the Panchala prince with that look. Remembering his femininity, O king, Bhishma, in the very sight of all, struck him not. Sikhandin, however, understood it not. Then Arjuna, O monarch, addressed Sikhandin, saying,—'Rush quickly and slay the grandsire. What needst thou say, O hero? Slay the mighty car-warrior Bhishma. I do not see any other warrior in Yudhishthira's army who is competent to fight with Bhishma in battle, save thee, O tiger among men. I say this truly.' Thus addressed by Partha, Sikhandin, O bull of Bharata's race, quickly covered the grandsire with diverse kinds of weapons. Disregarding those shafts, thy sire Devavrata began, with his shafts, to check the angry Arjuna only in that battle. And that mighty car-warrior, O sire, began also to despatch, with his shafts of keen points, the whole army of the Pandavas to the other world. The Pandavas also, O king, after the same manner, supported by their vast host, began to overwhelm Bhishma like the clouds covering the maker of day. O bull of Bharata's race, surrounded on all sides, that Bharata hero consumed many brave warriors in that battle like a raging conflagration in the forest (consuming numberless trees). The prowess that we then beheld there of thy son (Dussasana) was wonderful, inasmuch as he battled with Partha and protected the grandsire at the same time. With that feat of thy son Dussasana, that illustrious bowman, all the people there were highly gratified. Alone he battled with all the Pandavas having Arjuna amongst them; and he fought with such vigour that the Pandavas were unable to resist him. Many car-warriors were in that battle deprived of their cars by Dussasana. And many mighty bowmen on horseback and many mighty-warriors, elephants, pierced with Dussasana's keen shafts, fell down on the earth. And many elephants, afflicted with his shafts, ran away in all directions. As a fire fiercely blazeth forth with bright flames when fed with fuel, so did thy son blaze forth, consuming the Pandava host. And no car-warrior, O Bharata, of the Pandava host ventured to vanquish or even proceed against that warrior of gigantic proportions, save Indra's son (Arjuna) owning white steeds and having Krishna for his charioteer. Then Arjuna also called Vijaya, vanquishing Dussasana in battle, O king, in the very sight of all the troops, proceeded against Bhishma. Though vanquished, thy son, however, relying upon the might of Bhishma's arms, repeatedly comforted his own side and battled with the Pandavas with great fierceness. Arjuna, O king, fighting with his foes in that battle, looked exceedingly resplendent.[1] Then Sikhandin, in that battle, O king, pierced

[1]Both the Bengal and the Bombay texts read *Arjunas* in the second line of 21. The Burdwan Pundits are for correcting it as *Arjunam*. I do not think the correction happy.

the grandsire with many arrows whose touch resembled that of the bolts of heaven and which were as fatal as the poison of the snake. These arrows, however, O monarch, caused thy sire little pain, for the son of Ganga received them laughingly. Indeed, as a person afflicted with heat cheerfully receives torrents of rain, even so did the son of Ganga received those arrows of Sikhandin. And the Kshatriyas there, O king, beheld Bhishma in that great battle as a being of fierce visage who was incessantly consuming the troops of the high-souled Pandavas.

"Then thy son (Duryodhana), addressing all his warriors, said unto them, 'Rush ye against Phalguni from all sides. Bhishma, acquainted with the duties of a commander, will protect you'. Thus addressed, the Kaurava troops casting off all fear, fought with the Pandavas. (And once more, Duryodhana said unto them). 'With his tall standard bearing the device of the golden palmyra, Bhishma stayeth, protecting the honour and the armour of all the Dhartarashtra warriors. The very gods, striving vigorously, cannot vanquish the illustrious and mighty Bhishma. What need be said, therefore, of the Parthas who are mortals? Therefore, ye warriors, fly not away from the field, getting Phalguni for a foe. I myself, striving vigorously, will today fight with the Pandavas, uniting with all of you, ye lords of earth, exerting yourselves actively.' Hearing these words, O monarch, of thy son with bow in hand, many mighty combatants, excited with rage, belonging to the Videhas, the Kalingas, and the diverse tribes of the Daserkas, fell upon Phalguni. And many combatants also, belonging to the Nishadas, the Sauviras, the Valhikas, the Daradas, the Westerners, the Northerners, the Malavas, the Abhighatas, the Surasenas, the Sivis, the Vasatis, the Salwas, the Sakas, the Trigartas, the Amvashthas, and the Kekayas, similarly fell upon Partha, like flights of insects upon a fire. The mighty Dhananjaya, otherwise called Vibhatsu, then, O monarch, calling to mind diverse celestial weapons and aiming them at those great car-warriors at the heads of their respective divisions,[1] quickly consumed them all, by means of those weapons of great force, like fire consuming a flight of insects. And while that firm bowman was (by means of his celestial weapons) creating thousands upon thousands of arrows, his *Gandiva* looked highly resplendent in the welkin. Then those Kshatriyas, O monarch, afflicted with those arrows with their tall standards torn and overthrown, could not even together, approach the ape-bannered (Partha). Car-warriors fell down with their standards, and horsemen with their horses, and elephant-riders with their elephants, attacked by Kiritin with his shafts. And the earth was soon covered all on all sides with the retreating troops of those kings, routed in consequence of the shafts shot from Arjuna's arms. Partha then, O monarch, having routed the Kaurava army, sped many arrows at Dussasana. Those arrows with iron heads, piercing thy son Dussasana through, all entered the earth like snakes

[1]In the second line of 35 for *Satanika*, the true reading, is *Sahanikan*.

through ant-hills. Arjuna then slew Dussasana's steeds and then felled his charioteer. And the lord Arjuna, with twenty shafts, deprived Vivingsati of his car, and struck him five straight shafts. And piercing Kripa and Vikarna and Salya with many arrows made wholly of iron, Kunti's son owning white steeds deprived all of them of their cars. Thus deprived of their cars and vanquished in battle by Savyasachin, Kripa and Salya, O sire, and Dussasana, and Vikarna and Vivingsati, all fled away. Having vanquished those mighty car-warriors, O chief of the Bharatas, in the forenoon, Partha blazed up in that battle like a smokeless conflagration. Scattering his shafts all around like the Sun shedding rays of light, Partha felled many other kings, O monarch. Making those mighty car-warriors turn their backs upon the field by means of his arrowy showers, Arjuna caused a large river of bloody current to flow in that battle between the hosts of the Kurus and the Pandavas, O Bharata. Large numbers of elephants and steeds and car-warriors were slain by car-warriors. And many were the car-warriors slain by elephants, and many also were the steeds slain by foot-soldiers. And the bodies of many elephant-riders and horsemen and car-warriors, cut off in the middle, as also their heads, fell down on every part of the field. And the field of battle, O king, was strewn with (slain) princes,—mighty car-warriors,—falling or fallen, decked with ear-rings and bracelets. And it was also strewn with the bodies of many warriors cut off by car-wheels, or trodden down by elephants. And foot-soldiers ran away, and horsemen also with their horses. And many elephants and car-warriors fell down on all sides. And many cars, with wheels and yokes and standards broken, lay scattered all about on the field. And the field of battle, dyed with the gore of large numbers of elephants, steeds, and car-warriors, looked beautiful like a red cloud, in the autumnal sky. Dogs, and crows, and vultures, and wolves, and jackals, and many other frightful beasts and birds, set up loud howls, at the sight of the food that lay before them. Diverse kinds of winds blew along all directions. And *Rakshasas* and evil spirits were seen there, uttering loud roars. And strings, embroidered with gold, and costly banners, were seen to wave, moved by the wind. And thousands of umbrellas and great cars with standards attached to them, were seen lying scattered about on the field. Then Bhishma, O king, invoking a celestial weapon, rushed at the son of Kunti, in the very sight of all the bowmen. Thereupon Sikhandin, clad in mail, rushed at Bhishma who was dashing towards Arjuna. At this, Bhishma withdrew that weapon resembling fire (in effulgence and energy). Meanwhile Kunti's son owning white steeds slaughtered thy troops, confounding the grandsire.[1]"

[1]After the 60th verse, three lines occur in the Bombay edition as follows,—"And many elephants, with standards on their backs, were seen to fly away in all directions. And many *Kshatriyas*, O monarch, armed with maces and darts and bows, were seen lying prostrate on the field."

SECTION CXIX

Sanjaya said, "When the combatants of both armies, strong in number, were thus disposed in battle array, all those unretreating heroes, O Bharata, set their heart upon the region of Brahma.[1] In course of the general engagement that followed, the same class of combatants did not fight with the same class of combatants. Car-warriors fought not with car-warriors, or foot-soldiers with foot-soldiers, or horsemen with horsemen, or elephant-warriors with elephant-warriors. On the other hand, O monarch, the combatants fought with one another like mad men. Great and dreadful was the calamity that overtook both the armies. In that fierce slaughter when elephants and men spread themselves on the field, all distinctions between them ceased, for they fought indiscriminately.

"Then Salya and Kripa, and Chitrasena, O Bharata, and Dussasana, and Vikarna, those heroes mounted on their bright cars, caused the Pandava host to tremble. Slaughtered in battle by those high-souled warriors, the Pandava army began to reel in diverse ways, O king, like a boat on the waters tossed by the wind. As the wintry cold cuts kine to the quick, so did Bhishma cut the sons of Pandu to the quick. As regards thy army also, many elephants, looking like newly-risen clouds, were felled by the illustrious Partha. And many foremost of warriors too were seen to be crushed by that hero. And struck with arrows and long shafts in thousands, many huge elephants fell down, uttering frightful shrieks of pain. And the field of battle looked beautiful, strewn with the bodies, still decked with ornaments of high-souled warriors deprived of life and with heads still decked with ear-rings. And in that battle, O king, which was destructive of great heroes, when Bhishma and Dhananjaya the son of Pandu put forth their prowess, thy sons, O monarch, beholding the grandsire exert himself vigorously, approached him, with all their troops placed ahead. Desirous of laying down their lives in battle and making heaven itself their goal, they approached the Pandavas in that battle, which was fraught with great carnage. The brave Pandavas also, O king, bearing in mind the many injuries of diverse kinds inflicted upon them before by thee and thy son, O monarch, and casting off all fear, and eager to win the highest heavens, cheerfully fought with thy son and the other warriors of thy army.

"Then the generalissimo of the Pandava army, *viz.*, the mighty car-warrior Dhrishtadyumna, addressing his soldiers, said, 'Ye Somakas, accompanied by the Srinjayas, rush ye at Ganga's son.' Hearing those words of their commander the Somakas and the Srinjayas, though afflicted with showers of arrows, rushed at the son of Ganga. Thus attacked, O king, thy sire Bhishma, influenced by wrath, began to fight with the Srinjayas.

[1]The Bengal texts read *Evam* etc.; the Bombay reading is *samam*, I adopt the former reading. "Set their hearts upon the region of Brahma," *i.e.*, fought on, resolved to win the highest heaven by bravery or death in battle.

In days of old, O sire, the intelligent Rama had imparted to Bhishma of glorious achievements that instruction in weapons which was so destructive of hostile ranks. Relying on that instruction and causing a great havoc among the troops of the foe, that slayer of hostile heroes, *viz.*, the old Kuru grandsire Bhishma, day after day, slew ten thousand warriors of the Ratha. On the tenth day, however, O bull of Bharata's race, Bhishma, single-handed, slew ten thousand elephants. And then he slew seven great car-warriors among the Matsyas and the Panchalas. In addition to all this, in that dreadful battle five thousand foot-soldiers, and one thousand tuskers, and ten thousand steeds, were also slain by thy sire, O king, through skill acquired by education. Then having thinned the ranks of all the kings, he slew Satanika, the dear brother of Virata. And the valiant Bhishma, having slain Satanika in battle, felled, O king, full one thousand Kshatriyas with his broad-headed shafts. Besides these, all the Kshatriyas of the Pandava army who followed Dhananjaya, as soon as they approached Bhishma, had to go to Yama's abode. Covering the Pandava host from every side with showers of arrows, Bhishma stayed in battle at the head of the Kaurava army. Achieving the most glorious feats on the tenth day, as he stayed between the two armies, bow in hand, none of the kings, O monarch, could even look at him, for he then resembled the hot mid-day Sun in the summer sky. As Sakra scorched the *Daitya* host in battle, even so, O Bharata, did Bhishmas corch the Pandava host. Beholding him thus put forth his prowess, the slayer of Madhu, *viz.*, the son of Devaki, cheerfully addressing Dhananjaya, said, 'There, Bhishma, the son of Santanu, stayeth between the two armies. Slaying him by putting forth thy might, thou mayst win victory. There, at that spot, whence he breaketh our ranks, check him, putting forth thy strength. O lord, none else, save thee, ventureth to bear the arrows of Bhishma. Thus urged, the ape-bannered Arjuna at that moment made Bhishma with his car, steeds, and standard, invisible by means of his arrows. That bull, however, among the foremost of Kurus, by means of his own arrowy showers, pierced those showers of shafts shot by the son of Pandu. Then the king of the Panchalas the valiant Dhrishtaketu, Bhimasena the son of Pandu, Dhrishtadyumna of Prishata's race, the twins (Nakula and Sahadeva). Chekitana, and the five Kaikaya brothers, and the mighty-armed Satyaki and Subhadra's son, and Ghatotkacha, and the (five) sons of Draupadi, and Sikhandin, and the valiant Kuntibhoja, and Susarman, and Virata, these and many other powerful warriors of the Pandava army, afflicted by the shafts of Bhishma, seemed to sink in an ocean of grief, Phalguni, however, rescued them all. Then Sikhandin, taking up a mighty weapon and protected by Kiritin, rushed impetuously towards Bhishma alone. The unvanquished Vibhatsu then, knowing what should be done after what, slew all those that followed Bhishma, and then himself rushed at him. And Satyaki, and Chekitana, and Dhristadyumna of Prishata's race, and Virata, and Drupada, and the twin sons of Madri by Pandu, all protected by that firm bowman (*viz.*, Arjuna) rushed against Bhishma alone in that battle. And Abhimanyu, and the five sons of Draupadi also ,

with mighty weapons upraised, rushed against Bhishma in battle. All those firm bowmen, unretreating from battle, pierced Bhishma in diverse parts of his body with well-aimed shafts. Disregarding all those shafts, large in number, shot by those foremost of princes belonging to the Pandava host, Bhishma of undepressed soul penetrated into the Pandava ranks. And the grandsire baffled all those arrows, as if sporting the while. Frequently looking at Sikhandin the prince of the Panchalas with a laugh, he aimed not a single arrow at him, recollecting his femininity. On the other hand, he slew seven great car-warriors belonging to Drupada's division. Then confused cries of woe soon arose amongst the Matsyas, the Panchalas, and the Chedis, who were together rushing at that single hero. With large numbers of foot-soldiers and steeds and cars, and with showers of arrows, O scorcher of foes, they overwhelmed that single warrior, *viz.*, Bhishma the son of Bhagirathi, that scorcher of foes, like the clouds overwhelming the maker of day. Then in that battle between him and them, which resembled the battle between the gods and the *Asuras* in days of old, the diademdecked (Arjuna), placing Sikhandin before him, pierced Bhishma (repeatedly).'

SECTION CXX

Sanjaya said, "Thus all the Pandavas, placing Sikhandin before them pierced Bhishma in that battle repeatedly surrounding him on all sides. And all the Srinjayas, uniting together, struck him with dreadful *Sataghnis,* and spiked maces, and battle-axes, and mallets, and short thick clubs, and bearded darts, and other missiles, and arrows furnished with golden wings, and darts and lances and *kampanas*; and with long shafts, and arrows furnished with heads shaped like the calf-tooth, and rockets. Thus afflicted by many, his coat of mail was pierced everywhere. But though pierced in every vital part, Bhishma felt no pain. On the other hand. he then seemed to his enemies to resemble in appearance the (all-destructive) fire that rises at the end of *Yuga.* His bow and arrows constituted the blazing flames (of that fire). The flight of his weapons constituted its (friendly) breeze. The rattle of his car-wheels constituted its heat and mighty weapons constituted its splendour. His beautiful bow formed its fierce tongue, and the bodies of heroic warriors, its profuse fuel. And Bhishma was seen to roll through the midst of crowds of cars belonging to those kings, or to come out (of the press) at times, or course once more through their midst. Then, disregarding the king of the Panchalas and Dhrishtaketu, he penetrated, O monarch, into the midst of the Pandava army. He then pierced the six Pandava warriors, *viz.*, Satyaki, and Bhima, and Dhananjaya the son of Pandu, and Drupada, and Virata, and Dhrishtadyumna of Prishata's race, with many excellent arrows of great sharpness and dreadful whizz and exceeding

impetuosity, and capable of piercing through every kind of armour. Those mighty car-warriors, however, checking those keen shafts, afflicted Bhishma with great force, each of them striking him with ten shafts. Those mighty shafts, whetted on stone and furnished with golden wings, which the great car-warrior Sikhandin shot, quickly penetrated into Bhishma's body. Then the diadem-decked (Arjuna), excited with wrath, and placing Sikhandin ahead rushed at Bhishma and cut off the latter's bow. Thereupon mighty car-warriors, seven in number, *viz.*, Drona and Kritavarman, and Jayadratha the ruler of the Sindhus, and Bhurisravas, and Sala, and Salya, and Bhagadatta could not brook that act of Arjuna. Inflamed with rage, they rushed at him. Indeed, those mighty car-warriors, invoking into existence celestial weapons, fell with great wrath upon that son of Pandu, and covered him with their arrows. And as they rushed towards Phalguni's car, the noise made by them was heard to resemble that made by the ocean itself when it swelleth in rage at the end of the *Yuga*, *Kill, Bring up* (*our forces*), *Take, Pierce, Cut off*, this was the furious uproar heard about Phalguni's car. Hearing that furious uproar, the mighty car-warriors of the Pandava army rushed forward, O bull of Bharata's race, for protecting Arjuna. They were Satyaki, and Bhimasena, and Dhrishtadyumna of Prishata's race, and both Virata and Drupada, and the *Rakshasa* Ghatotkacha, and the wrathful Abhimanyu. These seven, inflamed with rage, and armed with excellent bows, rushed with great speed. And the battle that took place between these and the Kaurava warriors was fierce, making the hair stand on end, and resembling O chief of the Bharatas, the battle of the gods with the *Danavas*. Sikhandin, however, that foremost of car-warriors, protected in the battle by the diadem-decked (Arjuna), pierced Bhishma, in that encounter, with ten shafts after the latter's bow had been cut off. And he struck Bhishma's charioteer with other shafts, and cut off the latter's standard with one shaft. Then the son of Ganga took up another bow that was tougher. That even was cut off by Phalguni with three sharp shafts. Indeed, that chastiser of foes, *viz.*, Arjuna, who was capable of drawing the bow with even his left hand, excited with rage, one after another, cut off all the bows that Bhishma took up. Then Bhishma, whose bows were thus cut off, excited with rage, and licking the corners of his mouth, took up a dart that was capable of riving a hill. In rage he hurled it at Phalguni's car. Beholding its course towards him like the blazing bolt of heaven, the delighter of the Pandavas fixed five sharp broad-headed arrows (on his bow-string). And with those five arrows, O chief of the Bharatas, the angry Arjuna cut off into five fragments that dart hurled from Bhishma's arms. Thus cut off by the angry Arjuna, that dart then fell down like a flash of lightning separated from a mass of clouds. Beholding his dart cut off, Bhishma became filled with rage. That hero, that subjugator of hostile cities, then began to reflect. And he said unto himself, 'With only a single bow I could slay all the Pandavas, if the mighty Vishnu himself had not been their protector. For two reasons, however, I will not fight with the Pandavas, *viz.*, their unslayableness, and the remi-

ninity of Sikhandin. Formerly, when my sire wedded Kali, he pleased (with me) gave me two boons, *viz.*, that I should be incapable of being slain in battle, and that my death should depend on my own choice. I should, however, now wish my own death, this being the proper hour.' Ascertaining this to be the resolve of Bhishma of immeasurable energy, the *Rishis* and the *Vasus* stationed in the firmament, said, 'That which hath been resolved by thee is approved by us also, O son! Act according to thy resolution, O king. Withdraw thy heart from battle.' On the conclusion, of those words, fragrant and auspicious breeze charged with particles of water, began to blow along a natural direction.[1] And celestial cymbals of loud sounds began to beat. And a flowery shower fell upon Bhishma, O sire. The words spoken by the *Rishis* and the *Vasus*, however, O king, were not heard by any one save Bhishma himself. I also heard them, through the power conferred on me by the *Muni*. Great was the grief, O monarch, that filled the hearts of the celestials at the thought of Bhishma, that favourite of all the worlds, falling down from his car. Having listened to these words of the celestials, Santanu's son Bhishma of great ascetic merit rushed out at Vibhatsu, even though he was then being pierced with sharp arrows capable of penetrating through every armour. Then Sikhandin, O king, excited with rage, struck the grandsire of the Bharatas in the chest with nine sharp arrows. The Kuru grandsire Bhishma, however, though struck by him in battle, thus, trembled not, O monarch, but remained unmoved like a mountain during an earthquake. Then Vibhatsu, drawing his bow *Gandiva* with a laugh, pierced the son of Ganga with five and twenty arrows. And once more, Dhananjaya, with great speed and excited with wrath struck him in every vital part with hundreds of arrows. Thus pierced by others, also with thousands of arrows, the mighty car-warrior Bhishma pierced those others in return with great speed. And as regards the arrows shot by those warriors, Bhishma, possessed of prowess in battle that was incapable of being baffled, equally checked them all with his own straight arrows. Those arrows, however, endued with wings of gold and whetted on stone, which the mighty car-warrior Sikhandin shot in that battle, scarcely caused Bhishma any pain. Then the diadem-decked (Arjuna), excited with rage and placing Sikhandin to the fore, approached Bhishma (nearer) and once more cut off his bow. And then piercing Bhishma with ten arrows, he cut off the latter's standard with one. And striking Bhishma's chariot with ten arrows, Arjuna caused him to tremble. The son of Ganga then took up another bow that was stronger. Within, however, the twinkling of an eye, as soon, in fact, as it was taken up, Arjuna cut that bow also into three fragments with three broad-headed shafts. And thus the son of Pandu cut off in that battle even all the bows of Bhishma. After that, Bhishma, the son of Santanu, no longer desired to battle with Arjuna. The latter,

[1]The Bengal reading of this verse is vicious. In the first line, *lokasya* is incorrect and unmeaning, the correct word being *vakyasa*. In the second line, again, for *Prishthatascha samantatas*, the correct reading is *Prishataischa samantatas*.

however, then pierced him with five and twenty arrows. That great bowman, thus pierced greatly, then addressed Dussasana, and said, 'Behold, Partha, that great car-warrior of the Pandavas, excited with wrath in battle, pierceth me alone with many thousands of arrows. He is incapable of being vanquished in battle by the wielder of the thunder-bolt himself. As regards myself also, O hero, the very gods, *Danavas* and *Rakshasas* united together, are incapable of vanquishing me. What I shall say then of mighty car-warriors among men ?' While Bhishma was thus speaking to Dussasana, Phalguni with sharp shafts, and placing Sikhandin to the fore, pierced Bhishma in that battle. Then Bhishma, deeply and excessively pierced by the wielder of *Gandiva* with keen-pointed shafts, once more addressed Dussasana with a smile and said, 'These arrows coursing towards me in one continuous line, whose touch resembleth that of heaven's bolt, have been shot by Arjuna. These are not Sikhandin's. Cutting me to the quick, piercing through even my hard coat of mail, and striking me with the force of *mushalas*, these arrows are not Sikhandin's. Of touch as hard as that of the Brahmana's rod (of chastisement),[1] and of impetus unbearable as that of the thunder-bolt, these arrows are afflicting my vital forces. These are not Sikhandin's. Of the touch of maces and spiked bludgeons, those arrows are destroying my vital forces like messengers of Death commissioned (by the grim king himself). These are not Sikhandin's. Like angry snakes of virulent poison, projecting their tongues out, these are penetrating into my vitals. These are not Sikhandin's—these that cut me to the quick like the cold of winter cutting kine to the quick. Save the heroic wielder of *Gandiva*, *viz.*, the ape-bannered Jishnu, even all other kings united together cannot cause me pain. Saying these words, Bhishma, the valiant son of Santanu, as if for the object of consuming the Pandavas, hurled a dart at Partha. Partha, however, caused that dart to drop down, cutting it into three fragments with three shafts, in the very sight, O Bharata, of all the Kuru heroes of thy army. Desirous of obtaining either death or victory, the son of Ganga then took up a sword and a shield decked with gold. Before, however, he could come down from his car, Arjuna cut off by means of his arrows, that shield into a hundred fragments. And that feat of his seemed exceedingly wonderful. Then the king Yudhishthira urged his own troops, saying, 'Rush ye at Ganga's son. Do not entertain the slightest fear'. Then, armed with bearded darts, and lances, and arrows, from all sides, with axes, and excellent scimitars, and long shafts of great sharpness, with calf-toothed arrows, and broad-headed shafts, they all rushed at that single warrior. Then arose from among the Pandava host a loud shout. Then thy sons also, O king,

[1] *Brahma-danda* literally means a Brahmana's rod—bamboo-stick. In consequence of the Brahmana's ascetic power, this thin rod (symbolical of the Brahmana's power of chastisement) is infinitely more powerful than even Indra's bolt. The latter can strike only one, but the former can smite whole countries, and entire races from generation to generation. With only his Brahma-danda Vasishtha baffled all the mighty and celestial weapons of Viswamitra *vide*, *Ramayana*, section 56, Valakanda.

desirous of Bhishma's victory, surrounded him and uttered leonine shouts. Fierce was the battle fought there between thy troops and those of the enemy on that the tenth day, O king, when Bhishma and Arjuna met together. Like unto the vortex that occurs at the spot where the Ganga meets the Ocean, for a short while a vortex occurred there where the troops of both armies met and struck one another down. And the Earth, wet with gore, assumed a fierce form. And the even and the uneven spots on her surface could no longer be distinguished. Although Bhishma was pierced in all his vital limbs, yet on that the tenth day he stayed (calmly) in battle, having slain ten thousand warriors. Then that great bowman, Partha, stationed at the head of his troops, broke the centre of the Kuru army. Ourselves then, afraid of Kunti's son Dhananjaya having white steeds attached to his car, and afflicted by him with polished weapons, fled away from the battle. The Sauviras, the Kitavas, the Easterners, the Westerners, the Northerners, the Malavas, the Abhishahas, the Surasenas, the Sivis, the Vasatis, the Salwas, the Sayas, the Trigartas, the Amvashthas, and the Kaikeyas.[1]—these and many other illustrious warriors,—afflicted with arrows and pained by their wounds, abandoned Bhishma in that battle while he was fighting with the diadem-decked (Arjuna). Then a great many warriors, surrounding that single warrior on all sides, defeated the Kurus (that protected him) and covered him with shower of arrows. *Throw down, Seize, Fight, Cut into pieces,*—this was the furious uproar, O king, heard in the vicinity of Bhishma's car. Having slain in that battle, O monarch, (his foes) by hundreds and thousands, there was not in Bhishma's body space of even two fingers' breadth that was not pierced with arrows. Thus was thy sire mangled with arrows of keen points by Phalguni in that battle. And then he fell down from his car with his head to the east, a little before sunset, in the very sight of thy sons. And while Bhishma fell, loud cries of *alas* and *oh*, O Bharata, were heard in the welkin uttered by the celestials and the kings of the earth. And beholding the high-souled grandsire falling down (from his car), the hearts of all of us fell with him. That foremost of all bowmen, that mighty-armed hero, fell down, like an uprooted standard of Indra, making the earth tremble the while.[2] Pierced all over with arrows, his body touched not the ground. At that moment, O bull of Bharata's race, a divine nature took possession of that great bowman lying on a bed of arrows. The clouds poured a (cool) shower (over him) and the Earth trembled. While falling he had marked that the Sun was then in the southern solstice. That hero, therefore, permitted not his senses to depart, thinking of that (inauspicious) season (of death). And all around in the welkin he heard celestial voices saying, 'Why, Oh why, should Ganga's son, that foremost of all warriors of weapons,

[1]Instead of "the Salwas, the Sayas, and the Trigartas," the Bombay text reads,—"the Trigartas depending on (king) Salwa." I have not, however, met with any Trigartas under Salwa's rule, that race having, at this time, Susarman for their ruler.

[2]*Indra ádhwaja* was a pole, decked with banners, created in honour of Indra. The festival attracted considerable crowds.

ield up his life during the southern declension?' Hearing these words, he son of Ganga answered, 'I am alive !' Although fallen upon the earth, he Kuru grandsire Bhishma, expectant of the northern declension, suffered ot his life to depart. Ascertaining that to be his resolve, Ganga, the aughter of Himavat, sent unto him the great *Rishis* in swanlike form. Then those *Rishis* in the forms of swans inhabiting the *Manasa* lake, quickly ose up, and came together, for obtaining a sight of the Kuru grandsire Bhishma, to that spot where that foremost of men was lying on his bed of rrows. Then those *Rishis* in swanlike forms, coming to Bhishma, beheld hat perpetuator of Kuru's race lying on his bed of arrows. Beholding that igh-souled son of Ganga, that chief of the Bharatas, they walked round im, and the Sun being then in the southern solstice, they said, addressing ne another, these words, 'Being a high-souled person, why should Bhishma ass out (of the world) during the southern declension?' Having said these vords, those swans went away, proceeding towards the southern direction. Endued with great intelligence, Bhishma, O Bharata, beholding them, eflected for a moment. And the son of Santanu then said unto them. 'I vill never pass out (of the world) as long as the Sun is in the southern olstice. Even this is my resolve. I will proceed to my own ancient abode vhen the Sun reacheth the northern solstice. Ye swans, I tell you this ruly. Expectant of the northern declension I will hold my life. Since I nave the fullest control over the yielding up of my life, I will, therefore, nold life, expectant of death during the northern declension. The boon hat was granted to me by my illustrious sire, to the effect that my death would depend on my own wish O, let that boon become true. I will hold ny life, since I have control in the matter of laying it down.' Having said hese words to those swans, he continued to lie down on his bed of arrows.

"When that crest of the Kuru race, *viz.*, Bhishma of great energy, fell down, the Pandavas and the Srinjayas uttered leonine shouts. When the grandsire of the Bharatas who was endued with great might was overthrown, thy son, O bull of Bharata's race, knew not what to do. And all the Kurus were entirely deprived of their senses. And the Kurus headed by Kripa, and Duryodhana, sighed and wept. And from grief they remained for a long while deprived of their senses. And they remained perfectly still, O monarch, without setting their hearts on battle. As if seized by thighs, they stood motionless, without proceeding against the Pandavas. When Santanu's son Bhishma of mighty energy, who was (regarded as) unslayable, was slain, all of us thought that the destruction of the Kuru king was at hand.[1] Vanquished by Savyasachin, with our foremost heroes slain, and ourselves mangled with sharp arrows, we knew not what to do. And the heroic Pandavas possessed of massive arms that looked like spiked maces, having obtained the victory and won a highly blessed state in the other

[1]The second line of 114 in the Bengal text is vicious. I adopt the Bombay reading, which is *Kururajasya tarkitas*. Literally rendered the second line is "the destruction of the Kuru king was inferred."

world,[1] all blew their great conches. And the Somakas and the Panchalas all rejoiced, O king. Then when thousands of trumpets were blown, the mighty Bhimasena slapped his arm-pits and uttered loud shouts. When the all-powerful son of Ganga was slain, the heroic warriors of both armies, laying down their weapons, began to reflect thoughtfully. And some uttered loud shrieks and some fled away, and some were deprived of their senses. And some censured the practices of the Kshatriya order and some applauded Bhishma. And the *Rishis* and the *Pitris* all applauded Bhishma of high vows. And the deceased ancestors of the Bharatas also praised Bhishma. Meanwhile the valiant and intelligent Bhishma, the son of Santanu, having recourse to that *Yoga* which is taught in the great *Upanishads* and engaged in mental prayers, remained quiet, expectant of his hour."

SECTION CXXI

Dhritarashtra said, 'Alas, what was the state of (my) warriors, O Sanjaya, when they were deprived of the mighty and god-like Bhishma who had become a *Brahmacharin* for the sake of his reverend sire ? Even then I regarded the Kurus and all the others as slain by the Pandavas when Bhishma, despising the son of Drupada, struck him not. Wretch that I am, also, I hear today of my sire's slaughter. What can be a heavier sorrow than this ? My heart assuredly, O Sanjaya, is made of adamant, since it breaketh not into a hundred fragments on hearing of Bhishma's death ! Tell me, O thou of excellent vows, what was done by that lion among the Kurus, *viz.*, the victory-desiring Bhishma when he was slain in battle. I cannot at all brook it that Devavrata should be slain in battle. Alas, he that was not slain by Jamadagni's son himself in days of old by means of even his celestial weapons, alas, he hath now been slain by Drupada's son Sikhandin, the prince of Panchala !—

'Sanjaya said,—"Slain in the evening the Kuru grandsire Bhishma saddened the Dhartarashtras and delighted the Panchalas. Falling down on the earth, he lay on his bed of arrows without however, touching the earth with his body. Indeed, when Bhishma, thrown down from his car fell upon the surface of the earth, cries of *Oh* and *Alas* were heard among all creatures. When that boundary-tree o the Kurus, *viz.*, the ever victorious Bhishma, fell down, fear entered the hearts, O king, of the Kshatriyas of both the armies. Beholding Bhishma, he son of Santanu, with his standard overthrown and his armour cut open, both the Kurus and the Pandavas were inspired, O monarch, with sentiments of cheerlessness. And

[1]By bravery on the field of battle, which, according to the Hindu scriptures, is always thus rewarded.

the welkin was enveloped with a gloom and the Sun himself became dim. The Earth seemed to utter loud shrieks when the son of Santanu was slain. This one is the foremost of those conversant with the *Vedas* ! This one is the best of those that are conversant with the *Vedas* !—Even thus did creatures speak of that bull among men as he lay (on his bed of arrows).—This one, formerly, ascertaining his sire Santanu to be afflicted by Kama, this bull among men, resolved to draw up his vital steed !—Even thus did the *Rishis* together with the *Siddhas* and the *Charanas* said of that foremost one of the Bharatas as he lay on his bed of arrows. When Santanu's son Bhishma, the grandsire of the Bharatas, was slain, thy sons, O sire, knew not what to do. Their faces wore an expression of grief. The splendour of their countenances seemed to abandon them, O Bharata ! All of them stood in shame, hanging down their heads. The Pandavas, on the other hand, having, won the victory, stood at the head of their ranks. And they all blew their large conchs decked with gold. And when in consequence of their joys thousands of trumpets, O sinless one, were blown there, we beheld O monarch, the mighty Bhimasena, the son of Kunti, sporting in great glee, having quickly slain many hostile warriors endued with great strength. And a great swoon overtook all the Kurus. And Karna and Duryodhana repeatedly drew long breaths. When the Kuru grandsire Bhishma fell down, thus, cries of sorrow were heard all round, and the greatest confusion prevailed (among the Kuru army). Beholding Bhishma fallen, thy son Dussasana, with great speed, entered the division commanded by Drona. That hero, clad in mail and at the head of his own troops, had been placed by his elder brother (for the protection of Bhishma). That tiger among men now came, plunging the troops he had commanded into grief. Beholding him coming towards them, the Kauravas surrounded prince Dussasana, desirous, O monarch, of hearing what he had to say. Then Dussasana of Kuru's race informed Drona of Bhishma's slaughter. Drona then, hearing those evil tidings, suddenly fell down from his car. Then the valiant son of Bharadwaja, quickly recovering his senses, forbade the Kuru army, sire, to continue the fight. Beholding the Kurus desist from battle, the Pandavas also, through messengers on fleet horses, forbade their orders, ceased to fight, the kings of both armies, putting off their armour, all repaired to Bhishma. Desisting from the fight, thousands of (other) warriors then, proceeded towards the high-souled Bhishma like the celestials towards the Lord of all creatures. Approaching Bhishma who was then, O bull of Bharata's race, lying (on his bed of arrows), the Pandavas and the Kurus stood there, having offered him their salutations. Then Santanu's son Bhishma of righteous soul addressed the Pandavas and the Kurus who having reverenced him thus, stood before him. And he said,—Welcome to you, ye highly blessed ones ! Welcome to you, ye mighty car-warriors ! Gratified am I with your sight, ye that are the equals of the very gods.—Thus addressing them with his head hanging down, he once more said, 'My head is hanging down greatly. Let a pillow be given to me !—The kings (standing there) then fetched many excellent pillows that were

very soft and made of very delicate fabrics. The grandsire, however, desired them not. That tiger among men then said unto those kings with a laugh,—These, ye kings, do not become a hero's bed.—Beholding them that foremost of men, that mightiest of car-warriors in all the worlds, *viz.*, the mighty-armed Dhananjaya the son of Pandu, he said,—O Dhananjaya, O thou of mighty arms, my head hangeth down, O sire ! Give me a pillow such as thou regardest to be fit !—' "

SECTION CXXII

"Sanjaya said,—'Stringing then his large bow and reverentially saluting the grandsire, Arjuna, with eyes filled with tears, said these words,—O foremost one among the Kurus, O thou that art the first among all wielders of weapons, command me, O invincible one, for I am thy slave! What shall I do, O grandsire!—Unto him Santanu's son said,—My head, O sire, hangeth down!—O foremost one among the Kuru's O Phalguni, get me a pillow! Indeed, give me one without delay O hero, that would become my bed! Thou O Partha, art competent, thou art the foremost of all wielders of bows! Thou art conversant with the duties of Kshatriyas and thou art endued with intelligence and goodness!—Then Phalguni, saying,—*So be it*—desired to do Bhishma's bidding. Taking up *Gandiva* and a number of straight shafts, and inspiring them with *mantras*, and obtaining the permission of that illustrious and mighty car-warrior of Bharata's race. Arjuna then, with three keen shafts endued with great force, supported Bhishma's head. Then that chief of the Bharatas, *viz.*, Bhishma of virtuous soul, conversant with the truths of religion, seeing that Arjuna, having divined his thought, had achieved that feat, became highly gratified. And after that pillow had thus been given to him, he applauded Dhananjaya. And casting his eyes upon all the Bharatas there, he addressed Kunti's son Arjuna, that foremost of all warriors, that enhancer of the joys of his friends and said,—Thou hast given me, O son of Pandu, a pillow that becometh my bed! If thou hadst acted otherwise, I would have cursed thee, from wrath! Even thus, O mighty-armed one, should a Kshatriya, observant of his duties, sleep on the field of battle on his bed of arrows!—Having addressed Vibhatsu thus, he then said unto all those kings and princes that were present there, these words :—Behold ye the pillow that the son of Pandu hath given me! I will sleep on this bed till the Sun turneth to the northern solstice! Those king that will then come to me will behold me (yield up my life)! When the Sun on his car of great speed and unto which are yoked seven steeds, will proceed towards the direction occupied by Vaisravana, verily, even then, will I yield up my life like a dear friend dismissing a dear friend! Let a ditch be dug here around my quarters ye

kings! Thus pierced with hundreds of arrows will I pay my adorations to the Sun! As regards yourselves, abandoning enmity, cease ye from the fight, ye kings—

'Sanjaya continued,—"Then there came unto him some surgeons well trained (in their science) and skilled in plucking out arrows, with all becoming appliances (of their profession). Beholding them, the son of Ganga said unto thy son,—'Let these physicians, after proper respect being paid to them, be dismissed with presents of wealth. Brought to such a plight, what need have I now of physicians? I have won the most laudable and the highest state ordained in Kshatriya observances! Ye kings, lying as I do on a bed of arrows, it is not proper for me to submit now to the treatment of physicians. With these arrows on my body, ye rulers of men, should I be burnt!'—Hearing these words of his, thy son Duryodhana dismissed those physicians, having honoured them as they deserved. Then those kings of diverse realms, beholding that constancy in virtue displayed by Bhishma of immeasurable energy, were filled with wonder. Having given a pillow to thy sire thus, those rulers of men, those mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, the Pandavas and the Kauravas, united together, once more approached the high-souled Bhishma lying on that excellent bed of his. Reverentially saluting that high-souled one and circumambulating him thrice, and stationing guards all around for his protection, those heroes, with bodies drenched in blood, repaired for rest towards their own tents in the evening, their hearts plunged into grief and thinking of what they had seen.

Then at the proper time, the mighty Madhava, approaching the Pandavas, those mighty car-warriors cheerfully seated together and filled with joy at the fall of Bhishma, said unto Dharma's son Yudhishthira these words,—"By good luck victory hath been thine, O thou of Kuru's race ! By good luck hath Bhishma been overthrown, who is unslayable by men, and is a mighty car-warrior of aim incapable of being baffled! Or, perhaps, as destiny would have it, that warrior who was master of every weapon, having obtained thee for a foe that canst slay with thy eyes alone, hath been consumed by thy wrathful eye! — Thus addressed by Krishna, king Yudhishthira the just, replied unto Janardana, saying,— Through Thy grace is Victory, through Thy wrath is Defeat! Thou art dispeller of the fears of those that are devoted to thee. Thou art our refuge! It is not wonderful that they should have victory whom Thou always protectest in battle, and in whose welfare Thou art always engaged, O Kesava! Having got Thee for our refuge, I do not regard anything as wonderful! Thus addressed by him, Janardana answered with a smile,—O best of kings, these words can come from thee alone!"

SECTION CXXIII

"Sanjaya said,—'After the night had passed away, O monarch, all the kings, the Pandavas and the Dhartarashtras, repaired to the grandsire. Those Kshatriyas then saluted that bull of their order, that foremost one among the Kurus, that hero lying on a hero's bed, and stood in his presence. Maidens by thousands, having repaired to that place, gently showered over Santanu's son powdered sandal wood and fried paddy, and garlands of flowers. And women and old men and children, and ordinary spectators, all approached Santanu's son like creatures of the world desirous of beholding the Sun. And trumpets by hundreds and thousands, and actors, and mimes, and skilled mechanics also came to the aged Kuru grandsire. And ceasing to fight, putting aside their coats of mail, and lying aside their weapons, the Kurus and the Pandavas, united together, came to the invincible Devavrata, that chastiser of foes. And they were assembled together as in days of old, and cheerfully addressed one another according to their respective ages. And that conclave full of Bharata kings by hundreds and adorned with Bhishma, looked beautiful and blazing like a conclave of the gods in heaven. And that conclave of kings engaged in honouring the son of Ganga looked as beautiful as a conclave of the celestials engaged in adorning their Lord, *viz.*, the Grandsire (Brahman). Bhishma, however, O bull of Bharata's race, suppressing his agonies with fortitude though burning with the arrows (still sticking to his body), was sighing like a snake. His body burning with these arrows, and himself nearly deprived of his senses in consequence of his weapon-wounds, Bhishma cast his eyes on those kings and asked for water. Then those Kshatriyas, O king, brought thither excellent viands and several vessels of cold water. Beholding that water brought for him, Santanu's son said,—I cannot, O sire, now use any article of human enjoyment! I am removed from the pale of humanity. I am lying on a bed of arrows. I am staying here, expecting only the return of the Moon and the Sun! Having spoken these words and thereby rebuked those kings, O Bharata, he said,—I wish to see Arjuna!—The mighty-armed Arjuna then came there, and reverentially saluting the grandsire stood with joined hands, and said,—What shall I do?—Beholding then that son of Pandu, O monarch, thus standing before him after having offered him respectful salutations, Bhishma of righteous soul cheerfully addressed Dhananjaya, saying,—Covered all over with thy shafts, my body is burning greatly! All the vital parts of my body are in agony. My mouth is dry. Staying as I am with body afflicted with agony, give me water, O Arjuna! Thou art a great bowman! Thou art capable of giving me water duly!—The valiant Arjuna then saying, —*So be it*,—mounted on his car, and striking his *Gandiva* with force, began to stretch it. Hearing the twang of his bow and the slap of his palms which resembled the roar of the thunder, the troops and the kings were all inspired with fear. Then that foremost of car-warriors, mounted on his car, circumambulated that pros-

trate chief of the Bharatas, that foremost of all wielders of weapons. Aiming then a blazing arrow, after having inspired it with *Mantras* and identified it with the *Parjanya* weapon, in the very sight of the entire army, the son of Pandu, *viz.*, Partha, pierced the Earth a little to the south of where Bhishma lay. Then there arose a jet of water that was pure, and auspicious, and cool, and that resembling the nectar itself, was of celestial scent and taste. And with that cool jet of water Partha gratified Bhishma, that bull among the Kurus, of godlike deeds and prowess. And at that feat of Partha who resembled Sakra himself in his acts, all those rulers of Earth were filled with great wonder. And beholding that feat of Vibhatsu implying superhuman prowess, the Kurus trembled like kine afflicted with cold. And from wonder all the kings there present waved their garments (in the air). And loud was the blare of conchs and the beat of drums that were then heard all over the field. And Santanu's son, his thirst quenched, then addressed Jishnu, O monarch, and said, applauding him highly in the presence of all those kings, these words, *viz.*,—O thou of mighty arms, this is not wonderful in thee, O son of Kuru's race ! O thou of immeasurable effulgence, even Narada spoke of thee as an ancient *Rishi,* ! Indeed, with Vasudeva as thy ally, thou wilt achieve many mighty feats which the chief of the celestials himself with all the gods, of a certainty, will not venture to achieve ! They that have knowledge of such things know thee to be the destroyer of the whole Kshatriya race ! Thou art the one bowman among the bowmen of the world ! Thou art the foremost among men. As human beings are, in this world, foremost of all creatures, as Garuda is the foremost of all winged creatures; as the Ocean is the foremost among all receptacles of water and the cow among all quadrupeds; as the Sun is the foremost amongst all luminous bodies and Himavat among all mountains; as the Brahmana is the foremost among all castes, art thou the foremost of all bowmen! Dhritarashtra's son (Duryodhana) listened not to the words repeatedly spoken by me and Vidura and Drona and Rama and Janardana and also by Sanjaya. Reft of his senses, like unto an idiot, Duryodhana placed no reliance on those utterances. Past all instructions, he will certainly have to lie down for ever, overwhelmed by the might of Bhima!—Hearing these words of his, the Kuru king Duryodhana became of cheerless heart. Eyeing him, Santanu's son said, —Listen, O king! Abandon thy wrath! Thou hast seen, O Duryodhana how the intelligent Partha created that jet of cool and nectar-scented water! There is none else in this world capable of achieving such feat. The weapons appertaining to Agni, Varuna, Soma, Vayu, and Vishnu, as also those appertaining to Indra, Pasupati, and Paramesthi, and those of Prajapati, Dhatri, Tashtri, Savitri, and Vivaswat, all these are known to Dhananjaya alone in this world of men! Krishna, the son of Devaki, also knoweth them. But there is none else here that knoweth them. This son of Pandu, O sire, is incapable of being defeated in battle by even the gods and the *Asuras* together. The feats of this high-souled one are superhuman. With that truthful hero, that ornament of battle, that warrior accomplished in fight,

let peace, O king, be soon made ! As long as the mighty-armed Krishna is not possessed by wrath, O chief of the Kurus, it is fit, O sire, that peace should be made with the heroic Parthas ! As long as this remnant of thy brothers is not slain, let peace, O monarch, be made! As long as Yudhishthira, with eyes burning in wrath doth not consume thy troops in battle, let peace, O sire, be made ! As long as Nakula, and Sahadeva, and Bhimasena, the sons of Pandu, do not, O monarch, exterminate thy army, it seems to me that friendly relations should be restored between thee and the heroic Pandavas! Let this battle end with my death, O sire ! Make peace with the Pandavas. Let these words that are uttered to thee by me be acceptable to thee, O sinless one ! Even this is what I regard to be beneficial both for thyself and the race (itself of Kuru)! Abandoning thy wrath, let peace be made with Parthas. What Phalguni hath already done is sufficient. Let friendly relations be restored with the death of Bhishma! Let this remnant (of warriors) live! Relent, O king! Let half the kingdom be given to the Pandavas. Let king Yudhishthira the just, go to Indraprastha. O chief of the Kurus, do not achieve a sinful notoriety among the kings of the earth by incurring the reproach of meanness, becoming a fomentor of intestine dissensions! Let peace come to all with my death! Let these rulers of earth, cheerfully mix with one another! Let sire get back the son, let sister's son get back the maternal uncle! If from want of understanding and possessed by folly thou dost not harken to those timely words of mine thou wilt have to repent greatly! What I say is true. Therefore, desist even now! Having, from affection, said these words unto Duryodhana in the midst of the kings, the son of the ocean-going (Ganga) became silent. Though his vital limbs were burning with the arrow-wounds, yet, prevailing over his agonies, he applied himself to *yoga*.

"Sanjaya continued—'Having heard these beneficial and peaceful words fraught with both virtue and profit, thy son, however, accepted them not, like a dying man refusing medicine."

SECTION CXXIV

"Sanjaya said,—'After Santanu's son Bhishma, O monarch, had become silent, all those rulers of earth, there present, then returned to their respective quarters. Hearing of Bhishma's slaughter that bull among men, *viz.*, Radha's son (Karna), partially inspired with fear quickly came there. He beheld that illustrious hero lying on his bed of reeds. Then Vrisha (Karna) endued with great glory, with voice choked in tears, approaching that hero lying with eyes closed, fell at his feet. And he said,—O chief of the Kurus, I am Radha's son, who while before thy eyes, was everywhere looked upon by thee with hate !—Hearing these words, the aged chief of the Kurus,

viz., the son of Ganga, whose eyes were covered with film slowly raising his eyelids, and causing the guards to be removed, and seeing the place deserted by all, embraced Karna with one arm, like a sire embracing his son, and said these words with great affection:—Come, come! Thou art an opponent of mine who always challengest comparison with me! If thou hadst not come to me, without doubt, it would not have been well with thee! Thou art Kunti's son, not Radha's! Nor is Adhiratha thy father! O thou of mighty arms, I heard all this about thee from Narada as also from Krishna-Dwaipayana! Without doubt, all this is true! I tell thee truly, O son, that I bear thee no malice! It was only for abating thy energy that I used to say such harsh words to thee! O thou of excellent vows without any reason thou speakest ill of all the Pandavas! Sinfully didst thou come into the world. It is for this that thy heart hath been such. Through pride, and owing also to thy companionship with the low, thy heart hateth even persons of merit! It is for this that I spoke such harsh words about thee in the Kuru camp! I know thy prowess in battle, which can with difficulty be borne on earth by foes! I know also thy regard for Brahmanas, thy courage, and thy great attachment to alms-giving! O thou that resemblest a very god, amongst men there is none like thee! For fear of intestine dissensions I always spoke harsh words about thee. In bowmanship, in aiming weapon, in lightness of hand and in strength of weapons, thou art equal to Phalguni himself, or the high-souled Krishna! O Karna, proceeding to the city of Kasi, alone with thy bow, thou hadst crushed the kings in battle for procuring a bride for the Kuru king! The mighty and invincible king Jarasandha also, ever boastful of his prowess in battle, could not become thy match in fight! Thou art devoted to Brahmanas; thou always fightest fairly! In energy and strength, thou art equal to a child of the celestials and certainly much superior to men. The wrath I cherished against thee is gone. Destiny is incapable of being avoided by exertion. O slayer of foes, the heroic sons of Pandu are thy uterine brothers! If thou wishest to do what is agreeable to me, unite with them, O thou of mighty arms! O son of Surya, let these hostilities end with me! Let all the kings of Earth be to-day freed from danger!—

" 'Karna said I know this, O thou of mighty arms! All this without doubt, is (as thou sayest)! As thou tellest me, O, Bhishma, I am Kunti's son, and not the son of a *Suta*! I was, however, abandoned by Kunti, and I have been reared by a *Suta*. Having (so long) enjoyed the wealth of Duryodhana, I dare not falsify it now. Like Vasudeva's son who is firmly resolved for the sake of the Pandavas, I also, O thou that makest profuse presents to Brahmanas, am prepared to cast away my possessions, my body itself, my children, and my wife, for Duryodhana's sake! Death from disease, O thou of Kuru's race, doth not become a Kshatriya! Relying upon Suyodhana I have always offended the Pandavas! This affairs is destined to take its course. It is incapable of being prevented. Who was there that would venture to overcome Destiny by exertion? Various omens indicating the destruction of the Earth. O grandsire, were noticed by thee

and declared in the assembly. It is well known to me that the son of Pandu, and Vasudeva, are incapable of being conquered by other men. Even with them we venture to fight ! I will vanquish the son of Pandu in battle! Even this is my firm resolve ! I am not capable, of casting off this fierce animosity (that I cherish against the Pandavas) ! With a cheerful heart, and keeping the duties of my order before my eye, I will contend against Dhananjaya. Firmly resolved that I am on battle, grant me thy permission, O hero ! I will fight. Even this is my wish. It behoveth thee to forgive me also any harsh words that I may have at any time uttered against thee or any act that I may have done against thee from anger or inconsiderateness !—"

" 'Bhishma said,—If, indeed, thou art unable to cast off this fierce animosity, I permit thee, O Karna ! Fight, moved by the desire of heaven! Without anger and without vindictiveness, serve thou the king according to thy power and according to thy courage and observant of the conduct of the righteous ! Have then my permission, O Karna ! Obtain thou that which thou seekest ! Through Dhananjaya thou wilt obtain all those regions (hereafter) which are capable of being had by fulfilling the duties of a Kshatriya ! Freed from pride, and relying on thy (own) might and energy, engage in battle, since a Kshatriya cannot have a (source of) greater happiness than a righteous battle. For a long while I made great efforts for bringing about peace ! But I succeeded not, O Karna, in the task! Truly do I say this unto thee ! — "

" 'Sanjaya continued,—'After the son of Ganga had said this, Radha's son (Karna) having saluted Bhishma and obtained his forgiveness, got up on his car and proceeded towards (the quarters of) thy son.' "

The End of Bhishma Parva

THE MAHABHARATA

DRONA PARVA

SECTION I

(*Dronabhisheka Parva*)

OM! HAVING BOWED down unto Narayan, and unto that most exalted of male beings, *viz.*, Nara, and unto the goddess Saraswati also, must the word *Jaya* be uttered.

"Janamejaya said, 'Hearing that his sire Devavrata of unrivalled vigour and sturdiness, and might, energy and prowess, had been slain by Sikhandin, the prince of the Panchalas, what, indeed, O regenerate *Rishi*, did the powerful king Dhritarashtra with eyes bathed in tears do? O illustrious one, his son (Duryodhana) wished for sovereignty after vanquishing those mighty bowmen, *viz.*, the sons of Pandu, through Bhishma and Drona and other great car-warriors. Tell me, O thou that hast wealth of asceticism, all that he, of Kuru's race, did after that chief of all bowmen had been slain.'

"Vaisampayana said, 'Hearing that his sire had been slain, king Dhritarashtra of Kuru's race filled with anxiety and grief, obtained no peace of mind. And while he, of Kuru's race, was thus continually brooding over that sorrow, Gavalgana's son of pure soul once more came to him. Then, O monarch, Dhritarashtra, the son of Amvika, addressed Sanjaya, who had that night come back from the camp to the city called after the elephant. With a heart rendered exceedingly cheerless in consequence of his having heard of Bhishma's fall, and desirous of the victory of his sons, he indulged in these lamentations in great distress.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'After having wept for the high-souled Bhishma of terrible prowess, what, O son, did the Kauravas, urged by fate, next do? Indeed, when that high-souled and invincible hero was slain, what did the Kauravas do, sunk as they were in an ocean of grief? Indeed, that swelling and highly efficient host of the high-souled Pandavas, would, O Sanjaya, excite the keenest fears of even the three worlds. Tell me, therefore, O Sanjaya, what the (assembled) kings did after Devavrata, that bull of Kuru's race, had fallen.'

"Sanjaya said, 'Listen, O king, with undivided attention, to me as I recite what thy sons did after Devavrata had been killed in battle. When Bhishma, O monarch, of prowess incapable of being baffled, was slain, thy warriors as also the Pandavas both reflected by themselves (on the situation). Reflecting on the duties of the Kshatriya order they were filled with wonder and joy; but acting according to those duties of their own order,

they all bowed to that high-souled warrior. Then those tigers among men contrived for Bhishma of immeasurable prowess a bed with a pillow made of straight shafts. And having made arrangements for Bhishma's protection, they addressed one another (in pleasant converse). Then bidding Ganga's son their farewell and walking round him, and looking at one another with eyes red in anger, those Kshatriyas, urged by fate, once more went out against one another for battle. Then by the blare of trumpets and the beat of drums, the divisions of thy army as also those of the foe, marched out. After the fall of Ganga's son, O king, when the best part of the day had passed away, yielding to the influence of wrath, with hearts afflicted by fate, and disregarding the words, worthy of acceptance, of the high-souled Bhishma, those foremost ones of Bharata's race went out with great speed, armed with weapons. In consequence of thy folly and of thy son's and of the slaughter of Santanu's son, the Kauravas with all the kings seemed to be summoned by Death himself. The Kurus, deprived of Devavrata, were filled with great anxiety, and resembled a herd of goats and sheep without a herdsman, in a forest abounding with beasts of prey. Indeed, after the fall of that foremost one of Bharata's race, the Kuru host looked like the firmament divested of stars, or like the sky without the atmosphere, or like the earth with blasted crops, or like an oration disfigured by bad grammar,[1] or like the *Asura* host of old after Vali had been smitten down, or like a beautiful damsel deprived of husband,[2] or like a river whose waters have been dried up, or like a roe deprived of her mate and encompassed in the woods by wolves; or like a spacious mountain cave with its lion killed by a *Sarabha*.[3] Indeed, O chief of the Bharatas, the Bharata host, on the fall of Ganga's son, became like a frail boat on the bosom of the ocean, tossed by a tempest blowing from every side. Exceedingly afflicted by the mighty and heroic Pandavas of sure aim, the Kaurava host, with its steeds, car-warriors and elephants much troubled, became exceedingly distressed, helpless, and panic-stricken. And the frightened kings and the common soldiers, no longer relying upon one another, of that army, deprived of Devavrata, seemed to sink into the nethermost region of the world. Then the Kauravas remembered Karna, who indeed, was equal to Devavrata himself. All hearts turned to that foremost of all wielders of arms, that one resembling a guest resplendent (with learning and ascetic austerities). And all hearts turned to him, as the heart of a man in distress turneth to a friend capable of relieving that distress. And, O Bharata, the kings then cried out saying, *Karna! Karna!* The son of Radha, our friend, the son of a *Suta*, that one who is ever prepared to lay down his life in battle! Endued with great fame, Karna, with his followers and friends, did not fight for these ten days. O, summon him soon!' The mighty-armed hero, in the presence of all the Kshatriyas, during the mention of valiant and

[1]Literally, like an oration teeming with unrefined expressions.

[2]*i. e.*, deprived of robes and ornaments because of her widowhood.

[3]A *Sarabha* is a fabulous animal of eight legs supposed to be stronger than the lion

mighty car-warriors, was by Bhishma classed as an *Ardha-ratha*, although that bull among men is equal to two *Maharathas*! Even thus was he classed during the counting of *Rathas* and *Atirathas*, he that is the foremost (of all *Rathas* and *Atirathas*), he that is respected by all heroes, he that would venture to fight even with Yama, Kuvera, Varuna, and Indra. Through anger caused by this, O king, he had said unto Ganga's son these words: 'As long as thou livest, O thou of Kuru's race, I will never fight! If thou, however, succeedest in slaying the sons of Pandu in great battle, I shall, O Kaurava, with Duryodhana's permission, retire into the woods. If, on the other hand, thou, O Bhishma, slain by the Pandavas, attainest to heaven, I shall then, on a single car, slay all of them, whom thou regardest as great car-warriors.' Having said this, mighty-armed Karna of great fame, with thy son's approval, did not fight for the first ten days. Bhishma, of great prowess in battle and of immeasurable might, slew, O Bharata, a very large number of warriors belonging to Yudhishthira's army. When, however, that hero of sure aim and great energy was slain, thy sons thought of Karna, like persons desirous of crossing a river thinking of a boat. Thy warriors and thy sons, together with all the kings, cried out, saying, *Karna*! And they all said, 'Even this is the time for the display of his prowess.' Our hearts are turned to that Karna who derived his knowledge of weapons from Jamadagni's son, and whose prowess is incapable of being resisted! He, indeed, O king, is competent to save us from great dangers, like Govinda always saving the celestials from great dangers.'

"Vaisampayana continued, 'Unto Sanjaya who was thus repeatedly applauding Karna, Dhritarashtra sighing like a snake, said those words.'

"Dhritarashtra said, '[I understand] that the hearts of all of you are turned towards Vikartana's son Karna, and that all of you, saw that son of Radha, that hero of the *Suta* caste, ever prepared to lay down his life in battle. I hope that hero of prowess incapable of being baffled, did not falsify the expectations of Duryodhana and his brothers, all of whom were then afflicted with grief and fear, and desirous of being relieved from their danger. When Bhishma, that refuge of Kauravas, was slain, could Karna, that foremost of bowmen, succeed in filling up the gap caused? Filling up that gap, could Karna fill the foe with fear? Could he also crown with fruit the hopes, entertained by my sons, of victory?' "

SECTION II

"Sanjaya said, 'Then Adhiratha's son of the *Suta* caste, knowing that Bhishma had been slain, became desirous of rescuing, like a brother, thy son's army from the distress into which it had fallen, and which then

resembled a boat sunk in the fathomless ocean. [Indeed], O king, having heard that that mighty car-warrior and foremost of men, that hero of unfading glory, *viz.*, Santanu's son, had been thrown down (from his car), that grinder of foes, that foremost of all wielders of bows, *viz.*, Karna, soon came (to the field of battle). When the best of car-warriors, *viz.*, Bhishma, was slain by the foe, Karna speedily came there, desirous of rescuing the Kuru host which resembled a boat sunk in the ocean, like a sire desirous of rescuing his children.'

"And Karna (addressing the soldiers) said, 'That Bhishma who possessed firmness, intelligence, prowess, vigour, truth, self-restraint, and all the virtues of a hero, as also celestial weapons, and humidity, and modesty agreeable speech, and freedom from malice, that ever-grateful Bhishma, that slayer of the foes of Brahmanas, in whom were these attributes as permanently as *Lakshmi* in the moon, alas, when that Bhishma, that slayer of hostile heroes, hath received his quietus, I regard all other heroes as already slain. In consequence of the eternal connection (of all things) with work, nothing exists in this world that is imperishable. When Bhisma of high vows hath been slain, who is there that would take upon himself to say with certitude that tomorrow's sun will rise? When he that was endued with prowess equal to that of the *Vasus*, he that was born of the energy of the *Vasus*, when he, that ruler of the earth, hath once more been united with the *Vasus*, grieve ye, therefore, for your possessions and children for this earth and the Kurus, and this host."[1]

"Sanjaya continued, 'Upon the fall of that boon-giving hero of great might, that lord of the world, *viz.*, Santanu's son of great energy, and upon the (consequent) defeat of the Bharatas, Karna, with cheerless heart and eyes filled with tears, began to console (the Dhartarashtras). Hearing these words of Radha's son, thy sons, O monarch, and thy troops, began to wail aloud and shed copious tears of grief corresponding with the loudness of those wails.[2] When, however, the dreadful battle once more took place and the Kaurava divisions, urged on by the Kings, once more set up loud shouts, that bull among mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, Karna, then addressed the great car-warriors (of the Kaurava army) and said words which caused them great delight: 'In this transient world everything is continually flitting (towards the jaws of Death). Thinking of this, I regard everything as ephemeral. When, however, all of you were here, how could Bhishma, that bull among the Kurus, immovable as a hill, be thrown down from his car? When that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, the son of Santanu, hath been overthrown, who even now lieth on the ground like the Sun himself dropped (from the firmament), the Kuru kings are scarcely compe-

[1]The sense seems to be, that when such an one hath been slain, what is there on earth that is not subject to destruction? Ye, should, therefore, grieve for your wealth, children etc. as things already gone.

[2]There is a slight difference of reading in this *sloka* as it occurs in the Bombay text. The sense seems to be, that since everything is destined to die, why should I fear to do my duty.

tent to bear Dhananjaya, like trees incapable of bearing the mountain-wind. I shall, however, now protect, as that high-souled one did, this helpless Kuru host of cheerless mien, whose foremost warriors have already been slain by the foe. Let this burden now devolve on me. I see that this universe is transient, since that foremost of heroes hath been slain in battle. Why shall I then cherish any fear of battle? Coursing, therefore, on the field I shall despatch those bulls of Kuru's race (*viz.*, the Pandavas) to Yama's abode by means of my straight shafts. Regarding fame as the highest object in the world, I shall slay them in battle, or, slain by the foe, shall sleep on the field. Yudhishthira is possessed of firmness, intelligence, virtue, and might. Vrikodara is equal to a hundred elephant in prowess, Arjuna is young and is the son of the chief of the celestials. The Pandava host, therefore, is not capable of being easily defeated by the very celestials. That force in which are the twins, each resembling Yama himself, that force in which are Satyaki and the son of Devaki, that force is like the jaws of Death. No coward, approaching it, can come back with life. The wise oppose swelling ascetic power with ascetic austerities, so should force be opposed by force. Verily, my mind is firmly fixed upon opposing the foe and protecting my own party, O charioteer, I shall today certainly resist the might of the enemy, and vanquish him by repairing only to the field of battle. I will not tolerate this intestine feud. When the troops are broken, he that cometh (for aiding) in the endeavour to rally is a friend. I shall either achieve this righteous feat worthy of an honest man, or casting off my life shall follow Bhishma. I shall either slay all my foes united together, or slain by them proceed to the regions reserved for heroes. O charioteer, I know that even this is what I should do, when women and children cry for help, or when Duryodhana's prowess sustains a check. Therefore, I shall today conquer the foe. Reckless of my very life in this terrible battle, I shall protect the Kurus and slay the sons of Pandu. Slaying in battle all my foes banded together, I shall bestow (undisputed) sovereignty on Dhritarashtra's son. Let my armour, beautiful, made of gold, bright, and radiant with jewels and gems, be donned; and my head-gear, of effulgence equal to that of the sun; and my bows and arrows that resemble fire, poison, or snakes. Let also sixteen quivers be tied (to my car) at the proper places, and let a number of excellent bows be procured. Let also shafts, and darts and heavy maces, and my conch, variegated with gold, be got ready. Bring also my variegated, beautiful, and excellent standard, made of gold, possessed of the effulgence of the lotus, and bearing the device of the elephant's girth, cleaning it with a delicate cloth, and decking it with excellent garlands and a network of wires.[1] O charioteer's son, bring me also, with speed, some fleet steeds of the hue of tawny clouds, not lean, and bathed in water sanctified with *mantras*, and furnished with trappings of bright gold. Bring me also, with speed, an excellent car decked with garlands of gold, adorned gems, bright as the sun or the moon, furnished

[1]The last line is read incorrectly, I think, in the Bombay text.

with every necessary, as also with weapons, and unto which are yoked excellent animals. Bring me also a number of excellent bows of great toughness, and a number of excellent bow-strings capable of smitting (the foe), and some quivers, large and full of shafts and some coats of mail for my body. Bring me also, with speed, O hero, every (auspicious) article needed for occasions of seeting out (for battle), such as vessels of brass and gold, full of curds. Let garlands of flowers be brought, and let them be put on the (proper) limbs of my body. Let drums also be beaten for victory! Go, O charioteer, quickly to the spot where the diadem-decked (Arjuna), and Vrikodara, and Dharma's son (Yudhishthira), and the twins, are. Encountering them in battle, either I shall slay them, or, being slain by them, my foes, I shall follow Bhishma. Arjuna, and Vasudeva, and Satyaki, and the Srinjayas, that force, I think, is incapable of being conquered by the kings. If all-destroying Death himself with unremitting vigilance, were to protect Kiritin, still shall I slay him, encountering him in battle, or repair myself to Yama's abode by Bhishma's track. Verily, I say, that I will repair into the midst of those heroes. Those (kings) that are my allies are not provokers of intestine feuds, or of weak attachment to me, or of unrighteous souls.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Riding on an excellent and costly car of great strength, with an excellent pole, decked with gold, auspicious, furnished with a standard, and unto which were yoked excellent steeds that were fleet as the wind, Karna proceeded (to battle) for victory. Worshipped by the foremost of Kuru car-warriors like Indra by the celestials, that high-souled and fierce bowman, endued with immeasurable energy like the Sun himself, upon his car decked with gold and jewels and gems, furnished with an excellent standard, unto which were yoked excellent steeds, and whose rattle resembled the roll of the clouds, proceeded, accompanied by a large force, to that field of battle where that bull of Bharata's race (Bhishma) had paid his debt to nature. Of beautiful person, and endued with the splendour of fire, that great bowman and mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, the son of Adhiratha, then mounted on his own beautiful car possessed of the effulgence of fire, and shone like the lord of the celestials himself riding on his celestial car.' "

SECTION III

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding the grandsire, *viz.*, the venerable Bhishma, that destroyer of all the Kshatriyas, that hero of righteous soul and immeasurable energy, that great bowman thrown down (from his car) by Savyasachin with his celestial weapons, lying on a bed of arrows, and looking like the vast ocean dried up by mighty winds, the hope of thy

sons for victory had disappeared along with their coats of mail and peace of mind. Beholding him who was always an island unto persons sinking in the fathomless ocean in their endeavours to cross it, beholding that hero covered with arrows that had coursed in a stream as continuous as that of Yamuna, that hero who looked like *Mainaka* of unbearable energy thrown down on the earth by the great Indra, that warrior lying prostrate on the earth like the Sun dropped down from the firmament, that one who looked like the inconceivable Indra himself after his defeat of old by Vritra, that depriver of all warriors of their senses, that foremost of all combatants, that signal of all bowmen, beholding that hero and bull among men, *viz.*, thy sire Bhishma of high vows, that grandsire of the Bharatas thrown down in battle and lying covered with Arjuna's shafts, on a hero's bed. Adhiratha's son (Karna) alighted from his car, in great affliction, filled with grief, and almost senseless. Afflicted (with sorrow), and with eyes troubled with tears, he proceeded on foot. Saluting him with joined palms, and addressing him reverentially, he said, 'I am Karna! Blessed be thou! Speak to me, O Bharata, in sacred and auspicious words, and look at me, opening thy eyes. No man certainly enjoyeth in this world the fruits of his pious deeds, since thou, reverend in years and devoted to virtue, liest slain on the ground. O thou that art the foremost one amongst the Kurus, I do not see that there is any one else among them, who is competent (like thee) in filling the treasury, in counsels, in the matter of disposing the troops in battle array, and in the use of weapons. Alas, he that was endued with a righteous understanding, he that always protected the Kurus from every danger, alas, he, having slain numberless warriors, proceedeth to the region of the *Pitris*. From this day, O chief of the Bharatas, the Pandavas, excited with wrath, will slaughter the Kurus like tigers slaying deer. Today the Kauravas, acquainted with the force of *Gandiva's* twang, will regard Savyasachin, like the *Asuras* regarding the wielder of the thunder-bolt, with terror. Today the noise, resembling that of heaven's thunder, of the arrows shot from *Gandiva*, will inspire the Kurus and other kings with great terror. Today, O hero, like a raging conflagration of fierce flames consuming a forest, the shafts of Kiritin will consume the Dhartarashtras. In those parts of the forest through which fire and wind march together, they burn all plants and creepers and trees. Without doubt, Partha is even like a surging fire, and, without doubt, O tiger among men, Krishna is like the wind. Hearing the blare of *Panchajanya* and the twang of *Gandiva* all the Kaurava troops, O Bharata, will be filled with fear. O hero, without thee, the kings will never be able to bear the rattle of the ape-bannered car belonging to that grinder of foes, when he will advance (upon them). Who amongst the kings, save thyself, is competent to battle with that Arjuna whose feats, as described by the wise, are all superhuman? Superhuman was the battle that he fought with the high-souled (Mahadeva) of three eyes. From him he obtained a boon that is unattainable by persons of unsanctified souls. Delighted in battle, that son

of Pandu is protected by Madhava. Who is there that is competent to vanquish him who could not be vanquished by thee before, although thou, endued with great energy, hadst vanquished Rama himself in battle, that fierce destroyer of the Kshatriya race, worshipped, besides, by the gods and the *Danavas*? Incapable of putting up with that son of Pandu, that foremost of heroes in battle, even I, with thy permission, am competent to slay, with the force of my weapons, that brave and fierce warrior who resembleth a snake of virulent poison and who slayeth his foes with his glances alone!' "

SECTION IV

"Sanjaya said, 'Unto him who was talking thus, the aged Kuru grandsire with a cheerful heart, said these words adapted to both time and place: 'Like the ocean unto rivers, like the Sun unto all luminous bodies, like the righteous unto Truth, like a fertile soil unto seeds, like the clouds unto all creatures, be thou the refuge of thy relatives and friends! Like the celestials upon him of a thousand eyes, let thy kinsmen depend on thee. Be thou the humiliator of thy foes, and the enhancer of the joys of thy friends. Be thou unto the Kauravas as Vishnu unto the dwellers of heaven. Desirous of doing what was agreeable to Dhritarashtra's son, thou didst with the might and prowess of own arms, O Karna, vanquish the Kamvojas having proceeded to Rajpura. Many kings, amongst whom Nagnajit was the foremost, while staying in Girivraja, as also the Amvashthas, the Videhas, and the Gandharvas, were all vanquished by thee. The Kiratas, fierce in battle, dwelling in the fastness of Himavat, were formerly, O Karna, made by thee to own Duryodhana's sway. And so also, the Utpalas, the Mekalas, the Paundras, the Kalingas, the Andhras, the Nishadas, the Trigartas, and the Valhikas, were all vanquished by thee, O Karna, in battle. In many other countries, O Karna, impelled by the desire of doing good to Duryodhana, thou didst, O hero, vanquish many races and kings of great energy. Like Duryodhana, O child, with his kinsmen, and relatives, and friends, be thou also the refuge of all the Kauravas. In auspicious words I command thee, go and fight with the enemy. Lead the Kurus in battle, and give victory unto Duryodhana. Thou art to us our grandson even as Duryodhana is. According to the ordinance, all of us also are as much thine as Duryodhana's![1] The wise, O foremost of men, say that the companionship of the righteous with the righteous is a superior relationship to that

[1]The second line of 12 is read incorrectly in the Bengal text. Instead of *tathapi* the true reading (as in the Bombay edition) is *tavapi*.

born of the same womb. Without falsifying, therefore, thy relationship with Kurus, protect thou the Kaurava host like Duryodhana, regarding it as thy own.

"Hearing these words of his, Vikartana's son Karna, reverentially saluting Bhishma's feet, (bade him farewell) and came to that spot where all the Kaurava bowmen were. Viewing that wide and unparalleled encampment of the vast host, he began to cherish (by words of encouragement) those well-armed and broad-chested warriors. And all the Kauravas headed by Duryodhana were filled with joy. And beholding the mighty-armed and high-souled Karna come to the field and station himself at the head of the whole army, for battle, the Kauravas received him with loud shouts and slapping of arm-pits and leonine roars and twang of bows and diverse other kinds of noise.' "

SECTION V

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding that tiger among men, *viz.*, Karna, mounted on his car, Duryodhana, O king, filled with joy, said these words, 'This host, protected by thee, hath now, I think, got a proper leader. Let that, however, be settled now which is proper and within our power.'

"Karna said, 'Tell us thyself, O tiger among men, for thou art the wisest of kings. Another can never see so well what should be done as one seeth it whose concern it is. Those kings are all desirous of listening to what thou mayst have to say. I am sure that no improper words will be uttered by thee.'

"Duryodhana said, 'Bhishma was our commander possessed (as he was) of years, prowess, and learning and supported by all our warriors. That high-souled one, O Karna, achieving great glory and slaying large numbers of my enemies protected us by fair fight for ten days. He achieved the most difficult of feats. But now that he is about to ascend to heaven, whom, O Karna, dost thou think fit to our commander after him? Without a leader, an army cannot stay in battle for even a short while. Thou art foremost in battle, like a boat without a helmsman in the waters. Indeed, as a boat without a helmsman, or a car without a driver, would go anywhere, so would the plight be of a host that is without a leader. Like a merchant who falleth into every kind of distress when he is unacquainted with the ways of the country he visits, an army that is without a leader is exposed to every kind of distress. Look thou, therefore, among all the high-souled warriors of our army and find out a proper leader who may succeed the son of Santanu. Him whom thou wouldst regard as a fit leader in battle, him, all of us, without doubt, will together make our leader.'

"Karna said, 'All these foremost of men are high-souled persons. Every one of them deserveth to be our leader. There is no need of any minute examination. All of them are conversant with noble genealogies and with the art of smiting; all of them are endued with prowess and intelligence, all of them are attentive and acquainted with the scriptures, possessed of wisdom, and unretreating from battle.[1] All, however, cannot be leaders at the same time. Only one should be selected as leader, in whom are special merits. All of these regard one another as equals. If one amongst them, therefore, be honoured, others will be dissatisfied, and, it is evident, will no longer fight for thee from a desire of benefiting thee. This one, however, is the Preceptor (in arms) of all these warriors; is venerable in years, and worthy of respect. Therefore, Drona, this foremost of all wielders of weapons, should be made the leader. Who is there worthy of becoming a leader, when the invincible Drona, that foremost of persons conversant with Brahma, is here, that one who is equal to Sukra or Vrihaspati himself? Amongst all the kings in thy army, O Bharata, there is not a single warrior who will not follow Drona when the latter goeth to battle.[2] This Drona is the foremost of all leaders of forces, the foremost of all wielders of weapons, and the foremost of all intelligent persons. He is, besides, O king, thy preceptor (in arms). Therefore, O Duryodhana, make this one the leader of thy forces without delay, as the celestials made Kartikeya their leader in battle for vanquishing the Asuras.' "

SECTION VI

"Sanjaya said, 'Hearing these words of Karna, king Duryodhana. then said this unto Drona who was staying in the midst of the troops.'

"Duryodhana said, 'For the superiority of the order of thy birth, for the nobility of thy parentage, for thy learning, years and intelligence, for also thy prowess, skill, invincibility, knowledge of worldly matters, policy, and self-conquest, by reason also of thy ascetic austerities and thy gratitude, superior as thou art as regards every virtue, among these kings there is none who can make so good a leader as thou. Protect thou, therefore, ourselves, like Vasava protecting the celestials. Having thee for our leader, we desire, O best of Brahmanas, to vanquish our foes. As Kapali amongst the *Rudras*, Pavaka among the *Vasus*, Kuvera among the *Yakshas*, Vasava among the *Maruts*, Vasishtha among Brahmanas,

[1] *Kula-samhanana-jnana*, *i.e.*, 'knowledge of Kula, as also of *samhanana*, which latter, as Nilakantha explains, means the body. A knowledge of the body, of vital and other limbs, was possessed by every accomplished warrior who wanted to smite effectually.

[2] *i.e.*, who will feel it humiliating for him to walk behind Drona?

the Sun amongst luminous bodies, Yama among the *Pitris*, Varuna among aquatic creatures, as the Moon among the stars, and Usanas among the sons of Diti, so art thou the foremost of all leaders of forces. Be thou, therefore, our leader. O sinless one, let these ten and one *Akshauhinis* of troops be obedient to thy word of command. Disposing these troops in battle array, slay thou our foes, like Indra slaying the Danavas. Proceed thou art the head of us all, like *Pavaka's* son (Kartikeya) at the head of the celestial forces. We will follow thee to battle, like bulls following a bovine leader. A fierce and great bowman as thou art, beholding thee stretching the bow at our head. Arjuna will not strike. Without doubt, O tiger among men, if thou becomest our leader, I will vanquish Yudhishthira with all his followers and relatives in battle.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'After Duryodhana had uttered these words, the kings (in the Kaurava army) all cried victory to Drona. And they delighted thy son by uttering a loud leonine shout. And the troops, filled with joy, and with Duryodhana at their head, desirous of winning great renown, began to glorify that best of Brahmanas. Then, O king, Drona addressed Duryodhana in those words.' "

SECTION VII

"Drona said, 'I know the Vedas with their six branches. I know also the science of human affairs. I am acquainted also with the *Saiva* weapon, and diverse other species of weapons. Endeavouring to actually display all those virtues which ye, desirous of victory, have attributed to me, I will fight with the Pandavas. I will not, however, O king, be able to slay the son of Prishata. O bull among men, he hath been created for my slaughter. I will fight with the Pandavas, and slay the Somakas. As regards the Pandavas, they will not fight with me with cheerful hearts.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Thus permitted by Drona, the son, O king, then made him the commander of his forces according to the rites prescribed in the ordinance. And the kings (in the Kaurava army) headed by Duryodhana performed the investiture of Drona in the command of the forces, like the celestials headed by Indra in days of yore performing the investiture of Skanda. After Drona's installation in the command, the joy of the army expressed itself by the sound of drums and the loud blare of conchs. Then with cries such as greet the ears on a festive day, with auspicious invocations by Brahmanas gratified with cries of Jaya uttered by foremost of Brahmanas, and with the dance of mimes, Drona was duly honoured. And Kaurava warriors regarded the Pandavas as already vanquished.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Then that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, Bharadwaja's son, having obtained the command, arrayed the troops in order of battle.

and went out with thy sons from desire of fighting the foe. And the ruler of the Sindhus, and the chief of the Kalingas, and thy son Vikarna, clad in mail, took up their position on the right wing (of Drona). And Sakuni, accompanied by many foremost of horsemen battling with bright lances and belonging to the Gandhara tribe, proceeded, acting as their support. And Kripa, and Kritavarman, and Chitrasena, and Vivinsati headed by Duhsasana, strove vigorously for protecting the left wing. And the Kamvojas headed by Sudakshina, and the Sakas, and the Yavanas, with steeds of great fleetness, proceeded, as the latter's support. And the Madras, the Trigartas the Amvashthas, the Westerners, the Northerners, the Malavas, the Surasenas, the Sudras the Maladas, the Sauviras, the Kaitavas, the Easterners, and the Southerners placing thy son (Duryodhana) and the Suta's son (Karna) at their head, forming the rear guard, gladdened warriors of their own army, added to the strength of the (advancing) force, Vikartana's son Karna proceeded at the head of the bowmen.[1] And his blazing and large and tall standard bearing the advice of the elephant's rope, shone with an effulgence like that of the Sun, gladdening his own divisions. Beholding Karna, none regarded the calamity caused by Bhishma's death. And the kings, along with the Kurus, all became freed from grief. And large numbers of warriors, banded together, said unto one another, 'Beholding Karna on the field, the Pandavas will never be able to stand in battle. Indeed, Karna is quite competent to vanquish in battle the very gods with Vasava at their head. What need be said, therefore, for the sons of Pandu who are destitute of energy and prowess? The mighty-armed Bhishma spared the Parthas in battle. Karna, however, will slay them in the fight with his keen shafts.' Speaking unto one another thus and filled with joy, they proceeded, applauding and worshipping the son of Radha. As regards our army, it was arrayed by Drona in the form of a *Sakata* (vehicle); while the array of our illustrious foes, O king, was in the form of a *Krauncha* (crane), as disposed, O Bharata, by king Yudhishthira the just in great cheerfulness. At the head of their array were those two foremost of persons *viz.*, Vishnu and Dhananjaya, with their banner set up, bearing the device of the ape. The hump of the whole army and the refuge of all bowmen, that banner of Partha, endued with immeasurable energy, as it floated in the sky, seemed to illumine the entire host of the high-souled Yudhishthira. The banner of Partha, possessed of great intelligence, seemed to resemble the blazing Sun that riseth at the end of the Yuga for consuming the world. Amongst bowmen, Arjuna is the foremost; amongst bows, *Gandiva* is the foremost amongst creature Vasudeva is the first; and amongst all kinds of discs, Sudarsana is the first. Bearing these four embodiments of energy, that car unto which were yoked white steeds, took

[1]A substantial difference of reading occurs here between the Bengal and the Bombay texts. Both have defects of their own. It seems to me that Drona, as leader, proceeded in the van. Karna, when described as proceeding at the head of all bowmen, must be taken marching at the head of the whole rear guard. In the case, his position would be immediately behind Drona's.

up its position in the front of the (hostile) army, like the fierce discus upraised (for striking). Thus did those two foremost of men stand at the very head of their respective forces, *viz.*, Karna at the head of thy army, and Dhananjaya at the head of the hostile one. Both excited with wrath, and each desirous of slaying the other, Karna and Arjuna looked at each other in that battle.'

"Then when that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*. Bharadwaja's son, proceeded to battle with great speed, the earth seemed to tremble with loud sounds of wailing. Then the thick dust, raised by the wind resembling a canopy of tawny silk, enveloped the sky and the sun. And though the firmament was cloudless, yet a shower fell of pieces of flesh, bones, and blood. And vultures and hawks and cranes and *Kankas*, and crows in thousands, began continually to fall upon the (Kaurava) troops. And jackals yelled aloud; and many fierce and terrible birds repeatedly wheeled to the left of thy army, from desire of eating flesh and drinking blood,[1] and many blazing meteors, illuminating (the sky), and covering large areas with their tails, fell on the field with loud sound and trembling motion. And the wide disc of the sun O monarch, seemed to emit flashes of lightning with thundering noise, when commander of the (Kaurava) army set out. These and many other portents, fierce and indicating a destruction of heroes, were seen during the battle. Then commenced the encounter between the troops of the Kurus and the Pandavas, desirous of slaying each other. And so loud was the din that it seemed to fill the whole earth. And the Pandavas and the Kauravas, enraged with each other and skilled in smiting, began to strike each other with sharp weapons, from desire of victory. 'Then that great bowman of blazing effulgence rushed towards the troops of the Pandavas with great impetuosity, scattering hundreds of sharp arrows. Then the Pandavas and the Srinjayas, beholding Drona rush towards them, received him, O king, with showers upon showers (in distinct sets) of arrows. Agitated and broken by Drona, the large host of the Pandavas and the Panchalas broke like rows of cranes by force of the wind. Invoking into existence many celestial weapons in that battle, Drona, within a very short time, afflicted the Pandavas and the Srinjayas. Slaughtered by Drona, like *Danavas* by Vasava, the Panchalas headed by Dhrishtadyumna trembled in that battle. Then that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, Yajnasena's son (Dhrishtadyumna), that hero acquainted with celestial weapons, broke, with his arrowy showers, the division of Drona in many places. And the mighty son of Prishata baffling with his own arrowy showers the showers of arrows shot by Drona, caused a great slaughter among the Kurus. The mighty-armed Drona then, rallying his men in battle and gathering them together, rushed towards the son of Prishata. He then shot at Prishata's son a thick shower of arrows, like Maghavat excited with rage showering his arrows with great force upon the Danavas, Then the

[1]Lit, "placed army to their right," *i.e.*, these birds wheeled to the left of thy host, which is an evil omen.

Pandavas and the Srinjayas, shaken by Drona with his shafts, repeatedly broke like a herd of inferior animals attacked by a lion. And the mighty Drona coursed through the Pandava force like a circle of fire. All this, O king, seemed highly wonderful. Mounted on his own excellent car which (then) resembled a city coursing through the skies, which was furnished with every necessary article according to (military) science, whose banner floated on the air, whose rattle resounded through the field, whose steeds were (well) urged, and the staff of whose standard was bright as crystal, Drona struck terror into the hearts of the enemy and caused a great slaughter among them.' "

SECTION VIII

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding Drona thus slaying steeds and drivers and car-warriors and elephants, the Pandavas, without being troubled, encompassed him on all sides. Then king Yudhishthira, addressing Dhrishtadyumna and Dhananjaya, said unto them, 'Let the pot-born (Drona) be checked, our men surrounding him on all sides with care.' Thus addressed those mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, Arjuna and Prishata's son, along with their followers, all received Drona as the latter came. And the Kekaya princes, and Bhimasena, and Subhadra's son and Ghatotkacha and Yudhishthira, and the twins (Nakula and Sahadeva), and the ruler of the Matsyas, and the son of Drupada, and the (five) sons of Draupadi, all filled with joy, and Dhrishtaketu, and Satyaki, and the wrathful Chitrasena, and the mighty car-warrior, Yuyutsu, and many other kings, O monarch, who followed the sons of Pandu, all achieved diverse feats in keeping with their lineage and prowess. Beholding then that host protected in that battle by those Pandava warriors, Bharadwaja's son, turning his eyes in wrath, cast his looks upon it. Inflamed with rage, that warrior, invincible in battle, consumed, as he stood upon his car, the Pandava host like the tempest destroying vast masses of clouds. Rushing on all sides at car-warriors and steeds and foot-soldiers and elephants, Drona furiously careered over the field like a young man, though bearing the weight of years. His red steeds, fleet as the wind, and of excellent breed, covered with blood, O king, assumed a beautiful appearence. Beholding that hero of regulated vows, felling them like Yama himself inflamed with wrath, the soldiers of Yudhishthira fled away on all sides. And as some fled away and other rallied, as some looked at him and others stayed on the field, the noise they made was fierce and terrible. And that noise causing delight to heroes and enhancing the fears of the timid, filled the whole sky and the earth. And once more Drona, uttering his own name in battle, made himself exceedingly fierce, scattering hundreds of arrows among the

foes. Indeed, the mighty Drona, though old, yet acting like a young man, careered like Death himself, O sire, amid the divisions of Pandu's son. That fierce warrior cutting off heads and arms decked with ornaments, made the terraces of many cars empty and uttered leonine roars. And in consequence of those joyous shouts of his, as also of the force of his shafts, the warriors, O lord, (of the hostile army) trembled like a herd of cows afflicted by cold. And in consequence of the rattle of his car and the stretching of his bow-string and the twang of his bow, the whole welkin resounded with a loud noise. And the shafts of that hero, coursing in thousands from his bow, and enveloping all the points of the compass, fell upon the elephants and steeds and cars and foot-soldiers (of the enemy). Then the Panchalas and the Pandavas boldly approached Drona, who, armed with his bow of great force, resembled a fire having weapons for its flames. Then with their elephants and foot-soldiers and steeds he began to despatch them unto the abode of Yama. And Drona made the earth miry with blood. Scattering his mighty weapons and shooting his shafts thick on every side, Drona soon so covered all the points of the compass, that nothing could be seen except his showers of arrows. And among foot-soldiers and cars and steeds and elephants nothing could be seen save Drona's arrows. The standard of his car was all that could be seen, moving like flashes of lightning amid the cars.[1] Of soul incapable of being depressed, Drona then, armed with bow and arrows, afflicted the five princes of Kekaya and the ruler of the Panchalas and then rushed against the division of Yudhishthira. Then Bhimasena and Dhananjaya and the grandson of Sini, and the sons of Drupada, and the ruler of Kasi, *viz.*, the son of Saivya, and Sivi himself, cheerfully and with loud roars covered him with their arrows. Shafts in thousands, decked with wings of gold, shot from Drona's bow, piercing through the bodies of the elephants and the young horses of those warriors, entered the earth, their feathers dyed with blood. The field of battle, strewn with cars and the prostrate forms of large bands of warrior, and of elephants and steeds mangled with shafts, looked like the welkin covered with masses of black clouds. Then Drona, desirous of the prosperity of thy sons, having thus crushed the divisions of Satyaki, and Bhima, and Dhananjaya and Subhadra's son and Drupada, and the ruler of the Kasi, and having ground many other heroes in battle, indeed, that high-souled warrior, having achieved these and many other feats, and having, O chief of the Kurus, scorched the world like the Sun himself as he rises at the end of the *Yuga*, proceeded hence, O monarch, to heaven. That hero possesed of golden car, that grinder of hostile hosts, having achieved mighty feats and slain in thousands the warriors of the Pandava host in battle, hath at last been himself slain by Dhrishtadyumna. Having, in fact, slain more than two *Akshauhinis* of brave and unreturning warriors, that hero endued with intelligence, at last, attained to the highest state. Indeed, O king, having

[1]The first line of 23 is read with a slight variation in the Bengal text. The words 'nothing could be seen save Drona's arrows' are added here to make the sense clear.

achieved the most difficult feats, he hath, at last, been slain by the Pandavas and the Panchalas of cruel deeds. When the preceptor was slain in battle, there arose in the welkin, O monarch, a loud uproar of all creatures, as also of all the troops. Resounding through heaven and earth and the intermediate space and through the cardinal and the subsidiary directions, the loud cry '*O Fie*!'—of creatures was heard. And the gods, the *Pitris*, and they that were his friends, all beheld that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, the son of Bharadwaja, thus slain. The Pandavas, having won the victory, uttered leonine shouts. And the earth trembled with those loud shouts of theirs.' "

SECTION IX

"Dhritarashtra said, 'How did the Pandavas and the Srinjayas slay Drona in battle,—Drona who was so accomplished in weapons amongst all wielders of arms? Did his car break (in course of the fight)? Did his bow break while he was striking (the foe)? Or, was Drona careless at the time when he met with his death-blow? How, indeed, O child, could Prishata's son, (*viz.*, Dhrishtadyumna) the prince of the Panchalas, slay that hero incapable of being humiliated by enemies, who scattered thick showers of shafts furnished with wings of gold, and who was endued with great lightness of hand, that foremost of Brahmanas, who was accomplished in everything, acquainted with all modes of warfare, capable of shooting his shafts to a great distance, and self-restrained, who was possessed of great skill in the use of weapons and armed with celestial weapons, that mighty warrior, of unfading glory, who was always careful, and who achieved the fiercest feats in battle? It is plain, it seems to me, that destiny is superior to exertion, since even brave Drona hath been slain by the high-souled son of Prishata, that hero in whom were the four kinds of weapons, alas, thou sayest that that Drona, that preceptor in bowmanship, is slain. Hearing of the slaughter of that hero who used to ride his bright car covered with tiger skins and adorned with pure gold. I cannot drive away my grief. Without doubt, O Sanjaya, no one dies of grief caused by another's calamity, since, wretch that I am, I am yet alive although I have heard of Drona's death. Destiny I regard to be all powerful, exertion is fruitless. Surely, my heart, hard as it is, is made of adamant, since it breaketh not into a hundred pieces, although I have heard of Drona's death. He who was waited upon by Brahmanas and princes desirous of instruction in the *Vedas* and divination and bowmanship, alas, how could he be taken away by Death? I cannot brook the overthrow of Drona which is even like the drying up of the ocean, or the removal of Meru from its site, or the fall of the sun from the

firmament. He was a restrainer of the wicked and a protector of the righteous. That scorcher of foes who hath given up his life for the wretched Duryodhana, upon whose prowess rested that hope of victory which my wicked sons entertained, who was equal to Vrihaspati or Usanas himself in intelligence, alas, how was he slain? His large steeds of red hue, covered with net of gold, fleet as the wind and incapable of being struck with any weapon in battle, endued with great strength, neighing cheerfully, well-trained and of the Sindhu breed, yoked unto his car and drawing the vehicle excellently, always preserving in the midst of battle, did they become weak and faint? Coolly bearing in battle the roar of elephants, while those huge creatures trumpeted at the blare of conchs and the beat of drums, unmoved by the twang of bows and showers of arrows and other weapons, foreboding the defeat of foes by their very appearance, never drawing long breaths (in consequence of toil), above all fatigue and pain, how were those fleet steeds that drew the car of Bharadwaja's son soon over-powered? Even such were the steeds yoked unto his golden car. Even such were the steeds yoked thereto by that foremost of human heroes. Mounted on his own excellent car decked with pure gold, why, O son, could he not cross the sea of the Pandava army? What feat were achieved in battle by Bharadwaja's son, that warrior who always drew tears from other heroes, and upon whose knowledge (of weapons) all the bowmen of the world rely? Firmly adhering to truth, and endued with great might, what, indeed, did Drona do in battle? Who were those car-warriors that encountered that achiever of fierce deeds, that foremost of all wielders of the bow, that first of heroes, who resembled Sakra himself in heaven? Did the Pandava fly away beholding him of the golden car and of mighty strength who invoked into existence celestial weapons? Or, did king Yudhishthira the just, with his younger brothers, and having the prince of Panchala (Dhrishtadyumna) for his binding chord,[1] attack Drona, surrounding him with his troops on all sides? Verily, Partha must have, with his straight shafts, checked all the other car-warriors, and then Prishata's son of sinful deeds must have surrounded Drona. I do not see any other warrior, save the fierce Dhrishtadyumna protected by Arjuna, who could have compassed the death of that mighty hero? It seems that when those heroes, *viz.*, the Kekayas, the Chedis, the Karushas, the Matsyas, and the other kings, surrounding the preceptor, pressed him exceedingly like ants pressing upon a snake, while he was engaged in some difficult feat, the wretched Dhrishtadyumna must have slain him then. This is what, I think. He who, having studied the four *Vedas* with their branches and the histories forming the fifth (*Veda*), became the refuge of the Brahmanas, as the ocean is of rivers, that scorcher of foes, who lived both as a Brahmana and as a Kshatriya, alas, how could that Brahmana, reverend in years, meet with his end at the edge of a

[1] Probably, a ready instrument.

weapon? Of a proud spirit, he was yet often humiliated and had to suffer pain on my account. However undeserving of it, he yet attained at the hands of Kunti's son, the fruit of his own conduct.[1] He, upon whose feats depend all wielders of bows in the world, alas, how could that hero, firmly adhering to truth and possessed of great skill, be slain by persons desirous of affluence? Foremost in the world like Sakra himself in heaven, of great might and great energy, alas, how could he be slain by the Parthas, like the whale by the smaller fish? He, from whose presence no warrior desirous of victory could ever escape with life, he whom, while alive, these two sounds never left, *viz.*, the sound of the *Vedas* by those desirous of Vedic lore, and the twang of bows caused by those desirous of skill in bowmanship, he who was never cheerless, alas, that tiger among men, that hero endued with prosperity and never vanquished in battle, that warrior of prowess equal to that of the lion or the elephant, hath been slain. Verily, I cannot bear the idea of his death. How could Prishata's son, in the sight of the foremost of men, slay in battle that invincible warrior whose might was never humiliated and whose fame was never tarnished? Who were they that fought in Drona's van, protecting him, standing by his side? Who proceeded in his rear and obtained that end which is so difficult of attainment? Who were those high-souled warriors that protected the right and the left wheels of Drona? Who were in the van of that hero while he struggled in battle? Who were they that, reckless o. their lives on that occasion, met with death which stood face to face with them? Who were those heroes that went in the last journey in Drona's battle? Did any of those Kshatriyas that were assigned for Drona's protection, proving false, abandon that hero in battle? Was he slain by the foe after such desertion and while alone? Drona would never, from fear, show his back in battle, however great the danger. How then was he slain by the foe? Even in great distress, O Sanjaya, an illustrious person should do this, *viz.*, put forth his prowess according to the measure of his might. All this was in Drona; O child, I am losing my senses. Let this discourse be suspended for a while. After regaining my senses I will once more ask thee, O Sanjaya!' "

SECTION X

"Vaisampayana said, 'Having addressed the *Suta's* son in this way, Dhritarashtra, afflicted with excessive grief of heart and hopeless of his

[1]The sense seems to be that having carefully attained Arjuna in arms he has got the fruit of his care and labour in the form of defeat and death at the hands of, or, at least, through, his own pupil.

son's victory, fell down on the ground. Beholding him deprived of his senses and fallen down, his attendants sprinkled him with perfumed and cold water, fanning him the while. Seeing him fallen, the Bharata ladies O king, surrounded him on all sides and gently rubbed him with their hands. And slowly raising the king from the ground, those royal ladies, their voices chocked with tears, seated him on his seat. Seated, the King continued to be under the influence of that swoon. And he remained perfectly motionless, while they fanned him standing around. And a tremour then passed over the monarch's body and he slowly regained his senses. And once more he began to interrogate Gavalgana's son of the *Suta* caste about the incidents, as they occured in the battle.'

"Dhritarashtra said, '[That Ajatasatru] who, like the risen sun, dispelleth darkness by his own light; who rusheth against a foe as a swift and angry elephant with rent temples, incapable of being vanquished by hostile leaders of herds, rusheth against a rival proceeding with cheerful face towards a female of the species in rust, O, what warriors (of my army) resisted that Ajatasatru as he came, for keeping him away from Drona?[1] That hero, that foremost of persons, who hath slain many brave warriors (of my army) in battle, that mighty-armed and intelligent and courageous prince of unbaffled prowess, who, unassisted by any one, can consume the entire host of Duryodhana by means of his terrible glances alone, that slayer by his sight, that one bent on winning victory, that bowman, that hero of unfading glory, that self-restrained monarch who is revered by the whole world, O, who were those heroes (of my army) that surrounded that warrior?[2] That invincible prince, that bowman of unfading glory, that tiger among men, that son of Kunti, who advancing with great celerity came upon Drona, that mighty warrior who always achieves grand feats against the foe, that hero of gigantic fame and great courage, who in strength is equal to ten thousand elephants, O, what brave combatants of my army surrounded that Bhimasena as he rushed upon my host? When that car-warrior of exceeding energy, *viz.*, Vibhatsu, looking like a mass of clouds, came, emitting thunderbolts like the clouds themselves, shooting showers of arrows like Indra pouring rain, and making all the points of the compass resound with the slaps of his palms and the rattle of his car-wheels, when that hero whose bow was like the lightning's flash and whose car resembled a cloud having for its roars the rattle of its wheets (when that hero came) the whizz of whose arrows made him exceedingly fierce, whose wrath resembles an awful cloud, and who is fleet as the mind or the tempest, who always pierces the foe deep into his very vitals, who, armed with shafts, is terrible to look at, who like Death himself bathes all the points of the compass with human blood in profusion, and who, with fierce

[1]This sentence comprises 7, 8 and the first line of 9. I have followed the exact order of the original. The peculiarity of the Sanskrit construction is that the Nominative Pronoun is made to stand in apposition with a noun in the objective case. The whole of this Section contains many such sentences.

[2]10 and 11 also refer to Ajatasatru.

uproar and awful visage, wielding the bow *Gandiva* incessantly pours on my warriors headed by Duryodhana shafts whetted on stone and furnished with vultures' feathers, alas, when that hero of great intelligence came upon you, what became the state of your mind? When that warrior having the huge ape on his banner came, obstructing the welkin with dense showers of arrows, what became that state of your mind at sight of that Partha? Did Arjuna advance upon you, slaying your troops with the twang of the *Gandiva* and achieving fierce feats on the way? Did Duryodhana take, with his shafts, your lives, like the tempest destroying gathering masses of clouds or felling forests of reeds, blowing through them? What man is there that is capable of bearing in battle the wielder of the *Gandiva*? Hearing only that he is stationed at the head of the (hostile) force, the heart of every foe seems to rend in twain. In that battle in which the troops trembled and even heroes were struck with fear, who were they that did not desert Drona, and who were those cowards that abandoned him from fear? Who were they that, reckless of their lives met Death himself, standing face to face with them, in the shape of Dhananjaya, who hath vanquished even superhuman combatants in battle? My troops are incapable of bearing the impetus of that warrior having white steeds yoked unto his car and the twang of *Gandiva*, that resembles the roll of the very clouds. That car which has Vishnu himself for its driver and Dhananjaya for its warrior, that car I regard to be incapable of being vanquished by the very gods and the *Asuras* united together. Delicate, young, and brave, and of a very handsome countenance, that son of Pandu who is gifted with intelligence and skill and wisdom and whose prowess incapable of being baffled in battle, when Nakula with loud noise and afflicting all hostile warriors, rushed at Drona, what heroes (of my army) surrounded him? When Sahadeva who resembles an angry snake of virulent poison, when that hero owning white steeds and invincible in battle, observant of laudable vows, incapable of being baffled in his purposes, gifted with modesty, and never vanquished in fight, came upon us, what heroes (of our army) surrounded him? That warrior who, having crushed the mighty host of the Sauvira king, took for his wife the beautiful Bhoja maiden of symmetrical limbs, that bull among men, *viz.*, Yuyudhana, in whom are always truth and firmness and bravery and *Brahmacharya*, that warrior gifted with great might, always practising truth, never cheerless, never vanquished, who in battle is equal to Vasudeva and is regarded as his second self, who, through Dhananjaya's instructions, hath become foremost in the use of arrows, and who is equal to Partha himself in weapons, O, what warrior (of my army) resisted that Satyaki, for keeping him away from Drona? The foremost hero among the Vrishnis, exceedingly brave among all bowmen, equal to Rama himself in (knowledge and the use of) weapons and in prowess and fame, (know, O Sanjaya, that) truth and firmness, intelligence and heroism, and knowledge of *Brahma*, and high weapons, are all in him (Satyaki) of the Satwata race, as the three worlds are in Kesava. What heroes (of my

army), approaching that mighty bowman, Satyaki, possessed of all those accomplishments and incapable of being resisted by the very gods, surrounded him? The foremost among the Panchalas, possessed of heroism, high-born and the favourite of all high-born heroes, ever achieving good deeds in battle, *viz*,, Uttamaujas, that Prince ever engaged in the welfare of Arjuna, born for only my evil, equal unto Yama, or Vaisaravana, or Aditya, or Mahendra, or Varuna, that prince regarded as a mighty car-warrior and prepared to lay down his life in the thick of battle, O, what heroes (of my army) surrounded him? Who (amongst my warriors) opposed Dhrishtaketu, that single warrior amongst the Chedis who, deserting them, hath embraced the side of the Pandavas, while he rushed upon Drona? Who resisted the heroic Ketumat for keeping him away from Drona, the brave Ketumat who slew prince Durjaya while the latter had taken shelter in Girivraja? What heroes (of my army) surrounded Sikhandin, that tiger among men, who knows the merits and demerits (in his own person) of manhood and femininity, that son of Yajnasena, who is always cheerful in battle, that hero who became the cause of the high-souled Bhishma's death in battle, when he rushed towards Drona? That foremost hero of the Vrishni race, that chief of all bowmen, that brave warrior in whom all accomplishments exist in a greater degree than in Dhananajaya himself, in whom are ever weapons and truth and *Brahmacharya*, who is equal to Vasudeva in energy and Dhananjaya in strength, who in splendour is equal to Aditya and in intelligence to Vrihaspati, *viz*., the high-souled Abhimanyu, resembling Death himself with wide-open mouth, O what heroes (of my army) surrounded him when he rushed towards Drona? That youth of vigorous understanding, that slayer of hostile heroes, *viz*., Subhadra's son, O, when he rushed towards Drona, what became the state of your mind? What heroes surrounded those tigers among men, *viz*., the sons of Draupadi, when they rushed in battle against Drona like rivers rushing towards the sea? Those children who, giving up all (childish) sports for twelve years, and observing excellent vows, waited upon Bhishma for the sake of weapons, those children, *viz*., Kshatranjaya and Kshatradeva and Kshatravarman and Manada, those heroic sons of Dhrishtadyumna, O, who resisted them, seeking to keep them away from Drona? He whom the Vrishnis regarded as superior in battle to a hundred car-warriors, O, who resisted that great bowman, *viz*., Chekitana, for keeping him away from Drona? Those five Kekaya brothers, virtuous and possessed of prowess, incapable of being baffled, resembling (in hue) the insects called *Indragopakas*, with red coats of mail, red weapons and red banners, those heroes that are the maternal cousins of the Pandavas and that always wish for victory unto the latter, O, what heroes (of my army) surrounded those valiant princes when they rushed towards Drona for slaying him? That lord of battle, that foremost of bowmen, that hero of unbaffled aim and great strength, that tiger among men, *viz*., Yuyutsu, whom many wrathful kings battling together for six months at Varanavata from desire of slaying him could not vanquish, and who in battle s

Varanasi overthrew with a broad-headed arrow that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, the prince of Kasi, desirous of seizing (at a Swayamvara) a maiden for wife, O, what hero (of my army) resisted him? That mighty bowman, *viz.*, Dhrishtadyumna, who is the chief counsellor of the Pandavas, who is engaged in doing evil to Duryodhana, who was created for Drona's destruction, O, what heroes (of my army) surrounded him when he came towards Drona, breaking through all my ranks and consuming all my warriors in battle? That foremost of all persons conversant with weapons, who has been reared almost on Drupada's lap, O, what warriors (of my army) surrounded that Sikhandin protected by (Arjuna's) weapons, for keeping him away from Drona? He who encompassed this earth by the loud rattle of his car as by a leathern belt, that mighty car-warrior and foremost of all slayers of foes, who, as (a substitute for) all sacrifices, performed, without hindrance, ten Horse sacrifices with excellent food and drink and gifts in profusion, who ruled his subjects as if they were his children, that Usinara's son who in sacrifices gave away kine countless as the grains of sand in the Ganga's stream, whose feat none amongst men have been or will ever be able to imitate, after the performance of whose difficult feats the very gods had cried out, saying, 'We do not see in the three worlds with their mobile and immobile creatures a second person other than Usinara's son who, was, has ever been, or will ever be born, who hath attained to regions (in after-life) which are unattainable by human beings, O, who (amongst my army) resisted that Saivya, that grandson of that Usinara's son, while he came upon (Drona)? What heroes (of my army) surrounded the car-division of that slayer of foes, *viz.* Virata, the king of the Matsyas, while it reached Drona in battle? Who kept away from Drona the gigantic Ghatotkacha, that thorn (on the side), of my sons, that warrior who always wishes victory unto the Pandavas, that heroic *Rakshasa*, possessed of extensive powers of illusion, endued with great strength and great prowess, and born of Bhima in course of a single day, and of whom I entertain very great fears?[1] What, O Srinjaya, can remain unconquered by them for whose sake these and many others are prepared to lay down their lives in battle? How can the sons of Pritha meet with defeat, they, *viz.*, that have the greatest of all beings, the wielder of the bow called *Sarnga*, for their refuge and benefactor? Vasudeva is, indeed, the great Master of all the worlds, the Lord of all, and Eternal! Of celestial soul and infinite power, Narayana is the refuge of men in battle. The wise recite his celestial feats. I also will recite them with devotion, for recovering my firmness!' "

[1]Ghatotkacha was the son of Hidimva by Bhimasena. *Rakshasi* women bring forth the very day they conceive, and their offspring attain to youth the very day they are born!

SECTION XI

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Hear, O Sanjaya, the celestial feats of Vasudeva, feats that Govinda achieved and the like of which no other person hath ever been able to achieve. Whilst being brought up, O Sanjaya, in the family of the cowherd (Nanda), that high-souled one, while yet a boy, made the might of his arms known to the three worlds. Even then he slew Hayaraja, living in the woods (on the shores) of the Yamuna, who was equal to (the celestial steed) Uchchaisravas in strength and the wind itself in speed.[1] In childhood, he also slew with his two bare arms, the *Danava*, in the form of a bull, of terrible deeds, and risen like Death himself unto all the kine. Of eyes like the lotus petals, he also slew the mighty *Asuras* named Pralamva, and Naraka, and Jambha, and Pitha, as also Mura, that terror of the celestials. And so also Kansa of mighty energy, who was, besides, protected by Jarasandha, was, with all his followers, slain in battle by Krishna aided by his prowess alone.[2] With Valadeva as his second, that slayer of foes, *viz.*, Krishna, consumed in battle, with all his troops, the king of the Surasenas, *viz.*, Sunaman, of great activity and prowess in battle, the lord of a full *Akshauhini*, and the valiant second brother of Kansa, the king of the Bhojas. The highly wrathful regenerate *Rishi* (gratified with the adoration) gave him boons.[3] Of eyes like the lotus petals, and endued with great bravery, Krishna, vanquishing all the kings at a self-choice, bore away the daughter of the king of the Gandharas. Those angry kings, as if they were horses by birth, were yoked unto his nuptial car and were lacerated with the whip. The mighty-armed Janardana also caused Jarasandha, the lord of a full *Akshauhini* of troops, to be slain through the instrumentality of another.[4] The mighty Krishna also slew the valiant king of Chedis, that leader of kings, as if he were some animal, on the occasion of the latter's disputing about the *Arghya*. Putting forth his prowess, Madhava hurled unto the sea the *Daitya* city called Saubha, (moving) in the skies, protected by Salwa, and regarded as impregnable. The Angas, the Vangas, the Kalingas, the Magadhas, the Kasis, the Kosalas, the Vatsyas, the Gargyas, the Karushas and the Paundras, —all these he vanquished in battle. The Avantis, the Southerners, the Mountaineers, the Daserakas, the Kasmirakas, the Aurasikas, the Pisachas, the Samudgalas, the Kamvojas, the Vatadhanas, the Cholas, the Pandyas, O Sanjaya, the Trigartas, the Malavas, the Daradas difficult of being vanquished, the Khasas arrived from diverse realms, as also the Sakas, and the Yavanas with followers, were all vanquished by him of eyes like

[1] *Hayaraja*, lit., the prince of steeds. He was an *Asura*, otherwise called Kesi, in the form of a steed.

[2] *i.e.*, without weapons of any kind.

[3] Kaliprasanna Singha, in his Bengali translation, makes a mess of this *Sloka*.

[4] Jarasandha, the powerful king of the Magadhas, and the sworn foe of Krishna, was slain by Bhima through Krishna's instigation.

lotus-petals. In days of old, penetrating into the very sea, he vanquished in battle Varuna himself in those watery depths, surrounded by all kinds of aquatic animals. Slaying in battle (the *Danava* named) *Panchajanya* living in the depths of *Patala*, Hrishikesa obtained the celestial conch called *Panchajanya*. The mighty Kesava, accompanied by Partha, having gratified Agni at Khandava, obtained his invincible weapon of fire, *viz.*, his discus (called *Sudarsana*). Riding on Vinata's son and frightening (the denizens of) *Amaravati*, the heroic Krishna brought from Mahendra himself (the celestial flower called) *Parijata*. Knowing Krishna's prowess, Sakra quietly bore that act.[1] We have never heard that there is any one among the kings who has not been vanquished by Krishna. That exceedingly wonderful feat also, O Sanjaya, which the lotus-eyed one performed in my court, who else is capable of performing it? And since, humbled by devotion, I was suffered to behold Krishna as the Supreme Lord; everything (about that feat) is well-known to me, myself having witnessed it with my own eyes, O Sanjaya, the end can never be seen of the (infinite) achievements of Hrishikesa of great energy and great intelligence. Gada, and Samva, and Pradyumna, and Viduratha, and Charudeshna, and Sarana, and Ulmukha, and Nisatha, and the valiant Jhilivabhru, and Prithu, and Viprithu, and Samika, and Arimejaya,—these and other mighty Vrishni heroes, accomplished in smiting, will, standing on the field of battle, take up their position in the Pandava host, when summoned by that Vrishni hero, *viz.*, the high-souled Kesava. Everything (on my side) will then be in great danger. Even this is what I think. And there where Janardana is, there will be the heroic Rama, equal in strength to ten thousand elephants, resembling the Kailasa peak, decked with garlands of wild flowers, and armed with the plough. That Vasudeva, O Sanjaya, whom all the regenerate ones describe as the Father of all, will that Vasudeva fight for the sake of the Pandavas? O son, O Sanjaya, if he puts on his armour for the sake of the Pandavas, there is none amongst us who can be his antagonist. If the Kauravas happen to vanquish the Pandavas, he, of the Vrishni race, will then, for the sake of the latter, take up his mighty weapon. And that tiger among men, that mighty-armed one, slaying then all the kings in battle as also the Kauravas, will give away the whole earth to Kunti's son. What car will advance in battle against that car which has Hrishikesa for its driver and Dhananjaya for its warrior? The Kurus cannot, by any means, gain victory. Tell me, then everything about how the battle took place. Arjuna is Kesava's life and Krishna is always victory; in Krishna is always fame. In all the worlds, Vibhatsu is invincible. In Kesava are infinite merits in excess. The foolish Duryodhana, who doth not know Krishna or Kesava, seems, through Destiny, to have Death's noose before him. Alas, Duryodhana knows not Krishna of Dasarha's race and Arjuna the son of Pandu. These high-souled ones are ancient gods. They are even Nara and Narayana. On earth they

[1] *viz.*, the transplantation of the *Parijata* from Amaravati to the earth

are seen by men as two separate forms, though in reality they are both possessed but by one soul. With the mind alone, that invincible pair, of world-wide fame, can, if only they wish it, destroy this host. Only, in consequence of their humanity they do not wish it.[1] Like a change of the *Yuga*, the death of Bhishma, O child, and the slaughter of the high-souled Drona, overturn the senses. Indeed, neither by *Brahmacharya*, nor by the study of the *Vedas*, nor by (religious) rites, nor by weapons, can any one prevent death. Hearing of the slaughter of Bhishma and Drona, those heroes accomplished in weapons, respected by all the worlds, and invincible in battle, why O Sanjaya, do I yet live? In consequence of the death of Bhishma and Drona, O Sanjaya, we will henceforth have to live as dependants on that prosperity beholding which in Yudhishthira we had before been so jealous. Indeed, this destruction of the Kurus hath come in consequence only of my acts. O *Suta*, in killing these that are ripe for destruction, the very straw becomes thunderbolt. That prosperity is without end in this world which Yudhishthira is about to obtain—Yudhishthira through whose wrath both Bhishma and Drona have fallen. In consequence of his very disposition, hath Righteousness gone over to the side of Yudhishthira, while it is hostile to my son. Alas, time, so cruel, that hath now come for the destruction of all, connot be overcome. Things calculated in one way, O son, even by men of intelligence, become otherwise through Destiny. This is what I think. Therefore, tell me everything that has taken place during the progress of this unavoidable and dreadful calamity productive of the most sorrowful reflection incapable of being crossed over (by us).' "

SECTION XII

"Sanjaya said, 'Yes, as I saw everything with my own eyes, I will describe to thee how Drona fell down, slain by the Pandavas and the Srinjayas. Having obtained the command of the troops, that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, Bharadwaja's son, said these words unto thy son in the midst of all the troops, 'Inasmuch as, O king, thou hast honoured me with the command of the troops immediately after that bull among the Kauravas, *viz.*, the son of the Ocean-going (Ganga), take thou, O Bharata, the adequate fruit of that act of thine. What business of thine shall I now achieve? Ask thou the boon that thou desirest.' Then king Duryodhana having consulted with Karna and Duhsasana and others, said unto the preceptor, that invincible warrior and foremost of all victors, these words, 'If thou

[1]Though gods, they have taken their births as men, and, they must achieve their objects by human means. It is for this that they do not, by a fiat only of their will, destroy this host.

wouldst give me a boon, then, seizing that foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, Yudhishthira, alive, bring him unto me here.' Then that preceptor of the Kurus, hearing those words of thy son, returned him the following answer, gladdening all the troops therewith, 'Praised be Kunti's son (Yudhishthira) whose seizing only thou desirest. O thou that art difficult of being vanquished, thou askest not any other boon (one for example) for his slaughter. For what reason, O tiger among men, dost thou not desire his death? Thou art, without doubt, O Duryodhana, not ignorant of policy. Why, therefore, dost thou not allude to Yudhisthira's death? It is a matter of great wonder that king Yudhisthira the just, hath no enemy desirous of his death. Inasmuch as thou wishest him to be alive, thou (either) seekest to preserve thy race from extinction, or, O chief of the Bharatas, thou, having vanquished the Pandavas in battle, art desirous of establishing brotherly relation (with them) by giving them their kingdom. Auspicious was the birth of that intelligent prince. Truly is he called *Ajatasatru* (the foeless one), for even thou bearest affection for him.' Thus addressed by Drona, O Bharata, the feeling that is ever present in thy son's breast suddenly made itself known. Not even persons like Vrihaspati can conceal the expressions of their countenance. For this, thy son, O king, filled with joy, said these words, 'By the slaughter of Kunti's son in battle, O preceptor, victory cannot be mine. If Yudhishthira were slain, Partha then, without doubt, would slay all of us. All of them, again, cannot be slain by the very gods. He amongst them that will, in that case, survive, will exterminate us. Yudhishthira, however, is truthful in his promises. If brought hither (alive), vanquished once more at dice, the Pandavas will once more go to the woods, for they are all obedient to Yudhishthira. It is evident that such a victory will be an enduring one. It is for this that I do not, by any means, desire the slaughter of king Yudhishthira the just.' Ascertaining this crooked purpose of Duryodhana, Drona who was conversant with the truths of the science of profit and gifted with great intelligence, reflected a little and gave him the boon circumscribing it in the following way.'

"Drona said, 'If the heroic Arjuna do not protect Yudhishthira in battle, thou mayst think the eldest Pandava as already brought under thy control. As regards Partha, the very gods and the *Asuras* together headed by Indra, cannot advance against him in battle. It is for this that I dare not do what thou askest me to do. Without doubt, Arjuna is disciple, and I was his first preceptor in arms. He is, however, young, endued with great good fortune, and excessively intent (on the achievement of his purposes). He hath obtained, again, many weapons from Indra and Rudra. He hath besides been provoked by thee. I dare not, therefore, do what thou askest me. Let Arjuna be removed, by whatsoever means that can be done, from the battle. Upon Partha being withdrawn, thou mayst regard king Yudhishthira as already vanquished. Upon his seizure is victory and not upon his slaughter, O bull among men! Even by stratagem, can his seizure be accomplished. Seizing that king devoted to truth and righteousness, I

will, without doubt, O monarch, bring him to thy control this very day, if he stays before me in battle even for a moment, of course, if Dhananjaya, the son of Kunti, that tiger among men, be withdrawn from the field. In Phalguni's presence, however, O king, Yudhishthira is incapable of being taken in battle even by the gods and the *Asuras* headed by Indra.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'After Drona had promised the king's seizure even under these limitations, thy foolish sons regarded Yudhishthira as already taken. Thy son (Duryodhana) knew Drona's partiality for the Pandavas. In order to make Drona stick to his promise, therefore, he divulged those counsels. Then, O chastiser of foes, the fact of Drona's having promised to seize the (eldest) Pandava was proclaimed by Duryodhana unto all his troops.' "

SECTION XIII

"Sanjaya said, 'After Drona had promised the kings seizure under those limitations, thy troops hearing of (that promise about) Yudhishthira's capture, uttered many leonine shouts, mingling them with the whiz of their arrows and the blare of their conchs. King Yudhishthira the just, however, O Bharata, soon learnt in detail, through his spies, everything about the purpose upon which Bhardwaja's son was intent. Then bringing together all his brothers and all the other kings of his army, king Yudhishthira the just addressed Dhananjaya, saying, 'Thou hast heard, O tiger among men, about the intention of Drona. Let such measures, therefore, be adopted as may prevent the accomplishment of that purpose. It is true, Drona, that grinder of foes, hath vowed his pledge, subject to limitations, however, O great bowman, rest on thee. Fight thou, therefore, today, O thou of mighty arms, in my vicinity, so that Duryodhana may not obtain from Drona the fruition of his desire.'

"Arjuna said, 'As the slaughter of my preceptor can never be accomplished by me, so, king, I can never consent to give thee up. O son of Pandu, I would rather yield up my life in battle than fight against my preceptor. This son of Dhritarashtra desireth sovereignty, having seized thee as a captive in battle. In this world he will never obtain the fruition of that desire of his. The firmament itself with its stars may fall down, the Earth herself may split into fragments, yet Drona will, surely, never succeed in seizing thee as long as I am alive. If the wielder of the thunderbolt himself, or Vishnu at the head of the gods, assist him in battle, still he shall not succeed in seizing thee on the field. As long as I am alive, O great king, it behoveth thee not to entertain any fear of Drona, although he is the foremost of all wielders of weapons. I further say unto thee. O monarch,

that my promise never remains unfulfilled. I do not recollect having ever spoken any untruth. I do not recollect having ever been vanquished. I do not recollect having ever, after making a vow, left the least part of it unfulfilled.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Then, O king, conchs and drums and cymbals and smaller drums were sounded and beaten in the Pandava camp. And the high-souled Pandavas uttered many leonine shouts. These and the awful twang of their bow-strings and the slaps of palms reached the very heaven. Hearing that loud blare of conchs that arose from the camp of the mighty sons of Pandu, diverse instruments were sounded amongst thy divisions also. Then thy divisions as also those of theirs were arrayed in order of battle. And slowly they advanced against each other from desire of battle. Then commenced a battle, that was fierce and that made the hairs stand on their ends, between the Pandavas and the Kurus, and Drona and the Panchalas. The Srinjayas, though struggling vigorously, were unable to beat in battle the host of Drona as it was protected by Drona himself. And so also the mighty car-warriors of thy son, skilled in smiting, could not beat the Pandava host, as it was protected by the Diadem-decked (Arjuna). Protected by Drona and Arjuna, both the hosts seemed to stand inactive like two blossoming forests in the silence of the night. Then he, of the golden car, (*viz.*, Drona) like the Sun himself of great splendour, crushing the ranks of the Pandavas, careered through them at will. And the Pandavas, and the Srinjayas, through fear, regarded that single warrior of great activity upon his quickly-moving car as if multiplied into many. Shot by him, terrible shafts coursed in all directions, frightening, O king, the army of Pandu's son. Indeed, Drona then seemed as the Sun himself at mid-day covered by a hundred rays of light. And as the *Danavas* were unable to look at Indra, so there was not one amongst the Pandavas, who, O monarch, was able to look at the angry son of Bharadwaja in that battle. The valiant son of Bharadwaja then, having confound the (hostile) troops, speedily began to consume the division of Dhrishtadyumna by means of sharp shafts. And covering and obstructing all the points of the compass by means of his straight shafts, he began to crush the Pandava force even there where Prishata's son was.' "

SECTION XIV

"Sanjaya said, 'Then Drona, causing a great confusion in the Pandava host, careered through it, like a conflagration consuming (a forest of) trees. Beholding that angry warrior, owning a golden car, consume their divisions like a raging conflagration, the Srinjayas trembled (in fear). The twang, in that battle, of the constantly stretched bow of that warrior of great activity

was heard to resemble the roar of the thunder.[1] Fierce shafts shot by Drona, endued with great lightness of hand, began to crush car-warriors and horsemen and elephant-warriors and foot soldiers along with elephants and steeds. Showering his arrows as the roaring clouds at the close of summer, assisted by the wind, pour hail-stones, he inspired fear in the hearts of the foe. Coursing (through the hostile ranks), O king, and agitating the troops, the mighty Drona enhanced the unnatural fear entertained by the enemy. The gold-decked bow, on his quickly-moving car, was repeatedly seen to resemble the lightning's flash amid a mass of dark clouds. That hero, firm in truth, endued with wisdom, and always devoted, besides, to righteousness, caused an awful river of angry current, such as may be seen at the end of the *Yuga*, to flow there. And that river had its source in the impetuosity of Drona's wrath, and it was haunted by crowds of carnivorous creatures. And the combatants constituted the waves that filled its entire surface. And heroic warriors constituted the trees on its banks who's roots were constantly eaten away by its current. And its waters were constituted by the blood that was shed in that battle, and cars constituted its eddies, and elephants and steeds formed its banks. And costs of mail constituted its lilies, and the flesh of creatures the mire on its bed. And the fat, marrow, and bones (of fallen animals and men) formed the sands on its beach, and (fallen) head-gears its froth. And the battle itself that was fought there constituted the canopy above its surface. And lances constituted the fish with which it abounded. And it was inaccessible in consequence of the large number of (slain) men, elephants, and steeds (that fell in it). And the impetus of the shaft shot constituted its current. And the slain bodies themselves constituted the timber floating on it. And cars constituted its tortoises. And heads constituted the stones scattered on its banks and bed, and scimitars, its fish in profusion. And cars and elephants formed its lakes. And it was decked with many adornments. And mighty car-warriors constituted its hundreds of little whirlpools. And the dust of the earth constituted its wavelets. And capable of being easily crossed by those possessed of exceeding energy, it was incapable of being crossed by the timid. And heaps of dead bodies constituted the sand-banks obstructing its navigation. And it was the haunt of *Kankas* and vultures and other birds of prey. And it carried away thousands of mighty-car-warriors to the abode of Yama. And long spears constituted the snakes that infested it in profusion. And the living combatants constituted the fowls sporting on its waters.[2] Torn umbrellas constituted its large swans. Diadems formed the (smaller) birds that adorned it. Wheels constituted its turtles, and maces its alligators, and arrows its smaller fish. And it was the resort of frightful swarms of crows and vultures and

[1]The Bengal Texts read this verse incorrectly. For *Prataptam*, the correct reading is *satatam*; and for *anukarinas*, the correct word is *asukarinas*.

[2]The Bengal reading is *Sura-vyala*. The Bombay texts reads *Sulav-yala*. I adopt the latter. *Vajinas*, in *Prani-vaji-nishevitam*, is explained by Nilakantha to mean fowl or bird.

jackals. And that river, O best of kings, bore away in hundreds, to the region of the *Pitris*, the creatures that were slain by Drona in battle. Obstructed by hundreds of bodies (floating on it), the hair (of slain warriors and animals) constituted its moss and weeds. Even such was the river, enhancing the fears of the timid, that Drona caused to flow there.[1]

"And when Drona was thus grinding the hostile army hither and thither, the Pandava warriors headed by Yudhishthira rushed at that mighty car-warrior from all sides. Then seeing them thus rushing (towards Drona), brave combatants of thy army, possessed of unyielding prowess, rushed from every side. And the battle that thereupon ensued made the hair stand on end. Sakuni, full of a hundred kinds of deceit, rushed towards Sahadeva, and pierced the latter's charioteer, and standard, and car, with many keen-pointed shafts. Sahadeva, however, without being much excited, cutting off Sauvala's standard and bow and car-driver and car, with sharp arrows, pierced Sauvala himself with sixty shafts. Thereupon, Suvala's son, taking up mace, jumped down from his excellent car, and with that mace, O king, he felled Sahadeva's driver from the latter's car. Then these two heroic and mighty warriors, O monarch, both deprived of car, and both armed with mace, sported in battle like two crests of hills. Drona, having pierced the ruler of the Panchalas with ten shafts, was, in return, pierced by the latter with many shafts. And the latter was again pierced by Drona with a larger number of shafts. Bhimasena pierced Vivinsati with sharp arrows. The latter, however, thus pierced, trembled not, which seemed to be highly wonderful. Vivinsati then, O monarch, suddenly deprived Bhimasena of his steeds and standard and bow. And thereupon all the troops worshipped him for that feat. The heroic Bhimasena, however, brooked not that exhibition of prowess by his enemy in battle. With his mace, therefore, he slew the well-trained steeds of Vivinsati. Then the mighty Vivinsati, taking up a shield (and sword) jumped down from that car whose steeds had been slain, and rushed against Bhimasena like an infuriated elephant rushing against an infuriated compeer. The heroic Salya, laughing the while, pierced, as if in dalliance, his own dear nephew, Nakula with many shafts for angering him. The valiant Nakula, however, cutting off his uncle's steeds and umbrella and standard and charioteer and bow in that battle, blew his conch. Dhrishtaketu, engaged with Kripa, cut off diverse kinds of arrows shot at him by the latter, and then pierced Kripa, with seventy arrows. And then he cut off the device of Kripa's standard with three arrows. Kripa, however, began to oppose him with a thick shower of arrows. And resisting him in this way, the Brahmana fought on with Dhrishtaketu. Satyaki, laughing the while, pierced Kritavarman in the centre of the chest with a long arrow. And piercing him then with seventy

[1]It is evident that the very minuteness with which the comparison is sought to be sustained, destroys the effect. Regarding the repetition, they are just such as one may expect to find in verses composed *extempore*.

arrows, he once more pierced him with many others. The Bhoja warrior, however, in return, pierced Satyaki with seventy arrows of keen points. Like the swiftly-coursing winds failing to move a mountain, Kritavarman was unable to move Satyaki or make him tremble. Senapati deeply struck Susarman in his vitals. Susarman also struck his antagonist with a lance on the shoulder-joint. Virata, aided by his Matsya warriors of great energy, resisted Vikartana's son in that battle. And that feat (of the Matsya king) seemed highly wonderful. Even this was regarded as an act of great valour on the part of the *Suta's* son, in that, he singly resisted that whole force by means of his straight shafts. King Drupada was engaged with Bhagadatta. And the battle between those two warriors became beautiful to behold. That bull among men, *viz.*, Bhagadatta, pierced king Drupada and his driver and standard and car with many straight shafts. Then Drupada, excited with wrath, quickly pierced that mighty car-warrior in the chest with a straight shaft. Those two foremost of warriors on earth, *viz.*, Somadatta's son and Sikhandin, both conversant with every weapon, encountered each other in fierce battle that made all creatures tremble with fear. The valiant Bhurisravas, O king, covered that mighty car-warrior, Yajnasena's son Sikhandin, with a thick shower of arrows. Sikhandin, then O monarch, excited with wrath, pierced Somadatta's son with ninety shafts, and caused him, O Bharata, to tremble. Those *Rakshasas* of fierce deeds, *viz.*, Hidimba's son and Alamvusha, each desirous of vanquishing the other, battled most wonderfully. Both capable of creating a hundred illusions, both swelling with pride, battled with each other most wonderfully, relying on their powers of illusion, and each desirous of vanquishing the other. The fierce Chekitana battled with Anuvinda. They coursed on the field, disappearing at times, and causing great wonder. Lakshmana fought fiercely with Kshatradeva, even as Vishnu, O monarch, in days of old, with the (*Asura*) Hiranyaksha. With his fleet steeds and upon his car duly equipped, Paurava, O king, roared at Abhimanyu. Endued with great might, Paurava then rushed at Abhimanyu, desirous of battle. Then that chastiser of foes, *viz.*, Abhimanyu fought fiercely with that foe. Paurava covered Subhadra's son with a thick shower of arrows. Thereupon, Arjuna's son felled his antagonist's standard and umbrella and bow on earth.[1] Then piercing Paurava with seven arrows, Subhadra's son pierced the latter's driver and steeds with five arrows. Gladdening his troops thus, he then repeatedly roared like a lion. Then Arjuna's son quickly fixed an arrow on his bow-string that was certain to take away Paurava's life. Beholding however, that arrow of frightful mien fixed on Abhimanyu's bow-string, Haridika's son, with two shafts, cut off that bow and arrow. Then that slayer of hostile heroes, *viz.*, Subhadra's son, throwing aside that broken bow, took up a bright sword and a shield. Whirling with great speed that shield decked with many stars, and whirling that sword

[1]This verse is read incorrectly in the Bengal texts. For *hayan* read *Dhanus*.

also, he coursed on the field, exhibiting his prowess. Whirling them before him, and whirling them on high, now shaking them and now jumping up himself, from the manner of his handling those weapons, it seemed that (with him) there is no difference between that offensive and that defensive weapons. Jumping suddenly then upon the shafts of Paurava's car, he roared aloud. Mounting next upon his car, he seized Paurava by the hair, and slaying meanwhile with a kick, the latter's driver, he felled his standard with a stroke of his sword. And as regards Paurava himself, Abhimanyu raised him up, like the Garuda raising a snake from the bottom of the sea agitating the waters. Thereupon, all the kings beheld Paurava (standing helpless) with dishevelled hair, and looking like an ox deprived of its senses while on the point of being slain by a lion. Beholding Paurava thus prostrated, placed under the control of Arjuna's son, and dragged helplessly, Jayadratha was unable to brook it. Taking up a sword as also a shield that bore the device of a peacock and was decked with a hundred bells of small size suspended in rows, Jayadratha jumped down from his car with a loud roar. Then Subhdra's son (Abhimanyu), beholding the ruler of the Sindhus, let Paurava alone, and leaping up like a hawk from the latter's car, quickly alighted on the earth. The lances and aves and scimitars hurled by his foes—Arjuna's son cut off by means of his sword or warded off by his shield. Thus showing unto all the warriors the strength of his own arms the mighty [and heroic] Abhimanyu, once more upraising his large and heavy sword as also his shield,[1] proceeded towards Vriddhakshatra's son who was a sworn foe of his (Abhimanyu's) father, like a tiger proceeding against an elephant. Approaching they cheerfully attacked each other with their swords like a tiger and a lion with their claws and teeth. And none could notice any difference between those two lions among men as regards the whirl-strokes, and descent of their swords and shields.[2] And as regards the descent and the whiz of their swords, and the warding off of each other's blows, it seemed there was no distinction between the two. Coursing. beautifully in outward and inward tracks, those two illustrious warriors seemed to be like two winged mountains. Then Jayadratha struck on the shield of the renowned Abhimanyu when the latter stretched his sword for making a pass at him. Then, O Bharata, Jayadratha's large sword sticking into Abhimanyu's shield covered with golden plate, broke, as the ruler of the Sindhus attempted to draw it off forcibly. Seeing his sword broken, Jayadratha hastily retreated six steps and was seen within a twinkle of the eye to be mounted on his own car. Then Arjuna's son also, that combat with the sword being over, ascended his own excellent car. Many kings, then, of the Kuru army, uniting together, surrounded him on all sides. The mighty son of Arjuna, however, eyeing Jayadratha, whirled his sword and shield, and uttered a loud shout. Having vanquished the ruler of the Sindhus, Subhadra's son, that slayer

[1]The word "heroic" occurs in the next verse.

[2]The word in the original are *Sampata*, *Abhighata* ,and *Nipata*.

of hostile heroes, then began to scorch that division of the Kaurava army like Sun scorching the world. Then in that battle Salya hurled at him a fierce dart made wholly of iron, decked with gold, and resembling a blazing flame of fire. Thereupon, Arjuna's son, jumping up, caught hold of that dart, like Garuda catching a mighty snake falling from above. And having seized it thus, Abimanyu unsheathed his sword. Witnessing the great activity and might of that warrior of immeasurable energy, all the kings together uttered a leonine shout. Then that slayer of hostile heroes, *viz.*, the son of Subhadra, hurled with the might of his arms at Salya himself that very dart of great effulgence, decked with stones of *lapis lazuli.* Resembling a snake that has recently cast off its slough, that dart, reaching Salya's car slew the latter's driver and felled him from his niche of the vehicle. Then Virata and Drupada, and Dhristaketu, and Yudhishthira, and Satyaki, and Kekaya, and Bhima, and Dhrishtadyumna, and Sikhandin, and the twins (Nakula and Sahadeva), and the five sons of Draupadi, all exclaimed, '*Excellent* ! *Excellent* !' And diverse kinds of sounds due to the shooting of arrows, and many leonine shouts, arose there, gladdening the unretreating son of Arjuna. Thy sons, however, could not brook those indications of the victory of their foe. Then all of them suddenly surrounded Subhadra's son and covered him, O king, with showers of arrows like the clouds pouring rain on the mountain-breast. Then that slayer of foes, *viz.*, Artayani (Salya), wishing good of thy sons, and remembering the overthrow of his own driver, rushed in rage against Subhadra's son.' "

SECTION XV

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Thou hast, O Sanjaya, described to me many excellent single combats. Hearing about them, I envy those that have eyes. This battle between the Kurus and the Pandavas, resembling that (of old) between the gods and the *Asuras*, will be spoken of as exceedingly wonderful by all men. I am scarcely gratified by listening to thy narrations of this stirring battle. Tell me, therefore, about this combat between Artayani (Salya) and Subhadra's son.'

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding his driver slain, Salya, upraising a mace made wholly of iron, jumped down in rage from his excellent car. Bhima, then taking up his own huge mace, quickly rushed towards Salya who then resembled the blazing *Yuga*-fire or the Destroyer himself armed with his bludgeon. Subhadra's son also, taking up a prodigious mace resembling the bolt of heaven, addressed Salya, saying, '*Come, Come*!' Bhima, however, with much ado, persuaded him to stand aside. The valiant Bhimasena, then, having persuaded Subhadra's son to stand aside, approached Salya

in battle and stood immovable as a hill. The mighty ruler of Madras also, beheld Bhima, and proceeded towards him like a tiger towards an elephant. Then was heard there the loud blare of trumpets and conchs by thousands and leonine shouts, and the sound of drums. And loud cries of '*Bravo, Bravo*,' arose among hundreds of Pandava and Kaurava warriors rushing towards each other. There is none else among all the kings, O Bharata, save the ruler of Madras who can venture to bear the might of Bhimasena in battle; similarly, who else save Vrikodara, in the world, can venture to bear the impetus of the illustrious Salya's mace in battle? Bound in hempen strings mixed with wires of gold, the prodigious mace, of Bhima, capable of delighting by its beauty all spectators, being grasped by him, shone, brilliantly. And similarly the mace of Salya, also, who coursed in beautiful circles, looked like a blazing flash of lightning. Both of them roared like bulls, and both coursed in circles. And both Salya and Vrikodara, standing as they did, with their maces slightly bent, looked like a couple of horned bulls. Whether as regards coursing in circles or in whirling and striking with their maces, the combat that took place between those two lions among men was in every way equal. Struck by Bhimasena with his mace, the prodigious mace of Salya, emitting fierce sparks of fire, soon broke unto fragments. And similarly, Bhimasena's mace, struck by the foe, looked beautiful like a tree covered fire-flies during the season of rains at even-tide. And the mace that the ruler of Madras hurled in that battle, irradiating the welkin, O Bharata, frequently caused sparks of fire (to fly around). Similarly, the mace hurled by Bhimasena at the foe scorched his antagonist's forces like a fierce meteor falling down (from the firmament). And both those best of maces, striking against each other, resembled sighing she-snakes and caused flashes of fire. Like two large tigers attacking each other with their claws, or like two mighty elephants with their tusks, those mighty warriors coursed in circles, encountering each other with those two foremost of maces, and soon covered with blood, those two illustrious warriors seemed to resemble a couple of flowering *Kinsukas*. And the blows, loud as Indra's thunder, of the maces wielded by those two lions among men were heard on all sides. Struck by the ruler of Madras with his mace on both the left and the right side, Bhima moved not in the least, like a hill riven by the thunder. Similarly, the mighty ruler of Madras, struck by Bhima with his mace, patiently stood still like a hill struck with the thunder. Both of them, with upraised maces, endued as they were with great impetus, fell upon each other, coursing in shorter circles. Quickly nearing each other, then by eight steps and falling upon each other like two elephants, they suddenly struck each other with those maces of theirs made entirely of iron. And each of those heroes, in consequence of the other's impetuosity and violence being struck with each other's mace, fell down at the same instant of time like a couple of Indra's poles. Then the mighty car-warrior Kritavarman quickly approached Salya who, deprived of his senses, was breathing hard as he lay on the field. And beholding him, O king, struck violently with the

mace, and writhing like a snake, and deprived of his senses in a swoon, the mighty car-warrior Kritavarman, taking him upon his car, quickly bore the ruler of Madras away from the field. Reeling like a drunken man, the heroic Bhima of mighty arms, rising up within the twinkling of an eye, stood mace in hand. Thy sons then, beholding the ruler of the Madras turn away from the fight, began, O sire, to tremble, along with their elephants, and foot-soldiers, and cavalry, and cars. Ground then by the Pandavas desirous of victory, those warriors of thy army, struck with fear, fled away in all directions, like masses of clouds driven away by the wind. And those mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, the Pandavas, having vanquished the Dhritarashtras, looked resplendent in that battle, O king, like blazing fires. And they uttered loud leonine roars, and blew their conchs, elated with joy. And they beat their drums, large and small, and cymbals and other instruments.' "

SECTION XVI

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding that army of thine exceedingly broken, the valiant Vrishasena, single-handed, began to protect it, O king, displaying the illusion of his weapons. Shot by Vrishasena in that battle, thousands of arrows coursed in all directions, piercing through men and steeds and cars and elephants. Mighty arrows, of blazing effulgence, shot by him, coursed in thousands, like the rays, O monarch, of the sun, in the summer season. Afflicted and crushed therewith, O king, car-warriors and horse-men, suddenly fell down on the earth, like trees broken by the wind. The mighty car-warrior Vrishasena, O king, felled large bodies of steeds, of cars and of elephants, in that battle, by thousands. Beholding that single warrior coursing fearlessly on the field, all the kings (of the Pandava army) uniting together, surrounded him on all sides. Nakula's son, Satanika, rushed at Vrishasena and pierced him with ten arrows capable of penetrating into the vitals. The son of Karna, however, cutting off his bow, felled then his standard. Thereupon, the other sons of Draupadi, desirous of rescuing that brother of theirs, rushed at him. And soon they made Karna's son invisible by means of their arrowy showers. Against them thus smiting (the son of Karna), many car-warriors headed by Drona's son (Aswatthama) rushed. And those, O monarch, quickly covered those mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, the sons of Draupadi, with diverse kinds of arrows like clouds pouring rain on mountain breasts. Thereupon, the Pandavas, from affection for their sons, quickly encountered those assailants. The battle then that took place between thy troops and those of the Pandavas, was exceedingly fierce and made the hairs stand on their ends, resembling as it did that between the Gods and the *Danavas*. Even

thus did the heroic Kauravas and the Pandavas, excited with rage, fight, eyeing one another (furiously) and having incurred one another's animosity for past offences. The bodies of those heroes of immeasurable energy then seemed, in consequence of (the) wrath (that inspired them), to resemble those of Garuda and (mighty) *Nagas* battling in the sky. And with Bhima and Karna and Kripa and Drona and Drona's son and Prishata's son and Satyaki, the field of battle looked resplendent like the all-destructive sun that rises at the end of the *Yuga*. The battle that took place between those mighty men engaged with mighty antagonists and all smiting one another was fierce in the extreme, resembling that (of yore) between the *Danavas* and the gods. Then Yudhishthira's host, uttering a shout, loud as that of the surging sea, began to slaughter thy troops, the great car-warriors of thy army having fled away. Beholding the (Kaurava) host broken and excessively mangled by the foe, Drona said, 'Ye heroes, ye need not fly away.' Then he (Drona) owning red steeds, excited with wrath and resembling a (fierce) elephant with four tusks, penetrated into the Pandava host and rushed against Yudhishthira. Then Yudhishthira pierced the preceptor with many whetted arrows equipped with *Kanka* feathers; Drona, however, cutting off Yudhishthira's bow, rushed impetuously at him. Then the protector of Yudhishthira's car-wheels, Kumara, the renowned prince of the Panchalas, received the advancing Drona, like the continent receiving the surging sea. Beholding Drona, that bull among Brahmanas, held in check by Kumara, loud leonine shouts were heard there with cries of '*Excellent, Excellent!*' Kumara then, in that great battle, excited with rage, pierced Drona with an arrow in the chest and uttered many leonine shouts. Having checked Drona in battle, the mighty Kumara, endued with great lightness of hand, and above all fatigue, pierced him with many thousands of arrows. Then that bull among men (Drona) slew that protector of Yudhishthira's car-wheels, Kumara, that hero observant of virtuous vows and accomplished in both *mantras* and weapons. And then penetrating into the midst of the (Pandava) host and careering in all directions, that bull among men, Bharadwaja's son, became the protector of thy troops. And piercing Sikhandin with twelve arrows, and Uttamaujas with twenty, and Nakula with five, and Sahadeva with seven, and Yudhishthira with twelve, and each of the (five) sons of Draupadi with three, and Satyaki with five, and the ruler of Matsyas with ten arrows, and agitating the entire host in that battle, he rushed against one after another of the foremost warriors (of the Pandavas). And then he advanced against Kunti's son, Yudhishthira, from a desire of seizing him. Then Yugandhara. O king, checked Bharadwaja's son, that mighty car-warrior, filled with rage and resembling the very ocean lashed into fury by the tempest. Bharadwaja's son, however, having pierced Yudhishthira with many straight arrows, felled Yugandhara with a broad-headed shaft from his niche in the car. Then, Virata and Drupada, and the Kaikeya princes, and Satyaki, and Sivi, and Vyaghradatta, the prince o the Panchalas, and the valiant Singhasena, these, and many others,

desirous of rescuing Yudhishthira, surrounded Drona on all sides and impeded his way, scattering countless arrows. Vyaghradatta, the prince of the Panchalas, pierced Drona with fifty keen-pointed arrows, at which, O king, the troops uttered loud shouts. Then Singhasena also, quickly piercing that mighty car-warrior, Drona, roared aloud in joy, striking terror into the hearts of mighty car-warriors; Drona then expanding his eyes and rubbing his bowstring and producing loud sound of slaps by his palms, rushed against the latter. Then the mighty son of Bharadwaja, putting forth his prowess, cut off with a couple of broad-headed arrows the heads decked with earrings from the trunks of both Singhasena and Vyaghradatta. And afflicting also, with his arrowy showers, the other mighty car-warriors of the Pandavas, he stood in front of Yudhishthira's car, like all-destroying Death himself. Then, O king, loud cries were heard among the warriors of Yudhishthira's army to the effect, '*The king is slain*,' when Bharadwaja's son, of regulated vows, thus, stood in his vicinity. And the warriors there all exclaimed, beholding Drona's prowess, '*Today the royal son of Dhritarashtra will be crowned with success. This very moment Drona having seized Yudhishthira, will, filled, with joy, assuredly come to us and Duryodhana's presence.* While thy soldiers were indulging in such talks, Kunti's son (Arjuna) quickly came there, filling (the welkin) with the rattle of his car, and creating, as he came, owing to the carnage he caused, a river whose waters were blood, and whose eddies were cars, and which abounded with the bones and bodies of brave warriors and which bore creatures away to where the spirits of the departed dwell. And the son of Pandu came there, routing the Kurus, and quickly crossing that river whose froth was constituted by showers of arrows and which abounded with fish in the form of lances and other weapons. And the diadem-decked (Arjuna) suddenly came upon Drona's divisions, covering it with a thick net-work of arrows and confounding the very sense (of those that followed Drona). Incessantly placing his arrows on the bow-string and quickly shooting them, none could notice any lapse of time between these two acts of the renowned son of Kunti. Neither (four cardinal) directions, nor the firmament above, nor the earth, O king, could any longer be distinguished, for everything then became one dense mass of arrows. Indeed, O king, when the wielder of *Gandiva* caused that thick darkness by means of his arrows, nothing could be seen in that battle. Just then the sun also set, enveloped with a dusty cloud. Neither friend nor foe could any longer be distinguished. Then Drona and Duryodhana and others caused the withdrawl of their troops. And ascertaining the foe to be inspired with fear and unwilling to continue the fight, Vibhatsu also slowly caused his troops to be withdrawn. Then the Pandavas and the Srinjayas and the Panchalas, filled with joy, praised Partha with delightful speeches like the Rishis praising the Sun. Having vanquished his foes thus, Dhananjaya then, filled with joy, retired to his tent, proceeding in the rear of the whole army, with Kesava as his companion. And stationed on his beautiful car decked with the costliest

specimens of sapphires and rubies and gold and silver and diamonds and corals and crystals, the son of Pandu looked resplendent like the moon in the firmament bespangled with stars.' "

SECTION XVII

"Sanjaya said, 'The troops of both the armies, having proceeded to their tents, duly took up their quarters, O king, according to the divisions and the sub-divisions to which they belonged. Having withdrawn the troops, Drona, in great cheerlessness of mind, beholding Duryodhana, said these words in shame: 'I told thee before that when Dhananjaya is by Yudhishthira, he is incapable of being seized in battle by the very gods. Although all of you fell upon him in battle, yet Partha frustrated all your attempts. Do not doubt what I say, Krishna and Pandu's son (Arjuna) are invincible. If, however, Arjuna of white steeds can, by any means, be withdrawn (from Yudhishthira's side), then Yudhishthira, O king, shall soon come under thy control. Let some one challenging him (Arjuna) in battle draw him away to some other part of the field. The son of Kunti will not return without vanquishing him. Meanwhile, when Arjuna will not be by, O monarch, I will seize king Yudhishthira the just, penetrating through the Pandava host in the very sight of Dhrishtadyumna. Thus, O monarch, I will, without doubt, bring Yudhishthira, the son of Dharma, along with his followers, under control. If that son of Pandu stays even for a moment before me in battle, I will bring him a captive from the field. That feat will be more advantageous than victory (over the Pandava army).'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Hearing those words of Drona, the ruler of the Trigartas, O monarch, with his brothers, said these words: 'We, O king, are always humiliated by the wielder of *Gandiva* ! O bull of Bharata's race, although we have done him no injury, yet he hath always injured us. Remembering all those diverse instances of humiliation, we burn in wrath and are never able to sleep at night. By good luck, that Arjuna, armed with weapons, will stand before us. That therefore, which is in our heart and which we strive to accomplish, we are resolved to achieve now, that *viz.*, which will be agreeable to thee, and which will bring us renown. Taking him out of the field will slay him. Let the earth today be without Arjuna or let it be without the Trigartas. We truly swear this before thee. This our vow will never be false.' And Satyaratha and Satyavarman, O Bharata, and Satyavrata and Satyeshu, and Satyakarman also, having spoken similarly, those five brothers together, with ten thousand cars, came, O king, (before Duryodhana), having taken that oath on the field of battle. And the Malavas, and the Tundikeras with thousand cars,

and the tiger among men, Susarman, the ruler of Prasthala, with the Mavellakas, the Lalithas, and the Madrakas, accompanied by ten thousand cars and his brothers, and with another ten thousand cars from diverse realms came forward for taking the oath. Then bringing fire, and each making preparations for igniting one for himself, they took up ropes *Kusa* grass and beautiful coats of mail. And equipped in mail, bathed in clarified butter, clad in robes of *Kusa* grass, and with their bow-strings serving as girdles, those heroes, who had given away hundreds and thousands as presents to Brahmanas, who had performed many sacrifices, had been blessed with children, and were deserving of blessed regions hereafter, who had nothing more to do in this world, who were deserving of blessed regions hereafter, who were prepared to lay down their lives in battle, and who devoted their souls to the attainment of fame and victory, who were desirous of soon repairing by fair fight to those regions (hereafter) that are attainable by means only of sacrifices, with abundant presents to Brahmanas, and by means also of the rites, the chief amongst which are *Brahmacharya* and study of the *Vedas*, those heroes, having each gratified Brahmanas by giving them gold,[1] and kine, and robes, and having addressed one another in loving discourse, ignited those fires and took that vow in battle. And in the presence of those fires, firmly resolved, they took that vow. And having made that vow for the slaughter of Dhananjaya, they, in the hearing of creatures, very loudly said, 'Those regions that are for persons who have never adopted any vows, are for one who drinketh wine, those that are for him who hath adulterous connection with his preceptor's wife, those that are for him who robbeth the property of a Brahmana, or for him who enjoyeth the king's grant without satisfying the condition of that grant or for him who abandoneth one asking for shelter, or for him who slayeth a candidate for his favour, those that are for persons that set fire to houses and for those that slay kine, those regions that are for those that injure others, those that are for persons harbouring malice against Brahmanas, those that are for him who from folly doth not seek the companionship of his wife in her season, those also that are for those that seek the companionship of women on the day they have to perform the *Sraddha* of their ancestors, those that are for persons that injure their own selves, or for those that misappropriate what is deposited with them from confidence or for those that destroy learning, or for those who battle with eunuchs, or for those that follow persons that are mean those regions that are for atheists, or for those that abandon their (sacred) fires and mothers, and those regions also that are for the sinful, those shall be ours, if without slaying Dhananjaya we return from the field, or if, ground by him on the field, we turn back from fear. If, again, we succeed in achieving in battle feats the most difficult of accomplishment in the world, we shalt then, without doubt, obtain the most desirable regions. Having said these

[1] *Nishka*, literally, a golden coin, whose weight is diversely stated by diverse authorities.

words, O king, those heroes then marched to battle, summoning Arjuna towards the southern part of the field. That tiger among men, and subjugator of hostile cities, Arjuna, thus challenged by them, said these words unto king Yudhishthira the Just without any delay: Summoned, I never turn back. This is my fixed vow. These men, sworn to conquer or die, are summoning me, O king, to great battle. This Susarman here, with his brothers, summoneth me to battle. It behoveth thee to grant me permission for slaying him with all his followers. O bull among men, I am unable to brook this challenge. I tell thee truly, know these foes to be (already) slain in battle.'

"Yudhishthira said, 'Thou hast heard, O child, in detail, what Drona hath resolved to accomplish. Act thou in such a way that that resolve of his may become futile. Drona is endued with great might. He is a hero, accomplished in arms, and above fatigue. O mighty car-warrior, even he hath vowed my seizure.'

"Arjuna said, 'This Satyajit, O king, will today become thy protector in battle. As long as Satyajit lives, the preceptor will never be able to attain his desire. If, however, O lord, this tiger among men, Satyajit, be slain in battle, thou shouldst not then remain on the field even if surrounded by all our warriors.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'King Yudhishthira then gave (Arjuna) the leave (he sought). And he also embraced Arjuna and eyed him affectionally And diverse were the benedictions that the king uttered on him. Having made this arrangement (for Yudhishthira's protection),[1] the mighty Partha went out against the Trigartas, like a hungry lion, for assuaging his hunger upon a herd of deer. Then Duryodhana's troops, filled with joy at Arjuna's absence (from Yudhishthira's side), became furious for the seizure of Yudhishthira. Then both the hosts, with a great impetuosity, encountered each other, like the Ganga and the Sarayu in the season of rains when both streams are swollen with water.' "

SECTION XVIII

"Sanjaya said, 'The *Samsaptakas*,[2] then, filled with joy, took their stand on a level field, having, with their cars, formed an array in the shape of the half-moon. And those tigers among men, beholding the diadem-decked (Arjuna) come towards them, were, O sire, filled with delight and uttered loud shouts. That noise filled the sky and all the points of the compass,

[1] I adopt the Bengal reading which is *Vidhayaivam*. The Bombay reading is *Vihayainam*, meaning 'leaving Yudhishthira.'

[2] Soldiers sworn to conquer or die. Instead of using a long-winded phrase each time the word occurs, it is better to repeat it in this form.

cardinal and subsidiary. And because it was an open plain covered only with men, it produced no echoes. Ascertaining them to be exceedingly delighted, Dhananjaya, with a little smile, said these words unto Krishna: 'Behold, O thou that hast Devaki for thy mother, those Trigarta brothers, who are about to perish in battle, are filled with delight at a time when they should weep. Or, this is, without doubt, the hour of delight (with them) since they will obtain those excellent regions that are unattainable by cowards.' Having said these words unto the mighty-armed Hrishikesa, Arjuna came upon the arrayed ranks of the Trigartas in battle. Taking up then his conch called *Devadatta* decked with gold, he blew it with great force, filling all the points of the compass with its blare. Terrified by that blare, that car-host of the *Samsaptakas* stood motionless in battle, as if it was petrified. And all their animals stood with eyes wide open, ears and necks and lips paralysed, and legs motionless. And they passed urine and vomited blood. Regaining consciousness then, and placing their ranks in proper order, they shot their arrows all at once at the son of Pandu. Capable of displaying his prowess with great speed, Arjuna, with five and ten arrows cut off those thousands of arrows before they could reach him. They then pierced Arjuna, each with ten arrows. Partha pierced them with three arrows. Then each of them, O king, pierced Partha with five arrows. Endued with great prowess, he pierced each of them in return with two arrows. And, once again, excited with wrath, they quickly poured upon Arjuna and Kesava countless arrows like the clouds pouring upon a lake their incessant showers. Then those thousands of arrows fell upon Arjuna, like swarms of bees upon a flowering cluster of trees in the forest. Then deeply pierced Arjuna's diadem with thirty shafts, endued with the strength of adamant with those shafts equipped with wings of gold fixed on his diadem, Arjuna, as if decked with ornaments of gold, shone like the (newly) risen sun. The son of Pandu then, in that battle, with a broad-headed arrow, cut off the leathern fence of Suvahu, and covered Sudharman and Sudhanwan, and Suvahu pierced Partha with ten arrows. Partha, having the excellent ape-device on his banner, pierced all of them in return with many arrows, and also cut off, with some broad-headed shafts, their standards made of gold. And cutting off the bow of Sudhanwan, he slew with his arrows the latter's steeds. And then he cut off from his trunk the latter's head graced with turban. Upon the fall of that hero, his followers were terrified. And stricken with panic, they all fled away to where Duryodhana's forces were. Then Vasava's son, filled with wrath, smote that mighty host with incessant showers of arrows, like the sun destroying darkness by means of his incessant rays. Then when that host broke and melted away on all sides, and Arjuna was filled with wrath, the Trigartas were struck with fear. While being slaughtered by Partha with his straight shafts, they remained where they stood, deprived of their senses, like a terrified herd of deer. Then the king of the Trigartas, filled with rage, addressed those mighty car-warrior, saying, 'Do not fly, ye heroes! It behoveth ye not to be frightened. Having, in

the sight of all the troops, taken those terrible steps, repairing thither, what shall ye say unto the leaders of Duryodhana's host? Do we not incur ridicule in the world by such a (cowardly) act in battle? Therefore, stop ye all, and fight according to your strength.' Thus addressed, O king, those heroes, repeatedly uttering loud shouts, blew their conchs, gladdening one another. Then those *Samsaptakas* once more returned to the field, with the *Narayana* cow-herds, resolved to fade Death himself.' "

SECTION XIX

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding those *Samsaptakas* once more return to the field, Arjuna addressed the high-souled Vasudeva, saying, 'Urge the steeds, O Hrishikesa, towards the *Samsaptakas*. They will not give up the battle alive. This is what I think. Today thou shalt witness the terrible might of my arms as also of my bow. Today I shall slay all these, like Rudra slaying creatures (at the end of the *Yuga*).' Hearing these words, the invincible Krishna smiled, and gladdening him with auspicious speeches, conveyed Arjuna to those places whither the latter desired to go. While borne in battle by those white steeds, that car looked exceedingly resplendent like a celestial car borne along the firmament. And like Sakra's car, O king, in the battle between the gods and the *Asuras* in days of old, it displayed circular, forward, backward, and diverse other kinds of motion. Then the Narayanas, excited with wrath and armed with diverse weapons, surrounded Dhananjaya, covering him with showers of arrows. And, O bull of Bharata's race, they soon made Kunti's son, Dhananjaya, together with Krishna, entirely invisible in that battle. Then Phalguni, excited with wrath, doubled his energy, and quickly rubbing its string, grasped *Gandiva*, (firmly) in the battle. Causing wrinkles to form themselves on his brow, sure indications of wrath, the son of Pandu blew his prodigious conch, called *Devadatta*, and then he shot the weapon called *Tvashtra* that is capable of slaying large bodies of foes together. Thereupon, thousands of separate forms started into existence there (of Arjuna himself and of Vasudeva). Confounded by those diverse images after the form of Arjuna, the troops began to strike each other, each regarding the other as Arjuna's self.' *'This is Arjuna!' 'This is Govinda!' 'They are Pandu's son and he is of Yadu's race!'* Uttering such exclamations, and deprived of their senses, they slew one another in that battle. Deprived of their senses by that mighty weapon, they slew one another. Indeed, those warriors (while striking one another) looked beautiful like blossoming *Kinsukas*. Consuming those thousands of arrows shot by them, that (mighty) weapon despatched those heroes to Yama's abode. Then Vibhatsu, laughing, crushed with his arrows the Lalithya, the Malava, the Mavellaka,

and the Trigarta warriors. While those Kshatriyas, urged by fate, were thus slaughtered by that hero, they shot at Partha showers of diverse kinds of arrows. Overwhelmed with those terrible showers of arrows, neither Arjuna, nor his car, nor Kesava, could any longer be seen. Seeing their arrows strike the aim, they uttered joyous shouts. And regarding the two Krishnas as already slain, they joyously waved their garments in the air. And those heroes also blew their conchs and beat their drums and cymbals by thousands, and uttered many leonine shouts, O sire! Then Krishna, covered with sweat, and much weakened, addressed Arjuna, saying, 'Where art thou, O Partha! I do not see thee. Art thou alive, O slayer of foes?' Hearing those words of his, Dhananjaya with great speed dispelled, by means of the *Vayavya* weapon, that arrowy downpour shot by his foes. Then the illustrious Vayu (the presiding deity of that mighty weapon) bore away crowds of *Samsaptakas* with steeds and elephants and cars and weapons, as if these were dry leaves of trees. Borne away by the wind, O king, they looked highly beautiful, like flights of birds, O monarch, flying away from trees. Then Dhananjaya, having afflicted them thus, with great speed struck hundreds and thousands of them with sharp shafts. And he cut off their heads and also hands with weapons in their grasp, by means of his broad-headed arrows. And he felled on the ground, with his shafts, their thighs, resembling the trunks of elephants. And some were wounded on their backs, arms and eyes. And thus Dhananjaya deprived his foes of diverse limbs, and cars decked and equipped according to rule, and looking like the vapour edifices in the welkin, he cut off into fragments, by means of his arrows, their riders and steeds and elephants. And in many places crowds of cars, whose standards had been cut off, looked like forests of headless palmyras. And elephants with excellent weapons, banners, hooks, and standards fell down like wooded mountains, split with Sakra's thunder. Graced with tails, looking like those of the yak, and covered with coats of mail, and with their entrails and eyes dragged out, steeds along with their riders, rolled on the ground, slain by means of Partha's shafts. No longer holding in their grasp the swords that had served for their nails, with their coats of mail torn, and the joints of their bones broken, foot-soldiers with their vital limbs cut open, helplessly laid themselves down on the field, slain by means of Arjuna's arrows. And the field of battle assumed an awful aspect in consequence of those warriors slain, or in the course of being slaughtered, falling and fallen, standing or in course of being whirled along. And the air was purified of the dust that had arisen, by means of the showers of blood (caused by Arjuna's arrows). And the earth, strewn with hundreds of headless trunks, became impassable. And the car of Vibhatsu in that battle shone fiercely like the car of Rudra himself, while engaged at the end of the *Yuga* in destroying all creatures. While slaughtered by Partha thus, those warriors, with their steeds and cars and elephants in great distress, ceased not to rush against him; though, deprived of life one after another, they had to become the guests of Sakra. Then the field of battle, O chief of the

Bharatas, strewn with mighty car-warriors deprived of life, looked dreadful like Yama's domains, abounding with the spirits of the departed creatures. Meanwhile, when Arjuna was furiously engaged (with the *Samsaptakas*), Drona, at the head of his forces arrayed for battle, rushed against Yudhishthira, and many warriors, accomplished in smiting and properly arrayed, followed him, actuated by the desire of seizing Yudhishthira. The battle then that ensued became exceedingly fierce.' "

SECTION XX

"Sanjaya said, 'Having passed the night, that mighty car-warrior *viz.*, Bharadwaja's son, addressed Suyodhana, O monarch, saying, 'I am thine![1] I have made arrangements for Partha's encounter with the *Samsaptaka*.'[2] After Partha went out for slaying the *Samsaptakas*, Drona then, at the head of his troops arrayed for battle, proceeded, O chief of the Bharatas, for seizing king Yudhishthira the just. Seeing that Drona had arrayed his forces in the form of a *Garuda*, Yudhishthira disposed his troops in counter array in the form of a semi-circle. In the mouth of that *Garuda* was the mighty car-warrior Drona himself. And its head was formed by king Duryodhana, surrounded by his uterine brothers. And Kritavarman and the illustrious Kripa formed the two eyes of that *Garuda*. And Bhutasarman, and Kshemasarman, and the valiant Karakaksha, and the Kalingas, the Singhalas, the Easterners, the Sudras, the Abhiras, the Daserakas, the Sakas, the Yavanas, the Kamvojas, the Hangsapadas, the Surasenas, the Daradas, the Madras, and the Kalikeyas, with hundreds and thousands of elephants, steeds, cars, and foot-soldiers were stationed at its neck. And Bhurisravah, and Salya, and Somadatta, and Valhika, these heroes, surrounded by a full *Akshauhini*, took up their position in the right wing. And Vinda and Anuvinda of Avanti, and Sudakshina, the ruler of the Kamvojas, stationed themselves in the left wing at the head, however, of Drona's son Aswatthaman. In the back (of that *Garuda*) were the Kalingas, the Amvashthas, the Magadhas, the paundras, the Madrakas, the Gandharas, the Sakunas, the Easterners, the Mountaineers, and the Vasatis. In the tail stood Vikartana's son Karna, with his sons, kinsmen and friends, and surrounded by a large force raised from diverse realms, Jayadratha, and Bhimaratha, and Sampati, and the Jays, and the Bhojas, and Bhuminjaya, and Vrisha, and Kratha, and the mighty ruler of the Nishadhas, all accomplished in battle, surrounded by a large host and keeping the region of *Brahma* before their eyes, stood, O king, in the heart of that array. That array, formed by Drona, in consequence of its foot-soldiers, steeds, cars and elephants, seemed to

[1]The second line reads differently in the Bombay text.

[2]It seems that the text here is vicious. It certainly requires settling. One complete *Sloka* seems to be wanting.

surge like the tempest-tossed ocean (as it advanced to battle). Warriors, desirous of battle, began to start out from the wings and sides of that array, like roaring clouds charged with lightning rushing from all sides (in the welkin) at summer. And in the midst of that army, the ruler of the Pragjyotishas, mounted on his duly equipped elephant, looked resplendent, O king, like the rising sun. Decked, O monarch, in garlands of flower, and with a white umbrella held over his head, he looked like the full moon when in conjunction with the constellation Krittika. And blind with the wine-like exudation, the elephant, looking like a mass of black antimony, shone like a huge mountain washed by mighty clouds (with their showers). And the ruler of the Pragjoytishas was surrounded by many heroic kings of the hilly countries, armed with diverse weapons, like Sakra himself surrounded by the celestials. Then Yudhishthira, beholding that superhuman array incapable of being vanquished by foes in battle, addressed Prishata's son, saying, 'O lord, O thou that ownest steeds white as pigeons, let such measures be adopted that I may not be taken a prisoner by the Brahmana.'

"Dhrishtadyumna said, 'O thou of excellent vows, never shalt thou be placed under the power of Drona, however much may he strive. Even I shall check Drona today with all his followers. As long as I am alive, O thou of Kuru's race, it behoveth thee not to feel any anxiety. Under no circumstances will Drona be able to vanquish me in battle.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Having said these words, the mighty son of Drupada owning steeds of the hue of pigeons, scattering his shafts, rushed himself at Drona. Beholding that (to him) evil omen in the form of Dhrishtadyumna stationed before him, Drona soon became exceedingly cheerless. Beholding this, that crusher of foes, *viz.*, thy son Durmukha, desirous of doing what was agreeable to Drona, began to resist Dhrishtadyumna. Then a terrible and a fierce battle took place, O Bharata, between the brave son of Prishata and thy son, Durmukha. Then Prishata's son, quickly covering Durmukha with a shower of arrows, checked Bharadwaja's son also with a thick arrowy downpour. Beholding Drona checked, thy son Durmukha quickly rushed at Prishata's son and confounded him with clouds of arrows of diverse kinds. And while the prince of the Panchalas and that foremost one of Kuru's race were thus engaged in battle, Drona consumed many sections of Yudhishthira's host. As a mass of clouds is dispersed in different directions by the wind, even so was Yudhisthira's host, in many parts of the field, scattered by Drona. For only a short while did that battle look like an ordinary combat. And then, O king, it became an encounter of infuriated persons in which no consideration was shown for anybody. And the combatants could no longer distinguish their own men from the foe. And the battle raged on, the warriors being guided by inferences and watch-words. Upon the gems on their headgears, upon their necklaces and other ornaments, and upon their coats of mail, rays of light like those of the Sun seemed to fall and play. And cars and elephants and steeds, decked with streaming banners, seemed in that

battle to resemble masses of clouds with flocks of cranes under them. And men slew men, and steeds of fiery metal slew steeds, and car-warriors slew car-warriors, and elephants slew elephants. And soon a fierce and terrible encounter took place between elephants with tall standards on their backs and mighty compeers (rushing against them). All in consequence of those huge creatures rubbing their bodies against those of hostile compeers and tearing one another (with their tusks), fires mixed with smoke were generated there by (such) friction of countless tusks with tusks. Shorn of the standards (on their backs), those elephants, in consequence of the fires caused by their tusks, looked like masses of clouds in the welkin charged with lightning. And the earth, strewn with elephants dragging (hostile compeers) and roaring and falling down, looked beautiful like the autumnal sky overspread with clouds. And the roars of those elephants while they were being slaughtered with showers of shafts and lances, sounded like the roll of clouds in the rainy season. And some huge elephants, wounded with lances and shafts, became panic-striken. And others amongst those creatures, left the field with loud cries.[1] And some elephants there, struck by others with their tusks, uttered fierce yells of distress that resounded like the roll of the all-destroying clouds at the end of the *Yuga*. And some, turned back by huge antagonists, returned to the charge, urged on by sharp hooks. And crushing hostile ranks, they began to kill all who came in their way. And elephant-drivers, attacked by elephant-drivers with arrows and lances, fell down from the backs of their beasts, their weapons and hooks being loosened from their hands. And many elephants, without riders on their backs, wandered hither and thither like clouds torn from mightier masses, and then fell down, encountering one another. And some huge elephants, bearing on their backs slain and fallen warriors, or those whose weapons had fallen down, wandered in all directions singly.[2] And in the midst of that carnage, some elephants attacked, or in course of being attacked with lances, swords and battle axes, fell down in course of that awful carnage, uttering sounds of distress. And the earth, suddenly struck with the falling bodies, huge as hills, of those creatures all around trembled and emitted sounds. And with those elephants slain along with their riders and lying all about with the standards on their backs, the earth looked beautiful as if strewn with hills. And the drivers on the backs of many elephants, with their breasts pierced by car-warriors with broad-headed shafts in that battle, fell down, their lances and hooks loosened from their grasp. And some elephants, struck with long shafts, uttered crane like cries and ran in all directions, crushing friends and foes by trampling them to death. And covered with countless bodies of elephants and steeds and car-warriors, the earth, O king, became miry with flesh and blood. And large cars with wheels and many without wheels, crushed by

[1]The second line of this verse is certainly vicious.

[2]*Ekacharas* is explained by Nilakantha as 'unable to bear the sight of others of their species,' *i.e.*, walking by themselves, or solitarily or singly. Some of the vernacular translators are for taking this word as implying the *Rhinoceros*.

the points of their tusks, were thrown up by elephants, with the warriors mounted on them. Cars were seen deprived of warriors. And riderless steeds and elephants ran in all directions, afflicted with wounds. And there father slew his son, and son slew his sire, for the battle that took place was exceedingly fierce and nothing could be distinguished. Men sank ankle-deep in the gory mire and looked like tall trees whose lower parts were swallowed up in a blazing forest-conflagration. And robes and coats of mail and umbrellas and standards having been dyed with blood, everything seemed to be bloody on the field. Large bodies of slain steeds, of cars, and of men, were again cut into fragments by the rolling of car-wheels. And that sea of troops having elephants for its current, and slain men for its (floating) moss and weeds, and cars for its fierce, eddies, looked terribly grim. Warriors, having steeds and elephants for their large vessels, and desirous of victory as their wealth, plunged into that sea, and instead of sinking in it endeavoured to deprive their enemies of their senses. When all the warriors, each bearing particular signs, were covered with arrowy showers, there was none amongst them lost heart, though all were deprived of their signs. In that fierce and awful battle, Drona confounding the senses of his foes, (at last) rushed at Yudhishthira.' "

SECTION XXI

"Sanjaya continued, 'Then Drona, beholding Yudhishthira near him fearlessly received him with a thick shower of arrows. And there arose a loud noise among the troops of Yudhishthira's army like what is made by the elephants belonging to a herd when their leader is attacked by a mighty lion. Beholding Drona, the brave Satyajit, of prowess incapable of being baffled, rushed at the Preceptor who was desirous of seizing Yudhishthira. The Preceptor and the Panchala prince, both endued with great might, fought with each other, agitating each other's troops, like Indra and Vali. Then Satyajit, of prowess incapable of being baffled, invoking a mighty weapon, pierced Drona with keen-pointed arrows. And Satyajit shot at Drona's charioteer five arrows, fatal as snake-poison and each looking like Death himself. The charioteer, thus struck, became deprived of his senses. Then Satyajit quickly pierced Drona's steeds with ten shafts; and filled with rage, he next pierced each of his *Parshni* drivers with ten shafts. And then he coursed at the head of his troops on his car in a circular motion. Excited with wrath, he cut off the standard of Drona, that crushers of foes Drona then, that chastiser of foes, beholding these feats of his foe in battle, mentally resolved to despatch him to the other world.[1] The Preceptor,

[1]Literally, 'thought in his mind that his hour was come.'

cutting off Satyajit's bow with arrow fixed thereon, quickly pierced him with ten arrows capable of penetrating into the very vitals. Thereupon, the valiant Satyajit, quickly taking up another bow, struck Drona, O king, with thirty arrows winged with the feathers of the *Kanka* bird. Beholding Drona (thus) encountered in battle by Satyajit, the Pandavas, O king, shouted in joy and waved their garments. Then the mighty Vrika, O king, excited with great wrath, pierced Drona in the centre of the chest with sixty arrows. That feat seemed highly wonderful. Then that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, Drona, of great impetuosity, covered with the arrowy showers (of his foes) opened his eyes wide and mustered all his energy. Then cutting off the bows of both Satyajit and Vrika, Drona, with six shafts slew Vrika with his charioteer and steeds. Then Satyajit, taking up another bow that was tougher, pierced Drona with his steeds, his charioteer, and his standard. Thus afflicted in battle by the prince of the Panchalas, Drona could not brook that act. For the destruction then of his foe, he quickly shot his arrows (at him). Drona then covered with incessant showers of arrows his antagonist's steeds and standards as also the handle of his bow, and both his *Parshni* drivers. But though his bows were (thus) repeatedly cut off, the prince of the Panchalas conversant with the highest weapons continued to battle with him of red steeds. Beholding Satyajit swell with energy in that dreadful combat, Drona cut off that illustrious warrior's head with a crescent-shaped arrow.[1] Upon the slaughter of that foremost of combatants, that mighty car-warrior among the Panchalas, Yudhishthira, from fear of Drona, fled away, (borne) by fleet steeds. Then the Panchalas, the Kekayas, the Matsyas, the Chedis, the Karushas and the Kosalas, seeing Drona, rushed at him, desirous of rescuing Yudhishthira. The Preceptor, however, that slayer of large numbers of foes, desirous of seizing Yudhishthira, began to consume those divisions, like fire consuming heaps of cotton. Then Satanika, the younger brother of the ruler of the Matsyas, rushed at Drona who was thus engaged in incessantly destroying those divisions (of the Pandava host). And Satanika, piercing Drona along with his driver and steeds with six shafts, bright as the rays of the sun and polished by his hands of their forger, uttered loud shouts. And engaged in a cruel act, and endeavouring to accomplish what was difficult of attainment, he covered Bharadwaja's son, that mighty car-warrior with showers of arrows.[2] Then Drona, with an arrow sharp as razor, quickly cut off from his trunk the head, decked with ear-rings of Satanika, shouting at him. Thereupon, the Matsya warriors all fled away. Having vanquished the Matsyas, the son of Bharadwaja then defeated the Chedis, the Karushas, the Kaikeyas, the Panchalas, the Srinjayas, and the Pandus repeatedly. Beholding that hero of the golden car, excited with rage and consuming their divisions, like a fire consuming a forest, the Srinjayas trembled (with fear). Endued with

[1] Literally, 'half-moon-shaped.'

[2] Cruel because it was a Brahmana with whom Satanika was fighting.

great activity and slaughtering the foe ceaselessly, the twang of the bow-string, as he stretched his bow, was heard in all directions. Fierce arrows shot by that warrior endued with great lightness of hand, crushed elephants and steeds and foot-soldiers and car-warriors and elephant-riders. As a mighty mass of roaring clouds in summer with violent winds (blowing) poureth a shower of hail-stones, so did Drona pour his arrowy showers and inspired fear in the hearts of his foes. That mighty hero, that great bowman, that dispeller of the fears of his friends, careered in all directions (of the field) agitating the (hostile) host. The bow, decked with gold, of Drona of immeasurable energy, was seen in all directions like the flashes of lightning in the clouds. The beautiful altar on his banner, as he careered in battle, O Bharata, was seen to resemble a crest of Himavat. The slaughter that Drona caused among the Pandava troops was very great, resembling that caused by Vishnu himself, the adored of both the gods and *Asuras*, among the *Daitya* host. Heroic, truthful in speech, endued with great wisdom and might, and possessed of prowess incapable of being baffled, the illustrious Drona caused a river to flow there that was fierce and capable of striking the timid with fear. Coats of mail formed its waves, and standards its eddies. And it carried away (as it ran) large numbers of mortal creatures. And elephants and steeds constituted its great alligators, and swords formed its fishes. And it was incapable of being easily crossed over. The bones of brave warriors formed its pebbles, and drums and cymbals its tortoises. And shields and armour formed its boats, and the hair of warriors its floating moss and weeds. And arrows constituted its wavelets and bows its current. And the arms of the combatants formed its snakes.[1] And that river of fierce current, running over the field of battle, bore away both the Kurus and the Srinjayas. And the heads of human beings, constituted its stones, and their thighs its fishes. And maces constituted the rafts (by which many sought to cross it). And head-gears formed the forth that covered its surface, and the entrails (of animals) its reptiles. Awful (in mien), it bore away heroes (to the other world). And blood and flesh constituted its mire. And elephants formed its crocodiles, and standards, the trees (on its banks). Thousands of Kshatriyas sank in it. Fierce, clogged (dead) bodies, and having horse-soldiers and elephant-warriors for its sharks, it was extremely difficult to cross it. And that river ran towards the abode of Yama. And it abounded with *Rakshasas* and dogs and jackals. And it was haunted by fierce cannibals all around.

"Then many Pandava warriors, headed by Kunti's son, rushing at Drona, that mighty car-warrior consuming their divisions like Death himself, surrounded him on all sides. Indeed, those brave warriors completely encompassed Drona who was scorching everything around him like the sun himself scorching the world with his rays. Then the

[1]The Bengal reading *Vahupallava* is a mistake. The correct reading is *Vahupannaga* as in the Bombay text.

kings and the princes of thy army, with upraised weapons, all rushed for supporting that hero and great bowman. Then Sikhandin pierced Drona with five straight arrows. And Kshatradharman pierced him with twenty arrows, and Vasudeva with five. And Uttamaujas pierced him with three arrows, and Kshatradeva with five. And Satyaki pierced him in that battle with a hundred arrows, and Yudhamanyu with eight. And Yudhishthira pierced Drona with a dozen shafts, and Dhrishtadyumna pierced him with ten, and Chekitana with three. Then Drona, of unbaffled aim and resembling an elephant with rent temples, getting over the car-division (of the Pandavas), overthrew Dridhasena. Approaching then king Kshema who was battling fearlessly, he struck him with nine arrows. Thereupon, Kshema, deprived of life, fell down from his car. Getting then into the midst of the (hostile) troops, he careered in all directions, protecting others, but himself in no need of protection. He then pierced Sikhandin with twelve arrows, and Uttamaujas with twenty. And he despatched Vasudeva with a broad-headed arrow to the abode of Yama. And he pierced Kshemavarman with eighty arrows, and Sudakshina with six and twenty. And he felled Kshatradeva with a broad-headed arrow from his niche in the car. And having pierced Yudhamanyu with sixty-four arrows and Satyaki with thirty, Drona, of the golden car, quickly approached Yudhishthira. Then Yudhishthira, that best of kings, quickly fled away from the preceptor, borne by his fleet steeds. Then Panchala rushed at Drona. Drona slew the prince, cutting off his bow, and felling his steeds and charioteer along with him. Deprived of life, the prince fell down on the earth from his car, like a luminary loosened from the firmament. Upon the fall of that illustrious prince of the Panchalas, loud cries were heard thereof, '*Slay Drona, Slay Drona* !' The mighty Drona then began to crush and mangle the Panchalas, the Matsyas, the Kaikeyas, the Srinjayas, and the Pandavas, all excited with rage. And supported by the Kurus, Drona, then vanquished Satyaki and Chekitana's son, and Senavindu, and Suvarchas, all these and numerous other kings. Thy warriors, O king, having obtained the victory in that great battle, slew the Pandavas as they flew away in all directions. And the Panchalas, the Kaikeyas and the Matsyas, thus slaughtered on all sides like the *Danavas* by Indra, began to tremble (with fear).' "

SECTION XXII

"Dhritarashtra said, 'When the Pandavas were broken by Bharadwaja's son in that dreadful battle, and the Panchalas also, was there anybody that approached Drona for battle? Alas, beholding Drona stationed in battle, like a yawning tiger, or an elephant with rent temples, ready to

lay down his life in battle, well-armed, conversant with all modes of fight, that great bowman, that tiger among men, that enhancer of the fear of foes, grateful, devoted to truth, ever desirous of benefiting Duryodhana,—alas, beholding him at the head of his troops, was there no man that could approach him, with a laudable determination for battle a determination that enhances the renown of Kshatriyas, that mean-spirited persons can never form, and that is distinctive only of the foremost of persons? Tell me, O Sanjaya, who were those heroes that approached the son of Bharadwaja, beholding him at the head of his forces?'

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding the Panchalas, the Pandavas, the Matsyas, the Srinjayas, the Chedis, the Kalikeyas, thus routed after being broken in battle by Drona with his shafts, beholding them thus driven from the field by those showers of fleet arrows shot from Drona's, bow, like vessels sent adrift by the awful waves of the tempest-tossed ocean, the Kauravas with many leonine shouts and with the noise of diverse instruments, began to assail the cars and elephants and foot-soldiers (of that hostile host) from all sides. And beholding those (fleeting soldiers of the Pandavas) king Duryodhana, stationed in the midst of his own forces and encompassed by his own relatives and kinsmen, filled with joy, and laughing as he spoke, said these words unto Karna.'

"Duryodhana said, 'Behold, O Radha's son, the Panchalas broken by that firm bowman (Drona) with his shafts, like a herd of the wild deer frightened by a lion. These, I think, will not again come to battle. They have been broken by Drona like mighty trees by the tempest. Afflicted by that high-souled warrior with those shafts winged with gold, they are fleeing away, no two persons are together. Indeed, they seem to be dragged in eddies all over the field. Checked by the Kauravas as also by the high-souled Drona, they are huddling close to one another like (a herd of) elephants in the midst of a conflagration. Like a blossoming trees penetrated by flights of bees, these warriors, pierced with ths sharp shafts of Drona, are huddling close to one another, as they are flying away from the field. There, the wrathful Bhima, abandoned by the Pandavas and the Srinjayas, and surrounded by my warriors, delighteth me greatly, O Karna! It is evident, that wicked wight beholdeth the world today to be full of Drona! Without doubt, that son of Pandu hath today become hopeless of life and kingdom.'

"Karna said, 'That mighty-armed warrior will not certainly abandon the battle as long as he is alive. Nor will he, O tiger among men, brook these leonine shouts (of ours). Nor will the Pandavas, I think, be defeated in battle. They are brave, endued with great might, accomplished in weapons, and difficult of being resisted in battle. Recollecting the woes caused them by our attempts at poisoning and burning them, and the woes that arose from the match at dice, bearing in mind also their exile in the woods, the Pandavas, I think, will not abandon the fight. The mighty-armed Vrikodara of immeasurable energy hath already turned back (for the fight). The son of Kunti will certainly slay many of our foremost

car-warriors. With sword and bow and dart, with steeds and elephants and men and cars,[1] with his mace made of iron, he will slay crowds (of our soldiers). Other car-warriors headed by Satyajit, together with the Panchalas, the Kekayas, the Matsyas, and especially the Pandavas, are following him. They are all brave, and possessed of great might and prowess. Mighty car-warriors, they are again led by Bhima in wrath. Those bulls of the race, surrounding Vrikodara on all sides, like the clouds surrounding the Sun, begin to approach Drona from all sides. Closely intent upon one object, these will certainly afflict unprotected Drona, like flights of insects, on the point of death, striking a blazing lamp. Accomplished in weapons, they are certainly competent to resist Drona. Heavy is the burthen, I think, that now rests on Bharadwaja's son. Let us then quickly go to the spot where Drona is. Let not those slay him of regulated vows like wolves slaying a mighty elephant!'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Hearing these words of Radheya, king Duryodhana then, accompanied by his brothers, O monarch, proceeded towards Drona's car. The noise there was deafening, of Pandava warriors returned to the fight on their cars drawn by excellent steeds of diverse hue,[2] all actuated by the desire of slaying Drona alone.' "

SECTION XXIII

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Tell me, O Sanjaya, the distinctive indications of the cars of all those who, excited with wrath and headed by Bhimasena, had proceeded against Drona.'

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding Vrikodara advancing (on a car drawn) by steeds of dappled hue (like that of the antelope), the brave grandson of Sini (Satyaki) proceeded, borne by steeds of a silvery hue. The irresistible Yudhamanyu, excited with rage, proceeded against Drona, borne by excellent steeds of variegated hue. Dhristadyumna, the son of the Panchala king, proceeded, borne by steeds of great fleetness in trappings of gold and of the hue of pigeons.[3] Desirous of protecting his sire, and wishing him complete success, Dhristadyumna's son, Kshatradharman of regulated vows, proceeded, borne by red steeds. Kshatradeva, the son of Sikhandin, himself urging well-decked steeds of the hue of lotus-leaves and with eyes of pure white, proceeded (against Drona). Beautiful steeds of the Kamvoja breed, decked with the feathers of the green parrot, bearing Nakula, quickly ran towards thy army. Dark steeds of the clouds

[1]Using even these as implements for striking, for Bhima's might was superhuman.

[2]*Hemadandais* is a mistake of the Bengal texts for *Hemabhandiers*.

[3]The first line of 20 is vicious as it occurs in the Bengal texts. The Bombay reading is correct.

wrathfully bore Uttamaujas, O Bharata, to battle, against the invincible Drona, standing with arrows aimed. Steeds, fleet as the wind, and of variegated hue, bore Sahadeva with upraised weapons to that fierce battle. Of great impetuosity, and possessed of the fleetness of the wind, steeds of the ivory hue and having black manes on the neck, bore Yudhishthira, that tiger among men. And many warriors followed Yudhishthira, borne on their steeds, decked in trappings of gold and all fleet as the wind. Behind the king was the royal chief of the Panchalas, *viz.*, Drupada, with a golden umbrella over his head and himself protected by all those soldiers (that followed Yudhishthira). That great bowman among all the kings, *viz.*, Sautabhi, proceeded, borne by beautiful steeds capable of bearing every noise. Accompanied by all the great car-warriors, Virata quickly followed the former. The Kaikeyas and Sikhandin, and Dhrishtaketu, surrounded by their respective troops, followed the ruler of Matsyas. Excellent steeds of the (pale red) hue of trumpet-flowers, looked exceedingly beautiful as they bore Virata. Fleet steeds of yellow colour and decked in chains of gold, bore with great speed the son (Uttara) of that slayer of foes, *viz.*, Virata, the royal chief of the Matsyas. The five Kekaya brothers were borne by steeds of deep red hue. Of the splendour of gold and owning standards of the red hue, and decked with chains of gold, all of them heroes, accomplished in battle, they proceeded, clad in mail, and showering arrows like the very clouds. Excellent steeds, the gift of Tumvuru, of the hue of unbaked earthen pots, bore Sikhandin, the Panchala prince of immeasurable energy. Altogether, twelve thousand mighty car-warriors of the Panchala race proceeded to battle. Of these, six thousand followed Sikhandin. Sportive steeds, O sire, of the dappled hue of the antelope, bore the son of Sisupal, that tiger among men. That bull among the Chedis, *viz.*, Dhrishtaketu, endued with great strength, and difficult of being vanquished in battle, proceeded, borne by Kamvoja steeds of variegated hue. Excellent steeds of the Sindhu breed, of beautiful limbs, and of the hue of the smoke of straw, quickly bore the Kaikeya prince, Vrihatkshatra. Possessed of eyes of pure white, of the hue of the lotus, born in the country of the Valhikas, and decked with ornaments, bore Sikhandin's son, the brave Kshatradeva.[1] Decked in trappings of gold, and possessed of the hue of red silk, quiet steeds bore Senavindu, that chastiser of foes, to battle. Excellent steeds of the hue of cranes, bore to battle the youthful and delicate son of the king of the Kasis, that mighty car-warrior. White steeds with black necks, endued with the speed of the mind, O monarch, and exceedingly obedient to the driver, bore prince Prativindhya. Whitish yellow steeds bore Sutasoma, the son of Arjuna, whom the latter had obtained from Soma himself. He was born in the Kuru city known by the name of Udayendu. Endued with effulgence of a thousand moons, and because he also had won great renown in an assembly of the Somakas, he came to be called *Sutasoma*. Steeds of the

[1]This seems to be a repitition of the 6th verse.

hue of *Sala* flowers or of morning sun bore Nakula's son Satanika worthy of every praise. Steeds decked in trappings of gold, and endued with the hue of the peacock's neck, bore that tiger among men, Srutakarman, the son of Draupdi (by Bhima). Excellent steeds of the hue of the king-fishers bore Draupadi's son Srutkirti to that battle, who like Partha was an ocean of learning. Steeds of a tawny hue bore the youthful Abhimanyu who was regarded as superior to Krishna or Partha one and a half times in battle. Gigantic steeds bore Yuyutsu to battle, that only warrior amongst the sons of Dhritarashtra who (abandoning his brothers) hath sided with the Pandavas. Plump and well-decked steeds of the hue of the (dried) paddy stalk bore Vardhakshemi of great activity to that dreadful battle. Steeds with black legs, equipped in breast-plates of gold, and exceedingly obedient to the driver, bore youthful Sauchitti to battle. Steeds whose backs were covered with golden armour, decked with chains of gold, well-broken, and of the hue of red silk, bore Srenimat. Steeds of a red hue bore the advancing Satyadhriti accomplished in the science of arms and in the divine *Vedas*. That Panchala who was commander (of the Pandava army) and who took Drona as the victim alloted to his share,—that Dhrishtadyumna,—was borne by steeds of the hue of pigeons. Him followed Satyadhriti, and Sauchitti irresistible in battle, and Srenimat, and Vasudana, and Vibhu, the son of the ruler of the Kasis. These had fleet steeds of the best Kamvoja breed decked with chains of gold. Each resembling Yama or Vaisravana, they proceeded to battle, striking fear into the hearts of the hostile soldiers. The Prabhadrakas of the Kamvoja country, numbering six thousand, with upraised weapons, with excellent steeds of diverse hues on their gold-decked cars, with stretched bows and making their foes tremble with their showers of arrows and resolved to die together,[1] followed Dhristadyumna. Excellent steeds of the hue of tawny silk, decked with beautiful chains of gold, cheerfully bore Chekitana. Arjuna's maternal uncle Purujit, otherwise called Kuntibhoja, came borne by excellent steeds of the colour of the rainbow. Steeds of the colour of star-bespangled firmament bore to battle king Rochamana. Steeds of the hue of the red deer, with white streaks over their bodies, bore the Panchala prince Singhasena, the son of Gopati. That tiger among the Panchalas who is known by the name of Janamejaya, had excellent steeds of the hue of mustard flowers. Fleet, gigantic and dark blue steeds decked with chains of gold, with backs of the hue of curd and faces of the hue of the moon, bore with great speed the ruler of the Panchalas. Brave steeds with beautiful heads, (white) as the stalks of reeds, and a splendour resembling that of the firmament or the lotus, bore Dandadhara. Light brown steeds with backs of the hue of the mouse, and with necks proudly drawn up, bore Vyaghradatta to battle. Dark-spotted steeds bore that tiger among men, *viz.*, Sudhanwan, the prince of Panchala. Of fierce impetuosity resembling that of Indra's thunder, beautiful steeds of the

[1] *i.e.*, not to abandon their comrades in distress.

hue of *Indragopakas*, with variegated patches, bore Chitrayudha. Decked with golden chains, steeds whose bellies were of the hue of the *Chakravaka* bore Sukshatra, the son of the ruler of the Kosalas. Beautiful and tall steeds of variegated hue and gigantic bodies, exceedingly docile, and decked with chains of gold, bore Satyadhriti accomplished in battle. Sukla advanced to battle with his standard and armour and bow and steeds all of the same white hue. Steeds born on the sea-coast and white as the moon, bore Chandrasena of fierce energy, the son of Samudrasena. Steeds of the hue of the blue lotus and decked with ornaments of gold and adorned with beautiful floral wreaths, bore Saiva owning a beautiful car to battle. Superior steeds of the hue of *Kalaya* flowers, with white and red streaks, bore Rathasena difficult of being resisted in battle. White steeds bore that king who slew the Patachcharas and who is regarded as the bravest of men. Superior steeds of the hue of *Kinsuka* flowers bore Chitrayudha decked with beautiful garlands and owning beautiful armour and weapons and standard. King Nila advanced to battle, with standard and armour and bow and banner and steeds all of the same blue colour. Chitra advanced to battle with car-fence and standard and bow all decked with diverse kinds of gems, and beautiful steeds and banner. Excellent steeds of the hue of the lotus bore Hemavarna, the son of Rochamana. Chargers, capable of bearing all kinds of weapons, of brave achievements in battle, possessed of vertebral columns of the hue of reeds, having white testicles, and endued with the colour of the hen's egg, bore Dandaketu. The mighty Sarangadhwaja, endued with wealth of energy, the king of the Pandyas, on steeds of the hue of the moon's rays and decked with armour set with stones of *lapis lazuli*, advanced upon Drona, stretching his excellent bow. His country having been invaded and his kinsmen having fled, his father had been slain by Krishna in battle. Obtaining weapons then from Bhishma and Drona, Rama and Kripa, prince Sarangadhwaja became, in weapons, the equal of Rukmi and Karna and Arjuna and Achyuta. He then desired to destroy the city of Dwaraka and subjugate the whole world. Wise friends, however, from desire of doing him good, counselled him against that course. Giving up all thoughts of revenge, he is now ruling his own dominions. Steeds that were all of the hue of the *Atrusa* flower bore a hundred and forty thousand principle car-warriors that followed that Sarangadhwaja, the king of the Pandyas. Steeds of diverse hues and diverse kinds of forces, bore the heroic Ghatotkacha. Mighty steeds of gigantic size, of the Aratta breed, bore the mighty-armed Vrihanta of red eyes mounted on his golden car, that prince, *viz.*, who, rejecting the opinions of all the Bharatas, hath singly, from his reverence for Yudhishthira, gone over to him, abandoning all his cherished desire.[1] Superior steeds of the hue of gold, followed that foremost of kings *viz.*, the virtuous Yudhishthira at his back. Large number of Prabhadrakas, of elestial shapes, advanced to battle, with steeds of diverse excellent colours. All of

[1]The last word of the first line of 74 is vicious as printed in the Bengal texts.

them owning standards of gold and prepared to struggle vigorously, proceeded with Bhimasena, and wore the aspect, O monarch, of the denizens of heaven with Indra at their head. That assembled host of Prabhadrakas was much liked by Dhristadyumna. '

" Bharadwaja's son, however, O monarch, surpassed all the warriors in splendour. His standard, with a black deer-skin waving on its top and the beautiful water-pot, O monarch, that it bore, looked exceedingly beautiful. And Bhimasena's standard, bearing the device of a gigantic lion in silver with its eyes made of *lapis lazuli*, looked exceedingly resplendent. The standard of Yudhishthira of great energy, bearing the device of a golden moon with planets around it, looked very beautiful. Two large and beautiful kettle-drums, called Nanda and Upananda, were tied to it. Played upon by machinery, these produced excellent music that enhanced the delight of all who heard it. For terrifying the foe, we beheld that tall and fierce standard of Nakula, placed on his car bearing the device of a *Sarabha* with its back made of gold. A beautiful silver swan with bells and banner terrible to look at and enhancing the grief of the foe, was seen on Sahadeva's standard. The standards of the five sons of Draupadi bore on them the excellent images of Dharma, Marut, Sakra, and the twin Aswins. On the car, O king, of the youthful Abhimanyu was an excellent standard that bore a golden peacock, which was bright as heated gold. On Ghatotkacha's standard, O king, a vulture shone brightly, and his steeds also were capable of going everywhere at will, like those of Ravana in days of yore. In Yudhishthira's hands was the celestial bow called *Mahendra*; and in the hands of Bhimasena, O king, was the celestial bow called *Vayavya*. For the protection of the three worlds Brahman created a bow. That celestial and indestructible bow was held by Phalguni. The *Vaishnava* bow was held by Nakula, and the bow called *Aswina* was held by Sahadeva. That celestial and terrible bow called the *Paulastya*, was held by Ghatotkacha. The five jewels of bows born by the five sons of Draupadi were the *Raudra*, the *Agneya*, the *Kauverya*, the *Yamya*, and the *Girisa*. That excellent and best of bows, called the *Raudra*, which Rohini's son (Valadeva) had obtained, the latter gave unto the high-souled son of Subhadra, having been gratified with him. These and many other standards decked with gold, were seen there, belonging to brave warriors, all of which enhanced the fear of their foes. The host commanded by Drona, which numbered not a single coward, and in which countless standards rising together seemed to obstruct the welkin, then looked, O monarch, like images on a canvas. We heard the names and lineage, O king, of brave warriors rushing towards Drona in that battle like to what is heard, O monarch, at a *self-choice*.[1]

"Then royal Drupada advanced against him at the head of a mighty division. The encounter between those two old men at the heads of their

[1]The custom, when one warrior attacked another, was invariably to give his name and lineage before striking.

respective forces became terrible like that between two mighty leaders, with rent temples, of two elephantine herds. Vinda and Anuvinda of Avanti, with their troops encountered Virata, the ruler of Matsyas at the head of his forces, like Indra and Agni in days of old encountering the (*Asura*) Vali. That awful encounter between the Matsyas and the Kekayas, in which steeds and car-warriors and elephants fought most fearlessly, resembled that between the gods and the *Asuras* in days of old. Bhutakarman, otherwise called Sabhapati, kept away from Drona, Nakula's son Satanika, as the latter advanced, scattering showers of arrows. Then the heir of Nakula, with three broad-headed shafts of great sharpness, deprived Bhutakarman of both his arms and head in that battle. Vivinsati resisted the heroic Sutasoma of great prowess, as the latter advanced towards Drona, scattering showers of arrows. Sutasoma, however, excited with wrath, pierced his uncle Vivinsati with straight arrows, and cased in mail, stood ready for the combat. Bhimaratha, (brother of Duryodhana), with six sharp shafts of great swiftness and made wholly of iron, despatched Salwa along with his steeds and charioteer to Yama's abode. Chitrasena's son, O king, opposed thy (grand) son Srutakarman as the latter came, borne by steeds, looking like peacocks. Those two grandsons of thine, both difficult of being vanquished in battle, and each desirous of slaying the other, fought vigorously for the success of the objects of their respective sires. Beholding Prativindhya staying at the van of that dreadful battle, Drona's son (Aswatthaman), desirous of protecting the honour of his sire, resisted the former with his shafts. Prativindhya, then, excited with rage pierced Aswatthaman, bearing on his standard the device of a lion's tail and staying in battle for the sake of his father, with many sharp shafts. The (eldest) son of Draupadi then scattered over Drona's son showers of arrows, like a sower, O bull among men, scattering seeds on the soil at the sowing season.[1] The son of Duhsasana resisted the mighty car-warrior Srutakirti, the son of Arjuna by Draupadi, as the latter was rushing towards Drona. That son of Arjuna, however, who was equal to Arjuna himself, cutting off the former's bow and standard and charioteer with three broad-headed arrows of great sharpness, proceeded against Drona. Duryodhana's son, Lakshmana, resisted the slayer of the Patachcharas,—him, that is, O king, who is regarded by both the armies as the bravest of the brave. The latter, however, cutting off both the bow and the standard of Lakshmana, and showering upon him many arrows, flared up with splendour. The youthful Vikarna of great wisdom resisted Sikhandin, the youthful son of Yajnasena, as the latter advanced in that battle. Yajnasena's son then covered the former with showers of arrows. The mighty son Vikarna, baffling those arrowy showers, looked resplendent on the field of battle. Angada resisted with showers of arrows the heroic Uttamaujas in that battle as the latter rushed towards Drona.

[1]All the printed texts, not excepting that of Bombay, read *Drupadeyas*. There can be no doubt, however, that it should be *Draupadeyas*.

That encounter between those two lions among men became frightful, and it filled both them and the troops with great zeal. The great bowman Durmukha, endued with great might, resisted with his shafts the heroic Purujit as the latter proceeded towards Drona. Purujit struck Durmukha between his eye-brows with a long shaft. Thereupon, Durmukha's face looked beautiful like a lotus with its stalk. Karna resisted with showers of arrows the five Kekaya brothers, owning red standards, as they proceeded towards Drona. Scorched with the arrowy showers of Karna, those five brothers covered Karna with their arrows. Karna, in return, repeatedly covered them with showers of arrows. Covered with arrows, neither Karna nor the five brother could be seen with their steeds, charioteers, standards, and cars. Thy sons, Durjaya, Jaya, and Vijaya, resisted Nila, and the ruler of the Kasis, and Jayatsena, three against. And the combat between those warriors deepened and gladdened the hearts of the spectators like those between a lion, a tiger, and a wolf on the one side and a bear, a buffalo, and a bull on the other. The brothers Kshemadhurti and Vrihanta mangled Satyaki of the Satwata race with their keen arrows, as the latter proceeded against Drona. The battle between those two on one side and Satyaki on the other became exceedingly wonderful to behold, like that between a lion and two mighty elephants with rent temples in the forest. The king of the Chedis, excited with wrath, and shooting many warriors, kept away from Drona, king Amvashtha, that hero who always delighted, in battle. Then king Amvashtha pierced his antagonist with a long arrow capable of penetrating into the very bones. Thereupon, the latter, with bow and arrow loosened from his grasp, fell down from his car on the ground. The noble Kripa, son of Saradwata, with many small arrows resisted Vardhakshemi of the Vrishni race who was the embodiment of wrath (in battle). They that looked at Kripa, son of Saradwata, with many small arrows, resisted Vardhakshemi of the Vrishni race who was the embodiment of wrath (in battle). They that looked at Kripa and Vardhakshemi, those heroes conversant with every mode of warfare, thus engaged in encountering each other, became so absorbed in it that, they could not attend to anything else. Somadatta's son, for enhancing the glory of Drona, resisted king Manimat of great activity as the latter came to fight. Then Manimat quickly cut off the bowstring, the standard, the banner, the charioteer and the umbrella of Somadatta's son and caused them to fall down from the latter's car.[1] The son of Somadatta then, bearing the device of the sacrificial stake on his standard, that slayer of foes, quickly jumping down from his car, cut off with his large swords, his antagonist with his steeds, charioteer, standard, and car. Re-ascending then upon his own car, and taking up another bow, and guiding his steeds himself, he began, O monarch, to consume the Pandava host. Vrishasena (the son of Karna), competent for the feat, resisted with showers of arrows king Pandava who

[1]The first line of 54 is read incorrectly in the Bengal texts. I follow the Bombay reading.

was rushing to battle like Indra himself following the *Asuras* for smiting them. With maces and spiked bludgeons, and swords and axes and stones, short clubs and mallets, and discs, short arrows and battle-axes with dust and wind, and fire and water, and ashes and brick-bats, and straw and trees, afflicting and smitting, and breaking, and slaying and routing the foe, and hurling them on the hostile ranks, and terrifying them therewith, came Ghatotkacha, desirous of getting at Drona. The *Rakshasa* Alambusha, however, excited with rage, encountered him with diverse weapons and diverse accoutrements of war. And the battle that took place between those two foremost of *Rakshasas* resembled that which took place in days of old between Samvara and the chief of the celestials. Thus blessed be thou, took place hundreds of single combats between car-warriors and elephants, and steeds and foot-soldiers of thy army and theirs in the midst of the dreadful general engagement. Indeed, such a battle was never seen or heard of before as that which then took place between those warriors that were bent upon Drona's destruction and protection. Indeed, many were the encounters that were then seen on all parts of field, some of which were terrible, some beautiful, and some exceedingly fierce, O lord.' "

SECTION XXIV

"Dhritarashtra said, 'When the troops were thus engaged and thus proceeded against one another in separate divisions, how did Partha and the warriors of my army endued with great activity fight? What also did Arjuna do towards the car-warriors of the *Samsaptakas*? And what, O Sanjaya, did the *Samsaptakas*, in their turn, do to Arjuna?'

"Sanjaya said, 'When the troops were thus engaged and proceeded against one another, thy son Duryodhana himself rushed against Bhimasena, leading his elephant division. Like an elephant encountering an elephant, like a bull encountering a bull, Bhimasena, summoned by the king himself, rushed against that elephant division of the Kaurava army. Skilled in battle and endued with great might of arms, Pritha's son, O sire, quickly broke that elephant division. These elephants, huge as hills, and with ichor trickling down from every part of their bodies, were mangled and forced to turn back by Bhimasena with his arrows. Indeed, as the wind, when it riseth, driveth away gathering masses of clouds, so did that son of Pavana rout that elephant force of the Kauravas. And Bhima, shooting his arrows at those elephants, looked resplendent like the risen sun, striking everything in the world with his rays. Those elephants, afflicted with the shafts of Bhima, became covered with blood and looked beautiful like masses of clouds in the welkin penetrated with the rays of the sun. Then Duryodhana, excited with wrath, pierced with the sharp

shafts that son of the Wind-god who was causing such a slaughter among his elephants. Then Bhima, with eyes red in wrath, desirous of despatching the king to Yama's abode, pierced him speedily with many sharp shafts. Then Duryodhana, mangled all over with arrows and excited with rage, pierced Bhima, the son of Pandu, with many shafts endued with the effulgence of solar rays, smiling the while. Then the son of Pandu, with a couple of broad-headed arrows, quickly cut off Duryodhana's bow as also his standard, bearing the device of a jewelled elephant, decked with diverse gems. Beholding Duryodhana thus afflicted, O sire, by Bhima, the ruler of the Angas on his elephant came there for afflicting the son of Pandu. Thereupon, Bhimasena deeply pierced with a long arrow that prince of elephants advancing with loud roars, between its two frontal globes. That arrow, penetrating through its body, sank deep in the earth. And at this the elephants fell down like a hill riven by the thunder. While the elephant was falling down, the *Mleccha* king also was falling down it. But Vrikodara, endued with great activity, cut off his head with a broad-headed arrow before his antagonist actually fell down. When the heroic ruler of the *Angas* fell, his divisions fled away. Steeds and elephants and car-warriors, struck with panic, crushed the foot-soldiers as they fled.

"When those troops, thus broken, fled away in all directions, the ruler of the Pragjyotishas then advanced against Bhima, upon his elephant.[1] With its two (fore) legs and trunk contracted, filled with rage, and with eyes rolling, that elephant seemed to consume the son of Pandu (like a blazing fire). And it pounded Vrikodara's car with the steed yoked thereto into dust. Then Bhima ran forward and got under the elephant's body, for he knew the science called *Anjalikabedha*. Indeed, the son of Pandu fled not. Getting under the elephant's body, he began to strike it frequently with his bare arms. And he smote that invincible elephant which was bent upon slaying him. Thereupon, the latter began to quickly turn round like a potter's wheel. Endued with the might of ten thousand elephants, the blessed Vrikodara, having struck that elephant thus, came out from under Supratika's body and stood facing the latter. Supratika then, seizing Bhima by its trunk, threw him down by means of its knees. Indeed, having seized him by the neck, that elephant wished to slay him. Twisting the elephant's trunk, Bhima freed himself from its twine, and once more got under the body of that huge creature. And he waited there, expecting the arrival of a hostile elephant of his own army. Coming out from under the beast's body, Bhima then ran away with great speed. Then a loud noise was heard, made by all the troops, to the effect, '*Alas, Bhima hath been slain by the elephant* !' The Pandava host, frightened by that elephant, suddenly fled away, O king, to where Vrikodara was waiting. Meanwhile, king Yudhishthira, thinking Vrikodara to have been slain, surrounded Bhagadatta on all sides, aided by the Panchalas. Having

[1]After 19 occurs a complete *sloka* in the Bombay text which does not appear to be genuine.

surrounded him with numerous cars, king Yudhishthira that foremost of car-warriors, covered Bhagadatta with keen shafts by hundreds and thousands. Then Bhagadatta, that king of the mountainous regions, frustrating with his iron hook that shower of arrows, began to consume both the Pandavas and the Panchalas by means of that elephant of his. Indeed. O monarch, the feat that we then beheld, achieved by old Bhagadatta with his elephant, was highly wonderful. Then the ruler of the Dasarnas rushed against the king of the Pragjyotisha, on a fleet elephant with temporal sweat trickling down, for attacking Supratika in the flank. The battle then that took place between those two elephants of awful size, resembled that between two winged mountains overgrown with forests in days of old. Then the elephant of Bhagadatta, wheeling round and attacking the elephant of the king of the Dasarnas, ripped open the latter's flank and slew it outright. Then Bhagadatta himself with seven lances bright as the rays of the sun, slew his (human) antagonist seated on the elephant just when the latter was about to fall down from his seat. Piercing king Bhagadatta then (with many arrows), Yudhishthira surrounded him on all sides with a large number of cars. Staying on his elephant amid car-warriors encompassing him all around, he looked resplendent like a blazing fire on a mountain-top in the midst of a dense forest. He stayed fearlessly in the midst of those serried cars ridden by fierce bowmen, all of whom showered upon him their arrows. Then the king of the Pragjyotisha, pressing (with his toe) his huge elephant, urged him towards the car of Yuyudhana. That prodigious beast, then seizing the car of Sinis grandson, hurled it to a distance with great force. Yuyudhana, however, escaped by timely flight. His charioteer also, abandoning the large steeds of the Sindhu breed, yoked unto that car, quickly followed Satyaki and stood where the latter stopped. Meanwhile the elephant, quickly coming out of the circle of cars, began to throw down all the kings (that attempted to bar his course). These bulls among men, frightened out of their wits by that single elephant coursing swiftly, regarded it in that battle as multiplied into many. Indeed, Bhagadatta, mounted on that elephant of his, began to smite down the Pandavas, like the chief of the celestials mounted on Airavata smiting down the *Danavas* (in days of old).[1] As the Panchalas fled in all directions, loud and awful was the noise that arose amongst them, made by their elephants and steeds. And while the Pandava troops were thus destroyed by Bhagadatta, Bhima, excited with rage, once more rushed against the ruler of the Pragjyotisha. The latter's elephant then frightened the steeds of advancing Bhima by drenching them with water spouted forth from its trunk, and thereupon those animals bore Bhima away from the field. Then Kriti's son, Ruchiparvan, mounted on his car, quickly rushed against Bhagadatta, scattering showers of arrows and advancing like the Destroyer himself. Then Bhagadatta, that ruler of the hilly regions, possessed of beautiful limbs, despatched Ruchiparvan with a

[1]The second line of 46 is omitted in the Bengal texts.

straight shaft to Yama's abode.[1] Upon the fall of the heroic Ruchiparvan, Subhadra's son and the sons of Draupadi, and Chekitana, and Dhrishtaketu, and Yuyutsu began to afflict the elephant. Desiring to slay that elephant, all those warriors, uttering loud shouts, began to pour their arrows on the animals, like the clouds drenching the earth with their watery down-pour. Urged then by its skilful rider with heel, hook, and toe the animal advanced quickly with trunk stretched, and eyes and ears fixed. Treading down Yuyutsu's steeds, the animal then slew the charioteer. Thereupon, O king, Yuyutsu, abandoning his car, fled away quickly. Then the Pandava warriors, desirous of slaying that prince of elephants, uttered loud shouts and covered it quickly with showers of arrows. At this time, thy son, excited with rage, rushed against the car of Subhadra's son. Meanwhile, king Bhagadatta on his elephant, shooting shafts on the foe, looked resplendent like the Sun himself scattering his rays on the earth. Arjuna's son then pierced him with a dozen shafts, and Yuyutsu with ten, and each of the sons of Draupadi pierced him with three shafts and Dhrishtaketu also pierced him with three. That elephant then, pierced with these shafts, shot with great care, looked resplendent like a mighty mass of clouds penetrated with the rays of the sun. Afflicted with those shafts of the foe, that elephant then, urged by its riders with skill and vigour, began to throw hostile warriors on both his flanks. Like a cowherd belabouring his cattle in the forest with a goad, Bhagadatta repeatedly smote the Pandava host. Like the cawing of quickly retreating crows when assailed by hawks, a loud and confused noise was heard among the Pandava troops who fled away with great speed. That prince of elephants, struck by its rider with hook, resembled, O king, a winged mountain of old. And it filled the hearts of the enemy with fear, like to what merchants experience at sight of the surging sea.[2] Then elephants and car-warriors and steeds and kings, flying away in fear, made, as they fled, a loud and awful din that, O monarch, filled the earth and sky and heaven and the cardinal and subsidiary directions in that battle. Mounted on that foremost of elephants, king Bhagadatta penetrated the hostile army like the *Asura* Virochana in days of old into the celestial host in battle well-protected by the gods. A violent wind began to blow; a dusty cloud covered the sky and the troops; and people regarded that single elephant as multiplied into many, coursing all over the field.' "

[1]The Bengali translators have made a mess of these two verses. Among others, K. P. Singha makes Ruchiparvan follow Bhima and suppose *Suvarchas* to be some Pandava warrior who slew Ruchiparvan. The reading *Suvarchas* is vicious. The correct reading is *Suparva*, meaning, as Nilakantha explains, "of beautiful limbs." *Parvatapati* is Bhagadatta himself.

[2]The Bengal reading *abhitas* is incorrect. It should be *Kshubitas*.

SECTION XXV

"Sanjaya said, 'Thou askest me about the feats of Arjuna in battle. Listen, O thou of mighty arms, to what Partha achieved in the fight. Beholding the risen dust and hearing the wail of the troops when Bhagadatta was performing great feats on the field, the son of Kunti addressed Krishna and said 'O slayer of Madhu, it seems that the ruler of the Pragjyotishas hath, on his elephant, with great impetuosity, advanced to battle. This loud din that we hear must be due to him. Well-versed in the art of grinding and battling from the back of an elephant, and not inferior to Indra himself in battle, he, I think, is the formost of all elephant-warriors in the world.[1] His elephant, again, is the foremost of elephants, without a rival to encounter it in battle. Possessed of great dexterity and above all fatigue, it is, again, impervious to all weapons. Capable of bearing every weapon and even the touch of fire, it will, O sinless one, alone destroy the Pandava force today. Except us two, there is none else capable of checking that creature. Go quickly, therefore, to that spot where the ruler of the Pragjyotishas is. Proud in battle, in consequence of the strength of his elephant, and arrogant in consequence of his age, I will this very day send him as a guest to the slayer of Vala.' At these words of Arjuna, Krishna began to proceed to the place where Bhagadatta was breaking the Pandava ranks. While Arjuna was proceeding towards Bhagadatta, the mighty *Samsaptaka* car-warriors, numbering fourteen thousand, made up of ten thousand Gopalas or Narayanas who used to follow Vasudeva, returning to the field, summoned him to battle. Beholding the Pandava host broken by Bhagadatta, and summoned on the other hand by the *Samsaptakas*, Arjuna's heart was divided in twain. And he began to think, 'Which of these two act will be better for me to do today, to return from this spot for battling with *Samsaptakas* or to repair to Yudhishthira?' Reflecting with the aid of his understanding, O perpetuator of Kuru's race, Arjuna's heart, at last, was firmly fixed on the slaughter of the *Samsaptakas*. Desirous of alone slaughtering in battle thousands of car-warriors, Indra's son (Arjuna) having the foremost of apes on banner, suddenly turned back. Even this was what both Duryodhana and Karna had thought of for achieving the slaughter of Arjuna. And it was for this that they had made arrangements for the double encounter. The son of Pandu allowed his heart to waver this side and that, but, at last, resolving to slay those foremost of warriors, *viz.*, the *Samsaptakas*, he baffled the purpose of his enemies.[2] Then mighty *Samsaptakas* car-warriors, O king, shot at Arjuna thousands of straight arrows. Covered with those arrows, O monarch, neither Kunti's son Partha, nor Krishna, otherwise called Janardana, nor the steeds, nor the

[1] I render 16 and 17 rather freely, as otherwise the sense would not be clear.

[2] The Bengal texts read,—"he is either the first or the second, on the earth, I think.

car, could be seen. Then Janardana became deprived of his senses and perspired greatly. Thereupon, Partha shot the *Brahma* weapon and nearly exterminated them all. Hundreds upon hundreds of arms with bows and arrows and bowstrings in grasp, cut off from trunks, and hundreds upon hundreds of standards and steeds and charioteers and car-warriors, fell down on the ground. Huge elephants, well-equipped and resembling foremost hills over-grown with woods or masses of clouds, afflicted with Partha's shafts and deprived of riders, fell down on the earth. Many elephants again, with riders on their backs, crushed by means of Arjuna's shafts, fell down, deprived of life, shorn of the embroidered cloths on their backs, and with their housings torn. Cut off by Kiritin with his broad-headed arrows, countless arms having swords and lances and rapiers for their nails or having clubs and battle-axes in grasp, fell down on the earth. Heads also, beautiful, O king, as the morning sun or the lotus or the moon, cut off by Arjuna with his arrows, dropped down on the ground. While Phalguni in rage was thus engaged in slaying the foe with diverse kinds of well-adorned and fatal shafts, that host seemed to be ablaze. Beholding Dhananjaya crushing that host like an elephant crushing lotus-stalks, all creatures applauded him, saying, '*Excellent*, *Excellent*!' Seeing that feat of Partha resembling that of Vasava himself, Madhava wondered much and, addressing him with joined hands, said, 'Verily, O Partha, I think that this feat which thou hast achieved, could not be performed by Sakra, or Yama, or the Lord of treasures himself. I see that thou hast today felled in battle hundreds and thousands of mighty *Samsaptaka* warriors all together.' Having slain the *Samsaptakas* then,—that is, who were engaged in battle,—Partha addressed Krishna, saying, 'Go towards Bhagadatta.' "

SECTION XXVI

"Sanjaya said, 'At Partha's desire, Krishna then urged his white steeds, fleet as the mind and covered in golden armour, towards Drona's divisions. While that foremost one of the Kurus was thus proceeding towards his brothers who were exceedingly afflicted by Drona, Susarman with his brothers, followed him behind, desirous of battle. The ever-victorious Arjuna then addressed Krishna, saying, 'O thou of unfading glory, this Susarman here, with his brothers, challengeth me to battle! O slayer of foes, our host, again, is broken (by Drona) towards the north. In consequence of these *Samsaptakas*, my heart wavers today as to whether I should do this or that. Shall I slay the *Samsaptakas* now, or protect from harm my own troops already afflicted by the foe? Know this to be what I am thinking of, *viz.*, 'Which of these would be better for me?' Thus addressed by him, he of Dasarha's race, turned back the car, and

took the son of Pandu to where the ruler of the Trigartas was. Then Arjuna pierced Susarman with seven shafts, and cut off both his bow and standard with a couple of sharp arrows. He then, with six arrows, quickly despatched the brothers of Trigarta king to Yama's abode.[1] Then Susarman, aiming Arjuna, hurled at him a dart made wholly of iron and looking like a snake, and aiming Vasudeva, hurled a lance at him. Cutting off that dart with three arrows and that lance also with three other arrows, Arjuna, by means of his arrowy showers, deprived Susarman of his senses on his car. Then advancing fiercely (towards thy division), scattering showers of arrows, like Vasava pouring rain, none among thy troops, O king, ventured to oppose. Like a fire consuming heaps of straw as it advances, Dhananjaya advanced, scorching all the mighty car-warriors among the Kauravas by means of his arrows. Like a living creature incapable of bearing the touch of fire, thy troops could not bear the irresistible impetuosity of that intelligent son of Kunti. Indeed, the son of Pandu, overwhelming the hostile host by means of his arrows, came upon the king of the Pragjyotishas, O monarch, like Garuda swooping down (upon his prey). He then held in his hands that *Gandiva* which in battle was beneficial to the innocent Pandavas and baneful to all foes, for the destruction of Kshatriyas brought about, O king, by the fault of thy son who had recourse to deceitful dice for accomplishing his end. Agitated by Partha thus, thy host then, O king, broke like a boat when it strikes against a rock. Then ten thousand bowmen, brave and fierce, firmly resolved to conquer, advanced (to encounter Arjuna). With dauntless hearts, those mighty car-warriors all surrounded him. Capable of bearing any burden, howsoever heavy in battle, Partha took up that heavy burden. As an angry elephant of sixty years, with rent temples, crushes an assemblage of lotus stalks, even so did Partha crush that division of thy army. And when that division was being thus crushed, king Bhagadatta, on that same elephant of his, impetuously rushed towards Arjuna. Thereupon, Dhananjaya, that tiger among men, staying on his car, received Bhagadatta. That encounter between Arjuna's car and Bhagadatta's elephant was fierce in the extreme. Those two heroes, *viz.*, Bhagadatta and Dhananjaya, then coursed on the field, the one on his car and the other on his elephant, both of which were equipped according to the rules of science. Then Bhagadatta, like the lord Indra, from his elephant looking like a mass of clouds, poured on Dhananjaya showers of arrows. The valiant son of Vasava, however, with his arrows, cut off those arrowy showers of Bhagadatta before they could reach him. The king of the Pragjyotishas, then, baffling that arrowy shower of Arjuna, struck both Partha and Krishna, O king, with many shafts and overwhelming both of them with a thick shower of shafts, Bhagadatta then urged his elephant for the destruction of Krishna and Partha. Beholding that angry elephant advancing like Death himself, Janardana quickly moved his car in such a way as to

[1]The Bombay reading *paritas* is vicious. The Bengal texts read *twaritas*.

keep the elephant on his left. Dhananjaya, although he thus got the opportunity of slaying that huge elephant with its rider from the back, wished not yet to avail himself of it, remembering the rules of fair fight. The elephant, however, coming upon other elephants and cars and steeds, O king, despatched them all to Yama's abode. Beholding this, Dhananjaya was filled with rage.' "

SECTION XXVII

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Filled with rage, what did Partha, the son of Pandu, do to Bhagadatta? What also did the king of the Pragjyotishas do to Partha? Tell me all this, O Sanjaya!'

"Sanjaya said, 'While Partha and Krishna were thus engaged with the ruler of the Pragjyotishas, all creatures regarded them to be very near the jaws of Death. Indeed, O monarch, from the neck of his elephant, Bhagadatta scattered showers of shafts on the two Krishnas, staying upon their car. He pierced Devaki's son with many arrows made wholly of black iron, equipped with wings of gold, whetted on stone, and shot from his bow, drawn to the fullest stretch. Those shafts whose touch resembled that of fire, equipped with beautiful feathers, and shot by Bhagadatta, passing through Devaki's son, entered the earth. Partha then cut off Bhagadatta's bow and slaying next the warrior that protected his elephant from the flank, began to fight with him as if in sport. Then Bhagadatta hurled at him fourteen lances of sharp points, that were bright as the rays of the sun. Arjuna, however, cut each of those lances into three fragments. Then Indra's son cut open the armour in which that elephant was cased, by means of a thick shower of arrows. The armour thus cut off, fell down on the earth. Exceedingly afflicted with arrows shot by Arjuna, that elephant, deprived of its coat of mail, looked like a prince of mountains destitute of its cloudy robes and with streaks of water running down its breast. Then the ruler of the Pragjyotishas hurled at Vasudeva a dart made wholly of iron and decked with gold. That dart Arjuna cut in twain. Then cutting off the king's standard and umbrella by means of his arrows Arjuna quickly pierced that ruler of the mountainous realms with ten arrows, smiling all the while. Deeply pierced with those shafts of Arjuna, that were beautifully winged with *Kanka* feathers, Bhagadatta, O monarch, became incensed with the son of Pandu. He then hurled some lances at Arjuna's head and uttered a loud shout. In consequence of those lances Arjuna's diadem was displaced. Arjuna, then, having placed his diadem properly, addressed the ruler of the Pragjyotishas, saying, 'Look well on this world!' Thus addressed by him, Bhagadatta became filled with rage, and taking up a bright bow showered upon both the Pandava and Govinda

his arrowy down-pours. Partha then cutting off his bow and quivers, quickly struck him with two and seventy shafts, afflicting his vital limbs. Thus pierced, he was excessively pained. Filled then with rage, he with *Mantras*, turned his hook into the *Vaishnava* weapon and hurled it at Arjuna's breast. That all-slaying weapon, hurled by Bhagadatta, Kesava, covering Arjuna, received on his breast. Thereupon, that weapon became a triumphal garland on Kesava's breast. Arjuna then cheerlessly addressed Kesava, saying, 'O sinless one, without battling thyself, thou art to only guide my steed! Thou hadst said so, O lotus-eyed one! Why then dost thou not adhere to thy promise? If I sink in distress, or become unable to baffle, or resist a foe or weapon, then mayst thou act so, but not when I am standing thus. Thou knowest that with my bow and arrows I am competent to vanquish these worlds with the gods, the *Asuras*, and men.' Hearing these words of Arjuna, Vasudeva replied unto him, saying, 'Listen, O Partha, to this secret and ancient history as it is, O sinless one! I have four forms, eternally engaged as I am in protecting the worlds. Dividing my own Self, I ordain the good of the worlds. One form of mine, staying on the earth, is engaged in the practice of ascetic austerities. Another beholdeth the good and the evil deeds in the world. My third form, coming into the world of men, is engaged in action. My fourth form lieth down in sleep for a thousand years. The form of mine which awaketh from sleep at the end of a thousand years, granteth, upon awakening, excellent boons to persons deserving of them. The earth, knowing (on one occasion) that that time had come, asked of me a boon for (her son) Naraka. Hear, O Partha, what that boon was. Possessed of the Vaishnava weapon, let my son become incapable of being slain by the gods and the Asuras. It behoveth thee to grant me that weapon. Hearing this prayer, I then gave, in days of old, the supreme and infallible Vaishnava weapon to the Earth's son. I said also at that time these words, 'O Earth, let this weapon be infallible for the protection of Naraka. None will be able to slay him. Protected by this weapon, thy son will always, in all the worlds, be invincible and crush all hostile hosts.' Saying, *So be it*! the intelligent goddess went away, her wishes fulfilled. And Naraka also became invincible and always scorched his foes. It was from Naraka, O Partha, that the ruler of the Pragjyotishas got this weapon of mine. There is none, in all the world, O sire, including even Indra and Rudra, who is unslayable by this weapon. It was for thy sake, therefore, that I baffled it, violating my promise. The great *Asura* hath now been divested of that supreme weapon. Slay now, O Partha, that invincible foe of thine, *viz.*, Bhagadatta, enemy of the gods, even as I formerly slew for the good of the worlds, the *Asura* Naraka.' Thus addressed by the high-souled Kesava, Partha suddenly overwhelmed Bhagadatta with clouds of whetted arrows. Then, the mighty-armed and high-souled Arjuna fearlessly struck a long arrow between the frontal globes of his enemy's elephant. That arrow, splitting the elephant like the thunder splitting a mountain, penetrated into its body to the very wings, like a

snake penetrating into an ant-hill. Though urged repeatedly then by Bhagadatta, the elephant refused to obey like a poor man's wife her lord. With limbs paralysed, it fell down, striking the earth with its tusks. Uttering a cry of distress, that huge elephant gave up the ghost. The son of Pandu then, with a straight shaft furnished with a crescent-shaped head, pierced the bosom of king Bhagadatta. His breast, being pierced through by the diadem-decked (Arjuna), king Bhagadatta, deprived of life, threw down his bow and arrows. Loosened from his head, the valuable piece of cloth that had served him for a turban, fell down, like a petal from a lotus when its stalk is violently struck. And he himself, decked with golden garlands, fell down from his huge elephant adorned with golden housings, like flowering *Kinsuka* broken by the force of the wind from the mountain-top. The son of Indra then, having slain in battle that monarch who resembled Indra himself in prowess and who was Indra's friend, broke the other warriors of thy army inspired with hope of victory like the mighty wind breaking rows of trees.' "

SECTION XXVIII

"Sanjaya said, 'Having slain Bhagadatta who was ever the favourite and friend of Indra and who was possessed of great energy, Partha circumambulated him. Then the two sons of the king of Gandhara *viz.*, the brothers Vrishaka and Achala, those subjugators of hostile towns, began to afflict Arjuna in battle. Those two heroic bowmen, uniting together, began to deeply pierce Arjuna from the front and from behind with whetted shafts of great impetuosity. Arjuna then with sharp shafts cut off the steeds and driver and bow and umbrella and standard and car of Vrishaka, the son of Suvala, into atoms. With clouds of arrows and diverse other weapons, Arjuna then once more severely afflicted the Gandhara troops headed by Suvala's son. Then Dhananjaya, filled with rage, despatched to Yama's abode, with his shafts, five hundred heroic Gandharas with upraised weapons. The mighty-armed hero then, quickly alighting from that car whose steeds had been slain, mounted upon the car of his brother and took up another bow. Then those two brothers, *viz.*, Vrishaka and Achala, both mounted on the same car, began incessantly to pierce Vibhatsu with showers of arrows. Indeed, those high-souled princes, those relatives of thine by marriage, *viz.*, Vrishaka and Achala, struck Partha very severely, like Vritra or Vala striking Indra of old. Of unfailing aim, these two princes of Gandhara, themselves unhurt, began once more to strike the son of Pandu, like the two months of

summer afflicting the world with sweat-producing rays.[1] Then Arjuna slew those princes and tigers among men, *viz.*, Vrishaka and Achala, staying on one car side by side, with, O monarch, a single arrow. Then those mighty-armed heroes, with red eyes and looking like lions, those uterine brothers having similar features, together fell down from that car. And their bodies, dear to friends, falling down upon the earth, lay there, spreading sacred fame all around.

"Beholding their brave and unretreating maternal uncles thus slain by Arjuna, thy sons, O monarch, rained many weapons upon him. Sakuni also, conversant with a hundred different kinds of illusions, seeing his brothers slain, created illusions for confounding the two Krishnas. Then clubs, and iron balls, and rocks and *Sataghnis* and darts, and maces, and spiked bludgeons, and scimitars, and lances, mallets, axes, and *Kampanas*, and swords, and nails, and short clubs, and battle-axes, and razors, and arrows with sharp broad heads, and *Nalikas*, and calf-tooth headed shafts, and arrows having bony heads and discs and snake-headed shafts, and spears, and diverse other kinds of weapons, fell upon Arjuna from all sides. And asses, and camels, and buffaloes, and tigers, and lions, and deer, and leopards, and bears, and wolves and vultures, and monkeys, and various reptiles, and diverse cannibals, and swarms of crows, all hungry, and excited with rage, ran towards Arjuna. Then Dhananjaya, the son of Kunti, that hero conversant with celestial weapons, shooting clouds of arrows, assailed them all. And assailed by that hero with those excellent and strong shafts, they uttered loud cries and fell down deprived of life. Then a thick darkness appeared and covered Arjuna's car, and from within that gloom harsh voices rebuked Arjuna. The latter, however, by means of the weapons called *Jyotishka*, dispelled that thick and awful darkness. When that darkness was dispelled frightful waves of water appeared. For drying up those waters, Arjuna applied the weapon called *Aditya*. And in consequence of that weapon, the waters were almost dried up. These diverse illusions, repeatedly created by Sauvala, Arjuna destroyed speedily by means of the force of his weapons, laughing the while. Upon all his illusions being destroyed, afflicted with Arjuna's shafts and unmanned by fear, Sakuni fled away, aided by his fleet steeds, like a vulgar wretch. Then Arjuna, acquainted with all weapons, showing his enemies the exceeding lightness of his hands, showered upon the Kaurava host clouds of arrows. That host of thy son, thus slaughtered by Partha, became divided into two streams like the current of Ganga when impeded by a mountain. And one of those streams, O bull among men, proceeded towards Drona, and the other with loud cries, proceeded towards Duryodhana. Then a thick dust arose and covered all the troops. We

[1]The Bengal texts read the second line differently. *Lokam* (accusative). For *Gharmancubhis* the Bengal reading is *Gharmamvubhis*. Nilakantha explains that *varsha* (whence *varshika*) means season. Hence *Nidaghavarshikau masau* would mean the two months of summer. If the Bengal reading were adopted, the meaning would be "like summer and the rainy seasons afflicting the world with sweat and rain."

could not then see Arjuna. Only the twang of *Gandivas* was heard by us from off the field. Indeed, the twang of *Gandiva* was heard, rising above the blare of conchs and the beat of drums and the noise of other instruments. Then on the southern part of the field took place a fierce battle between many foremost warriors on the one side and Arjuna on the other. I, however, followed Drona. The various divisions of Yudhishthira's force smote the foe on every part of the field. The diverse divisions of thy son, O Bharata, Arjuna smote, even as the wind in the summer season destroys masses of clouds in the welkin. Indeed, as Arjuna came, scattering clouds of arrows, like Vasava pouring thick showers of rain, there was none in thy army who could resist that great fierce bowman, that tiger among men. Struck by Partha, thy warriors were in great pain. They fled away, and in flying killed many among their own number. The arrows shot by Arjuna, winged *Kanka* feathers and capable of penetrating into every body, fell covering all sides, like flights of locusts. Piercing steeds and car-warriors and elephants and foot-soldiers, O sire, like snakes through ant-hills, those shafts entered the earth. Arjuna never shot arrows, at any elephant, steed or man. Struck with only one arrow, each of these, severely afflicted, fell down deprived of life. With slain men and elephant and shaft-struck steeds lying all about, and echoing with yells of dogs and jackals, the field of battle presented a variegated and awful sight. Pained with arrows, sire forsook son, and friend forsook friend and son forsook sire. Indeed, every one was intent upon protecting his own self. Struck with Partha's shafts, many warriors abandoned the very animals that bore them.' "

SECTION XXIX

"Dhritarashtra said, 'When those divisions (of mine), O Sanjaya, were broken and routed, and all of you retreated quickly from the field, what became the state of your minds? The rallying of ranks when broken and flying away without beholding a spot whereon to stand, is always exceedingly difficult. Tell me all about it, O Sanjaya!'

"Sanjaya said, '[Although thy troops were broken], yet, O monarch, many foremost of heroes in the world, inspired by the desire of doing good to thy son and of maintaining their own reputation, followed Drona. In that dreadful pass, they fearlessly followed their commander, achieving meritorious feats against the Pandava troops with weapons upraised, and Yudhishthira within accessible distance.[1] Taking advantage of an error of

[1]The Bengal reading *Samprapte* is vicious. The Bombay reading *Sambhrante* is evidiently correct.

Bhimasena of great energy and of heroic Satyaki and Dhrishtadyumna, O monarch, the Kuru leaders fell upon the Pandava Army.[1] The Panchalas urged their troops, saying, '*Drona, Drona*!' Thy sons, however, urged all the Kurus, saying, '*Let not Drona be slain. Let not Drona be slain*!' One side saying, '*Slay Drona*', '*Slay Drona*,' and the other saying, '*Let not Drona be slain*, '*Let not Drona be slain*,' the Kurus and the Pandavas seemed to gamble, making Drona their stake. Dhrishtadyumna, the prince of the Panchalas, proceeded to the side of all those Panchala car-warriors whom Drona sought to crush. Thus no rule was observed as to the antagonist one might select for battling with him. The strife became dreadful. Heroes encountered heroes, uttering loud shouts. Their foes could not make the Pandavas tremble. On the other hand, recollecting all their woes, the latter made the ranks of their enemies tremble. Though possessed of modesty, yet excited with rage and vindictiveness, and urged by energy and might, they approached that dreadful battle, reckless of their very lives for slaying Drona. That encounter of heroes of immeasurable energy, sporting in fierce battle making life itself the stake, resembled the collision of iron against adamant. The oldest men even could not recollect whether they had seen or heard of a battle as fierce as that which took place on this occasion. The earth in that encounter, marked with great carnage and afflicted with the weight of that vast host, began to tremble. The awful noise made by the Kuru army agitated and tossed by the foe, paralysing the very welkin, penetrated into the midst of even the Pandava host. Then Drona, coming upon the Pandava divisions by thousands, and careering over the field, broke them by means of his whetted shafts. When these were being thus crushed by Drona of wonderful achievements, Dhrishtadyumna, the generalissimo of the Pandava host, filled with rage himself checked Drona. The encounter that we beheld between Drona and the prince of the Panchalas was highly wonderful. It is my firm conviction that it has no parallel.

"Then Nila, resembling a veritable fire, his arrows constituting its sparks and his bow its flame, began to consume the Kuru ranks, like a conflagration consuming heaps of dry grass. The valiant son of Drona, who from before had been desirous of an encounter with him, smilingly addressed Nila as the latter came consuming the troops, and said unto him these polite words,[2] 'O Nila, what dost thou gain by consuming so many common soldiers with thy arrowy flames? Fight with my unaided self, and filled with rage, strike me.' Thus addressed, Nila, the brightness of whose face resembled the splendour of a full-blown lotus, pierced Aswatthaman, whose body resembled an assemblage of lotuses and whose eyes were like lotus-petals with his shafts. Deeply and suddenly pierced by Nila, Drona's son with three broad-headed arrows, cut off his antagonist's bow and standard and umbrella. Quickly jumping down from his car, Nila, then,

[1] I render 5 a little freely, and expand it slightly to make the sense clear.

[2] The Bengal reading *Purvabhilashi* is better than *Purvabhilbhashi*. Between Nila and Aswatthaman existed a rivalry since some time.

with a shield and an excellent sword, desired to sever from Aswatthaman's trunk his head like a bird (bearing away its prey in its talons). Drona's son, however, O sinless one, by means of a bearded arrow, cut off, from his antagonist's trunk, his head graced with a beautiful nose and decked with excellent ear-rings, and which rested on elevated shoulders. That hero, then, the brightness of whose face resembled the splendour of the full moon and whose eyes were like lotus-petals, whose stature was tall, and complexion like that of the lotus, thus slain, fell down on the earth. The Pandava host then, filled with great grief, began to tremble, when the Preceptor's son thus slew Nila of blazing energy. The great car-warriors of the Pandavas, O sire, all thought, 'Alas, how would Indra's son (Arjuna) be able to rescue us from the foe, when that mighty warrior is engaged on the southern part of the field in slaughtering the remnant of the *Samsaptakas* and the *Narayana* force?' "

SECTION XXX

"Sanjaya said, 'Vrikodara, however, could not brook that slaughter of his army. He struck Valhika with sixty and Karna with ten arrows. Drona then, desirous of slaying Bhima, quickly struck the latter, in his very vitals, many straight and whetted shafts of keen edge. Desirous again of allowing no time, he once more struck him with six and twenty shafts whose touch resembled that of fire and which were all like snakes of virulent poison. Then Karna pierced him with a dozen shafts, and Aswatthaman with seven, and king Duryodhana also with six. The mighty Bhimasena, in return, pierced them all. He struck Drona with fifty shafts, and Karna with ten. And piercing Duryodhana with a dozen shafts, and Drona with eight, he engaged in that battle uttering a loud shout. In that encounter in which the warriors fought reckless of their lives and in which death was easy of attainment, Ajatasattru despatched many warriors, urging them to rescue Bhima. Those heroes of immeasurable energy, *viz.*, the two son of Madri and Pandu, and others headed by Yuyudhana, quickly proceeded to Bhimasena's side. And those bulls among men, filled with rage and uniting together, advanced to battle, desirous of breaking the army of Drona that was protected by many foremost of bowmen. Indeed, those great car-warriors of mighty energy, *viz.*, Bhima and others, fell furiously upon Drona's host. Drona, however, that foremost of car-worriors, received without any anxiety, all those mighty car-warriors, of great strength,—those heroes accomplished in battle. Disregarding their kingdoms and casting off all fear of death, the warriors of thy army proceeded against the Pandavas. Horsemen encountered horsemen, and car-warriors encountered car-

warriors. The battle proceeded, darts against darts, swords against swords, axes against axes. A fierce encounter with swords took place, producing a terrible carnage. And in consequence of the collision of elephants against elephants the battle became furious. Some fell down from the backs of elephants, and some from the backs of steeds, with heads downwards. And others, O sire, fell down from cars, pierced with arrows. In that fierce press, as some one fell down deprived of armour, an elephant might be seen attacking him in the chest and crushing his head. Elsewhere might be seen elephants crushing numbers of men fallen down on the field. And many elephants, piercing the earth with their tusks (as they fell down), were seen to tear therewith large bodies of men. Many elephants, again, with arrows sticking to their trunks, wandered over the field, tearing and crushing men by hundreds. And some elephants were seen pressing down into the earth fallen warriors and steeds and elephants cased in armour of black iron, as if these were only thick reeds. Many kings, graced with modesty, their hour having come, laid themselves down (for the last sleep) on painful beds, overlaid with vultures' feathers. Advancing to battle on his car, sire slew son; and son also, through madness all losing regard, approached—sire in battle. The wheels of cars were broken; banners were torn; umbrellas fell down on the earth. Dragging broken yokes, steeds ran away. Arms with swords in grasp, and heads decked with ear-rings fell down. Cars, dragged by mighty elephants, thrown down on the ground, were reduced to fragments. Steeds with riders fell down, severely wounded by elephants. That fierce battle went on, without anybody showing any regard for any one. '*Oh father*!—*Oh son*!—*Where art thou, friend?*—*Wait*!— *Where dost thou go*! — *Strike*!—*Bring*! *Slay this one*!'—these and diverse other cries, with loud laughs and shouts, and roars were uttered and heard there. The blood of human beings and steeds and elephants, mingled together. The earthy dust disappeared. The hearts of all timid persons became cheerless. Here a hero getting his car-wheel entangled with the car-wheel of another hero, and the distance being too near to admit of the use of other weapons, smashed that other's head by means of his mace. Brave combatants, desirous of safety where there was no safety, dragged one another by the hair, and fought fiercely with fists, and teeth and nails. Here was a hero whose upraised arm with sword in grasp was cut off. There another's arm was lopped off with bow, or arrow or hook in grasp. Here one loudly called upon another. There another turned his back on the field. Here one severed another's head from his trunk, getting him within reach. There another rushed with loud shouts upon an enemy. Here one was filled with fear at another's roar. There another slew with sharp shafts a friend or a foe. Here an elephant, huge as a hill, slain with a long shaft, fell down on the field and lay like a flat island in a river during the summer season. There an elephant, with sweat trickling down its body, like a mountain with rills flowing adown its breast, steed, having crushed by its tread a car-warrior with his steeds and charioteer on the field. Behoding brave warriors, accomplished in arms and covered

with blood, strike one another, they that were timid and of weak hearts, lost their senses. In fact, all became cheerless. Nothing could any longer be distingusihed. Overmhelmed with the dust raised by the troops, the battle became furious. Then the commander of the Pandava forces saying, '*This is the time,*' speedily led the Pandavas on those heroes that are always endued with great activity. Obeying his behest, the mighty-armed Pandavas, smiting (the Kaurava army) proceeded towards Drona's car like swans towards a lake,—'*Sieze him*,'—'*Do not fly away*,'—'*Do not fear*,'—'*Cut into pieces*,'—these uproarious cries were heard in the vicinity of Drona's car. Then Drona and Kripa, and Karna and Drona's son, and king Jayadratha, and Vinda and Anuvinda of Avanti, and Salya, received those heroes. Those irresistible and invincible warriors, however, *viz.*, the Panchalas and the Pandavas, inspired by noble sentiments, did not, though afflicted with shafts, avoid Drona. Then Drona, excited with great rage, shot hundreds of shafts, and caused a great carnage amongst the Chedis, the Panchalas, and the Pandavas. The twang of his bowstring and the slaps of his palms, were, O sire, heard on all sides. And they resembled the roar of thunder and struck fear into the hearts of all. Meanwhile, Jishnu, having vanquished large number of *Samsaptakas*, quickly came to that place where Drona was grinding the Pandava troops. Having crossed many large lakes whose waters were constituted by blood, and whose fierce billows and eddies were constituted by shafts, and having slain the *Samsaptakas*, Phalguni showed himself there. Possessed of great fame and endued as he was with the energy of the Sun himself, Arjuna's emblem, *viz.*, his banner bearing the ape, was beheld by us to blaze with splendour. Having dried up the *Samsaptaka* ocean by means of weapons that constituted his rays, the son of Pandu then blasted the Kurus also, as if he were the very Sun that arises at the end of the *Yuga*. Indeed, Arjuna scorched all the Kurus by the heat of his weapons, like the fire[1] that appears at the end of the *Yuga*, burning down all creatures. Struck by him with thousands of shafts, elephant warriors and horsemen and car-warriors fell down on the earth, with dishevelled hair, and exceedingly afflicted with those arrowy showers, some uttered cries of distress. Others set up loud shouts. And some struck with the shafts of Partha, fell down deprived of life. Recollecting the practices of (good) warriors, Arjuna struck not those combatants among the foe that had fallen down, or those that were retreating, or those that were unwilling to fight. Deprived of their cars and filled with wonder, almost all the Kauravas, turning away from the field, uttered cries of *Oh* and *Alas* and called upon Karna (for protection). Hearing that din made by the Kurus, desirous of protection, Adhiratha's son (Karna), loudly assuring the troops with the words '*Do not fear*' proceeded to face Arjuna. Then (Karna) that foremost of Bharata car-warriors, that delighter of all the Bharatas, that first

[1]The word in the original is *dhumaketu*. Elsewhere I have rendered it *comet*. It would seem, however, that is wrong. In such passages the word is used in its literal sense, *viz.*, "(an article) having smoke for its mark," hence fire.

of all persons acquainted with weapons, invoked into existence the *Agneya* weapon. Dhananjaya, however, baffled by means of his own arrowy downpours the flights of arrows shot by Radha's son, that warrior of the blazing bow, that hero of bright shafts. And similarly, Adhiratha's son also baffled the shafts of Arjuna of supreme energy. Resisting Arjuna's weapons thus by his own, Karna uttered loud shouts and shot many shafts at his antagonist. Then Dhristadyumna and Bhima and the mighty car-warrior Satyaki, all approahced Karna, and each of them pierced in with three straight shafts. The son of Radha, however, checking Arjuna's weapons by his own arrowy showers, cut off with three sharp shafts the bows of those three warriors. Their bows cut off, they looked like snakes without poison. Hurling darts at their foe from their respective cars, they uttered loud leonine shouts. Those fierce darts of great splendour and great impetuosity, looking like snakes, hurled from those mighty arms, coursed impetuously towards Karna's car. Cutting each of those darts with three straight arrows and speeding many arrows at the same time at Partha, the mighty Karna uttered a loud shout. Then Arjuna piercing Karna with seven shafts, despatched the latter's younger brother by means of his sharp shafts. Slaying Satrunjaya thus with six arrows, Partha, with a broad-headed shaft, struck off Vipatha's head as the latter stood on his car. In the very sight of the Dhritarashtras, therefore, as also of the *Suta's* son, the three uterine brothers of the latter were despatched by Arjuna unaided by any one. Then Bhima, jumping down from his own car, like a second Garuda, slew with his excellent sword five and ten combatants amongst those that supported Karna. Mounting once more on his car and taking up another bow, he pierced Karna with ten shafts and his charioteer and steeds with five. Dhrishtadyumna also taking up a sword and a bright shield; despatched Charmavarman and also Vrihatkshatra, the ruler of the Naishadhas. The Panchala prince then, mounting upon his own car and taking up another bow, pierced Karna with three and seventy shafts, and uttered a loud roar. Sini's grandson also, of splendour equal to that of Indra himself, taking up another bow pierced *Suta's* son with four and sixty shafts and roared like a lion. And cutting off Karna's bow with a couple of well-shot shafts, he once more pierced Karna on the arms and the chest with three arrows. The king Duryodhana, and Drona and Jayadratha, rescued Karna from the Satyaki-ocean, as the former was about to sink into it. And foot-soldiers and steeds and cars and elephants, belonging to thy army and numbering by hundreds, all accomplished in smitting rushed to the spot where Karna was frightening (his assailants). Then Dhrishtadyumna, and Bhima and Subhadra's son, and Arjuna himself, and Nakula, and Sahadeva, began to protect Satyaki in that battle. Even thus went on that fierce battle for the destruction of bowmen belonging to thy army and of the enemy's. All the combatants fought, reckless of their very lives. Infantry and cars and steeds and elephants were engaged with cars and infantry. Car-warriors were engaged with elephants and foot-soldiers and steeds, and cars and foot-soldiers were

engaged with cars and elephants. And steeds were seen engaged with steeds, and elephants with elephants, and foot-soldiers with foot-soldiers. Even thus did that battle, marked by great confusion, take place, enhancing the delight of cannibals and carnivorous creatures, between those high-souled men facing one another fearlessly. Indeed, it largely swelled the population of Yama's kingdom. Large numbers of elephants and cars and foot-soldiers and steeds were destroyed by men, cars, steeds and elephants. And elephants were slain by elephants, and car-warriors with weapons upraised by car-warriors, and steeds by steeds, and large bodies of foot-soldiers. And elephants were slain by cars, and large steeds by large elephants and men by steeds; and steeds by foremost of car-warriors. With tongues lolling out, and teeth and eyes pressed out of their places, with coats of mail and ornaments crushed into dust, the slaughtered creatures fell down on the field. Others, again, of terrible mien were struck and thrown down on the earth by others armed with diverse and excellent weapons and sunk into the earth by the tread of steeds and elephants, and tortured and mangled by heavy cars and car wheels. And during the progress of that fierce carnage so delightful to beasts of prey and carnivorous birds and cannibals, mighty combatants, filled with wrath, and slaughtering one another careered over the field putting forth all their energy. Then when both the hosts were broken and mangled, the warriors bathed in blood, looked at each other. Meanwhile, the Sun went to his chambers in the western hills, and both the armies, O Bharata, slowly retired to their respective tents.

SECTION XXXI

(*Abhimanyu-badha Parva*)

"Sanjaya said, 'Having been first broken by Arjuna of immeasurable prowess, and owing also to the failure of Drona's vow, in consequence of Yudhishthira having been well-protected, thy warriors were regarded as defeated. All of them with coats of mail torn and covered with dust, cast anxious glances around. Retiring from the field with Drona's consent, after having been vanquished by their enemies of sure aim and humiliated by them in battle, they heard, as they proceeded, the countless merits of Phalguni praised by all creatures, and the friendship of Kesava for Arjuna spoken of by all. They passed the night like men under a curse, reflecting upon the course of events and observing perfect silence.

"Next morning, Duryodhana said unto Drona, these words, from petulance and wrath, and in great cheerlessness of heart at the sight of the prosperity of their foe. Skilled in speech, and filled with rage at

the success of the foe, the king said these words in the hearing of all the troops, 'O foremost of regenerate ones, without doubt thou hast set us down for men who should be destroyed by thee. Thou didst not seize Yudhishthira today even though thou hadst got him within thy reach. That foe whom thou wouldst seize in battle is incapable of escaping thee if once thou gettest him within sight, even if he be protected by the Pandavas, aided by the very gods. Gratified, thou gavest me a boon; now, however, thou dost not act according to it. They that are noble (like thee), never falsify the hopes of one devoted to them.' Thus addressed by Duryodhana, Bharadwaja's son felt greatly ashamed. Addressing the king, he said, 'It behoveth thee not to take me to be such. I always endeavour to achieve what is agreeable to thee. The three worlds with the gods, the *Asuras*, the *Gandharvas*, the *Yakshas*, the *Nagas* and the *Rakshasas*, cannot defeat the force that is protected by the diadem-decked (Arjuna). There where Govinda, the Creator of the universe is, and there where Arjuna is the commander, whose might can avail, save three-eyed Mahadeva's, O lord? O sire, I tell the truly today and it will not be otherwise. Today, I will slay a mighty car-warrior, one of the foremost heroes of the Pandavas. Today I will also form an array that impenetrable by the very gods. Do, however, O king, by some means take Arjuna away from the field. There is nothing that he doth not know or cannot achieve in battle. From various places hath he acquired all that is to be known about battle.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'After Drona had said these words, the *Samsa ptakas* once more challenged Arjuna to battle and took him away to the southern side of the field. Then an encounter took place between Arjuna and his enemies, the like of which had never been seen or heard of. On the other hand, the array formed by Drona, O king, looked resplendent. Indeed, that array was incapable of being looked at like the sun himself when in his course he reaches the meridian and scorches (everything underneath). Abhimanyu, at the command, O Bharata, of his sire's eldest brother, pierced in battle that impenetrable circular array in many places. Having achieved the most difficult feats and slain heroes by thousands, he was (at last) encountered by six heroes together. In the end, succumbing to Duhsasana's son, O lord of earth, Subhadra's son, O chastiser of foes, gave up his life. At this we were filled with great joy and the Pandavas with great grief. And after Subhadra's son had been slain, our troops were withdrawn for nightly rest.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Hearing, O Sanjaya, of the slaughter of the son (Abhimanyu), yet in his minority, of that lion among men, (*viz.*, Arjuna), my heart seems to break into pieces. Cruel, indeed, are the duties of Kshatriyas as laid down by the legislators, in as much as brave men, desirous of sovereignty scrupled not to shoot their weapons at even a child. O son of Gavalgana, tell me how so many warriors, accomplished in arms, slew that child who, though brought up in luxury, yet careered over the field so fearlessly. Tell me, O Sanjaya, how our warriors behaved in

battle with Subhadra's son immeasurable energy who had penetrated into our car-array,'

"Sanjaya said, 'That which thou askest me, O king, *viz.*, the slaughter of Subhadra's son, I will describe to thee in detail. Listen, O monarch, with attention. I shall relate to thee how that youth, having penetrated into our ranks, played with his weapons, and how the irresistible heroes of thy army, all inspired by hope of victory, were afflicted by him. Like the denizens of a forest abounding with plants and herbs and trees, when surrounded on all sides by a forest conflagration, the warriors of thy army were all filled with fear.' "

SECTION XXXII

"Sanjaya said, 'Of fierce deeds in battle and above all fatigue, as proved by their feats, five sons of Pandu, with Krishna, are incapable of being resisted by the very gods. In righteousness, in deeds, in lineage, in intelligence, in achievements, in fame, in prosperity, there never was, and there never will be, another man so endued as Yudhishthira. Devoted to truth and righteousness, and with passions under control, king Yudhishthitra, in consequence of his worship of the Brahmans and, diverse other virtues of similar nature, is always in the enjoyment of Heaven. The Destroyer himself at the end of the *Yuga*, Jamadagni's valiant son (Rama), and Bhimasena on his car,— these three, O king, are spoken of as equal. Of Partha, the wielder of Gandiva, who always achieveth his vows in battle, I do not see a proper parallel on earth. Reverence for superiors, keeping counsels, humility, self-restraint, beauty of person, and bravery—these six—are ever present in Nakula. In knowledge of scriptures, gravity, sweetness of temper, righteousness and prowess, the heroic Sahadeva is equal to the Aswins themselves. All those noble qualities that are in Krishna, all those that are in the Pandavas, all that assemblage of qualities was to be found in Abhimanyu alone. In firmness, he was equal to Yudhishthira, and in conduct to Krishna; in feats, he was the equal to Bhimasena of terrible deeds, in beauty of person, in prowess, and in knowledge of scriptures he was the equal to Dhananjaya. In humility, he was equal to Sahadeva and Nakula.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'I desire, O *Suta*, to hear in detail, how the invincible Abhimanyu, the son of Subhadra, hath been slain on the field of battle.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Be still, O king! Bear thy grief that is so unbearable. I shall speak to thee of the great slaughter of thy kinsmen.

"The preceptor, O king, had formed the great circular array. In it were placed all the kings (of our side) that are each equal to Sakra himself.

At the entrance were stationed all the princes possessed of solar effulgence. All of them had taken oaths (about standing by one another). All of them had standards decked with gold. All of them were attired in red robes, and all had red ornaments. All of them had red banners and all were adorned with garlands of gold, smeared with sandal-paste and other perfumed unguents; they were decked with floral wreaths. In a body they rushed towards Arjuna's son, desirous of battle. Firm bowmen, all they numbered ten thousand. Placing thy handsome grandson, Lakshmana, at their head, all of them, sympathising with one another in joy and grief, and emulating one another in feats of courage, desiring to excel one another, and devoted to one another's good, they advanced to battle. Duryodhana, O monarch, was stationed in the midst of his forces. And the king was surrounded by the mighty car-warriors, Karna, Duhsasana, and Kripa, and had a white umbrella held over his head. And fanned with yak tails, he looked resplendent like the chief of the celestials. And at the head of that army was the commander Drona looking like the rising sun.[1] And there stood the ruler of the Sindhus, of great beauty of person, and immovable like the cliff of Meru. Standing by the side of the ruler of the Sindhus and headed by Aswatthaman, were, O king, thy thirty sons, resembling the very gods. There also on Jayadratha's flank, were those mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, the ruler of Gandhara, *i.e.*, the gamester (Sakuni), and Salya, and Bhurisrava. Then commenced, the battle, fierce, and making the hairs stand on their ends, between thy warriors and those of the foe. And both sides fought, making death itself the goal.' "

SECTION XXXIII

"Sanjaya said, 'The Parthas then, headed by Bhimasena, approached that invincible array protected by Bharadwaja's son. And Satyaki, and Chekitana, and Dhrishtadyumna, the son of Prishata, and Kuntibhoja of great prowess, and the mighty car-warrior Drupada, and Arjuna's son (Abhimanyu), and Kshatradharman, and the valiant Vrihatkshatra, and Dhrishtaketu, the ruler of the Chedis, and the twin sons of Madri, (*viz.*, Nakula and Sahadeva), and Ghatotkacha, and the powerful Yudhamanyu and the unvanquished Sikhandin, and the irresistible Uttamaujas and the mighty car-warrior Virata, and the five sons of Draupadi,—these all excited with wrath, and the valiant son of Sisupala, and the Kaikeyas of mighty energy, and the Srinjayas by thousands,—these and others, accomplished in weapons and difficult of being resisted in battle, suddenly rushed, at the head of their respective followers, against Bharadwaja's son, from a desire

[1]The first half of the first line of 21 seems to be grammatically connected with 20.

of battle. The valiant son of Bharadwaja, however, fearlessly checked all those warriors, as soon as they came near, with a thick shower of arrows. Like a mighty wave of waters coming against an impenetrable hill, or the surging sea itself approaching its bank, those warriors were pushed back by Drona. And the Pandavas, O king, afflicted by the shafts shot from Drona's bow, were unable to stay before him. And the strength of Drona's arms that we saw was wonderful in the extreme, inasmuch as the Panchalas and the Srinjayas failed to approach him. Beholding Drona advancing in rage. Yudhishthira thought of diverse means for checking his progress. At last, regarding Drona incapable of being resisted by any one else, Yudhishthira placed that heavy and unbearable burden on the son of Subhadra. Addressing Abhimanyu, that slayer of hostile heroes, who was not inferior to Vasudeva himself and whose energy was superior to that of Arjuna, the king said, 'O child, act in such a way that Arjuna, returning (from the *Samsaptakas*), may not reprove us. We do not know how to break the circular array. Thyself, or Arjuna or Krishna, or Pradyumna, can pierce that array. O mighty-armed one, no fifth person can be found (to achieve that feat). O child, it behoveth thee, O Abhimanyu, to grant the boon that thy sires, thy maternal uncles, and all these troops ask of thee. Taking up thy arms quickly, destroy this array of Drona, else Arjuna, returning from the fight, will reprove us all.'

"Abhimanyu said, 'Desiring victory to my sires, soon shall I in battle penetrate into that firm, fierce and foremost of arrays formed by Drona. I have been taught by my father the method of (penetrating and) smiting this kind of array. I shall not be able, however, to come out if any kind of danger overtakes me.'

"Yudhishthira said, 'Break this array once, O foremost of warriors, and make a passage for us. All of us will follow thee in the track by which thou wilt go. In battle, thou art equal to Dhananjaya himself. Seeing thee enter, we shall follow thee, protecting thee on all sides.'

"Bhima said, 'I myself will follow thee, and Dhrishtadyumna and Satyaki, and the Panchalas, and the Prabhadrakas. After the array once is broken by thee, will enter it repeatedly and slay the foremost warriors within it.'

"Abhimanyu said, 'I will penetrate into this invincible array of Drona, like an insect filled with rage entering a blazing fire. Today, I will do that which will be beneficial to both races (*viz.*, my sire's and my mother's). I will do that which will please my maternal uncle as also my mother. Today all creatures will behold large bodies of hostile soldiers continually slaughtered by myself, an unaided child. If anybody, encountering me, escapes today with life, I shall not then regard myself begotten by Partha and born of Subhadra. If on a single car I cannot in battle cut off the whole Kshatriya race into eight fragments, I will not regard myself the son of Arjuna.'

[1]The last half of the second line of 4 is vicious as occuring in the Bengal texts. The correct reading is *ayuduha-viarada*.

"Yudhishthira said, 'Since protected by these tigers among men, these great bowmen endued with fierce might, these warriors that resemble the *Sadhyas*, the *Rudras*, or the *Marutts*, or are like the *Vasus*, or Agni or Aditya himself in prowess, thou venturest to pierce the invincible array of Drona, and since thou speakest so, let thy strength, O son of Subhadra be increased.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Hearing these words of Yudhishthira, Abhimanyu ordered his charioteer, Sumitra, saying, 'Quickly urge the steeds towards Drona's army.' "

SECTION XXXIV

"Sanjaya said, 'Hearing these words of the intelligent Yudhishthira, the son of Subhadra, O Bharata, urged his charioteer towards Drona's array. The charioteer, urged by him with the words, '*Proceed, Proceed,*' replied unto Abhimanyu, O king, in these words, 'O thou that art blest with length of days, heavy is the burthen that hath been placed upon thee by the Pandavas! Ascertaining by thy judgment as to whether thou art able to bear it or not, thou shouldst then engage in battle. The preceptor Drona is a master of superior weapons and accomplished (in battle). Thou, however, hast been brought up in great luxury and art unused to battle.'

"Hearing these words, Abhimanyu replied unto his charioteer, saying with a laugh, 'O charioteer, who is this Drona? What, again, is this vast assemblage of Kshatriyas? Sakra himself on his Airavata and aided by all the celestials, I would encounter in battle. I do not feel the slightest anxiety about all these Kshatriyas today. This hostile army doth not come up to even a sixteen part of myself. O son of a *Suta*, getting my maternal uncle Vishnu himself, the conqueror of the universe or my sire, Arjuna, as an antagonist in battle, fear would not enter my heart.' Abhimanyu then, thus disregarding those words of the charioteer, urged the latter, saying, 'Go with speed towards the army of Drona.' Thus commanded, the charioteer, with a heart scarcely cheerful, urged Abhimanyu's three-year old steeds, decked with golden trappings. Those coursers, urged by Sumitra towards Drona's army, rushed towards Drona himself, O king, with great speed and prowess. Beholding him coming (towards them) in that way, all the Kauravas, headed by Drona, advanced against him, as, indeed, the Pandavas followed him behind. Then Arjuna's son, superior to Arjuna's self cased in golden mail and owning an excellent standard that bore the device of a *Karnikara* tree, fearlessly encountered, from desire of battle, warriors headed by Drona, like a lion-cub assailing a herd of elephants. Those warriors then, filled with joy,

began to strike Abhimanyu while he endeavoured to pierce their array. And for a moment an agitation took place there, like to the eddy that is seen in the ocean where the current of the Ganga mingles with it. The battle, O king, that commenced there, between those struggling heroes striking one another, became fierce and terrible. And during the progress of that awful battle, Arjuna's son, in the very sight of Drona, breaking that array, penetrated into it. Then large bodies of elephants and steeds and cars and infantry, filled with joy, encompassed that mighty warrior after he had thus penetrated into the midst of the foe, and commenced to smite him. [Causing the earth to resound] with noise of diverse musical instruments, with shouts and slaps of arm-pits and roars, with yells and leonine shouts, with exclamations of '*Wait, Wait*,' with fierce confused voices with cries of, '*Do not go, Wait, Come to me*', with repeated exclamations of, '*This one, It is I, The foe*,' with grunt of elephants, with the tinkling of bells and ornaments, with bursts of laughter, and the clatter of horse-hoofs and car-wheels, the (Kaurava) warriors rushed at the son of Arjuna. That mighty hero, however, endued with great lightness of hands and having a knowledge of the vital parts of the body, quickly shooting weapons capable of penetrating into the very vitals, slew those advancing warriors. Slaughtered by means of sharp shafts of diverse kinds, those warriors became perfectly helpless, and like insects falling upon a blazing fire, they continued to fall upon Abhimanyu on the field of battle. And Abhimanyu strewed the earth with their bodies and diverse limbs of their bodies like priests strewing the altar at a sacrifice with blades of *Kusa* grass. And Arjuna's son cut off by thousands the arms of those warriors. And some of these were cased in corslets made of iguana skin and some held bows and shafts, and some held swords or shields or iron hooks and reins; and some, lances of battle axes. And some held maces or iron balls or spears and some, rapiers and crow-bars and axes. And some grasped short arrows, or spiked maces, or darts, or *Kampanas*. And some had goads and prodigious conchs; and some bearded darts and *Kachagrahas*. And some had mallets and some other kinds of missiles. And some had nooses, and some heavy clubs, and some brickbats. And all those arms were decked with armlets and laved with delightful perfumes and unguents. And with those arms dyed with gore and looking bright the field of battle became beautiful, as if strewn, O sire, with five-headed snakes slain by Garuda. And Phalguni's son also scattered over the field of battle countless heads of foes, heads graced with beautiful noses and faces and locks, without pimples, and adorned with ear-rings. Blood flowed from those heads copiously, and the nether-lips in all were bit with wrath. Adorned with beautiful garlands and crowns and turbans and pearls and gems, and possessed of splendour equal to that of the sun or the moon, they seemed to be like lotuses severed from their stalks. Fragrant with many perfumes, while life was in them, they could speak words both agreeable and beneficial. Diverse cars,

well-equipped, and looking like the vapoury edifices in the welkin, with shafts in front and excellent bamboo poles and looking beautiful with the standards set up on them, were deprived of their *Janghas*, and *Kuvaras*, and *Nemis*, and *Dasanas*, and wheels, and standards and terraces. And the utensils of war in them were all broken.[1] And the rich clothes with which they were overlaid, were blown away, and the warriors on them were slain by thousands. Mangling everything before him with his shafts, Abhimanyu was seen coursing on all sides. With his keen-edged weapons, he cut into pieces elephant-warriors, and elephants with standards and hooks and banners, and quivers and coats of mail, and girths and neck-ropes and blankets, and bells and trunks and tusks as also the foot-soldiers that protected those elephants from behind. And many steeds of the Vanayu, the hilly, the Kamvoja, and the Valhika breeds, with tails and ears and eyes motionless and fixed, possessed of great speed, well-trained, and ridden by accomplished warriors armed with swords and lances, were seen to be deprived of the excellent ornaments on their beautiful tails. And many lay with tongues lolling out and eyes detached from their sockets, and entrails and livers drawn out. And the riders on their backs lay lifeless by their sides. And the rows of bells that adorned them were all torn. Strewn over the field thus, they caused great delight to *Rakshasas* and beasts of prey. With coats of mail and other leathern armour (casing their limbs) cut open, they weltered in excrera ejected by themselves. Thus slaying many foremost of steeds of thy army, Abhimanyu looked resplendent. Alone achieving the most difficult feat, like the inconceivable Vibhu himself in days of old, Abhimanyu crushed thy vast host of three kinds of forces (cars, elephants, and steeds), like the three-eyed (Mahadeva) of immeasurable energy crushing the terrible *Asura* host. Indeed, Arjuna's son, having achieved in battle feats incapable of being borne by his foes, everywhere mangled large divisions of foot-soldiers belonging to thy army. Beholding then thy host extensively slaughtered by Subhadra's son single-handed with his whetted shafts like the *Asura* host by Skanda (the celestial generalissimo), thy warriors and thy sons cast vacant looks on all sides. Their mouths became dry; their eyes became restless; their bodies were covered with sweat; and their hairs stood on their ends. Hopeless of vanquishing their foe, they set their hearts on flying away from the field. Desirous of saving their lives, called one another by their names and the names of their families, and abandoning their wounded sons and sires and brothers and kinsmen and relatives by marriage lying around on the field, they endeavoured to fly away, urging their steeds and elephants (to their utmost speed).' "

[1] *Janghas*, etc., are diverse limbs of cars used in battle.

SECTION XXXV

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding his army routed by Subhadra's son of immeasurable energy, Duryodhana, filled with rage, himself proceeded against the former. Seeing the king turn back towards Subhadra's son in battle, Drona, addressing all the (Kaurava) warriors, said, 'Rescue the king.[1] Before us, in our very sight, the valiant Abhimanyu is slaying all he aims at. Rush ye, therefore, speedily against him, without fear and protect the Kuru king.' Then many grateful and mighty warriors, having Duryodhana's good at heart, and always graced with victory, inspired with fear, surrounded thy son. And Drona, and Drona's son, and Kripa and Karna and Kritavarman and Suvala's son, Vrihadvala, and the ruler of the Madras, and Bhuri, and Bhurisravas, and Sala, and Paurava and Vrishasena, shooting sharp shafts, checked Subhadra's son by means of those arrowy showers. Confounding him with those showers of shafts, they rescued Duryodhana. The son of Arjuna, however, brooked not that act of snatching a morsel from his mouth. Covering those mighty car-warriors, their charioteers, and steeds with thick showers of arrows and causing them to turn back, the son of Subhadra uttered a leonine roar. Hearing that roar of his, resembling that of a lion hungering after prey, these angry car-warriors, headed by Drona, brooked it not. Encompassing him on all sides, O sire, with a large body of cars they shot at him showers of diverse kinds of arrows. The grandson, however, cut them off in the welkin (before any of them could reach him) by means of sharp shafts, and then pierced all of them with his shafts. That feat of his seemed exceedingly wonderful. Provoked by him thus by means of those shafts of his that resembled snakes of virulent poison, they surrounded that unretreating son of Subhadra, desirous of slaying him. That sea of (Kaurava) troops, however, O bull of Bharata's race, the son of Arjuna singly held in check by means of his shafts, like the continent resisting the surging ocean. And among those heroes thus fighting with and striking one another, *viz.*, Abhimanyu and his man on one side and all those warriors together on the other, none turned back from the field. In that dreadful and fierce battle, Duhsaha pierced Abhimanyu with nine shafts. And Duhsasana pierced him with a dozen; and Saradwata's son Kripa, with three. And Drona pierced him with seventeen shafts, each resembling a snake of virulent poison. And Vivinsati, pierced him with seventy shafts, and Kritavarman with seven. And Vrihadvala pierced him with eight, and Aswatthaman with seven shafts. And Bhurisrava pierced him with three shafts and the ruler of the Madras with six. And Sakuni pierced him with two, and king Duryodhana with three shafts. The valiant Abhimanyu, however, O king, seemingly dancing on his car, pierced each of those warriors in return with three shafts. Then Abhimanyu, filled with rage in consequence

[1]The second half of the second line of 2 is vicious in the Bengal texts.

of thy sons' endeavouring to frighten him thus, displayed the wonderful strength he had acquired from culture and practice. Borne by his well-broken steeds, endued with the speed of Garuda or the Wind, and thoroughly obedient to the behests of him who held their reins, he quickly checked the heir of Asmaka. Staying before him, the handsome son of Asmaka, endued with great might, pierced him with ten shafts and addressing him, said, '*Wait, Wait.*' Abhimanyu then, with ten shafts, cut off the former's steeds and charioteer and standard and two arms and bow and head, and caused them to fall down on the earth, smiling the while. After the heroic ruler of the Asmakas had thus been slain by the son of Subhadra, the whole of his force wavered and began to fly away from the field. Then Karna and Kripa, and Drona and Drona's son, and the ruler of the Gandharas, and Sala and Salya, and Bhurisravas and Kratha, and Somadatta, and Vivinsati, and Vrishasena, and Sushena, and Kundavedhin, and Pratardana, and Vrindaraka and Lalithya, and Pravahu, and Drighalochana, and angry Duryodhana, showered their arrows upon him. Then Abhimanyu, excessively pierced by those great bowmen with their straight shafts, shot shafts at Karna which was capable of piercing through every armour and body. That shaft, piercing through Karna's coat of mail and then his body, entered the earth like a snake piercing through an anthill. Deeply pierced, Karna felt great pain and became perfectly helpless. Indeed, Karna began to tremble in that battle like a hill during an earthquake. Then with three other shafts of great sharpness, the mighty son of Arjuna, excited with rage, slew those three warriors, *viz.*, Sushena, Drighalochana, and Kundavedhin. Meanwhile, Karna (recovering from the shock) pierced Abhimanyu with five and twenty shafts. And Aswatthaman struck him with twenty, and Kritavarman with seven. Covered all over with arrows, that son of Sakra's son, filled with rage, careered over the field. And he was regarded by all the troops as Yama's self armed with the noose. He then scattered over Salya, who happened to be near him thick showers of arrows. That mighty-armed warrior then uttered loud shouts, frightening thy troops therewith. Meanwhile, Salya, pierced by Abhimanyu accomplished in weapons, with straight shafts penetrating into his very vitals, sat down on the terrace of his car and fainted away. Beholding Salya thus pierced by the celebrated son of Subhadra, all the troops fled away in the very sight of Bharadwaja's son. Seeing that mighty-armed warrior, *viz.*, Salya, thus covered with shafts of golden wings, thy army fled away like a head of deer attacked by a lion. And Abhimanyu glorified by the *Pitris*, the gods, and *Charanas*, and *Siddhas*, as also by diverse classes of creatures on the earth, with praises about (his heroism and skill in) battle, looked resplendent like a sacrificial fire fed with clarified butter.' "

SECTION XXXVI

"Dhritarashtra said, 'While Arjuna's son was thus grinding, by means of his straight arrows, our foremost bowmen, what warriors of my army endeavoured to check him ?'

"Sanjaya said, 'Hear, O king, of the splendid prowess in battle of youthful Abhimanyu while engaged in breaking the car-ranks (of the Kauravas), protected by the son of Bharadwaja himself.'

"Beholding the ruler of the Madras disabled in battle by Subhadra's son with his shafts, the younger brother of Salya, filled with wrath, advanced against Abhimanyu, scattering his shafts. Arjuna's son however. endued with great lightness of hand, cut off his antagonist's head and charioteer, his triple bamboo-pole, his bed (on the car), his car-wheels, his yoke, and shafts and quiver, and car-bottom, by means of his arrows, as also his banner and every other implements of battle with which his car was equipped. So quick were his movements that none could obtain a sight of his person. Deprived of life, that foremost and chief of all ornaments of battle fell down on the earth, like a huge hill uprooted by a mighty tempest. His followers then, struck with fear, fled away in all directions. Beholding that feat of the son of Arjuna, all creatures were highly gratified, and cheered him, O Bharata, with loud shouts of '*Excellent, Excellent*!'

"After Salya's brother had thus been slain, many followers of his, loudly proclaiming their families, places of residence, and names, rushed against Arjuna's son, filled with rage and armed with diverse weapons. Some of them were on cars, some on steeds and some on elephants; and others advanced on foot. And all of them were endued with fierce might. And they rushed frightening the son of Arjuna with the loud whiz of their arrows, the deep roar of their car-wheels, their fierce whoops and shouts and cries, their leonine roars, the loud twang of their bow-string, and the slaps of their palms. And they said, '*Thou shalt not escape us with life today*!' Hearing them say so, the son of Subhadra, smiling the while, pierced with his shafts those amongst them that had pierced him first. Displaying diverse weapons of beautiful look and of great celerity, the heroic son of Arjuna battled mildly with them. Those weapons that he had received from Vasudeva and those that he had received from Dhananjaya, Abhimanyu displayed in the very same way as Vasudeva and Dhananjaya. Disregarding the heavy burthen he had taken upon himself and casting off all fear, he repeatedly shot his arrows. No interval, again, could be noticed between his aiming and letting off an arrow. Only his trembling bow drawn to a circle could be seen on every side, looking like the blazing disc of the autumnal sun. And the twang of his bow, and the slap of his palms, O Bharata, were heard to resound like the roaring of clouds charged with thunder. Modest, wrathful, reverential to superiors, and exceedingly handsome, the son of Subhadra, out of regard for the

ostile heroes, fought with them mildly. Commencing gently, O king, he adually became fierce, like the illustrious maker of the day when autumn mes after the season of the rains is over. Like the Sun himself shedding s rays, Abhimanyu, filled with wrath, shot hundreds and thousands of hetted arrows, furnished with golden wings. In the very sight of haradwaja's son, that celebrated warrior covered the car-division of the aurava army with diverse kinds of arrows.[1] Thereupon, that army thus flicted by Abhimanyu with his shafts, turned its back on the field.' "

SECTION XXXVII

Dhritarashtra said, 'My heart, O Sanjaya, is agitated with different notions, *viz.*, shame and gratification, upon hearing that Subhadra's son ngly held in check the whole army of my son. O son of Gavalgana, ll me everything once more in detail about the encounter of youthful bhimanyu, which seems to have been pretty like Skanda's encounter with e *Asura* host.'

"Sanjaya said, 'I will relate to thee that fearful encounter that fierce ttle, as it took place between one and the many. Mounted upon his r, Abhimanyu, with great daring, showered his arrows on the warriors thy army mounted on their cars, all of whom were chastisers of foes, ndued with great courage. Careering with great speed like a circle of e, he pierced Drona and Karna, and Kripa, and Salya and Drona's son, nd Kritavarman of the Bhoja race, and Vrihadvala, and Duryodhana, nd Somadatta, and mighty Sakuni, and diverse kings and diverse inces and diverse bodies of troops. While engaged in slaying his foes means of superior weapons, the valiant son of Subhadra, endued with ighty energy, seemed, O Bharata, to be present everywhere. Beholding at conduct of Subhadra's son of immeasurable energy, thy troops embled repeatedly. Seeing that warrior of great proficiency in battle, haradwaja's son of great wisdom, with eyes expanded in joy, quickly me towards Kripa, and addressing him said, as if crushing (by that eech of his) the very vitals of thy son, O Bharata, the following words, Yonder cometh the youthful son of Subhadra at the head of the Parthas, lighting all his friends, and king Yudhishthira, and Nakula, and hadeva, and Bhimasena, the son of Pandu, and all his kinsmen, and latives by marriage, and all who are watching the battle as spectators

[1] I omit the names as they occur in the text. These are: (1) *Kshurupras*, *i.e.*, arrows arp as razors, (2) *Vatsadantas*, *i.e.*, arrows having heads like the calf-tooth, *Vipathas*, *i.e.*, long arrows having stout bodies, (4) *Narachas*, long arrows; *dhachandrabhais*, *i.e.*, looking like shafts furnished with heads of the form of the lf-moon; it is an adjective qualifying *Narachis*, (5) *Anjalikas* were broad-headed afts.

without taking any part in it. I do not regard any bowman to be h
equal in battle. If only he entertains the wish, he can slay this vast hos
It seems, that for some reason or other, he doth not entertain that wish
Hearing these words of Drona, so expressive of the gratification he fel
thy son, enraged with Abhimanyu, looked at Drona, faintly smiling th
while. Indeed, Duryodhana said unto Karna and king Valhika an
Duhsasana and the ruler of the Madras and the many other mighty ca
warriors of his army, these words, 'The preceptor of the entire order
the Kshatriyas,—he that is the foremost of all conversant with *Brahm*
doth not, from stupefication, wish to slay this son of Arjuna. None ca
in battle, escape the preceptor with life, not even the Destroyer himsel
if the latter advanceth against the preceptor as a foe. What, O friend
shall we say then of any mortal? I say this truly. This one is the so
of Arjuna, and Arjuna is the preceptor's disciple. It is for this that th
preceptor protecteth this youth. Disciples and sons and their sons a
always dear to the virtuous people. Protected by Drona, the youthful so
of Arjuna regardeth himself valourous. He is only a fool entertaining
high opinion of himself. Crush him, therefore, without delay.' Thu
addressed by the Kuru king, those warriors, O monarch, excited wit
rage and desirous of slaying their foe, rushed, in the very sight of Dron
at the son of Subhadra that daughter of the Satwata race. Duhsasana
in particular, that tiger among the Kurus, hearing those words
Duryodhana, answered the latter, saying, 'O monarch, I tell thee tha
even I will slay this one in the very sight of the Pandavas and befo
the eyes of the Panchalas. I shall certainly devour the son of Subhadr
today, like *Rahu* swallowing *Surya* (sun).' And once more addressin
the Kuru king loudly, Duhsasana said, 'Hearing that Subhadra's so
hath been slain by me, the two Krishnas, who are exceedingly vain, wi
without doubt, go to the region of the departed spirits, leaving th
world of men. Hearing then of the death of the two Krishnas, it
evident that the other sons born of Pandu's wives, with all the
friends, will, in course of a single day, cast away their lives from de
pair. It is evident, therefore, that this one foe of thine being slain, a
thy foes will be slain. Wish me well, O king, even I will slay this fo
of thine.' Having said these words, O king, thy son Duhsasana, fille
with rage and uttering a loud roar, rushed against the son of Subhadr
and covered him with showers of arrows. Abhimanyu then, O chastis
of foes, received that son of thine thus advancing upon him wrathfull
with six and twenty arrows of sharp points. Duhsasana, however, fille
with rage, and looking like an infuriated elephant, fought desperate
with Abhimanyu, the son of Subhadra in that battle. Both of the
masters in car-fight, they fought on describing beautiful circles with the
cars, one of them to the left and other to the right. The warriors the
with their *Panavas* and *Mridangas* and *Dundubhis* and *Krakachas* and gre
Anakas and *Bheris* and *Jharjaras*, caused a deafening noise mingled wi
leonine roars, such as arise from the great receptacle of salt waters.' "

SECTION XXXVIII

"Sanjaya said, 'Then the intelligent Abhimanyu, with limbs mangled with arrows, smilingly addressed his foe, Duhsasana, stationed before him saying, 'By good luck it is that I behold in battle that vain hero arrived before me, who is cruel, who hath cast away all righteousness, and who brawleth out lustily his own praises. In the assembly (for the Kurus) and in the hearing of king Dhritarashtra, thou hadst, with thy harsh speeches, angered king Yudhishthira. Relying on the deception of the dice and the skill (therein) of Suvala's son, thou hadst also maddened by success, addressed many delirious speech to Bhima![1] In consequence of the anger of those illustrious persons, thou art, at last, about to obtain the fruit of that conduct of thine![2]. O thou of wicked understanding, obtain thou without delay the fruit[3] of the robbery of other people's possessions, wrathfulness, of thy hatred of peace, of avarice, of ignorance, of hostilities (with kinsmen), of injustice and persecution, of depriving my sires—those fierce bowmen—of their kingdom, and of thy own fierce temper. I shall today chastise thee with my arrows in the sight of the whole army. Today, I shall in battle disburden myself of that wrath which I cherish against thee. I shall today free myself of the debt I owe to angry Krishna and to my sire who always craveth for an opportunity to chastise thee. O Kaurava, today I shall free myself of the debt I owe to Bhima. With life thou shalt not escape me, if indeed, thou dost not abandon the battle.' Having said these words, that mighty-armed warrior, that slayer of hostile heroes, aimed a shaft endued with the splendour of Yama or of Agni or of the Wind-god, capable of despatching Duhsasana to the other world. Quickly approaching Duhsasana's bosom, that shaft fell upon his shoulder-joint and penetrated into his body up to the very wings, like a snake into an ant-hill. And soon Abhimanyu once more struck him with five and twenty arrows whose touch resembled that of fire, and which were sped from his bow drawn to its fullest stretch, Deeply pierced and greatly pained, Duhsasana sat down on the terrace of his car and was, O king, overtaken by a swoon. Afflicted thus by the arrows of Subhadra's son and deprived of his senses, Duhsasana was speedily borne away from the midst of the fight by his charioteer. Beholding this, the Pandavas, the five sons of Draupadi, Virata, the Panchalas, and the Kekayas, uttered leonine shouts. And the troops of the Pandavas, filled with joy, caused diverse kinds of musical instruments to be beat and blown. Beholding that feat of Subhadra's son they laughed with joy. Seeing that implacable and proud foe of theirs thus vanquished,

[1]There are the names of diverse kinds of drums small and large.

[2]I adopt the Bombay reading of the 1st line of 4.

[3]The fruit being the present encounter with Abhimanyu in which Duhsasana, according to Abhimanyu, shall have to lay down his life.

those mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, the (five) sons of Draupadi, who had on their banners the images of Yama and Maruta and Sakra and the twin Aswins, and Satyaki, and Chekitana, and Dhrishtadyumna, and Sikhandin, and the Kekayas, and Dhrishtaketu, and the Matsyas, Panchalas, and the Srinjayas, and the Pandavas headed by Yudhishthira, were filled with joy. And all of them rushed with speed, desirous of piercing Drona's array. Then a dreadful battle took place between the warriors and those of the foe. All of them were unretreating heroes, and inspired by desire of victory. During the progress of that dreadful encounter, Duryodhana, O monarch, addressing the son of Radha, said, 'Behold, the heroic Duhsasana, who resembleth the scorching sun who was hitherto slaying the foe in battle, hath at last himself succumbed to Abhimanyu. The Pandavas also, filled with rage and looking fierce like mighty lions, are rushing towards us, desirous of rescuing the son of Subhadra.' Thus addressed, Karna with rage and desirous of doing good to thy son, rained showers of sharp arrows on the invincible Abhimanyu. And the heroic Karna, as if in contempt of his antagonist, also pierced the latter's followers on the field of battle, with many excellent shafts of great sharpness. The high-souled Abhimanyu, however, O king, desirous of proceeding against Drona, quickly pierced Radha's son with three and seventy shafts. No car-warrior of thy army succeeded at that time in obstructing the progress towards Drona, of Abhimanyu, who was the son of Indra's son and who was afflicting all the foremost car-warriors of the Kaurava host. Then Karna, the most honoured of all bowmen, desirous of obtaining victory, pierced the son of Subhadra with hundreds of arrows, displacing his best weapons. That foremost of all persons conversant with weapons, that valiant disciple of Rama, by means of his weapons, thus afflicted Abhimanyu who was incapable of being defeated by foes. Though afflicted in battle by Radha's son with showers of weapons, still Subhadra's son who resembled a very celestial (for prowess) felt no pain. With his shafts whetted on stone and furnished with sharp points, the son of Arjuna, cutting off the bows of many heroic warriors, began to afflict Karna in return. With shafts resembling snakes of virulent poison and shot from his bow drawn to a circle, Abhimanyu quickly cut off the umbrella, standard, the charioteer, and the steeds of Karna, smiling the while. Karna then shot five straight arrows at Abhimanyu. The son of Phalguna, however, received them fearlessly. Endued with great valour and courage, the latter then, in a moment, with only a single arrow, cut off Karna's bow and standard and caused them to drop down on the ground. Beholding Karna in such distress, his younger brother, drawing the bow with great force, speedily proceeded against the son of Subhadra. The Parthas then, and their followers uttered loud shouts and beat their musical instruments and applauded the son of Subhadra [for his heroism].' "

SECTION XXXIX

"Sanjaya said, 'Then the younger brother of Karna, uttering loud roars, bow in hand, and repeatedly stretching the bow-string, quickly placed himself between those two illustrious warriors. And Karna's brother, with ten shafts, pierced invincible Abhimanyu and his umbrella and standard and charioteer and steeds, smiling the while. Beholding Abhimanyu thus afflicted with those arrows, although he had achieved those superhuman feats in the manner of his sire and grandsire, the warriors of thy army were filled with delight. Then Abhimanyu, forcibly bending the bow and smiling the while, with one winged arrow cut off his antagonist's head. That head, severed from the trunk, fell down on the earth. Beholding his brother slain and overthrown, like a *Karnikara* tree shaken and thrown down by the wind from the mountain top, Karna, O monarch, was filled with pain. Meanwhile, the son of Subhadra, causing Karna by means of his arrows to turn away from the field, quickly rushed against the other great bowmen. Then Abhimanyu of fierce energy and great fame, filled with wrath, broke that host of diverse forces abounding with elephants and steeds and cars and infantry. As regards Karna, afflicted by Abhimanyu with countless shafts, he fled away from the field borne by swift steeds. The Kaurava array then broke. When the welkin was covered with Abhimanyu's shafts, like flights of locusts or thick showers of rain, nothing, O monarch, could be distinguished. Amongst thy warriors thus slaughtered by Abhimanyu with sharp shafts, none, O monarch, stayed any longer on the field of battle except the ruler of the Sindhus. Then that bull among men, *viz.*, the son of Subhadra, blowing his conch, speedily, fell upon the Bharata host, O bull of Bharata's race! Like a burning brand thrown into the midst of dry grass, Arjuna's son began to consume his foes, quickly careering through the Kaurava army. Having pierced through their array, he mangled cars and elephants and steeds and human beings by means of his sharp shafts and caused the field of battle teem with headless trunks. Cut off by means of excellent arrows shot from the bow of Subhadra's son, the Kaurava warriors fled away, slaying, as they fled, their own comrades before them. Those fierce arrows, of terrible effect whetted on stone and countless in number, slaying car-warriors and elephants, steeds, fell fast on the field. Arms, decked with *Angadas* and other ornaments of gold, cut off and hands cased in leathern covers, and arrows, and bows, and bodies and heads decked with ear-rings and floral wreaths, lay in thousands on the field. Obstructed with *Upashkaras* and *Adhishthanas* and long poles also with crushed *Akshas* and broken wheels and yokes, numbering thousands, with darts and bows and swords and fallen standards, and with shields and bows lying all about, with the bodies, O monarch, of slain Kshatriyas and steeds and elephants, the field of battle, looking exceedingly fierce, soon became impassable. The noise made by the princes, as they called upon one another while slaughtered by Abhimanyu, became deafening and

enhanced the fears of the timid. That noise, O chief of the Bharatas, filled all the points of the compass. The son of Subhadra rushed against the (Kaurava) troops, slaying foremost of car-warriors and steeds and elephants. Quickly consuming his foes, like a fire playing in the midst of a heap of dry grass, the son of Arjuna was seen careering through the midst of the Bharata army. Encompassed as he was by our troops and covered with dust, none of us could obtain a sight of that warrior when, O Bharata, he was careering over the field in all directions, cardinal and subsidiary. And he took the lives of steeds and elephants and human warriors, O Bharata, almost incessantly. And soon after we saw him (come out of the press). Indeed, O monarch, we beheld him then scorching his foes like the meridian sun (scorching everything with his rays). Equal to Vasava himself in battle, that son of Vasava's son *viz.*, Abhimanyu, looked resplendent in the midst of the (hostile) army.' "

SECTION XL

"Dhritarashtra said, 'A mere child in years, brought up in great luxury, proud of the strength of his arms, accomplished in battle, endued with great heroism, the perpetuator of his race, and prepared to lay down his life—when Abhimanyu penetrated into the Kaurava army, borne on his three-years old steeds of spirited mettle, was there any of great warriors, in Yudhishthira's army, that followed the son of Arjuna?'

"Sanjaya said, 'Yudhishthira and Bhimasena, and Sikhandin and Satyaki, and the twins Nakula and Sahadeva, and Dhrishtadyumna and Virata, and Drupada, and Kekaya, and Dhristaketu, all filled with wrath, and the Matsya warrior, rushed to battle. Indeed, Abhimanyu's sires accompanied by his maternal uncles, those smiters of foes, arrayed in order of battle rushed along the self-same path that Abhimanyu had created, desirous of rescuing him. Beholding those heroes rushing, thy troops turned away from the fight. Seeing then that vast army of thy son turning away from the fight, the son-in-law of great energy rushed to rally them. Indeed, king Jayadratha, the son of the ruler of the Sindhus, checked, with all their followers, the Parthas, desirous of rescuing their son. That fierce and great bowman, *viz* the son of Vriddhakshatra, invoking into existence celestial weapons resisted the Pandavas, like an elephant sporting in a low land.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'I think, Sanjaya, that heavy was the burthen thrown upon the ruler of the Sindhus, inasmuch as alone he had to resist the angry Pandavas desirous of rescuing their son. Exceedingly wonderful, I think, was the might and heroism of the ruler of the Sindhus. Tell me what the high-souled warrior's prowess was and how he accomplished that

remost of feats. What gifts did he make, what libations had he poured, hat sacrifices had he performed, what ascetic austerities had he well ndergone, in consequence of which, single-handed, he succeeded in check-g Parthas excited with wrath?'

"Sanjaya said, 'On the occasion of his insult to Draupadi, Jayadratha as vanquished by Bhimasena. From a keen sense of his humiliation, the ng practised the severest of ascetic austerities, desirous of a boon. estraining his senses from all objects dear to them, bearing hunger, thirst d heat, he reduced his body till his swollen veins became visible. Utter-g the eternal words of the *Veda*, he paid his adoration to the god ahadeva. That illustrious Deity, always inspired with compassion for s devotees, at last, became kind towards him. Indeed, Hara, appearing in dream unto the ruler of the Sindhus, addressed him, saying 'Solicit the oon thou desirest. I am gratified with thee, O Jayadratha ! What dost ou desire?' Thus addressed by Mahadeva, Jayadratha, the ruler of the ndhus, bowed down unto him and said with joined palms and restrained ul, 'Alone, on a single car, I shall check in battle all the sons of Pandu, dued though they are with terrible energy and prowess.' Even this, Bharata, was the boon he had solicited. Thus prayed to that foremost the deities said unto Jayadratha, 'O amiable one, I grant thee the oon. Except Dhananjaya, the son of Pritha, thou shalt in battle check e four other sons of Pandu.' 'So be it,' said Jayadratha unto that Lord the gods and then awoke, O monarch, from his slumber. In conse-ience of that boon which he had received and of the strength also of s celestial weapons, Jayadratha, single-handed, held in check the entire my of the Pandavas. The twang of his bow-string and the slaps of his lms inspired the hostile Kshatriyas with fear, filling thy troops, at the me time with delight. And the Kshatriyas (of the Kuru army), behold-g that the burthen was taken up by the ruler of the Sindhus, rushed with ud shouts, O monarch, to that part of the field where Yudhishthira's my was.' "

SECTION XLI

anjaya said, 'Thou askest me, O monarch, about the prowess of the ler of the Sindhus. Listen to me as I describe in detail how he fought th the Pandavas. Large steeds of the Sindhu breed, well-trained and

[1] *Pravanddiva* is explained by Nilakantha as *nimnadeeam prapya*. The meaning ms to be, as I have put it, "like an elephant in a low land, *i.e.*, land covered with d and water."

[2] These are particular limbs of cars.

fleet as the wind, and obedient to the commands of the charioteer, bor him (on that occasion). His car, duly equipped, looked like a vapour edifice in the welkin. His standard bearing the device of a large boar i silver, looked exceedingly beautiful. With his white umbrella and banners and the yak-tails with which he was fanned—which are regal indications— he shone like the Moon himself in the firmament. His car-fence made o iron was decked with pearls and diamonds and gems and gold. And i looked resplendent like the firmament bespangled with luminous bodies Drawing his large bow and scattering countless shafts, he once mor filled up that array in those places where openings had been made by th son of Arjuna. And he pierced Satyaki with three arrows, and Vrikodar with eight; and having pierced Dhrishtadyumna with sixty arrows, h pierced Drupada with five sharp ones, and Sikhandin with ten. Piercin then the Kaikeyas with five and twenty arrows, Jayadratha pierced eac of the five sons of Draupadi with three arrows. And piercing Yudhish thira then with seventy arrows, the ruler of the Sindhus pierced the othe heroes of the Pandava army with thick showers of shafts. And that fea of his seemed exceedingly wonderful. Then, O monarch, the valiant so of Dharma, aiming Jayadratha's bow, cut it off with a polished and well tempered shaft, smiling the while. Within the twinkling, however, of th eye, the ruler of the Sindhus took up another bow and piercing Prath (Yudhishthira) with ten arrows struck each of the others with three shafts Marking that lightness of hands showed by Jayadratha, Bhima then wit three broad-headed shafts, quickly felled on the earth his bow, standar and umbrella. The mighty Jayadratha then, taking up another bow, strun it and felled Bhima's standard and bow and steeds. O sire ! His bow cu off, Bhimasena then jumping down from that excellent car whose steed had been slain, mounted on the car of Satyaki, like a lion jumping to th top of a mountain. Seeing this, thy troops were filled with joy. An they loudly shouted, '*Excellent*! *Excellent*!' And they repeatedly applau ded that feat of the ruler of the Sindhus. Indeed, all creatures highl applauded that feat of his, which consisted in his resisting, single-handed all the Pandavas together, excited with wrath. The path that the son o Subhadra had made for the Pandavas by the slaughter of numerou warriors and elephants was then filled up by the ruler of the Sindhus Indeed, those heroes, *viz.*, the Matsyas, the Panchalas, the Kaikeyas, an the Pandavas, exerting themselves vigorously, succeeded in approaching th presence of Jayadratha, but none of them could bear him. Everyon amongst thy enemies who endeavoured to pierce the array that had bee formed by Drona, was checked by the ruler of the Sindhus in consequenc of the boon he had got (from Mahadeva).' "

SECTION XLII

"Sanjaya said, 'When the ruler of the Sindhus checked the Pandavas, desirous of success, the battle that took place then between thy troops and the enemy became awful. The invincible son of Arjuna, of sure aim and mighty energy, having penetrated in the (Kaurava) array agitated it like a *Makara* agitating the ocean. Against that chastiser of foes then, *viz.*, the son of Subhadra, who was thus agitating the hostile host with his arrowy showers, the principal warriors of the Kaurava army rushed, each according to his rank and precedence. The clash between them of immeasurable energy, scattering their arrowy showers with great force, on the one side and Abhimanyu alone on the other, became awful. The son of Arjuna, encompassed on all sides by those enemies with crowds of cars, slew the charioteer of Vrishasena and also cut off his bow. And the mighty Abhimanyu then pierced Vrishasena's steeds with his straight shafts, upon which those coursers, with the speed of the wind, bore Vrishasena away from the battle. Utilizing that opportunity, Abhimanyu's charioteer freed his car from that press by taking it away to another part of the field. Those numerous car-warriors then, (beholding this feat) were filled with joy and exclaimed, '*Excellent*! *Excellent*!' Seeing the lion-like Abhimanyu angrily slaying the foe with his shafts and advancing from a distance. Vasatiya, proceeding towards him quickly fell upon him with great force. The latter pierced Abhimanyu with sixty shafts of golden wings and addressing him, said, 'As long as I am alive, thou shalt not escape with life.' Cased though he was in an iron coat of mail, the son of Subhadra pierced him in the chest with a far-reaching shaft. Thereupon Vasatiya fell down on the earth, deprived of life. Beholding Vasatiya slain, many bulls among Kshatriyas became filled with wrath, and surrounded thy grandson, O king, from a desire of slaying him. They approached him, stretching their countless bows of diverse kinds, and the battle then that took place between the son of Subhadra and his foes was exceedingly fierce. Then the son of Phalguni, filled with wrath, cut off their arrows and bows, and diverse limbs of their bodies, and their heads decked with ear-rings and floral garlands. And arms were seen lopped off, that were adorned with various ornaments of gold, and that still held scimitars and spiked maces and battle-axes and the fingers of which were still cased in leathern gloves. [And the earth became strewn][1] with floral wreaths and ornaments and cloths, with fallen standards, with coats of mail and shields and golden chains and diadems and umbrellas and yak-tails; with *Upashkaras* and *Adhishthanas*, and *Dandakas*, and *Vandhuras* with crushed *Akshas*, broken wheels, and yokes, numbering thousands,[2] with *Anukarashas*, and banners, and

[1]These words occur in 17 lower down.

[2]These are limbs of cars.

charioteers, and steeds; as also with broken cars, and elephants, and steeds. The field of battle, strewn with slain Kshatriyas endued (while living) with great heroism,—rulers of diverse realms, inspired with desire of victory,—presented a fearful sight. When Abhimanyu angrily careered over the field of battle in all directions, his very form became invisible. Only his coat of mail, decked with gold, his ornaments, and bow and shafts, could be seen. Indeed, while he slew the hostile warriors by means of his shafts, staying in their midst like the sun himself in his blazing effulgence, none could gaze at him with his eyes.' "

SECTION XLIII

"Sanjaya said, 'Engaged in taking the lives of brave warriors, Arjuna's son then resembled the Destroyer himself, when the latter takes the lives of all creatures on the arrival of the Universal Dissolution. Possessed of prowess resembling that of Sakra himself, the mighty son of Sakra's son, *viz.*, Abhimanyu, agitating the Kaurava army looked exceedingly resplendent. Penetrating into the Kaurava host, O king, that destroyer of foremost Kshatriyas resembling Yama himself, seized Satvasravas, like an infuriated tiger seizing a deer. Beholding Satyasrayas, seized by him, many mighty car-warriors, taking up diverse kinds of weapons, rushed upon him. Indeed, those bulls among Kshatriyas, from a spirit of rivalry, rushed at the son of Arjuna from desire of slaying him, all exclaiming, '*I shall go first, I shall go first*!' As a whale in the sea obtaining a shoal of small fish seizes them with the greatest ease, even so did Abhimanyu receive that whole division of the rushing Kshatriyas. Like rivers that never go back when they approach the sea, none amongst those unretreating Kshatriyas turned back when they approached Abhimanyu. That army then reeled like a boat tossed on the ocean when overtaken by a mighty tempest, (with its crew) afflicted with panic caused by the violence of the wind. Then the mighty Rukmaratha, son of the ruler of the Madras, for assuring the frightened troops, fearlessly said, 'Ye heroes, ye need not fear! When I am here, what is Abhimanyu? Without doubt, I will seize this one a living captive'. Having said these words, the valiant prince, borne on his beautiful and well-equipped car, rushed at Abhimanyu. Piercing Abhimanyu with three shafts in the chest, three in the right arm, and three other sharp shafts in the left arm, he uttered a loud roar. Phalguni's son, however, cutting off his bow, his right and left arms, and his head adorned with beautiful eyes and eye-brows quickly felled them on the earth. Beholding Rukmaratha, the honoured son of Salya, slain by the illustrious son of Subhadra, that Rukmaratha *viz.*, who had vowed to consume his foe or take him alive, many princely

friends of Salya's son, O king, accomplished in smiting and incapable of being easily defeated in battle, and owning standards decked with gold, (came up for the fight). Those mighty car-warriors, stretching their bows full six cubits long, surrounded the son of Arjuna, all pouring their arrowy showers upon him. Beholding the brave and invincible son of Subhadra singly encountered by all those wrathful princes endued with heroism and skill acquired by practice and strength and youth, and seeing him covered with showers of arrows, Duryodhana rejoiced greatly, and regarded Abhimanyu as one already made a guest of Yama's abode. Within the twinkling of an eye, those princes, by means of their shafts of golden wings, and of diverse forms and great impetuosity, made Arjuna's son invisible. Himself, his standard, and his car, O sire, were seen by us covered with shafts like (trees overwhelmed with) flights of locusts. Deeply pierced, he became filled with rage like an elephant struck with the hook. He then, O Bharata, applied the *Gandharva* weapon and the illusion consequent to it.[1] Practising ascetic penances, Arjuna had obtained that weapon from the *Gandharva* Tumvuru and others. With that weapon, Abhimanyu now confounded his foes. Quickly displaying his weapons, he careered in that battle like a circle of fire, and was, O king, seen sometimes as a single individual, sometimes as a hundred, and sometimes as a thousand ones. Confounding his foes by the skill with which his car was guided and by the illusion caused by his weapons, he cut in a hundred pieces, O monarch, the bodies of the kings (opposed to him). By means of his sharp shafts the lives of living creatures were despatched. These, O king attained to the other world while their bodies fell down on the earth. Their bows, and steeds and charioteers, and standards, and armies decked with *Angadar*, and heads, the son of Phalguni cut off with his sharp shafts. Those hundred princes were slain and felled by Subhadra's son like a tope of five-year old mango-trees just on the point of bearing fruit (laid low by a tempest). Beholding those youthful princes brought up in every luxury, and resembling angry snakes of virulent poison, all slain by the single-handed Abhimanyu, Duryodhana was filled with fear. Seeing (his) car-warriors and elephants and steeds and foot-soldiers crushed, the Kuru king quickly proceeded in wrath against Abhimanyu. Continued for only a short space of time, the unfinished battle between them became exceedingly fierce. Thy son then, afflicted with Abhimanyu's arrows, was obliged to turn back from the fight.' "

[1]The Bombay reading is slightly different.

SECTION XLIV

"Dhritarashtra said, 'That which thou tellest me, O *Suta*, about the battle, fierce and terrible, between the one and the many, and the victory of that illustrious one, that story of the prowess of Subhadra's son is highly wonderful and almost incredible. I do not, however, regard it as a marvel that is absolutely beyond belief in the case of those that have righteousness for their refuge. After Duryodhana was beaten back and a hundred princes slain, what course was pursued by the warriors of my army against the son of Subhadra?'

"Sanjaya said, 'Their mouths became dry, and eyes restless. Sweat covered their bodies, and their hairs stood on their ends. Despairing of vanquishing their foe, they became ready to leave the field. Abandoning their wounded brothers and sires and sons and friends and relatives by marriage and kinsmen they fled, urging their steeds and elephants to their utmost speed. Beholding them broken and routed, Drona and Drona's son, and Vrihadvala, and Kripa, and Duryodhana, and Karna, and Kritavarman, and Suvala's son (Sakuni), rushed in great wrath against the unvanquished son of Subhadra. Almost all these, O king, were beaten back by thy grandson. Only one warrior then, *viz.*, Lakshmana, brought up in luxury, accomplished in arrows, endued with great energy, and fearless in consequence of inexperience and pride, proceeded against the son of Arjuna. Anxious about his son, his father (Duryodhana) turned back for following him. Other mighty car warriors, turned back for following Duryodhana. All of them then drenched Abhimanyu with showers of arrows, like clouds pouring rain on the mountain-breast. Abhimanyu, however, single-handed, began to crush them like the dry wind that blows in every direction destroying gathering masses of clouds. Like one infuriated elephant encountering another, Arjuna's son then encountered thy invincible grandson, Lakshmana, of great personal beauty, endued with great bravery, staying near his father with outstretched bow, brought up in every luxury, and resembling a second prince of the Yakshas[1]. Encountering Lakshmana, that slayer of hostile heroes, *viz.*, the son of Subhadra, had his two arms and chest struck with his sharp shafts. Thy grandson, the mighty-armed Abhimanyu then, filled with rage like a snake struck (with a rod), addressing, O king, thy (other) grandson, said, 'Look well on this world, for thou shalt (soon) have to go to the other. In the very sight of all thy kinsmen, I will despatch thee to Yama's abode.' Saying thus that slayer of hostile heroes, *viz.*, the mighty-armed son of Subhadra, took out a broad-headed arrow that resembled a snake just emerged from its slough. That shaft, sped by Abhimanyu's arms, cut off the beautiful head, decked with ear-rings, of Lakshmana, that was graced with a

[1]Literally, "like another son of the Lord of Treasure".

beautiful nose, beautiful eye-brows, and exceedingly good-looking curls. Beholding Lakshmana slain, thy troops uttered exclamations of *Oh* and *Alas*. Upon the slaughter of his dear son, Duryodhana became filled with rage. That bull among Kshatriyas then loudly urged the Kshatriyas under him, saying, 'Slay this one!' Then Drona, and Kripa, and Karna, and Drona's son and Vrihadvala, and Kritavarman, the son of Hridika,—these six car-warriors,—encompassed Abhimanyu. Piercing them with sharp arrows and beating them off from him, the son of Arjuna fell with great speed and fury upon the vast forces of Jayadratha. Thereupon, the Kalingas, the Nishadas, and the valiant son of Kratha, all clad in mail, cut off his path by encompassing him with their elephant-division. The battle then that took place between Phalguni's son and those warriors was obstinate and fierce. Then the son of Arjuna began to destroy that elephant-division as the wind coursing in every direction destroys vast masses of gathering clouds in the welkin. Then Kratha covered the son of Arjuna with showers of arrows, while many other car-warriors headed by Drona, having returned to the field, rushed at him, scattering sharp and mighty weapons. Checking all those weapons by means of his own arrows, the son of Arjuna began to afflict the son of Kratha with ceaseless showers of shafts, with great despatch and inspired by the desire of slaying his antagonist. The latter's bow and shafts, and bracelets, and arms, and head decked with diadem, and umbrella, and standard, and charioteer, and steeds, were all cut off and felled by Abhimanyu. When Kratha's son, possessed of nobility of lineage, good behaviour, acquaintance with the scriptures, great strength, fame, and power of arms, was slain, the other heroic combatants almost all turned away from the fight.' "

SECTION XLV

"Dhritarashtra said, 'While the youthful and invincible son of Subhadra, never retreating from battle, was, after penetrating into our array, engaged in achieving feats worthy of his lineage, borne by his three-year old steeds of great might and of the best breed, and apparently trotting in the welkin, what heroes of my army encompassed him?'

"Sanjaya said, 'Having penetrated into our array, Abhimanyu of Pandu's race, by means of his sharp shafts, made all the kings turn away from the fight. Then Drona, and Kripa, and Karna, and Drona's son, and Vrihadvala and Kritavarman, the son of Hridika,—these six car-warriors,—encompassed him. As regards the other combatants of thy

[1]I confess I do not understand what the meaning is of *asiva vachvz Srijatam*. The rendering I offer is tentative.

army, beholding that Jayadratha had taken upon himself the heavy duty (of keeping off the Pandavas), they supported him, O king, by rushing against Yudhishthira.[1] Many amongst them, endued with great strength, drawing their bows full six cubits long, showered on the heroic son of Subhadra arrowy downpours like torrents of rain. Subhadra's son, however, that slayer of hostile heroes, paralysed by his shafts all those great bowmen, conversant with every branch of learning. And he pierced Drona with fifty arrows and Vrihadvala with twenty. And piercing Kritavarman with eighty shafts, he pierced Kripa with sixty. And the son of Arjuna pierced Aswatthaman with ten arrows equipped with golden wings, endued with great speed and shot from his bow drawn to its fullest stretch. And the son of Phalguni pierced Karna, in the midst of his foes, in one of his ears, with a bright, well-tempered, and bearded arrow of great force. Felling the steeds yoked to Kripa's car, as also both his *Parshni* charioteers, Abhimanyu pierced Kripa himself in the centre of the chest with ten arrows. The mighty Abhimanyu, then, in the very sight of thy heroic sons, slew the brave Vrindaraka, that enhancer of the fame of the Kurus. While Abhimanyu was thus engaged in fearlessly slaying one after another the foremost warriors among his enemies, Drona's son Aswatthaman pierced him with five and twenty small arrows. The son of Arjuna, however, in the very sight of all the Dhartarashtras quickly pierced Aswatthaman in return, O sire, with many whetted shafts. Drona's son, however, in return, piercing Abhimanyu with sixty fierce arrows of great impetuosity and keen sharpness, failed to make him tremble, for the latter, pierced by Aswatthaman, stood immovable like the Mainaka mountain. Endued with great energy, the mighty Abhimanyu then pierced his antagonist with three and seventy straight arrows, equipped with wings of gold. Drona then, desirous of rescuing his son, pierced Abhimanyu with a hundred arrows. And Aswatthaman pierced him with sixty arrows, desirous of rescuing his father. And Karna struck him with two and twenty broad-headed arrows and Kritavarman struck him with four and ten. And Vrihadvala pierced him with fifty such shafts, and Saradwata's son, Kirpa, with ten. Abhimanyu, however, pierced each of these in return with ten shafts. The ruler of the Kosala struck Abhimanyu, in the chest with a barbed arrow. Abhimanyu, however, quickly felled on the earth his antagonist's steeds and standard and bow and charioteer. The ruler of the Kosalas, then, thus deprived of his car, took up a sword and wished to sever from Abhimanyu's trunk his beautiful head, decked with ear-rings. Abhimanyu then pierced king Vrihadvala, the ruler of the Kosalas, in the chest, with a strong arrow. The latter then, with riven heart, fell down. Beholding this, ten thousand illustrious kings broke and fled. Those kings, armed with swords and bows, fled away, uttering words inimical (to king Duryodhana's interest). Having slain[2] Vrihadvala

[1] I follow the numbering of the Bengal texts. 23 consists of three lines.

[2] I expand the 5th a little to make the sense clear.

thus, the son of Subhadra careered it battle, paralysing thy warriors,—those great bowmen,—by means of arrowy downpours, thick as rain.' "[1]

SECTION XLVI

"Sanjaya said, 'Phalguni's son once more pierced Karna in the car with a barbed arrow, and for angering him still further, he pierced him with fifty other shafts. The son of Radha pierced Abhimanyu in return with as many shafts. Covered all over with arrows, Abhimanyu, then, O sire, looked exceedingly beautiful. Filled with rage, he caused Karna also to be bathed in blood. Mangled with arrows and covered with blood, the brave Karna also shone greatly.[2] Both of them pierced with arrows, both bathed in blood, those illustrious warriors then resembled a couple of flowering *Kinsukas*. The son of Subhadra then slew six of Karna's brave counsellors, conversant with all modes of warfare, with their steeds and charioteers and cars. As regards other great bowmen Abhimanyu fearlessly pierced each of them in return, with ten arrows. That feat of his seemed highly wonderful. Slaying next the son of the ruler of the Magadhas, Abhimanyu, with six straight shafts, slew the youthful Aswaketu with his four steeds and charioteer. Then slaying, with a sharp razor-headed arrow, the Bhoja prince of Martikavata, bearing the device of an elephant (on his banner), the son of Arjuna uttered a loud shout and began to scatter his shafts on all sides. Then the son of Duhsasana pierced the four steeds of Abhimanyu with four shafts, his charioteer with one and Abhimanyu himself with ten. The son of Arjuna, then, piercing Duhsasana's son with ten fleet shafts, addressed him in a loud tone and with eyes red in wrath, said, 'Abandoning the battle, thy sire hath fled like a coward. It is well thou knowest how to fight. Thou shalt not, however, escape today with life.' Saying these words unto him, Abhimanyu sped a long arrow, well polished by smith's hand, at his foe. The son of Drona cut that arrow with three shafts of his own. Leaving Aswatthaman alone, Arjuna's son struck Salya, in return, fearlessly pierced him in the chest with highly nine shafts, equipped with vulture's feathers. That feat seemed highly wonderful. The son of Arjuna then cut off Salya's bow and slew both his *Parshni* charioteers. Abhimanyu then pierced Salya himself with six shafts made wholly of iron. Thereupon, the latter, leaving that steedless car, mounted another. Abhimanyu then slew five warriors, named Satrunjaya, and Chandraketu, and Mahamegha, and

[1] I expand the 5th a little to make the sense clear.

[2] In the first line of 3, the correct reading is *Karnanchapy akarot krudha, etc.*, the reading in the Bengal text is vicious and unmeaning.

Suvarchas, and Suryabhasa. He then pierced Suvala's son. The latter piercing Abhimanyu with three arrows, said unto Duryodhana, 'Let us all together grind this one, else, fighting singly with us he will slay us all. O king, think of the means of slaying this one, taking counsel with Drona and Kripa and others.' The Karna, the son of Vikartana, said unto Drona, 'Abhimanyu grindeth us all. Tell us the means by which we may slay him.' Thus addressed, the mighty bowman, Drona, addressing them all, said, 'Observing him with vigilance, have any of you been able to detect any *defeat* in this youth? He is careering in all directions. Yet have any of you been able to detect today the least hole in him? Behold the lightness of hand and quickness of motion of this lion among men, this son of Arjuna. In the track of his car, only his bow drawn to a circle can be seen, so quickly is he aiming his shafts and so quickly is he letting them off. Indeed, this slayer of hostile heroes, *viz.*, the son of Subhadra, gratifieth me although he afflicteth my vital breath and stupefieth me with shafts. Even the mightiest car-warriors, filled with warth, are unable to detect any flaw in him. The son of Subhadra, therefore, careering on the field of battle, gratifieth me greatly. I do not see that in battle there is any difference between the wielder of *Gandiva* himself and this one of great lightness of hand, filling all the points of the horizon with his mighty shafts.' Hearing these words, Karna, afflicted with the shafts of Arjuna's son, once more said unto Drona, 'Exceedingly afflicted with the shafts of Abhimanyu, I am staying in battle, only because (as a warrior) I should stay here. Indeed, the arrows of this south of great energy are exceedingly fierce. Terrible as they are and possessed of the energy of fire, these arrows are weakening my heart.' The preceptor then, slowly and with a smile, said unto Karna, 'Abhimanyu is young, his prowess is great. His coat of mail is impenetrable. This one's father had been taught by me the method of wearing defensive armour. This subjugator of hostile towns assuredly knoweth the entire science (of wearing armour). With shafts well shot, you can, however, cut off his bow, bow-string, the reins of his steeds, the steeds themselves, and two *Parshni* charioteers. O mighty bowman, O son of Radha, if competent, do this. Making him turn back from the fight (by this means), strike him then. With his bow in hand he is incapable of being vanquished by the very gods and the *Asuras* together. If you wish, deprive him of his car, and divest him of his bow.' Hearing these words of the preceptor, Vikartana's son Karna quickly cut off, by means of his shafts, the bow of Abhimanyu, as the latter was shooting with great activity. He, of Bhoja's race (*viz.*, Kritavarman) then slew his steeds, and Kripa slew his two *Parshni* charioteers. The others covered him with showers of arrows after he had been divested of his bow. Those six great car-warriors, with great speed, when speed was so necessary, ruthlessly covered that carless youth, fighting single-handed with them, with showers of arrows. Bowless and carless, with an eye, however, to his duty (as a warrior), handsome Abhimanyu, taking up a sword and a shield, jumped into the sky. Displaying great strength and great activity,

and describing the tracks called *Kausika* and others, the son of Arjuna fiercely coursed through the sky, like the prince of winged creatures (*viz.*, Garuda). '*He may fall upon me sword in hand*,' with such thoughts, those mighty bowmen, were on the lookout for the *laches* of Abhimanyu, and began to pierce him in that battle, with their gaze turned upwards. Then Drona of mighty energy, that conqueror of foes with a sharp arrow quickly cut off the hilt, decked with gems, of Abhimanyu's sword. Radha's son Karna, with sharp shafts, cut off his excellent shield. Deprived of his sword and shield thus, he came down, with sound limbs, from the welkin upon the earth. Then taking up a car-wheel, he rushed in wrath against Drona. His body bright with the dust of car-wheels, and himself holding the car-wheel in his upraised arms, Abhimanyu looked exceedingly beautiful, and imitating Vasudeva (with his discus), became awfully fierce for a while in that battle. His robes dyed with the blood flowing (from his wounds), his brow formidable with the wrinkles visible thereon, himself uttering loud leonine roars, lord Abhimanyu of immeasurable might, staying in the midst of those kings, looked exceedingly resplendent on the field of battle.' "

SECTION XLVII

"Sanjaya said, 'That joy of Vishnu's sister (*viz.*, Abhimanyu), that *Atiratha*, decked with the weapons of Vishnu himself, looked exceedingly beautiful on the field of battle and looked like a second Janardana. With the end of his locks waving in the air, with that supreme weapon upraised in his hands, his body became incapable of being looked at by the very gods. The kings beholding it and the wheel in his hands, became filled with anxiety, and cut that off in a hundred fragments. Then that great car-warrior, the son of Arjuna, took up a mighty mace. Deprived by them of his bow and car and sword, and divested also of his wheel by his foes, the mighty-armed Abhimanyu (mace in hand) rushed against Aswatthaman. Beholding that mace upraised, which looked like the blazing thunderbolt, Aswatthaman, that tiger among men, rapidly alighted from his car and took three (long) leaps (for avoiding Abhimanyu). Slaying Aswatthaman's steeds and two *Parshni* charioteers with that mace of his, Subhadra's son, pierced all over with arrows, looked like a porcupine. Then that hero pressed Suvala's son, Kalikeya, down into the earth, and slew seven and seventy Gandhara followers of the latter. Next, he slew ten car-warriors of the Brahma-Vasatiya race, and then ten huge elephants. Proceeding next towards the car of Duhsasana's son, he crushed the latter's car and steeds, pressing them down into the earth. The invincible son of Duhsasan, then, O sire, taking up his mace, rushed at Abhimanyu, saying, '*Wait, Wait*!' Then those cousins, those two heroes, with upraised maces, began to strike

each other, desirous of achieving each other's death, like three-eyed (Mahadeva) and (the *Asura*) Andhaka in the days of old. Each of those chastisers of foes, struck with the other's mace-ends fell down on the earth, like two uprooted standards erected to the honour of Indra. Then Duhsasana's son, that enhancer of the fame of the Kurus, rising up first, struck Abhimanyu with the mace on the crown of his head, as the latter, was on the point of rising. Stupefied with the violence of that stroke as also with the fatigue he had undergone, that slayer of hostile hosts, *viz.*, the son of Subhadra, fell on the earth, deprived of his senses. Thus, O king, was one slain by many in battle,—one who had ground the whole army, like an elephant grinding lotus-stalks in a lake. As he lay dead on the field, the heroic Abhimanyu looked like a wild elephant slain by the hunters. The fallen hero was then surrounded by thy troops. And he looked like an extinguished fire in the summer season after (as it lies) having consumed a whole forest, or like a tempest divested of its fury after having crushed mountain crests;[1] or like the sun arrived at the western hills after having blasted with his heat the Bharata host; or like Soma swallowed up by Rahu; or like the ocean reft of water. The mighty car-warriors of thy army beholding Abhimanyu whose face had the splendour of the full moon, and whose eyes were rendered beautiful in consequence of lashes black as the feathers of the raven, lying prostrate on the bare earth, were filled with great joy. And they repeatedly uttered leonine shouts. Indeed, O monarch, thy troops were in transports of joy, while tears fell fast from the eyes of the Pandava heroes. Beholding the heroic Abhimanyu lying on the field of battle, like the moon dropped from the firmament, diverse creatures, O king, in the welkin, said aloud, 'Alas, this one lieth on the field, slain, while fighting singly, by six mighty car-warriors of the Dhartarashtra army, headed by Drona and Karna. This act hath been, we hold, an unrighteous one.' Upon the slaughter of that hero, the earth looked exceedingly resplendent like the star-bespangled firmament with the moon. Indeed, the earth was strewn with shafts equipped with wings of gold, and covered with waves of blood. And strewn with the beautiful heads of heroes, decked with ear-rings and variegated turbans of great value, and banner and yak-tails and beautiful blankets, and begemmed weapons of great efficacy, and the bright ornaments of cars and steeds, and men and elephants, and sharp and well-tempered swords, looking like snakes freed from their sloughs, and bows, and broken shafts, and darts, and swords, and lances, and *Kampanas*, and diverse other kinds of weapons, she assumed a beautiful aspect. And in consequence of the steeds dead or dying, but all weltering in blood, with their riders (lying about them), felled by Subhadra's son, the earth in many places became impassable. And with iron hooks, and elephants—huge as hills—equipped with shields and weapons and standards, lying about, crushed with shafts, with excellent cars deprived of steeds and charioteers and car-warriors, lying scattered on

[1]Bengal text read *Taru-tringani i.e.*, tree-tops.

the earth, crushed by elephants and looking like agitated lakes, with large bodies of foot-soldiers decked with diverse weapons and lying dead on the ground, the field of battle. wearing a terrible aspect, inspired all timid hearts with terror.

"Beholding Abhimanyu, resplendent as the sun or the moon, lying on the ground, thy troops were in transport of joy, while Pandavas were filled with grief. When youthful Abhimanyu, yet in his minority, fell, the Pandava divisions, O king, fled away in the very sight of king Yudhishthira. Beholding his army breaking upon the fall of Subhadra's son, Yudhishthira addressed his brave warriors, slaying, 'The heroic Abhimanyu, who without retreating from battle hath been slain, hath certainly ascended to heaven. Stay then, and fear not, for we shall yet vanquish our foes.' Endued with great energy and great splendour, king Yudhishthira the just, that foremost of warriors, saying such words unto his soldiers inspired with grief, endeavoured to dispel their stupor. The king continued, 'Having in the first instance, slain in battle hostile princes, resembling snakes of virulent poison, the son of Arjuna hath then given up his life. Having slain ten thousand warriors, *viz.*, the king of the Kosalas, Abhimanyu, who was even like Krishna or Arjuna himself, hath assuredly gone to the abode of Indra. Having destroyed cars and steeds and men and elephants by thousands, he was still not content with what he did. Performing as he did such meritorious feats, we should not certainly grieve for him, he hath gone to the bright regions of the righteous, regions that men acquire by meritorious deeds.' "

SECTION XLVIII

"Sanjaya said, 'Having thus slain one of their foremost warriors, and having been afflicted with their arrows, we came back to our encampment in the evening, covered with blood. Steadfastly gazed at by the enemy, we slowly left, O monarch, the field of battle, having sustained a severe loss and nearly deprived of our senses. Then came that wonderful hour intervening between day and night. Inauspicious howls of jackals were heard. The sun, with the pale-red hue of the filaments of the lotus,—sank low in the horizon, having approached the western hills. And he took away with him the splendour of our swords and darts, rapiers and car-fences, and shields and ornaments. Causing the firmament and the earth to assume the same hue, the sun assumed his favourite form of fire. The field of battle was strewn with the motionless bodies of innumerable elephants deprived of life, looking like crests of cloud-capped hills riven by the thunder, and lying about with their standards and hooks and riders fallen from their backs. The earth looked beautiful with large cars crushed to pieces, and

with their warriors and charioteers and ornaments and steeds and standards and banners crushed, broken and torn. Those huge cars, O king, looked like living creatures deprived of their lives by the foe with his shafts. The field of battle assumed a fierce and awful aspect in consequence of large number of steeds and riders all lying dead, with costly trappings and blankets of diverse kinds scattered about, and tongues and teeth and entrails and eyes of those creatures bulging out of their places. Men decked with costly coats of mail and ornaments and robes and weapons, deprived of life, lay with slain steeds and elephants and broken cars, on the bare ground, perfectly helpless, although deserving of costly beds and blankets. Dogs and jackals, and crown and cranes and other other carnivorous birds, and wolves and hyenas, and ravens and other food-drinking creatures, all diverse tribes of *Rakshasas*, and large number of *Pisachas*, on the field of battle, tearing the skins of the corpse and drinking their fat, blood and marrow, began to eat their flesh. And they began to suck also the secretions of rotten corpses, while the *Rakshasas* laughed horribly and sang aloud, dragging dead bodies numbering thousands. An awful river, difficult to cross, like the Vaitarani itself, was caused there by foremost of warriors. Its waters were constituted by the blood (of fallen creatures). Cars constituted the rafts (on which to cross it), elephants formed its rocks, and the heads of human beings, its smaller stones. And it was miry with the flesh (of slain steeds and elephants and men). And diverse kinds of costly weapons constituted the garlands (floating on it or lying on its banks). And that terrible river flowed fiercely through the middle of the field of battle, wafting living creatures to the regions of the dead. And large numbers of *Pisachas*, of horrible and repulsive forms, rejoiced, drinking and eating in that stream. And dogs and jackals and carnivorous birds, all eating of the same food, and inspiring living creatures with terror, held their high carnival there. And the warriors, gazing on that field of battle which, enhancing the population of Yama's domain, presented such an awful sight, and where human corpses rising up, began to dance, slowly left it as they beheld the mighty car-warrior Abhimanyu who resembled Sakra himself, lying on the field, his costly ornaments displaced and fallen off, and looking like a sacrificial fire on the altar no longer drenched with clarified butter.' "

SECTION XLIX

"Sanjaya said, 'After the slaughter of that hero, that leader of car-divisions, *viz.*, the son of Subhadra, the Pandava warriors, leaving their cars and putting off their armour, and throwing aside their bows, sat, surrounding king Yudhishthira. And they were brooding over that grief of theirs,

their hearts fixed upon the (deceased) Abhimanyu. Indeed, upon the fall of that heroic nephew of his, *viz.*, the mighty car-warrior Abhimanyu, king Yudhishthira, overwhelmed with grief, indulged in (these) lamentations: 'Alas, Abhimanyu, from desire of achieving my good, pierced the array formed by Drona and teeming with his soldiers. Encountering him in battle, mighty bowmen endued with great courage, accomplished in weapons and incapable of being easily defeated in battle, were routed and forced to retreat. Encountering our implacable foe Duhsasana in battle, he with his arrows, caused that warrior to fly away from the field, deprived of his senses. Alas, the heroic son of Arjuna, having crossed the vast sea of Drona's army, was ultimately obliged to become a guest of Yama's abode, upon encountering the son of Duhsasana. When Abhimanyu is slain, how shall I cast my eyes on Arjuna and also the blessed Subhadra deprived of her favourite son? What senseless, disjointed, and improper words shall we have to say today unto Hrishikesa and Dhananjaya! Desirous of achieving what is good, and expectant of victory, it is I who have done this great evil unto Subhadra and Kesava and Arjuna. He that is covetous never beholdth his faults. Covetousness spring from folly. Collectors of honey see not the fall that is before them; I am even like them. He who was only a child, he who should have been provided with (good) food, with vehicles, with beds, with ornaments, alas, even he was placed by us in the van of battle. How could good come to a child of tender years, unskilled in battle, in such a situation of great danger. Like a horse on proud mettle, he sacrificed himself instead of refusing to do the bidding of his master. Alas, we also shall today lay ourselves down on the bare earth, blasted by the glances of grief, cast by Arjuna filled with wrath. Dhananjaya liberal, intelligent, modest, forgiving, handsome, mighty, possessed of well-developed and beutiful limbs, respectful to superiors, heroic, beloved, and devoted to truth; of glorious achievements' the very gods applaud his feats. That valiant hero slew the *Nivatakavachas* and the *Kalakeyas,* those enemies of Indra having their abode in Hiranyapura. In the twinkling of an eye he slew the *Paulomas* with all their followers. Endued with great might, he granteth quarter to implacable enemies asking for quarter! Alas, we could not protect today the son of even such a person from danger. A great fear hath overtaken the Dhartarashtras endued though they might be with great strength![1] Enraged at the slaughter of his son, Partha will exterminate the Kauravas. It is evident also that the mean-minded Duryodhana having mean counsellors, that destroyer of his own race and partisans, beholding this extermination of the Kaurava army, will give up his life in grief. Beholding this son of Indra's son, of unrivalled energy and prowess, on the field of battle, neither victory, nor sovereignty, nor immortality, nor abode with the very celestials, causeth me the least delight!' "

[1]The correct reading is *Mahavalan Mahavalat.*

SECTION L

"Sanjaya said, 'While Kunti's son, Yudhishthira, was indulging in such lamentations, the great *Rishi* Krishna Dwaipayana came to him. Worshipping him duly, and causing him to be seated, Yudhishthira, afflicted with grief on account of the death of his brother's son, said, 'Alas, while battling with many mighty bowmen, the son of Subhadra, surrounded by several great car-warriors of unrighteous propensities, hath been slain on the field. The slayer of hostile heroes, the son of Subhadra, was a child in years and of childish understanding.[1] He fought in battle against desperate odds. I asked him to open a passage for us in battle. He penetrated within the hostile army, but we could not follow him, obstructed by the ruler of the Sindhus. Alas, they that betake themselves to battle as a profession, always fight with antagonists equally circumstanced with themselves. This battle, however, that the enemy fought with Abhimanyu, was an extremely unequal one. It is that which grieves me greatly and draws tears from me. Thinking of this, I fail to regain peace of mind.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'The illutrious Vyasa, addressing Yudhishthira who was indulging in such lamentations and who was thus unmanned by an accession of sorrow, said these words.'

"Vyasa said, 'O Yudhishthira, O thou of great wisdom, O thou that art master of all branches of knowledge, persons like thee never suffer themselves to be stupefied by calamities. This brave youth, having slain numerous foes hath ascended to heaven. Indeed, that best of persons, (though a child), acted, however, like one of matured years. O Yudhishthira, this law is incapable of being transgressed. O Bharata, Death takes all *viz.*, Gods and *Dhanavas* and *Gandharvas* (without exception).'

"Yudhishthira said, 'Alas, these lords of earth, that lie on the bare earth, slain in the midst of their forces, bereft of consciousness, were possessed of great might. Others (of their class) possessed strength equal to that of ten thousand elephants. Others, again, were endued with the impetuosity and might of the very wind. They have all perished in battle, slain by men of their own class. I do not behold the person (save one of their own class) who could slay any of them in battle. Endued with great prowess, they were possessed of great energy and great might. Alas, they who used daily to come to battle with this hope firmly implanted in their hearts, *viz.*, that they would conquer, alas even they, possessed of great wisdom, are lying on a field, struck (with weapons) and deprived of life. The significance of the word *Death* hath today been made intelligible, for these lords of earth, of terrible prowess, have almost all been dead. Those heroes are lying motionless,' reft of vanity, having succumbed to foes. Many princes, filled with wrath, have been victimised before the fire (of their enemies' wrath). A great doubt possesses me, *viz.*, whence is

[1]The Bombay reading which I accept, is *Valabudhischa*. Of course Bengal reading is *Avalabudhischa*.

Death? Whose (offspring) is Death? What is Death? Why does Death take away creatures? O grandsire, O thou that resemblest a god, tell me this.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Unto Kunti's son, Yudhishthira, asking him thus, the illustrious *Rishi*, comforting him, said these words.'

"Vyasa said, 'As regards the matter in hand, O king, this ancient story of what Narada had in days of old said unto Akampana is cited. King Akampana, O monarch, I know, while in this world was afflicted with very great and unbearable grief on account of the death of his son, I will now tell these the excellent story about the origin of Death. Having listened to it, thou wilt be emancipated from sorrow and the touch of affection's tie. Listen to me, O sire, as I recite this ancient history. This history is, indeed, excellent. It enhanceth the period of life, killeth grief and conduceth to health. It is sacred, destructive of large bodies of foes, and auspicious of all auspicious things. Indeed, this history is even as the study of the *Vedas*. O monarch, it should every morning be listened to by the foremost of kings who are desirous of longlived children and their own good.

"In days of old, O sire, there was a king named Akampana. Once, on the field of battle, he was surrounded by his foes and nearly overpowered by them. He had a son who was called Hari. Equal to Narayana himself in might, that latter was exceedingly handsome, accomplished in weapons, gifted with great intelligence, possessed of might, resembled Sakra himself in battle. Encompassed by countless foes on the field of battle, he sped thousands of shafts at those warriors and the elephants that surrounded him. Having achieved the most difficult feats in battle, O Yudhishthira, that scorcher of foes was, at last, slain in the midst of the army. Performing the obsequies of his son, king Akampana cleansed himself.[1] Grieving, however, for his son day and night, the king failed to regain happiness of mind. Informed of his grief on account of the death of his son, the celestial *Rishi* Narada came to his presence. The blessed king, beholding the celestial *Rishi*, told the latter everything that had happened unto him, *viz.*, his defeat at the hands of his foes, and the slaughter of his son. And the king said, 'My son was endued with great energy, and equalled Indra or Vishnu himself in splendour. That mighty son of mine, having displayed his prowess on the field against countless foes was at last slain! O illustrious one, who is this Death? What is the measure of his energy, strength and prowess? O foremost of intelligent persons, I desire to hear all this truly.' Hearing these words of his, the boon giving lord, Narada, recited the following elaborate history, destructive of grief on account of a son's death.'

[1]During the days of mourning a person is regarded as unclean, being unable to perform his ordinary worship and other religious rites. After the obsequies are performed the mourning is ended, he is supposed to be cleansed.

"Narada said, 'Listen, O mighty-armed king, to this long history, exactly as I have heard it, O monarch! In the beginning, the Grandsire Brahma created all creatures. Endued with mighty energy, he saw that the creation bore no signs of decay. Thereat, O king, the Creator began to think about the destruction of the universe. Reflecting on the matter, O monarch, the Creator failed to find any means of destruction. He then became angry, and in consequence of his anger a fire sprang from the sky. That fire spread in all directions for consuming everything of the universe. Then heaven, sky, and earth, all became filled with fire. And thus the Creator began to cousume the whole mobile and immobile universe. Thereby all creatures, mobile and immobile, were destroyed. Indeed, the mighty Brahma, frightening everything by the force of his wrath, did all this. Then Hara, otherwise called Sthanu or Siva, with matted locks on his head, that Lord of all wanderers of the night, appealed to the divine Brahma, the Lord of the gods. When Sthanu fell (at Brahma's feet) from a desire of doing good to all creatures, the Supreme Deity to that greatest of ascetics, blazing with splendour, said, 'What wish of thine shall we accomplish, O thou that deservest to have all thy wishes fulfilled? O thou that hast been born of our wish! We shall do all that may be agreeable to thee! Tell us, O Sthanu, what is thy wish?' "

SECTION LI

"Sthanu said, 'O lord, thou hadst taken great care for creating diverse creatures. Indeed, creatures of diverse kinds were created and reared by thee. Those very creatures, again, are now being consumed through thy fire. Seeing this, I am filled with compassion. O illustrious lord, be inclined to grace.'

"Brahma said, 'I had no desire of destroying the universe, I desired good of the earth, and it was for this that wrath possessed me. The goddess Earth, afflicted with the heavy weight of creatures, always urged me for destroying the creatures on her. Urged by her, I could not however, find any means for the destruction of the infinite creation. At this wrath possessed me.'

"Rudra said, 'Be inclined to grace. O lord of the universe, cherish not the wrath for the destruction of creatures. No more let creatures, immobile and mobile, be destroyed. Through thy grace, O illustrious one, let the threefold universe, *viz.*, the Future, the Past, and the Present exist. Thou, O Lord, hadst blazed up with wrath. From that wrath of thine, a substance like fire sprang into existence. That fire is even now blasting rocks and trees and rivers, and all kinds of herbs and grass. Indeed, that fire is

exterminating the immobile and the mobile universe. The mobile and the .mmobile universe is being reduced to ashes. Be inclined to grace, O illustrious one! Do not give way to wrath. Even this is the boon I solicit. All created things, O divine Being, belonging to thee, are being destroyed. Therefore, let thy wrath be appeased. Let it be annihilated in thy own self. Cast thy eye on thy creatures, inspired with the desire of doing them good. Do that by which creatures endued with life may not cease to be. Let not these creatures, with their productive powers weakened be exterminated. O Creator of the worlds, thou hast appointed me their Protector, O Lord of the universe, let not the mobile and the immobile universe to be destroyed. Thou art inclined to grace, and it is for this that I say these words unto thee.'

"Narada continued, Hearing these words (of Mahadeva) the divine Brahma, from desire of benefiting creatures, held in his own inner self his wrath that had been roused. Extinguishing the fire, the divine Benefactor of the world, the great Master, declared the duties of Production and Emancipation. And while the Supreme Deity exterminated that fire born of his wrath, there came out from the doors of his diverse senses a female who was dark and red and tawny, whose tongue and face and eyes were red, and who was decked with two brilliant ear-rings and diverse other brilliant ornaments. Issuing out of his body, she smilingly looked at those two lords of the universe and then set out for the southern quarter. Then Brahma, that controller of the creation and destruction of the worlds, called after her by the name of Death. And Brahma, O king, said unto her, 'Slay these creatures of mine! Thou hast been born of that wrath of mine which I cherished for the destruction (of the universe). By doing this, kill all creatures including idiots and seers at my command. By doing this, thou wilt be benefited.' Thou lotus-lady, called Death, thus addressed by him reflected deeply, and then helplessly wept aloud in melodious accents. The Grandsire then caught the tears she had shed, with his two hands, for the benefit of all creatures, and began to implore her (with these words).' "

SECTION LII

"Narada said, 'The helpless lady, suppressing her arrow within her own self, addressed, with joined hands, the Lord of the creation, bending with humility like a creeper. And she said, O foremost of speakers, created by thee how shall I, being a female, do such a cruel and evil act knowing it to be cruel and evil? I fear unrighteousness greatly. O divine Lord, be inclined to grace. Sons and friends and brothers and sires and husbands are always dear; (if I kill them), they who will suffer these losses will seek to injure me. It is this that I fear. The tears that will fall from the eyes

of woe-stricken and weeping persons, inspire me with fear, O Lord! I seek thy protection. O divine Being, O foremost of gods, I will not go to Yama's abode. O boon-giving one, I implore thee or thy grace, bowing my head and joining my palms. O grandsire of the worlds, I solicit (the accomplishment of even) this wish at thy hands![1] I desire, with thy permission, to undergo ascetic penances, O Lord of created things! Grant me this boon, O divine Being, O great master! Permitted by thee, I will go to the excellent asylum of Dhenuka ! Engaged in adoring Thyself, I will undergo the severest austerities there. I will not be able, O Lord of the gods, to take away the dear life-breaths of living creatures weeping in sorrow. Protect me from unrighteousness.'

"Brahma said, 'O Death, thou hast been intended for achieving the destruction of creatures. Go, destroy all creatures, thou needst have no scruples. Even this must be. It cannot be otherwise. Do but my behest. Nobody in the world will find any fault in thee.'

"Narada continued, 'Thus addressed, that lady became very much affrighted.[2] Looking at Brahma's face, she stood with joined hands. From desire of doing good to creatures, she did not set her heart upon their destruction. The divine Brahma also, that Lord of the lord of all creatures, remained silent. And soon the Grandsire became gratified in his own self. And casting his eyes upon all the creation he smiled. And, thereupon, creatures continued to live as before *i.e.*, unaffected by premature death. And upon that, invincible and illustrious Lord having shaken off his wrath, that damsel left the presence of that wise Deity. Leaving Brahma, without having agreed to destroy creatures, the damsel called Death speedily proceeded to the retreat called *Dhenuka*. Arrived there, she practised excellent and highly austere vows. And she stood there on one leg for sixteen billions of years, and five times ten billions also, through pity for living creatures and from desire of doing them good, and all the time restraining her senses from their favourite objects. And once again, O king she stood there on one leg for one and twenty times ten billions of years. And then she wandered for ten times ten thousand billions of years with the creatures (of the earth). Next, repairing to the sacred *Nanda* that was full of cool and pure water, she passed in those waters eight thousand years. Observing rigid vows at Nanda, she cleansed herself of all her sins. Then she proceeded, first of all, to the sacred Kausiki, observant of vow. Living upon air and water only, she practised austerities there. Repairing then to Panchaganga and next to Vetasa, that cleansed damsel, by diverse kinds of especial austerities, emaciated her own body. Going next to the Ganga and thence to the great Meru, she remain-

[1]The first line of 6 is read differently in the Bombay edition. The Bengal reading, however, seems to me to be preferable.

[2]Both the Bengal and Bombay editions, in the first line of 12, read *prita*, *i.e.*, gratified. There can be no doubt, however, that the correct reading is *Bhita*, *i.e.*, affrighted, as I have put it. I find that some of the Bengali translators have also made this correction.

ed motionless like a stone, suspending her life-breath. Thence going to the top of Himavat, where the gods had performed their sacrifice (in days of yore), that amiable and auspicious girl remained for a billion of years standing on the toe only of her feet. Wending then to Pushkara, and Gokarna, and Naimisha, and Malaya, she emaciated her body, practising austerities agreeable to her heart. Without acknowledging any other god, with steady devotion to the Grandsire, she lived and gratified the Grandsire in every way. Then the unchangeable Creator of the worlds, gratified said unto her, with a softened and delighted heart. 'O Death, why dost thou undergo ascetic austerities so severe?' Thus addressed, Death said unto the divine Grandsire, 'Creatures, O Lord, are living in health. They do not injure one another even by words. I shall not be able to slay them. O Lord, I desire even this boon at thy hands. I fear sin, and it is for this that I am engaged in ascetic austerities. O blessed one, undertake to remove for ever my fears. I am a woman, in distress, and without fault. I beg thee, be thou protector. Unto her the divine Brahman acquainted with the past, the present and the future, said, 'Thou shalt commit no sin, O Death, by slaying these creatures. My words can never be futile, O amiable one ! Therefore, O auspicious damsel, slay these creatures of four kinds. Eternal virtue shall always be thine. That Regent of the world, *viz.*, Yama, and the diverse disease shall become thy helpmates. I myself and all the gods will grant thee boons, so that, freed from sin and perfectly cleansed, thou mayst even acquire glory.' Thus addressed, O monarch, that lady, joining her hands, once more said these words, seeking her grace by bowing down unto him with her head, If, O Lord, this is not to be without me, then thy command I place upon my head. Listen, however, to what I say. Let covetousness, wrath, malice, jealousy, quarrel, folly and shamelessness, and other stern passions tear the bodies of all embodied creatures.'

"Brahman said, 'It will be, O Death, as thou sayest. Meanwhile, slay creatures duly. Sin shall not be thine, nor shall I seek to injure thee, O auspicious one. Those tear-drops of thine that are in my hands, even they will become *diseases*, springing from living creatures themselves. They will kill men; and if men are killed, sin shall not be thine. Therefore, do not fear. Indeed, sin shall not be thine. Devoted to righteousness, and observant of thy duty, thou shalt sway (all creatures). Therefore, take thou always the 'lives of these living creatures. Casting off both desire and wrath, take thou the life of all living creatures. Even thus will eternal virtue be thine. Sin will slay those that are of wicked behaviour. By doing my bidding cleanse thyself. It will be thine to sink them in their sins that are wicked. Therefore, cast off both desire and wrath, and kill these creatures endued with life.'

"Narada continued, 'That damsel, seeing that she was (persistently) called by the name of Death, feared (to act otherwise). And in terror also of Brahma's curse, she said, 'Yes!' Unable to do otherwise, she began, casting off desire and wrath, to take the lives of living creatures when the

time came (for their dissolution). It is only living creatures that die. Diseases spring from living creatures themselves. Disease is the abnormal condition of creatures. They are pained by it. Therefore, indulge not in fruitless grief for creatures after they are dead. The senses, upon the death of creatures, go with the latter (to the other world), and achieving their (respective) functions, once more come back (with creatures when the latter are reborn). Thus all creatures, O lion among beings, the very gods included going, thither, have to act, like mortals.[1] The wind, that is awful, of terrible roars and great strength, omnipresent and endued with infinite energy, it is the wind that will rive the bodies of living creatures. It will, in this matter put forth no active energy, nor will it suspend its functions; (but do this naturally). Even all the gods have the appellation of mortals attached to them. Therefore, O lion among kings, do not grieve for thy son! Repairing to heaven, the son of thy body is passing his days in prepetual happiness, having obtained those delightful regions that are for heroes. Casting off all sorrows, he hath attained to the companionship of the righteous. Death hath been ordained by the Creator himself for all creatures! When their hour comes, creatures are destroyed duly. The death of creatures arises from the creatures themselves. Creatures kill themselves. Death doth not kill any one, armed with her bludgeon! Therefore, they that are wise, truly knowing death to be inevitable, because ordained by Brahma himself, never grieve for creatures that are dead. Knowing this death to be ordained by the Supreme God, cast off, without delay, thy grief for thy dead son!'

"Vyasa continued, 'Hearing these words of grave import spoken by Narada, king Akampana, addressing his friend, said, 'O illustrious one, O foremost of *Rishi*, my grief is gone, and I am contented. Hearing this history from thee, I am grateful to thee and I worship thee.' That foremost of superior *Rishi*, that celestial ascetic of immeasurable soul, thus addressed by the king, proceeded to the woods of *Nandana*. The frequent recital of this history for the hearing of others, as also the frequent hearing of this history, is regarded as cleansing, leading to fame and heaven and worthy of approbation. It enhanceth besides, the period of life. Having listened to this instructive story, cast off thy grief, O Yudhishthira, reflecting besides on the duties of a Kshatriya and the high state (of blessedness) attainable by heroes. Abhimanyu, that mighty car-warrior, endued with mighty energy, having slain (numerous) foes before the gaze of all bowmen, hath attained to heaven. The great bowman, that mighty car-warrior, struggling on the field, hath fallen in the battle struck with sword and mace and dart, and bow. Sprung from Soma, he hath disappeared in the lunar essence, cleansed of all his impurities. Therefore, O son of Pandu, mustering all thy fortitude, thyself with thy brothers, without allowing your senses to be stupefied speedily set out, inflamed with

[1] *Devas*, in the first line of 46, means the senses, *Vrittas*, as explained by Nilakantha, means *Vritavantas*.

rage, for battle.' "[1]

SECTION LIII

"Sanjaya said, 'Hearing of the origin of Death and her strange acts, king Yudhishthira, humbly addressing Vyasa, once more said these words unto him.'

"Yudhishthira said, 'Many kings there were in blessed countries, of righteous deeds and of prowess equal to that of Indra himself. They were royal sages, O regenerate one, that were sinless and truth-speaking. Once more, address me in words of grave import, and console me with (accounts of) the feats of those royal sages of ancient times. What was the measure of the sacrificial gifts made by them? Who were those high-souled royal sages of righteous deeds that made them? Tell me all this, O illustrious one!'

"Vyasa said, 'There was a king of the name of Switya. He had a son who was called Srinjaya. The *Rishis* Narada and Parvata were his friends. One day, the two ascetics, for paying Srinjaya a visit, came to his palace. Duly worshipped by Srinjaya, they became pleased with him, and continued to live with him happily. Once on a time as Srinjaya was seated at his ease with the two ascetics, his beautiful daughter of sweet smiles came to him. Saluted with reverence by his daughter, Srinjaya delighted that girl standing by his side with proper benedictions of the kind she desired. Beholding that maiden, Parvata smilingly asked Srinjaya, saying, 'Whose daughter is this damsel of restless glances and possessed of every auspicious mark? Is she the splendour of Surya, or the flame of Agni? Or, is she any of these, *viz.*, Sri, Hri, Kirti, Dhriti, Pushti, Siddhi, and the splendour of Soma?' After the celestial *Rishi* (Parvata) said these words, king Srinjaya answered, saying, 'O illustrious one, this girl is my daughter. She beggeth my blessings.' Then Narada addressed king Srinjaya and said. 'If, O monarch, thou wishest for great good (to thyself), then give this daughter of thine unto me for a wife.' Delighted (with the *Rishi's* proposal), Srinjaya addressed Narada, saying, 'I give her unto thee.' At this, the other *Rishi*, *viz.*, Parvata, indignantly addressed Narada, saying, 'Chosen before this by me, within my heart, thou hast taken this damsel as thy

[1]Verse 55, as occuring in both the Bengal and the Bombay text, requires corrections. 55 is incomplete. For the words *tada Raja*, therefore, I read *Sokam tyaja*, as suggested by K. P. Singha. Then the *Visarga* after Yudhisthira must be dropped to make it a vocative. Similarly, Pandavas in 58 should be Pandava, a vocative and not a nominative *upakramat* should be *upakrama*. The last two corrections are made in the Bombay text. The fact, is, are 55 to 58 the words of Vyasa, or of Sanjaya? Evidently, it is Vyasa that speaks, and, hence the necessity of the corrections noted.

wife. And since thou hast done this, thou, O Brahmana, shalt not go to heaven as thy will.' Thus addressed by him, Narada answered him, saying, 'The husband's heart and speech (directed thereto), (the giver's) consent, the speeches (of both), the actual gift made by sprinkling water, and the (recital of the *mantras* ordained for the seizure of the (bride's hand),—these have been declared to be indications by which one is constituted a husband. Even this ceremonial is not all. That which (above all) is essential is the walk for seven paces (by the bride in circumambulating the bridegroom).[1] Without these thy purpose (about marriage) have been unaccomplished. Thou hast cursed. Therefore, thou also shalt not go to heaven without me.' Having cursed each other those two *Rishis* continued to live there. Meanwhile, king Srinjaya, desirous of (obtaining) a son, began, with cleansed soul, to carefully entertain the Brahmanas, to the utmost of his power, with food and robes. After a certain time, those foremost of Brahmanas devoted to the study of the *Vedas* and fully conversant with those scriptures and their branches became gratified with that monarch, desirous of getting a son. Together they came to Narada and said unto him, 'Give this king a son of the kind he desires.'—Thus addressed by the Brahmanas, Narada replied unto them, saying, 'So be it.'—and then the celestial *Rishi* addressed Srinjaya saying, 'O royal sage, the Brahmanas have been pleased and they wish thee a son! Solicit thou the boon, blessed be thou, about the kind of son thou desirest.' Thus addressed by him, the king, with joined hands, asked for a son possessed of every accomplishment, famous, of glorious feats, of great energy, and capable of chastising all foes. And he further asked that the urine, the excreta, the phlegm and the sweat of that child should be gold. And in due time the king had a son born unto him, who came to be named *Suvarnashthivin*[2] on earth. And in consequence of the boon, that child began to increase (his father's) wealth beyond all limits. And king Srinjaya caused all desirable things of his to be made of gold. And his houses and walls and forts, and the houses of all Brahmanas (within his dominions), and his beds, vehicles, and plates. and all manners of pots and cups, and palace that he owned, and all implements and utensils, domestic and otherwisc were made of gold. And in time his stock increased. Then certain robbers hearing of the prince and seeing him to be such, assembled together and sought to injure the king. And some amongst them said, 'We will seize the king's son himself. He is his father's mine of gold. Towards that end, therefore, we should strive.' Then those robbers inspired with avarice, penetrating into the king's palace, forcibly took away prince Suvarnashthivin. Having seized and taken him to the woods, those senseless idiots, inspired with avarice but ignorant of what to do with him, slew him there and cut his body in frangments. They saw not, however, any gold in him. After the prince was slain, all the gold, obtained in consequence of the *Rishi's* boon, disappeared. The ignorant and senseless

[1] I follow Nilakantha in rendering these two verses.

[2] Of golden excreta.

robbers struck one another. And striking one another thus, they perished and with them that wonderful prince on the earth. And those men of wicked deeds sank in an unimaginable and awful hell. Seeing that son of his, obtained through the *Rishi's* boon thus slain, that great ascetic, *viz.*, king Srinjaya, afflicted with deep sorrow, began to lament in piteous accents. Beholding the king afflicted with grief on account of his son, and thus weeping, the celestial *Rishi* Narada showed himself in his presence. Listen, O Yudhishthira, to what Narada said unto Srinjaya, having approached that king, who afflicted with grief and deprived of his senses, was indulging in piteous lamentations. Narada said, 'Srinjaya, with thy desires unfulfilled, thou shalt have to die, although we utterers of *Brahma*, live in thy house. Avikshit's son Marutta even, O Srinjaya, we hear, had to die. Piqued with Vrihaspati, he had caused Samvatta[1] himself to officiate at his great sacrifices! Unto that royal sage the illustrious lord (Mahadeva) himself had given wealth in the shape of a golden plateau of Himavat. (With that wealth) king Marutta had performed diverse sacrifices. Unto him, after the completion of his sacrifices diverse tribes of celestials, those creators of the universe, with Indra himself in their company and with Vrihaspati at their head, used to come. All the carpets and furnitures of his sacrificial compound were of gold. The regenerate classes, desirous of food, all ate as they pleased, at his sacrifices, food that was clean and agreeable to their desires. And in all his sacrifices, milk and curds and clarified butter and honey, and other kinds of food and edibles, all of the best order, and robes and ornaments covetable for their costliness, gratified Brahmanas, thoroughly conversant with the *Vedas*. The very gods used to become distributors of food in king Marutta's palace. The *Viswedevas* were the courtiers of that royal sage, the son of Avikshit. By him were gratified the denizens of heaven with libations of clarified butter. And gratified (therewith), these, in their turn, increased that powerful ruler's wealth of crops with copious showers of rain. He always contributed to the gratification of the *Rishis*, the *Pitris*, and the gods, and thereby made them happy, by practising *Brahmacharya*, study of the *Vedas*, obsequial rites, and all kinds of gifts. And his beds and carpets and vehicles, and his vast stores of gold difficult to be given away, in fact, all that untold wealth of his, was given away voluntarily unto the Brahmanas, Sakra himself used to wish him well. His subjects were made happy (by him). Acting always with piety, he (ultimately) repaired to those eternal regions of bliss, acquired by his religious merit. With his children and counsellors and wives and descendants and kinsmen, king Marutta, in his youth, ruled his kingdom for a thousand years. When such a king, O Srinjaya, died who was superior to thee, in respect of the

[1]The Bengal reading is *Samvartam*. The Bombay text makes Samvarta a nominative. I have adopted the Bengal reading. If the Bombay reading be accepted, the meaning would be that Samvarta himself, piqued with Vrihaspati, caused Marutta to perform a sacrifice. K. P. Singha makes a ludicrous blunder in supposing Samvarta to have been a kind of sacrifice.

four cardinal virtues (*viz.*, ascetic penances, truth, compassion, and liberality), and who, superior to thee, was much superior to thy son, do not grieve saying 'O *Swaitya*, for thy son who performed no sacrifice and gave no sacrificial present.' "

SECTION LVI

"Narada said, 'King Suhotra also, O Srinjaya, we hear, fell a prey to death. He was the foremost of heroes, and invincible in battle. The very gods used to come for seeing him. Acquiring his kingdom virtuously, he sought the advice of his *Ritwijas* and domestic priests and Brahmanas for his own good, and enquiring of them, used to obey their behests. Well-acquainted with the duty of protecting his subjects, possessed of virtue and liberality, performing sacrifices and subjugating foes, king Suhotra wished for the increase of his wealth. He adored the gods by following the ordinances of the scriptures, and defeated his foes by means of his arrows. He gratified all creatures by means of his own excellent accomplishments. He ruled the earth, freeing her from *Mlecchas* and the forest-thieves.[1] The deity of the clouds showered gold unto him from year's end to year's end. In those olden days, therefore, the rivers (in his kingdom) ran (liquid) gold, and were open to everybody for use.[2] The deity of the clouds showered on his kingdom large number of alligators and crabs and fishes of diverse species and various objects of desire, countless in number, that were all made of gold. The artificial lakes in that king's dominions each measured full two miles. Beholding thousands of dwarfs and humpbacks and alligators and *Makaras*, and tortoises all made of gold, king Suhotra wondered much. That unlimited wealth of gold, the royal sage Suhotra performing a sacrifice at Kurujangala, gave away unto the Brahmanas, before the completion of the sacrifice. Having performed a thousand Horse-sacrifices, a hundred *Rajasuyas*, many sacred Kshatriya-sacrifices[3] in all of which he made abundant presents to the Brahmanas and having performed daily rites, almost countless in number, undergone from specified desires, the king ultimately obtained a very desirable end. When, O Srinjaya, such a king died, who was superior to thee as regards the four cardinal virtues and who, superior to thee, was

[1]The word in the original *Atavika*, literally meaning one dwelling in the woods. It is very generally used in the sense of thieves or robbers, thus showing that these depredators from the earliest times, had the woods and the forests for their home.

[2]*Vahinyas* rivers. *Swairinyas*, open to everybody. The Bengal reading is *abhavan*; the Bombay reading *Vyavahan*. If the former reading be adopted, it would mean the rivers were of liquid gold.

[3]*i.e.*, sacrifices ordained for Kshatriyas.

therefore, much superior to thy son, thou shouldst not grieve saying, '*Oh Swaitya*' *Oh, Swaitya*, for thy son performed no sacrifice and made no sacrificial present.' "

SECTION LVII

"Narada said, 'The heroic king Paurava also, O Srinjaya, we hear, fell a prey to death. That king gave away a thousand times thousand horses that were all white in hue. At the Horse-sacrifice performed by that royal sage, countless number of learned Brahmanas versed in the principles of *Siksha*[1] and *Akshara* come from diverse realms. These Brahmanas, purified by the *Vedas*, by knowledge, and by vows, and liberal and of agreeable countenances, having obtained from the king costly gifts, such as, robes and houses and excellent beds and carpets and vehicles and draft-cattle, were always delighted by actors and dancers and singers, thoroughly competent and well-versed (in their respective art), engaged in spot and ever-striving for their diversion. At each of his sacrifices in due time he gave away as sacrificial presents ten thousand elephants of golden splendour, with the temporal juice trickling down their bodies, and cars made of gold with standards and banners. He also gave away, as sacrificial presents, a thousand times thousand maidens decked with ornaments of gold, and cars and steeds and elephants for mounting, and houses and fields, and hundreds of kine, by hundreds of thousand, and thousands of cowherds decked with gold. They that are acquainted with the history of the past, sing this song, *viz.*, that in that sacrifice, king Paurava gave away kine with calves, having golden horns and silver hoofs and brass milkpots, and female slaves and male slaves and asses and camels, and sheep, countless in number, and diverse kinds of gems and diverse hill-like maunds of food. That sacrificing king of the Angas successively performed, in the order of their merit, and according to what was competent for his own class, many auspicious sacrifices capable of yielding every object of desire. When such a king, O Srinjaya, died who was superior to thee as regards the four cardinal virtues and who, superior to thee was, therefore, much more superior to thy son, thou shouldst not, saying '*Oh, Swaitya, Oh, Swaitya*,' grieve for thy son who performed no sacrifice and made no sacrificial present.' "

[1] *Siksha*, one of the six branches of *Vedas*; it may be called the orthoepy of the Vedas. *Akshara*, letters of the alphabet. The sense seems to be that these Brahmanas were good readers of the Vedas

SECTION LVIII

"Narada said, 'Usinara's son, Sivi also, O Srinjaya, we hear, fell a prey to death. That king had, as it were, put a leathern girdle around the earth, making the earth with her mountains and islands and seas and forests resound with the clatter of his car. The vanquisher of foes, *viz.*, king Sivi, always slew the foremost of foes. He performed many sacrifices with presents in profusion unto the Brahmanas. That monarch of great prowess and great intelligence had acquired enormous wealth. In battle he won the applause of all Kshatriyas.[1] Having brought the whole earth under subjection, he performed many Horse-sacrifices, without any obstruction, which were productive of great merit giving away (as sacrificial present) a thousand crores of golden *nishkas*, and many elephants and steeds and other kinds of animals, much grain, and many deer and sheep. And king Sivi gave away the sacred earth consisting of diverse kinds of soil unto the Brahmanas. Indeed, Usinara's son, Sivi, gave away as many kine as the number of rain-drops showered on the earth, or the number of stars in the firmament, or the number of sandgrains on the bed of Ganga, or the number of rocks that constitute the mountain called Meru, or the number of gems or of (aquatic) animals in the ocean. The Creator himself hath not met with and will not meet within the past, the present, or the future, another king capable of bearing the burdens that king Sivi bore. Many were the sacrifices, with every kind of rites, that king Sivi performed. In those sacrifices, the stakes, the carpets, the houses, the walls, and the arches, were all made of gold. Food and drink, agreeable to the taste and perfectly clean were kept in profusion. And the Brahmanas that repaired to them could be counted by myriads and myriads. Abounding with viands of every description, nothing but agreeable words such as *give away* and *take* were heard there. Milk and curds were collected in large lakes. In his sacrificial compound, there were rivers of drink and white hills of food. '*Bathe, and drink and eat as ye like*,' these were the only words heard there. Gratified with his righteous deeds, Rudra granted Sivi a boon, saying, 'As thou givest away, let thy wealth thy devotion, thy fame, thy religious acts, the love that all creatures bear thee, and the heaven (thou attain), be all inexhaustible.' Having obtained all these desirable boons, even Sivi, when the time came, left this world for heaven. When, O Srinjaya, he died who was superior to thee, was much superior to thy son, thou shouldst not, saying, '*Oh, Swaitya, Oh, Swaitya*', grieve for thy son who performed no sacrifice and made no sacrificial present.' "

[1]The word in the original *Murddhabhishikta*, which literally means one whose coronal locks have undergone the ceremony of the sacred investiture. Hence, it is used to denote Kshatriyas or persons of the royal order.

SECTION LIX

'Narada said, 'Rama, the son of Dasaratha, O Srinjaya, we hear, fell a prey to death. His subjects were as much delighted with him, as a sire is delighted with the children of his loins. Endued with immeasurable energy, countless virtues were there in him. Of unfading glory, Rama, the elder brother of Lakshmana, at the command of his father, lived for fourteen years in the woods, with his wife. That bull among men slew in Janasthana fourteen thousand *Rakshasas* for the protection of the ascetics. While dwelling there, the Rakshasa called Ravana, beguiling both him and his companion (Lakshmana) abducted his wife, the princess of Videha. Like the Three-eyed (Mahadeva), in days of old, slaying (the *Asura*) Andhaka, Rama in wrath slew in battle that offender of Pulastya's race who had never before been vanquished by any foe. Indeed, the mighty-armed Rama slew in battle that descendant of Pulastya's race with all his kinsmen and followers, that Rakshasa who was incapable of being slain by the gods and the *Asuras* together, that wretch who was a thorn unto the gods and the Brahmanas. In consequence of his affectionate treatment of his subjects, the celestials worshipped Rama. Filling the entire earth with his achievements, he was much applauded even by the celestial *Rishis*. Compassionate unto all creatures, that king, having acquired diverse realms and protected his subjects virtuously, performed a great sacrifice without obstruction. And the lord, Rama, also performed a hundred Horse-sacrifices and the great sacrifice called *Jaruthya*. And with libations of clarified butter he contributed to Indra's delight.[1] And by these acts of his, Rama conquered hunger and thirst, and all the diseases to which living creatures are subject. Possessed of every accomplishment, he always blazed forth with his own energy. Indeed, Rama, the son of Dasaratha, greatly outshone all creatures. When Rama ruled his kingdom, the *Rishis*, the gods, and men, all lived together on the earth. The lives of living creatures were never otherwise. The life-breaths also, called *Prana, Apana, Samana*, and the others, when Rama ruled his kingdom, all performed their functions. All luminous bodies shone brighter, and calamities never occurred. All his subjects were long-lived. None died in youth. The dwellers of heaven highly gratified, used to get, according to (the ordinances of) the four *Vedas*, libations of clarified butter and other offerings of food made by men. His realms were free from flies and gnats; and of beasts of prey and poisonous reptiles, there were none. And none was of unrighteous tendencies, none was covetous, and none was ignorant. The subjects, of all the (four) orders, were engaged in righteous and desirable acts. When the Rakshasas, about this time obstructed the offerings to the *Pitris* and the worship of the gods in Janasthana, Lord Rama, slaying them, caused those offerings and that worship to be once more given to the *Pitris*

[1] *Havisha mudamavahat*; or *havisham udam avahat*, which would mean, he poured libations unto Indra as copious as water.

and the gods. Men were each blessed with a thousand children, and the period of their lives was a thousand years. Seniors had never to perform *Sraddhas* of their juniors.[1] Youthful in shape, of a dark-blue hue, of red eyes, possessed of the tread of an infuriated elephant, with arms reaching down to the knees, and beautiful and massive, of leonine shoulders, of great strength, and beloved by all creatures, Rama ruled his kingdom for eleven thousand years. His subjects always uttered his name. While Rama ruled his kingdom, the world became extremely beautiful. Taking at last his four kinds of subjects[2] with him Rama went to heaven, having established his own line consisting of eight houses on the earth. When even he died, O Srinjaya, who was superior to thee in respect of the four cardinal virtues and superior to thy son, thou shouldst not lament, saying '*Oh, Swaitya, Oh, Swaitya,*' for thy son who performed no sacrifice and made no sacrificial present.' "

SECTION LX

"Narada said, 'Even king Bhagiratha, O Srinjaya, we hear, was dead. He caused the shores of Ganga, called after his name *Bhagirath* to be covered with flights of steps made of gold.[3] Surpassing all kings and all princes, he gave unto the Brahmanas a thousand times thousand damsels decked with ornaments of gold. All those damsels were upon cars. And unto every car were yoked four steeds, and behind each car were a hundred kine. And behind each cow were (many) goats and sheep. King Bhagiratha gave enormous presents at his sacrifices. For that reason a large concourse of men assembled there. Afflicted there with Ganga was much pained. '*Protect Me,*' she said and sat down on his lap. And because Ganga thus sat upon his lap in days of old, therefore, she, like the celestial *dancer* Urvasi came to be regarded as his daughter and was named after his name. And having become the king's daughter, she became his son (by becoming like a son, the means of salvation unto his deceased

[1]Because juniors pre-deceased their seniors. The causative form of akarayan is a license.

[2]The four kinds of creatures that owned Rama's sway were (1) those that were oviparous, (2) those that were viviparous, (3) those born of filth, and (4) the vegetables.

[3]These were *ghats* for facilitating access to the sacred stream.

ancestors).[1] Sweet-speeched *Gandharvas* of celestial splendour, gratified, sang all this in the hearing of the *Rishis*, the gods, and human beings.[2] Thus, O Srinjaya, did that goddess, *viz.*, the ocean-going Ganga, select lord Bhagiratha, descendant of Ikshvaku, the performer of sacrifices with profuse gifts (to the Brahmanas), as her father. His sacrifices were always graced with (the presence of) the very gods with Indra at their head. And the gods used to take their respective shares, by removing all impediments, to facilitate those sacrifices in every way. Possessed of great ascetic merit, Bhagiratha gave unto the Brahmanas whatever benefit they desired without obliging them to stir from the place wherever they might entertain those desires. There was nothing which he could withhold from the Brahmanas. Every one received from him everything he coveted. At last, the king ascended to the region of Brahman, through the grace of the Brahmanas. For that object on which the *Rishis* that subsisted on the rays of the sun used to wait upon the sun and the presiding deity of the sun, for that very object they used to wait upon the lord Bhagiratha, that ornament of the three worlds. When he died, O Srinjaya, who was superior to thee, as regards the four cardinal virtues, and who, superior to thee, was much superior to thy son, thou shouldst not grieve, saying '*Oh, Swaitya, Oh, Swaitya,*' for the latter who performed no sacrifice and made no sacrificial present.' "

SECTION LXI

'Narada said, 'Dilipa, the son of Ilavila, too, O Srinjaya, we hear, fell a prey to death. Brahmanas, vested in knowledge of Truth, devoted to the performance of sacrifices, blessed with children and children's children and numbering myriads upon myriads, were present at his hundreds of sacrifices. King Dilipa, having performed various sacrifices, gave away this earth, filled with treasures, unto the Brahmanas. At the sacrifices of Dilipa, the roads were all made of gold. The very gods, with Indra at their head used to come to him regarding him as *Dharma* himself. The upper and lower rings of his sacrificial stake were made of gold. Eating

[1]Both 5 and 6 are difficult *slokas*. But for Nilakantha I could never have understood their sense. The reading *Jalaughena*, occuring in both the Bengal and the Bombay editions, is a mistake for *Janaughena*. The construction of 5 is this: *Dakshina Bhuyasirdadat* : *tena hetuna Janaughena akaranta*. The story of the salvation of Bhagiratha's ancestors is a beautiful myth. King Sagara (whence Sagara or the Ocean) had sixty thousand sons. They were all reduced to ashes by the curse of the sage Kapila, an incarnation of Vishnu himself. Bhagiratha, a remote descendant, caused the sacred Ganga to roll over the spot where the ashes of his ancestors lay, and thus procured their salvation.

[2]The correct reading is *Valguvadinas*, and not the form in the genetive plural.

his *Raga-khandavas*, many persons, at his sacrifices, were seen to lie down on the roads. While battling over the waters, the two wheels of Dilipa's car never sank in that liquid. This seemed exceedingly wonderful, and never occured to other kings, Even those that saw king Dilipa, that firm bowman, always truthful in speech and giving away profuse gifts at his sacrifices, succeeded in ascending to heaven. In the abode of Dilipa, called also Khattanga, these five sounds were always to be heard, *viz.*, the sound of *Vedic* recitations, the twang of bows, and *Drink*, *Enjoy*, and *Eat*! When he died, O Srinjaya, who was superior to thee in respect of the four cardinal virtues and who superior to thee, was much superior to thy son, thou shouldst not, saying, '*Oh, Swaitya, Oh, Swaitya*,' grieve for thy son who performed no sacrifice and made no sacrificial gifts.' "[1]

SECTION LXII

"Narada said, 'Mandhatri' the son of Yuvanaswa, O Srinjaya, we hear, fell a prey to death. That king vanquished the gods, the *Asuras* and men. Those celestials, *viz.*, the twin Aswins, brought him out of his father's womb by a surgical operations. Once on a time, king Yuvanaswa while chasing the deer in the forest, became very thirsty and his steeds also became exceedingly fatigued. Beholding a wreath of smoke, the king (directed by it) went to a sacrifice and drank the sacred sacrificial butter that lay scattered there. (The king, thereupon, conceived). Beholding that Yuvanaswa was quick with child, those best of physicians, *viz.*, the twin Aswins among the celestials, extracted the child from the king's womb. Seeing that child of celestial splendour lying on the lap on his father, the gods said unto one another, 'What shall support this child?' Then Vasava said, 'Let the child suck my fingers,' Thereupon from the fingers of Indra issued milk sweet as nectar. And since Indra from compassion, said, '*He will draw his sustenance from me*,' and showed him that kindness, therefore, the gods named that child *Mandhatri*.[2] Then jets of milk and clarified butter dropped into the mouth of Yuvanaswa's son from the hand of the high-souled Indra. The boy continued to suck the hand of Indra and by that means to grow. In twelve days he became twelve cubits in stature and endued with great prowess. And he conquered the whole of this earth in the course of a single day. Of virtuous soul, possessed of great intelligence, heroic, devoted to truth and a master of his passions, Mandhatri vanquished, by his bow Janamejaya and Sudhanwan and Jaya and Suna[3] and Vrihadratha and Nriga. And the lands

[1] In the Bombay edition some verses occur after the 3rd.

[2] Literally "Having me for his sustainer."

[3] Instead of Suna, the Bombay text gives *Puru*.

lying between the hill where the sun rises and the hill where he sets, are known to this day as the dominion of Mandhatri. Having performed a hundred Horse-sacrifices and a hundred *Rajasuya* sacrifices also, he gave away, O monarch, unto the Brahmanas, some *Rohita* fish made of gold, that were ten *Yojanas* in length and one *Yojana* in breadth. Mountains of savoury food and comestibles of diverse kinds, after the Brahmanas had been entertained, were eaten by others, (who came at his sacrifices) and contributed to their gratification. Vast quantities of food and eatables and drink, and mountains of rice, looked beautiful as they stood. Many rivers, having lakes of clarified butter, with diverse kinds of soup for their mire, curds for their froth and liquid honey for their water, looking beautiful, and wafting honey and milk, encircled mountains of solid viands. Gods and *Asuras* and Men and *Yakshas* and *Gandharvas* and Snakes and Birds, and many Brahmanas, accomplished in the *Vedas* and their branches, and many Rishis came to his sacrifices. Amongst those present there, none was illiterate. King Mandhatri, having bestowed the earth bounded by the seas and full of wealth upon the Brahmanas, at last disappeared like the sun. Filling all the points of the compass with his fame, he repaired to the regions of the righteous. When he died, O Srinjaya, who excelled thee in the four cardinal virtues and who, superior to thee, was much superior to thy son, thou shouldst not grieve, saying, '*Oh, Swaitya, Oh, Swaitya*' for the latter who performed no sacrifice and made no sacrificial gift.' "

SECTION LXIII

"Narada said, 'Yayati, the son of Nahusha, O Srinjaya, we hear, fell a prey to death. Having performed a hundred Rajasuyas, a hundred Horse-sacrifices, a thousand *Pundarikas*, a hundred *Vajapeyas*, a thousand *Atiratras*, innumerable *Chaturmasyas*, diverse *Agnishtomas*, and many other kinds of sacrifices, in all of which he made profuse gifts unto the Brahmanas, he gave away unto the Brahmanas, having counted it first, the whole of the wealth that existed on the earth in the possession of *Mlecchas* and other Brahmana-hating people. When the gods and the *Asuras* were arrayed for battle, king Yayati aided the gods. Having divided the earth into four parts, he gave it away unto four persons. Having performed various sacrifices and virtuously begotten excellent offspring upon (his wives) Devayani, the daughter of Usanas and Sarmishtha, king Yayati, who was like unto a celestial, roved through the celestial woods at his own pleasure, like a second Vasava. Acquainted with all the *Vedas*, when, however, he found that he was not satiated with the indulgence of his passions, he then, with his wives, retired into the forest, saying this:

'Whatever of paddy and wheat and gold and animals and women there are on earth, even the whole of these is not sufficient for one man. Thinking of this, one should cultivate contentment.' Thus abandoning all his desires, and attaining to contentment, the lord Yayati, installing (his son) on his throne, retired into the forest. When he died, O Srinjaya, who was superior to thee in respect of the four cardinal virtues and who, superior to thee, was much superior to thy son, thou shouldst not, saying, '*Oh, Swaitya, Oh, Swaitya*', grieve for the latter who performed no sacrifice and made no sacrificial present.' "

SECTION LXIV

"Narada said, 'Nabhaga's son, Amvarisha, O Srinjaya, we hear, fell a prey to death. Alone he battled a thousand times with a thousand kings. Desirous of victory, those foes, accomplished in weapons, rushed against him in battle from all sides, uttering fierce exclamations. Aided by his strength and activity and the skill he had acquired by practice, he cut off, by the force of his weapons the umbrellas, the weapons, the standards, the cars, and the lances of those enemies, and dispelled his anxieties.[1] Desirous of saving their lives, those men, doffing their coats of mail, implored him (for mercy). They sought his protection, saying, 'We yield ourselves to thee.' Reducing them to subjection and conquering the whole earth, he performed a hundred sacrifices of the best kind, according to the rites ordained in the scriptures, O sinless one! Food possessed of every agreeable quality was eaten (at those sacrifices) by large classes of people. At those sacrifices, the Brahmanas were respectfully worshipped and greatly gratified. And the regenerate classes ate sweet-meats, and *Purikas* and *Puras*, and *Apupas* and *Sashkalis* of good taste and large size, and *Karambhas* and *Prithumridwikas*, and diverse kinds of dainties, and various kinds of soup, and *Maireyaka*, and *Ragakhandavas*, and diverse kinds of confectionary, well-prepared, soft, and of excellent fragrance, and clarified butter, and honey, and milk, and water, and sweet curds, and many kinds of fruits and roots agreeable to the taste.[2] And they that were habituated to wine drank in due time diverse kinds of intoxicating drinks for the sake of the pleasure that those produced, and sang and played upon their musical instruments. And others, by thousands, intoxicated with what they drank, danced and merrily sang hymns to the praise of Amvarisha; while others, unable to keep themselves erect, fell down on the earth. In those sacrifices, king Amvarisha gave, as sacrificial presents, the kingdoms of hundreds

[1]The Bengal text reads this verse differently.

[2]The words in italics are names of Indian confectionery, prepared with wheat or barley, milk, and sugar or honey.

and thousands of kings unto the ten million priests (employed by him). Having performed diverse sacrifices the king gave unto the Brahmanas, as sacrificial presents, numbers of princes and kings whose coronal locks had undergone the sacred bath, all cased in golden coats of mail, all having white umbrellas spread over their heads, all seated on golden cars, all attired in excellent robes and having large trains of followers, and all bearing their sceptres, and in possession of their treasuries. The great *Rishis*, seeing what he did, were highly gratified, and said, 'None amongst men in past times did, none in future will be able to do, what king Amvarisha of profuse liberality, is doing now. When he, O Srinjaya, died who was superior to thee in respect of the four cardinal virtues and who superior to thee, was, much more superior to thy son, thou shouldst not, therefore, saying, '*Oh, Swaitya, Oh, Swaitya*', grieve for the latter who performed no sacrifice and made no sacrificial present.' "

SECTION LXV

"Narada said, 'King Sasavindu, O Srinjaya, we hear, fell a prey to death. Of great beauty and of prowess incapable of being baffled, he performed diverse sacrifices. That high-souled monarch had one hundred thousand wives. From each of those wives were born a thousand sons. All those princes were endued with great prowess. They performed millions of sacrifices. Accomplished in the *Vedas*, those kings performed many foremost of sacrifices. All of them were cased (on occasions of battle) in golden coats of mail. And all of them were excellent bowmen. All these princes born of Sasavindu performed Horse-sacrifices. Their father, O best of monarchs, in the Horse-sacrifices he had performed, gave away, (as sacrificial presents), all those sons unto the Brahmanas. Behind each of those princes were hundreds upon hundreds of cars and elephants and fair maidens decked in ornaments of gold. With each maiden were a hundred elephants; with each elephant, a hundred cars; with each car a hundred steeds, adorned with garlands of gold. With each of those steeds were a thousand kine ; and with each cow were fifty goats. The highly blessed Sasavindu gave away unto the Brahmanas, in the great Horse-sacrifice of his such unlimited wealth. The king caused as many sacrificial stakes of gold to be made for that great Horse-sacrifice of his as is the number, double of sacrificial stakes of wood in other sacrifices of the kind. There were mountains of food and drink of the height of about two miles each. Upon the completion of his Horse-sacrifice, thirteen such mountains of food and drink remained (untouched). His kingdom abounded in people that were contented and well-fed. And it was free from all inroads of evil and the people were perfectly happy. Having ruled for many long

years, Sasavindu, at last, ascended to heaven. When he died, O Srinjaya, who was superior to thee in respect of the four cardinal virtues and who superior to thee was, therefore, much more superior to thy son, thou shouldst not, saying, '*Oh, Swaitya, Oh Swaitya*', grieve for the latter who performed no sacrifice and made no sacrificial present.' "

SECTION LXVI

"Narada said, 'Gaya, the son of Amartarayas, O Srinjaya, we hear, fell a prey to death. That king, for a hundred years, ate nothing but what remained of the libations of clarified butter poured into the sacrificial fire. Agni (gratified with his proof of great devotion) offered to give him a boon. Gaya solicited the boon (desired), saying, 'I desire to have a thorough knowledge of the Vedas through ascetic penances, through practice of *Brahmacharya*, and of vows and rules, and through the grace of my superiors.[1] I desire also inexhaustible wealth, through practice of the duties of my own order and without injury to others. I wish also that I may always be able to make gifts unto the Brahmanas, with devotion. Let me also procreate sons upon wives belonging to my own order and not upon others. Let me be able to give away food with devotion. Let my heart always delight in righteousness. O (Agni) thou supreme cleanser, let no impediment overtake me while I am engaged in acts for the attainment of religious merit.' Saying '*Be it so*,' Agni disappeared then and there. And Gaya also, acquiring all he had asked for, subjugated his foes in fair fight. King Gaya then performed, for a full hundred years, diverse kinds of sacrifices with profuse presents unto the Brahmanas and the vows called *Chaturmasyas* and others. Every year, for a century, the king gave (unto the Brahmanas) one hundred and sixty thousand kine, ten thousand steeds, and one crore gold (*nishkas*) upon rising (on the completion of his sacrifices). Under every constellation also he gave away the presents ordained for each of these occasions.[2] Indeed, the king performed various sacrifices like another Soma or another Angiras. In his great Horse-sacrifice, king Gaya, making a golden earth, gave her away unto the Brahmanas. In that sacrifice, the stakes of king Gaya were exceedingly costly, being of gold, decked with gems delightful to all creatures. Capable of killing every wish, Gaya gave those stakes unto well-pleased Brahmanas and other people. The diverse classes of creatures dwelling in the ocean, the woods, the islands, the rivers male and female, the waters, the towns, the provinces, and even in heaven, were all gratified with wealth and food distributed at Gaya's sacrifices. And they all said, 'No

[1] These are the methods by which he sought knowledge of the *Vedas*.

[2] *Nakshatra-dakshina* is explained by Nilakantha as *Nakshatra vihitro-Dakshina*.

other sacrifice can come up to this one of Gaya. The sacrificial altar of Gaya was thirty *Yojanas* in length, six and twenty *Yojanas* in width, and twenty *Yojanas* in height. And it was made entirely of gold, and overspread with pearls and diamonds and gems. And he gave away this altar unto the Brahmanas, as also robes and ornaments. And the munificent monarch also gave unto the Brahmanas other presents of the kind laid down (in the scriptures). Upon the completion of that sacrifice five and twenty hills of food remained untouched, and many lakes and several beautifully flowing rivulets of juicy drinks, and many heaps, besides, of robes and ornaments. And in consequence of the merit of that great sacrifice, Gaya came to be well-known in the three worlds. And due to that sacrifice are the eternal Banian and the sacred *Brahmasara*. When he died, O Srinjaya, who was superior to thee in respect of four cardinal virtues and who superior to thee, was, therefore, much superior to thy son, thou shouldst not, saying, '*Oh, Swaitya, Oh, Swaitya*, grieve for the latter who performed no sacrifice and made no sacrificial present.' "

SECTION LXVII

"Narada said, 'Rantideva, the son of Srinjaya, we hear, fell a prey to death. That high-souled king had two hundred thousand cooks to distribute excellent food, raw and cooked, like unto *Amrita*, unto the Brahmanas, by day and by night, who might come to his house as guests.[1] The king gave away unto the Brahmanas his wealth acquired by righteous means. Having studied the *Vedas*, he subjugated his foes in fair fight. Of rigid vows and always engaged in due performance of sacrifices, countless animals, desirous of going to heaven, used to come to him of their own accord.[2] So large was the number of animals sacrificed in the *Agnihotra* of that king that the secretions flowing from his kitchen from the heaps of skins deposited there caused a veritable river which from this circumstance, came to be called the *Charmanwati*.[3] He, incessantly gave away *nishkas* of bright gold unto the Brahmanas, 'I give thee *nishkas*.' 'I give thee *nishkas*,' these were the words incessantly uttered by him. 'I give thee,' 'I give thee' saying these words he gave away thousands of *nishkas*. And once again, with soft words to the Brahmanas, he gave away *nishkas*. Having given away, in course of a single day, one crore of such coins, he thought that he had given away very little. And, therefore, he would give away more. Who else is there that would be able to give what

[1]The Bengal reading of the second line of the second verse is vicious. At any rate, the Bombay reading is better.

[2]Animals slain in sacrifices are believed to go to heaven.

[3]Identified with the modern Chumbal.

he gave? The king gave away wealth, thinking, 'If I do not give wealth in the hands of Brahmanas, great and eternal grief, without doubt, will be mine.' For a hundred years, every fortnight, he gave unto thousands of Brahmanas a golden bull into each, followed by a century of kine and eight hundred pieces of *nishkas*. All the articles that were needed for his *Agnihotra*, and all that were needed for his other sacrifices, he gave away unto the *Rishis*, including *Karukas*[1] and water-pots and plates and beds and carpets and vehicles, and mansions and houses, and diverse kinds of trees, and various kinds of viands. Whatever utensils and articles Rantideva possessed were of gold. They that are acquainted with the history of ancient times seeing the superhuman affluence of Rantideva, sing this song, *viz.*, 'We have not seen such accumulated treasures even in the abode of Kuvera; what need be said, therefore, of human beings?' And people wonderingly said, 'Without doubt, the kingdom of Rantideva is made of gold.[2] On such nights, when guests were assembled in the abode of Rantideva, one and twenty thousand kine were sacrificed (for feeding them). And yet the royal cook adorned with begemmed ear-rings, had to cry out, saying, 'Eat as much soup as you like, for, of meat, there is not as much today as in other days. Whatever gold was left belonging to Rantideva, he gave even that remnant away unto the Brahmanas during the progress of one of his sacrifices. In his very sight the gods used to take the libations of clarified butter poured into the fire for them, and the *Pitris* the food that was offered to them, in *Sraddhas*. And all superior Brahmanas used to obtain from him (the means of gratifying) all their desires. When he died, O Srinjaya, who was superior to thee in respect of the four cardinal virtues and who, superior to thee was, therefore, much superior to thy son, thou shouldst not, saying, '*Oh, Swaitya, Oh, Swaitya*,' grieve for the latter who performed no sacrifice and made no sacrificial present.' "

SECTION LXVIII

"Narada said, 'Dushmanta's son, Bharata, O Srinjaya, we hear, fell a prey to death. While only a child (living) in the forest, he achieved feats incapable of being achieved by others. Endued with great strength, he speedily deprived the very lions, white as snow and armed with teeth and claws, of all their prowess, and dragged them and bound them (at his pleasure). He used to check tigers also, that were fiercer and more ruthless (than lions), and bring them to subjection. Seizing other beasts of

[1] A kind of vessel used by Brahmanas and others for begging.

[2] *Vaswoksara* means made 'of gold.' It is a feminine adjective. The substantive is omitted. I think the passage may mean—'The *city* of Rantideva is made of gold.'

prey possessed of great might, and even huge elephants, dyed with red arsenic and spotted with other liquid minerals by their teeth and tusks, he used to bring them to subjection, causing their mouths to become dry, or obliging them to fly away. Possessed of great might, he used also to drag the mightiest of buffaloes. And in consequence of his strength, he checked proud lions by hundreds, and powerful *Srimaras* and horned rhinoceroses and other animals. Binding them by their necks and crushing them to an inch of their lives, he used to let them go. For those feats of his the regenerate ascetics (with whom he lived) came to call him *Sarvadamana* (the controller of all). His mother, at last, forbade him from torturing animals in that way. Endued with great prowess he performed a hundred Horse-sacrifices on the banks of the Yamuna, three hundred such sacrifices on the banks of Saraswati, and four hundred on the banks of the Ganga. Having performed these sacrifices, he once more performed a thousand Horse-sacrifices and a hundred *Rajasuyas*, great sacrifices, in which his gifts also to the Brahmanas were very profuse. Other sacrifices, again, such as the *Agnishtoma*, the *Atiratra*, the *Uktha* and the *Viswajit*, he performed together with thousands and thousands of *Vajapeyas*, and completed without any impediment. The son of Sakuntala, having performed all these, gratified the Brahmanas with presents of wealth. Possessed of great fame, Bharata then gave ten thousand billions of coins, made of the most pure gold, unto Kanwa (who had brought up his mother Sakuntala as his own daughter). The gods with Indra at their head, accompanied by the Brahmanas, coming to his sacrifice, set up his sacrificial stake made entirely of gold, and measuring in width a hundred *Vyamas*.[1] And imperial Bharata, of noble soul, that victor over all foes, that monarch never conquered by any enemy, gave away unto the Brahmanas beautiful horses and elephants and cars, decked with gold, and beautiful gems of all kinds, and camels and goats and sheep, and slaves—male and female—and wealth, and grains and milch cows with calves, and villages and fields, and diverse kinds of robes, numbering by millions and millions. When he died, O Srinjaya, who was superior to thee in respect of the four cardinal virtues and who superior to thee, was, therefore, much superior to thy son, thou shouldst not, saying, '*Oh, Swaitya, Oh, Swaitya*,' grieve for the latter who performed no sacrifice and made no sacrificial present.' "

SECTION LXIX

"Narada said, 'Vena's son, king Prithu, O Srinjaya, we hear, fell a prey to death. In the *Rajasuya* sacrifice he performed, the great Rishis installed

[1]A *Vyama* is the space between the two arms extended at their furthest.

him as Emperor (of the world). He vanquished all, and his achievements, became known (all over the world). For this he came to be called *Prithu* (the celebrated). And because he protected all people from wounds and injuries, for this he became a true *Kshatriya*.[1] Beholding Vena's son, Prithu, all his subjects said, We are highly pleased with him. In consequence of this affection that he enjoyed of his subjects he came to be called a *Raja*.[2] During the time of Prithu, the earth, without being cultivated, yielded crops in sufficiency. All the kine, again, yielded milk whenever they were touched. Every lotus was full of honey. The *Kusa* blades were all of gold, agreeable to the touch, and otherwise delightful. And the subjects of Prithu made clothes of these blades and the beds also on which they lay. All the fruits were soft and sweet and like unto *Amrita* (in taste). And these constituted the food of his subjects, none amongst whom had ever to starve. And all men in Prithu's time were hale and hearty. And all their wishes were crowned with fruition. They had nothing to fear. On trees, or in caves, they dwelt as they liked. His dominions were not distributed into provinces and towns. The people lived happily and in joy as each desired. When king Prithu went to the sea, the waves became solid. The very mountains used to yield him openings that he might pass through them. The standard of his car never broke (obstructed by anything). Once on a time, the tall trees of the forest, the mountains, the gods, the Asuras, men, the snakes, the seven Rishis, the Apsaras, and the Pitris, all came to Prithu, seated at his ease, and addressing him, said, 'Thou art our Emperor. Thou art our king. Thou art our protector and Father. Thou art our Lord. Therefore, O great king, give us boons after our own hearts, through which we may, for ever, obtain gratification and joy.' Unto them Prithu, the son of Vena, said, So be it. Then taking up his *Ajagava* bow[3] and some terrible arrows the like of which existed not, he reflected for a moment. He then addressed the Earth, saying, 'Coming quickly, O Earth! Yield to these the milk they desire. From that, blessed be thou, I will give them the food they solicit.' Thus addressed by him, the Earth said, 'It behoveth thee, O hero, to regard me as thy daughter.' Prithu answered, So be it!—And then that great ascetic, his passions under control, made all arrangements (for milking the Earth. Then the entire assemblage of creatures began to milk the Earth). And first of all, the tall trees of the forest rose for milking her. The Earth then, full of affection, stood there desiring a calf, a milker, and vessels (wherein to hold the milk). Then the blossoming *Sala* became the calf, the Banian became the milker, torn buds became the milk, and the auspicious fig tree became the vessel. (Next, the mountains milked her). The Eastern hill, whereon the Sun rises, became the calf; the prince of mountains, *viz.*, Meru, became the milker; the diverse gems and deciduous herbs became the milk; and the

[1]Literally, a *Kshatriya* is one that rescues another from wounds and injuries.

[2]A *raja* is one who enjoys the affection of his people, and with whom they are delighted.

[3]The bow of Siva, otherwise called Pinaka.

stones became the vessels (for holding that milk). Next, one of the gods became the milker, and all things capable of bestowing energy and strength became the coveted milk. The Asuras then milked the Earth, having wine for their milk, and using an unbaked pot for their vessel. In that act, Dwimurddhan became the milker, and Virochana, the calf. The human beings milked the Earth for cultivation and crops. The self-created Manu became their calf, and Prithu himself the milker. Next, the Snakes milked the Earth, getting poison as the milk, and using a vessel made of a gourd, Dhritarashtra became the milker, and Takshaka the calf. The seven *Rishis*, capable of producing everything by their fiat,[1] then milked the Earth, getting the Vedas as their milk. Vrihaspati became the milker, the Chhandas were the vessel, and the excellent Soma, the calf. The Yakshas, milking the Earth, got the power of disappearance at will as the milk in an unbaked pot. Vaisravana (Kuvera) became their milker, and Vrishadhvaja their calf. The Gandharvas and the Apsaras milked all fragrant perfumes in a vessel made of a lotus-leaf. Chitraratha became their calf, and the puissant Viswaruchi their milker. The Pitris milked the Earth, getting Swaha as their milk in a vessel of silver. Yama, the son of Vivaswat, bacame their calf, and (the Destroyer Antaka) their milker. Even thus was the Earth milked by that assemblage of creatures who all got for milk what they each desired. The very calves and vessels employed by them are existing to this day and may always be seen. The powerful Prithu, the son of Vena, performing various sacrifices, gratified all creatures in respect of all their desires by gifts of articles agreeable to their hearts. And he caused golden images to be made of every article on earth, and bestowed them all on the Brahmanas as his great Horse-sacrifice.[2] The king caused six and sixty thousand elephants to be made of gold, and all those he gave away unto the Brahamanas. And this whole earth also the king caused to be decked with jewels and gems and gold, and gave her away unto the Brahmanas. When he died, O Srinjaya, who was superior to thee as regards the four cardinal virtues and who, superior to thee, was, therefore, much superior to thy son thou shouldst not, saying '*Oh, Swaitya,*' *Oh, Swaitya,*' grieve for the latter who performed no sacrifice and made no sacrificial present.' "

SECTION LXX

"Narada said, 'Even the great ascetic Rama, the nero worshipped by all heroes, that son of Jamadagni, of great fame, will die, without being

[1] *Aklishtakarman,* literally, one who is never fatigued with work; hence one capable of obtaining the results of action by a mere fiat of the will. It may also mean, of unspotted acts.

[2] *Parthivas, i.e.,* relating to the earth.

contented (with the period of his life). Rooting out all evils from the earth, he caused the primeval Yuga to set in. Having obtained unrivalled prosperity, no fault could be seen in him.[1] His father having been slain and his calf having been stolen by the Kshatriyas, he without any boast, slew Kartavirya who had never been vanquished before by foes. With his bow he slew four and sixty times ten thousand Kshatriyas already within the jaws of death. In that slaughter were included fourteen thousand Brahmana-hating Kshatriyas of the *Dantakura* country, all of whom he slew. Of the Haihayas, he slew a thousand with his short club, a thousand with his sword, and a thousand by hanging.[2] Heroic warriors, with their cars, steeds, and elephants, lay dead on the field, slain by the wise son of Jamadagni, enraged at the slaughter of his father. And Rama, on that occasion, slew ten thousand Kshatriyas with his axe. He could not quietly bear the furious speeches uttered by those (foes of his). And when many foremost of Brahamans uttered exclamations, mentioning the name of Rama of Bhrigu's race,[3] then the valiant son of Jamadagni, proceeding against the Kashmiras, the Daradas, the Kuntis, the Kshudrakas, the Malavas, the Angas, the Vangas, the Kalingas, the Videhas, the Tamraliptakas, the Rakshovahas, the Vitahotras, the Trigartas, the Martikavatas, counting by thousand, slew them all by means of his whetted shafts. Proceeding from province to province, he thus slew thousands of *crores* of Kshatriyas. Creating a deluge of blood and filling many lakes also with blood as red as *Indrajopakas* or the wild fruit called *Vandujiva*, and bringing all the eighteen islands (of which the earth is composed) under his subjection, that son of Bhrigu's race performed a hundred sacrifices of great merit, all of which he completed and in all of which the presents he made unto the Brahmanas were profuse. The sacrificial altar, eighteen *nalas* high made entirely of gold, and constructed according to the ordinance, full of diverse kinds of jewels and gems, and decked with hundreds of standards, and this earth abounding in domestic and wild animals, were accepted by Kasyapa as sacrificial present made unto him by Rama, the son of Jamadagni. And Rama also gave him many thousand prodigious elephants, all adorned with gold. Indeed, freeing the earth from all robbers, and making her teem with honest and graceful inhabitants, Rama gave her away to Kasyapa at his great Horse-sacrifice. Having divested the earth of Kshatriyas for one and twenty times, and having performed hundreds of sacrifices, the puissant hero gave away the earth to the Brahmanas. And it was Marichi (Kasyapa) who accepted from him the earth with her seven islands. Then Kasyapa said unto Rama, 'Go out of the earth, at my command.' At the word of Kasyapa, the foremost of warriors, desirous of obeying the Brahmana's behest, caused by his arrows the

[1]The first line of the verse, I think, has been correctly explained by Nilakantha. The paraphrase is *ya imam bhumim sukham kurvan adyam i.e. adyam yugam anuparyeti sma.*

[2]The Bombay text adds some verses here which do not occur in the Bengal texts.

[3]K. P. Sinha makes a ludicrous blunder in reading this line.

very ocean to stand aside, and repairing to that best of mountains called Mahendra, continued to live there. Even that enhancer of the fame of the Bhrigus, possessed of such numberless virtues, that famous son of Jamadagni, of great splendour, will die. Superior to thy son, (even he will die). Do not, therefore, grieve for thy son who performed no sacrifice and made no sacrificial present. All these, superior to thee as regards the four cardinal virtues and as regards also a hundred other merits, all these foremost of men, have died, O Srinjaya, and they that are like them will also die.' "

SECTION LXXI

"Vyasa said, 'Hearing this sacred history of sixteen kings, capable of enhancing the period of life (of the listener), king Srinjaya remained silent without saying anything. The illustrious *Rishi* Narada then said unto him thus sitting silent, 'O thou of great splendour, hast thou heard those histories recited by me, and hast thou caught their purport? Or, are all these lost like *Sraddha* as performed by a person of regenerate classes having a Sudra wife?' Thus addressed, Srinjaya then replied with joined hands, 'O thou that hast wealth of asceticism, having listened to these excellent and praiseworthy histories of ancient royal sages, all of whom had performed great sacrifices with profuse presents unto the Brahmanas, my grief hath all been dispelled by wonder, like the darkness that is dispelled by the rays of the sun. I have now been cleansed of my sins, and I do not feel any pain now. Tell me, what shall I do now?'

"Narada said, 'By good luck it is that thy grief hath been dispelled. Solicit thou the boon that thou desirest. Thou wilt obtain all thou mayst ask. We never say what is not true.'

"Srinjaya said, 'I am happy with even this, *viz.*, that thou, O holy one, art gratified with me. He with whom thou, O holy one, art gratified, hath nothing unobtainable here.'

"Narada said, 'I will once more give thee thy son who was fruitlessly slain by the robbers, like an animal, slaughtered in sacrifice, taking him out of terrible hell.'

"Vyasa said, 'Then the son of Srinjaya, of wonderful splendour, appeared, that child resembling the son of Kuvera himself, bestowed by the gratified *Rishi* (on the bereaved father). And king Srinjaya, once more meeting with his son, became highly delighted. And he performed many meritorious sacrifices, giving away profuse sacrificial presents upon completion. Srinjaya's son had not fulfilled the purposes of his being. He had performed no sacrifice and had no children. Destitute of bravery, he

had perished miserably and not in battle. It was for this reason that he could be brought back into life.[1] As regards Abhimanyu, he was brave and heroic. He hath fulfilled the purposes of life, for the brave son of Subhadra, having blasted his foes by thousands, hath left the world, falling in the field of battle. Those inaccessible regions that are attainable by *Brahmacharya*, by knowledge, by acquaintance with the scriptures, by foremost of sacrifices, even, these have been obtained by thy son. Men of knowledge always desire heaven by their righteous deeds. They that are living in heaven never prefer this world to heaven. Therefore, it is not easy for any desirable thing that might have been unattained by him to bring back into the world Arjuna's son slain in battle and now residing in heaven. Thy son has attained to that eternal goal which is attained by *yogins* with eyes shut in contemplation or by performers of great sacrifices, or people possessed of great ascetic merit. After death, attaining a new body that hero is shining like a king in his own immortal rays. Indeed, Abhimanyu has once more got his own body of lunar essence that is desirable by all regenerate persons. He deserveth not thy grief.[2] Knowing this, be quiet, and slay thy foes. Let fortitude be thine. O sinless one, it is the living that stand in need of our grief, and not they that have attained to heaven. His sins increase, O king, for whom, the living grieve. Therefore, he that is wise, abandoning grief, should strive for (the) benefit (of the dead). The living man should think of the joy, the glory, and the happiness (of the dead). Knowing this, the wise never indulge in grief, for grief is painful. Know this to be true. Rise up! Strive (to achieve thy purpose). Do not grieve. Thou hast heard of the origin of Death, and her unexampled penances, as also the impartiality of her behaviour towards all creatures. Thou hast heard that prosperity is unstable. Thou hast heard how the dead son of Srinjaya was revived. O learned king, do not grieve. Peace be to thee, I go!'—Having said this, the holy Vyasa disappeared then and there. Upon the departure of that master of speech, that foremost of intelligent persons, *viz.*, the holy Vyasa, whose colour was like that of the clouded sky, Yudhishthira, having derived consolation in consequence of what he had heard about the sacrificial merit and prosperity of these great monarchs of olden times, possessed of energy equal to that of the great Indra himself and all of whom had acquired wealth by righteous means, mentally applauded those illustrious persons and became freed from grief. Once more, however, with a melancholy heart he asked himself, saying, 'What shall we say unto Dhananjaya?' "

[1] *Sannahikas, i.e.*, clad in mail.

[2] The Bengal reading *Dwijaidhitam* is certainly better than the Bombay reading *Dwijochitam* although Nilakantha explains *uchitam* as *abhimatam*.

SECTION LXXII

Sanjaya said, 'When that terrible day, so fraught with the slaughter of reatures, departed, and when the sun set, the beautiful twilight of the vening spread itself. The troops, O bull of Bharata's race, of both arties, had retired to their tents. Then the ape-bannered Jishnu, having lain a large number of *Samsaptakas* by means of his celestial weapons, roceeded towards his tent, mounted on that victorious car of his. And s he was proceeding, he asked Govinda, with voice choked with tears, Why is my heart afraid, O Kesava, and why both my speech falter? Evil mens encounter me, and my limbs are weak. Thoughts of disaster pos- ess my mind without living it. On earth, on all sides, various omens trike me with fear. Of many kinds are those omens and indications, nd seen everywhere, foreboding dire calamity. Is it all right with my enerable superior, *viz.*, the king with all his friends?'

"Vasudeva said, 'It is evident that everything is right with thy brother nd his friends. Do not grieve, some trifling evil in another direction will appen.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Then those two heroes (*viz.*, Krishna and Arjuna), aving adored the Twilight,[1] mounted on their car and proceeded, talking f the day's battle so destructive of heroes. Having achieved feats exceed- gly difficult of accomplishment, Vasudeva and Arjuna, at last, reached he (Pandava) encampment. Then that slayer of hostile heroes, *viz.*, ibhatsu, beholding the camp joyless and melancholy and everything to e in confusion, addressed Krishna with an agonised heart, and said, O Janardana, no auspicious trumpet blows today, its blasts mingled with he beat of drums and the loud blare of conchs. The sweet *Vina* also is owhere played upon in accompaniment with slapping of palms.[2] Auspi- ous and delightful songs fraught with praise are nowhere recited or sung y our bards amongst the troops. The warriors also, all recede hanging own their heads. They do not tell me beholding me, as before, of the ats achieved by them. O Madhava, is it all right with my brothers day? Beholding our own men plunged in grief, I know no peace. Is it l right, O giver of honours, with the ruler of the Panchalas, or Virata, r all our warriors, O thou of unfading glory? Alas, Subhadra's son, ver cheerful, doth not today, with his brothers, come out with smiles to ceive me returning from battle.'

"Sanjaya said, 'Thus conversing, those two, (*viz.*, Krishna and Arjuna), ntered their own camp. And they saw that the Pandavas, all cheerless, ere sitting, plunged in great grief. Beholding his brothers and sons, the pe-bannered Arjuna became very cheerless. Not seeing the son of ubhadra there, Arjuna said, 'Pale is the colour I behold of the faces of

[1]Twilight is herself the goddess who is supposed to be adored by certain prayers and the occasion.

[2]These slaps mark the cadences.

you all. I do not, again, see Abhimanyu. Nor doth he come to congratulate me. I heard that Drona had today formed the circular array. None amongst you, save the boy Abhimanyu, could break that array. I, however, did not teach him how to come out of that array, after having pierced it. Did you cause the boy to enter that array? Hath that slayer of heroes, *viz.*, the son of Subhadra, that mighty bowman, having pierced that array, through numberless warriors of the enemy in battle, fallen, at last in the fight? Oh, tell me, how that hero of mighty arms and red eyes, born (in our line) like a lion on the mountain breast, and equal unto the younger brother of Indra himself, hath fallen on the field of battle? What warrior, deprived on his senses by Death ventured to slay that dear son of Subhadra, that favourite of Draupadi and Kesava, that child ever loved by Kunti? Equal unto the high-souled Vrishni hero, Kesava, himself in prowess and learning and dignity, how hath he been slain on the field of battle? The favourite son of that daughter of the Vrishni race, always cherished by me, alas, if I do not see him I will repair to the abode of Yama. With locks ending in soft curls, of tender years, with eyes like those of a young gazelle, with tread like that of an infuriated elephant, tall like a *Sala* offshoot, of sweet speech accompanied with smiles, quiet, ever obedient to the behest of his superiors, acting like one of mature years though tender in age, of agreeable speech, reft of vanity, of great courage and great energy, of large eyes resembling lotus-petals, kind to those devoted to him, self-restrained, following nothing mean, grateful, possessed of knowledge, accomplished in weapons, unretreating from battle, always delighting in fight, and enhancing the fears of foes, engaged in the welfare of kinsmen, desirous of victory into sires, never striking first, perfectly fearless in battle, alas, if I do not behold that son, I will repair to the abode of Yama. In the counting of car-warriors always reckoned as a *Maharatha*, superior to me one and a half times, of tender years, of mighty arms, even dear to Pradyumna and Kesava and myself, alas, if I do not behold that son I will repair to the abode of Yama. Of beautiful nose, of beautiful forehead, of fair eyes and eyebrows and lips, if I do not behold that face, what peace can my heart have? Melodious as the voice of the male *Kokila*, delightful, and sweet as the warblings of the *Vina*, without listening to his voice, what peace can my heart have? His beauty was unrivalled, rare even among the celestials. Without casting my eyes on that form, what peace can my heart have? Accomplished in saluting (his superiors) with reverence, and always obedient to the behests of his sires, alas, if I do not behold him, what peace can my heart have? Brave in battle, accustomed to every luxury, deserving of the softest bed, alas, he sleepeth today on the bare earth, as if there is none to take care of him, although he is foremost of those that have protectors to look after them. He on whom, while on his bed, the foremost of beautiful women used to attend, alas, he mangled with shafts, will have inauspicious jackals, prowling over the field, to attend upon him today. He who was formerly roused from his slumbers by singers and bards and panegyrists, alas, he

will today be surely awakened by discordant beasts of prey. That beautiful face of his eminently deserved to be shaded by the umbrella, alas, the dust of battle-field will surely befoul today. O child, unfortunate that I am, death forcibly takes thee away from me, who was never satiated with looking at thee. Without doubt, that abode of Yama, which is always the goal of persons of righteous deeds. that delightful mansion, illuminated today by thy own splendours, is rendered exceedingly beautiful by thee. Without doubt, Yama and Varuna and Satakratu and Kuvera, obtaining thee as a favourite guest, are making much of thy heroic self. Thus indulging in diverse lamentations, like a merchant whose vessel has been sunken. Arjuna, afflicted with great grief, asked Yudhishthira, saying, 'O thou of Kuru's race, hath he ascended to heaven, having caused a great slaughter among the enemy and contended with the foremost warriors in the face of battle? Without doubt, while contending single-handed with foremost of warriors, countless in number, and fighting with vigour and resolution, his heart turned towards me from a desire of help. While afflicted by Karna and Drona and Kripa and others with sharp shafts of diverse kinds and bright points, my sons of little strength, must have repeatedly thought, '*My father will in this press be my rescuer.*' I think, while indulging in such lamentations, he was felled on the ground by cruel warriors. Or, perhaps, when he was begotten by me, when he was the nephew of Madhva, when he was born in Subhadra he could not have uttered such lamentations. Without doubt, my heart, hard as it is, is made of the essence of the thunder, since it breaketh not, even though I do not behold that mighty-armed hero of red eyes. How could those mighty bowmen of cruel hearts shoot their deep-piercing shafts upon that child of tender years, who, again, was my son and the nephew of Vasudeva? That noble-hearted youth who, coming forward every day, used to congratulate me, alas, why doth he not present himself today to me when I come back having slain the foe? Without doubt, overthrown, he lieth today on the bare earth bathed in blood. Beautifying the earth by his body, he lieth like the sun fallen (from the firmament). I grieve for Subhadra, who, hearing of the death in battle of her unretreating son, will, afflicted with sorrow, cast away her life. What will Subhadra missing Abhimanyu, say unto me? What also will Draupadi say unto me? Afflicted with grief as they are, what also shall I say unto them? Without doubt, my heart is made of the essence of the thunder, since it breaketh not in a thousand fragments at the sight of my weeping daughter-in-law, pierced with grief. The leonine shouts of the Dhritarashtras swelling with pride did, indeed, enter my ears. Krishna also heard Yuyutsu censuring the heroes (of the Dhritarashtra army in these words): 'Ye mighty car-warriors, having been unable to vanquish Vibhatsu, and having slain only a child, why do ye rejoice? Why, having done what is disagreeable to those two, *viz.*, Kesava and Arjuna, in battle, why do you in joy roar like lions, when truly the hour for sorrow is come? The fruits of this sinful deed of yours will soon overtake you. Heinous is the crime prepetrated

by you. How long will it not bear its fruits?' Rebuking them in these words, the high-souled son of Dhritarashtra by his Vaisya wife, went away, casting off his weapons afflicted with rage and grief. O Krishna, why did you not tell me all this during the battle? I would then have consumed all those car-warriors of cruel hearts.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Then Vasudeva, consoling Partha who was afflicted with grief on account of his son, who was exceedingly anxious, whose eyes were bathed in tears, and who was, in fact, overwhelmed with this sorrow caused by the slaughter of his child, said unto him, 'Do not yield so to grief. This is the way of all brave, unretreating heroes, especially of Kshatriyas, whose profession is battle. O foremost of intelligent men, even this is the goal ordained by the authors of our scriptures for unretreating heroes engaged in battle. Death is certain for heroes that do not retreat. There is no doubt that Abhimanyu hath ascended to those regions that are reserved for persons of righteous acts. O bull of Bharata's race, even this is coveted by all that are brave, *viz.*, that they may die in battle, facing their foes. As regards Abhimanyu, he having slain in battle many heroic and mighty princes, hath met with that death in the face of battle which is coveted by heroes. Do not grieve, O tiger among men! The legislators of old have declared this to be the eternal merit of the Kshatriyas, *viz.*, their death in battle. O best of the Bharatas, these brothers of thine are all exceedingly cheerless, as also the king, and these thy friends, seeing thee plunged in grief. O giver of honours, comfort them in consoling words. That which should be is known to thee. It behoveth thee not to grieve.' Thus comforted by Krishna of wonderful deeds, Partha then said these words unto all his brothers, with voice choked with sorrow: 'O lord of the earth, I desire to hear how the mighty-armed Abhimanyu, how that hero of large eyes, resembling lotus-petals, fought. Ye will see that I will exterminate the foe with his elephants and cars and steeds, I will exterminate in battle those slayers of my son with all their followers and kinsmen. Ye all are accomplished in arms. Ye all were armed with weapons, how then could Subhadra's son be slain, even if it were the wielder of the thunder-bolt himself with whom he fought? Alas, if I had known that Pandavas and the Panchalas would be able to protect my son in battle, I myself would have then protected him. Ye were then on your cars, ye were shooting your shafts. Alas, how then could Abhimanyu be slain by the foe, causing a great carnage in your ranks? Alas, ye have no manliness. nor have ye any prowess, since in the very sight of you all was Abhimanyu slain. Or, I should chide my own self, since knowing that ye all are weak, cowardly, and irresolute, I went away! Alas, are your coats of mail and weapons of all kinds only ornaments for decking your persons, and were words given to you only for speaking in assemblies, that ye failed to protect my son (even though ye were clad in mail, armed from head to foot, and even though you had assured me in words of your competence)?— Having said these words, Partha sat down, holding bow and his excellent sword. Indeed, none could, at that time, even look at Vibhatsu who then

resembled the Destroyer himself in wrath, repeatedly drawing deep breaths. None of his friends or kinsmen could venture to look at or speak unto Arjuna, as he sat there exceedingly afflicted with grief on account of his son, and with face bathed in tears. None! Indeed could address him, save Vasudeva or Yudhishthira. These two, under all circumstances, were acceptable to Arjuna. And because they were highly reverenced and dearly loved, therefore, could they alone address him at such times. Then king Yudhishthira addressing Partha, of eyes like lotus-petals, who was then filled with rage and exceedingly afflicted with grief on account of the death of his son, said these words.

SECTION LXXIII

"Yudhishthira said,—O mighty-armed one, after thou hadst gone towards the army of the *Samsaptakas*, the preceptor Drona made fierce endeavours for seizing me. We succeeded, however, in resisting Drona at the head of the array at all points, having in that battle, disposed our vigorously contending car-divisions in counter-array. Held in check by a large number of warriors, and myself also having been well protected, Drona began to smite us with great activity, afflicting us with his whetted shafts. Thus afflicted by him, we could not then even gaze at his army, far less face it in battle. All of us then, addressing thy son by Subhadra, who was equal to thyself, O lord, in prowess said unto him, [O son, pierce this array of Drona!]—That valorous hero thus urged by us, then sought, like a good horse, to take that burden on himself, however unbearable it might have been for him. Endued as he was with thy energy, aided by that knowledge of weapons which he derived from thee, that child then penetrated unto that array, like Garuda penetrating into the ocean. As regards ourselves, we followed that hero, that son of Subhadra, desirous in that battle, of penetrating (into the Dhritarashtra army) by the same path by which Abhimanyu had entered it. Then, O sire, the wretched king of the Sindhus, *viz.*, Jayadratha, in consequence of the boon granted to him by Rudra, checked all of us! Then Drona, Kripa and Karna and Drona's son, and the king of the Kosalas, and Kritavarman, these six car-warriors surrounded the son of Subhadra. Having surrounded that child all those great car-warriors—too many for him although he was contending to the utmost of his power, deprived him of his car. After he had been deprived of his car, Dussasana's son, though he himself had a hair-breadth escape, succeeded, as chance would have it, in making Abhimanyu, meet with his end. As regards Abhimanyu, he, having slain many thousands of men and steeds and elephants, and eight thousand cars, and once more nine hundred elephants, two thousand princes, and

a large number of heroic warriors unknown to fame, and despatching in that battle king Vrihadvala also to heaven. at last, through ill luck, met with his own death. Thus hath occurred this event that so enhances our grief! That tiger among men hath even thus ascended to heaven! Hearing these words uttered by king Yudhishthira, Arjuna, saying—*Oh son*!—and breathing a deep sigh, fell down on the earth in great pain. Then all the warriors of the Pandavas, surrounding Dhananjaya with cheerless faces began, filled with grief, to look at one another with winkless eyes. Recovering consciousness then, Vasava's son became furious with rage. He seemed to be in a feverish tremor, and sighed frequently. Squeezing his hands, drawing deep breaths, with eyes bathed in tears, and casting his glances like a mad man, he said these words.'

"Arjuna said,—'Truly do I swear that tomorrow I will slay Jayadratha! If from fear of death he doth not forsake the Dhritarashtras, or implore our protection, or the protection of Krishna that foremost of men or of thine, O king, I shall assuredly slay him tomorrow! Forgetting his friendship for me, engaged in doing what is agreeable to Dhritarashtra's son, that wretch is the cause of the child's slaughter! Tomorrow I will slay him! Whoever they may be that will encounter me in battle tomorrow for protecting him, be it Drona, or Kripa, O king, I will cover them all with my arrow! Ye bulls among men, if I do not achieve even this in (tomorrow's) battle, let me not attain the regions reserved for the righteous, ye foremost of heroes! Those regions that are for them that slay their mothers, or for them that slay their fathers, or them that violate their preceptor's beds, or them that are vile and wicked, or them that cherish envy against the righteous, or them that speak ill of others or them that appropriate the wealth confidingly deposited with them by others, or them that are betrayers of trusts, or them that speak ill of wives enjoyed by them before, or them that have slain Brahmanas, or them that have killed kine, or them that eat sugared milk and rice, or food prepared of barley, or pot-herbs, or dishes prepared of milk, sesamum, and rice, or thin cakes of powdered barley fried in clarified butter or other kinds of cakes, or meat, without having dedicated the same to the gods,—even those regions shall speedily be mine if I do not slay Jayadratha!—Those regions to which they go that offer insults to Brahmanas devoted to the study of the *Vedas*, or otherwise worthy of respect, or to those that are their preceptors, (those regions shall speedily be mine if I do not slay Jayadratha!) That end which becomes theirs who touch Brahmanas or fire with the feet, that end which becomes theirs who throw phlegm and excreta and eject urine into water, even that miserable end shall be mine, if I do not slay Jayadratha! That end which is his who bathes (in water) in a state of nudity, or his who does not hospitably entertain a guest, that end which is theirs who receive bribes, speak falsehood, and deceive and cheat others, that end which is theirs who offend against their own souls or who falsely utter praises (of others), or of those low wretches who eat sweatmeats in the sight of servants and sons and wives and

dependents without sharing the same with those, that awful end shall be mine if I do not slay Jayadratha! That end which overtakes the wretch of ruthless soul who without supporting a righteous and obedient *protege* casts him off, or him who, without giving unto a deserving neighbour the offerings in *Sraddhas*, giveth them away unto those that deserve them not, that end which is his who drinks wine, or his who insults those that are worthy of respect, or his who is ungrateful, or his who speaketh ill of his brothers, that end shall soon be mine if I do not slay Jayadratha! The end of all those sinful persons whom I have not mentioned, as also of those whom I have mentioned, shall soon be attained by me, if after this night passes away, I do not slay Jayadratha tomorrow:

"—Listen now to another oath of mine! If tomorrow's sun set without my slaying that wretch, then even here I shall enter the blazing fire! Ye *Asuras* and gods and men, ye birds and snakes, ye *Pitris* and all wanderers of the night, ye regenerate *Rishis* and celestial *Rishis*, ye mobile and immobile creatures, ye all that I have not mentioned, ye will not succeed in protecting my foe from me! If he enters the abode of the nether region, or ascends the firmament, or repairs to the celestials, or the realms of the *Daityas*, I shall still, with a hundred arrows, assuredly cut off, on the expiration of this night, the head of Abhimanyu's foe!—'

"Sanjaya continued,—'Having uttered these words, Arjuna began to stretch *Gandiva* with both his arms. Transcending Arjuna's voice the sound of that bow rose and touched the very heavens. After Arjuna had taken that oath, Janarddana, filled with wrath, blew his conch, *Panchajanya*. And Phalguna blew *Devadatta*. The great conch *Panchajanya*, well filled with the wind from Krishna's mouth, produced a loud blare. And that blare made the regents of the cardinal and the subsidiary points, the nether regions, and the whole universe, to shake, as it happens at the end of the *Yuga*. Indeed after the high-souled Arjuna had taken the oath, the sound of thousands of musical instruments and loud leonine roars arose from the Pandava camp.

SECTION LXXIV

"Sanjaya said, 'When the spies (of Duryodhana), having heard that loud uproar made by the Pandavas desirous of victory, informed (their masters of the cause), Jayadratha, overwhelmed with sorrow, and with heart stupefied with grief, and like one sinking in a fathomless ocean of distress, slowly rose up and having reflected for a long while, proceeded to the assembly of the kings. Reflecting for a while in the presence of those gods among men, Jayadratha, in fear of Abhimanyu's father and covered with shame, said these words—He who in Pandu's soil was begotten by

Indra under the influence of desire, that wicked wretch is thinking of despatching me to the abode of Yama! Blessed be ye, I shall, therefore go back to my home from desire of life! Or, ye bulls among Kshatriyas, protect me by the force of your weapons! Partha seeks to slay me, ye heroes, render me fearless! Drona and Duryodhana and Kripa, and Karna, and the ruler of the Madras, and Valhika, and Dussasana and others, are capable of protecting a person who is afflicted by Yama himself. When however, I am threatened by Phalguna alone, will not all these the lords of earth, will not all of you, joined together, be able to protect me? Having heard the shouts of joy of the Pandavas, great hath been my fear. My limbs, ye lords of earth, have become powerless like those of a person on the point of death? Without doubt, the wielder of *Gandiva* hath sworn for my death! It is for this that the Pandavas are shouting in joy at a time when they should weep! Let alone the rulers of men, the very gods and *Gandharvas*, the *Asuras*, the *Uragas*, and the *Rakshasas*, cannot venture to baffle a vow of Arjuna. Therefore, ye bulls among men, blessed be ye, give me permission (to leave the Kuru camp). I want to make myself scarce. The Pandvas will no longer be able to find me! While indulging in such lamentations, with heart agitated by fear, king Duryodhana, always looking upon the accomplishment of his own business to be preferable to everything else, said unto him these words—Do not fear, O tiger among men! O bull among men, who will seek to encounter thee in battle when thou will remain in the midst of these Kshatriya heroes! Myself, Vikartana's son, Karna, Chitrasena, Vivinsati, Bhurisravas, Sala, Salya, the invincible Vrishasena, Purumitra, Jaya, Bhoja, Sudakshina the ruler of the Kamvojas, Satyavrata, the mighty-armed, Vikarna, Durmukha, Dussasana, Subahu, the ruler of the Kalingas, with his weapons upraised, Vinda and Anuvinda of Avanti, Drona, Drona's son, and Suvala's son (Sakuni),—these and numerous other kings will, with their forces, face the battle surrounding thee on all sides! Let the fever of thy heart, therefore, be dispelled! Thou art thyself one of the foremost of car-warriors! O thou of immeasurable splendour, thou thyself art a hero! Being what thou art how canst thou then see any cause of fear, O king of the Sindhus! The eleven *Akshauhinis* of troops I own will carefully fight for protecting thee! Therefore, do not fear, O king of the Sindhus! Let thy fears be dispelled!'

'Sanjaya continued, 'Thus comforted, O monarch, by thy son, the king of the Sindhus then, accompanied by duryodhana, repaired that very night to Drona (the generalissimo of the Kuru army). Then, O king, having touched Drona's feet with reverence, and taken his seat with humility, he asked the preceptor these words—In hitting the aim, in hitting it from a distance, in tightness of hand, and in the force of the stroke, O illustrious one, tell the difference between myself and Phalguna! O precepter, I wish to know accurately the difference as regards proficiency (in the science of arms) between myself and Arjuna! Say it unto me truly'

"Drona said, 'Of tutorial instruction, both of you, *i.e.*, thyself and

Arjuna, have had the same measure, O son! In consequence, however, of *yoga* and the hard life led by Arjuna, he is superior to thee! Thou shouldst not, however, for any reason, cherish fear of Partha! Without doubt, I will, O son, protect thee from this fear! The very gods, cannot prevail over him who is protected by my arms! I will form an array which Partha will not succeed in piercing![1] Therefore contained thou in battle, do not fear, observing the duties of thy own order! O mighty car-warrior, tread in the track of thy sires and grandsires! Having duly studied the *Vedas*, thou hast poured libations, according to the ordinance, into fire! Thou hast also performed many sacrifices: Death cannot, therefore, be an object of terror to thee! (For if thou diest), attaining then to that great good fortune which is unattainable by vile men, thou will acquire all those excellent regions in heaven that are attainable by the might of one's arms! The Kaurvas, the Pandavas, the Vrishnis, and other men, as also myself with my son, are all mortal and short-lived! Think of this. One after another, all of us, slain by Time which is all powerful, shall go to the other world, carrying with us only our respective deeds! Those regions that ascetics acquire by undergoing severe penances, those regions are acquired by heroic Kshatriyas that are observant of the duties of their order. Even thus was the ruler of the Sindhus consoled by Bharadwaja's son. Banishing his fear of Partha, he set his heart on battle. Then, O king thy troops also felt great delight, and the loud sounds of musical instruments were heard, mingled with leonine shouts.' "

SECTION LXXV

"Sanjaya said, 'After Partha had vowed the death of the ruler of the Sindhus, the mighty-armed Vasudeva addressed Dhananjaya and said,—With the consent of thy brothers (alone, but without consulting me), thou hast sworn, saying—*I will slay the ruler of the Sindhus*! This hath been an act of great rashness (on thy part)! Without consulting me, thou hast taken up a great weight (upon thy shoulders)! Alas, how shall we escape the ridicule of all men? I had sent some spies into the camp of Dhirtarashtra's son. Those spies, quickly coming unto me, gave me this information, *viz.*, that after thou, O lord, hadst vowed to slay the ruler of the Sindhus, loud leonine shouts, mingled with the sounds of (our) musical instruments, were heard by the Dhritarashtras. In consequence of that uproar, the Dhritarashtras, with their well-wishers, became terrified,—These *leonine shouts are not, causeless*!—thought they, and waited (for what would ensue). O thou of mighty arms, an uproarious din

[1]Literally, 'in crossing.'

then arose amongst the Kauravas, of their elephants and steeds and infantry. And a terrible rattle was also heard of their cars.—Having heard of the death of Abhimanyu, Dhananjaya, deeply afflicted will in wrath come out in the night for battle!—Thanking even thus, they waited (ready for battle). While preparing themselves. O thou of eyes like lotus-petals, they then learnt truly the vow about the slaughter of the ruler of the Sindhus, made by thee that art wedded to truth.[1] Then all the counsellors of Suyodhana became heartless and frightened like little animals. As regards king Jayadratha, that ruler of the Sindhus and the Sauviras, overwhelmed with grief and becoming thoroughly cheerless he stood up and entered his own tent with all his counsellors. Having consulted (with them) about every remedy that could benefit him at a time when he stood in need of consultation, he proceeded to the assembly of the (allied) kings and there said these words unto Suyodhana—Dhananjaya thinking me to be the slayer of his son, will tomorrow encounter me in battle! He hath, in the midst of his army, vowed to slay me! That vow of Savyasachin the very gods and Gandharvas and Asuras and Uragas and Rakshasas cannot venture to frustrate! Protect me, therefore, ye all in battle! Let not Dhananjaya, placing his foot on your head, succeed in hitting the mark! Let proper arrangements be made in respect of this matter! Or, if, O delighter of the Kurus, you think that you will not succeed in protecting me in battle, grant me permission then, O king, so that I may return home! Thus addressed (by Jayadratha), Suyodhana became cheerless and sat, hanging down his head. Ascertaining that Jayadratha was in a great fright, Suyodhana began to reflect in silence. Beholding the Kuru king to be greatly afflicted, king Jayadratha, the ruler of the Sindhus, slowly said these words having a beneficial reference to himself—I do not behold here that bowman of superior energy who can baffle with his arms the weapons of Arjuna in great battle! Who, even if it be Satakratu himself, will stay in front of Arjuna having Vasudeva for his ally, while wielding the bow Gandiva? It is heard that lord Maheswara himself of supreme energy had been encountered, before this, by Partha on foot, on the mountains of Himvat! Urged by the chief of the celestials, he slew on a single car, a thousand Danavas dwelling in Hiranyapura! That son of Kunti is now allied with Vasudeva of great intelligence. I think that he is competent to destory the three worlds including the very gods. I wish that you will either grant me permission (to leave the field for my home) or that the high-souled and heroic Drona with his son will protect me! Or, I would await thy pleasure!—O Arjuna, (thus addressed by Jayadratha) king Suyodhana humbly beseeched the preceptor in this matter.[2] All remedial measures have been adopted. Cars and steeds have been arranged. Karna and Bhurisravas, and Drona's son, and the invincible Vrishasena,

[1]The Bengal reading *Satyavrataiv* in the first line of 9 is vicious. I adopt the Bombay reading *Satyavatas*, qualifying *tara*. To suppose that Krishna paid such a complement to the Kauravas as is implied by the Bengal reading is an absurdity.

[2]i.e. added his voice to that of Jayadratha, requesting Drona to protect the latter.

and Kripa, and the ruler of the Madras, these six will be in (Jayadratha's) van. Drona will form an array half of which will be a *Sakata*[1] and half a lotus. In the middle of the leaves of that *lotus* will be a *needle*-mouthed array. Jayadratha, that ruler of the Sindhus, difficult of being conquered in battle, will take his stand, by it, protected by heroes! In (the use of) the bow, in weapons, in prowess, in strength, and also in lineage, those six car-warriors, O Partha are without doubt, exceedingly difficult of being borne. Without first vanquishing those six car-warriors, access to Jayadratha will not to be had. Think, O Arjuna, of the prowess of each of those six, O tiger among men, when united together, they are not capable of being easily vanquished' We should, therefore, once again, take counsel with well-wishing counsellors, conversant with policy, for our benefit and for the success of our object!' "

SECTION LXXVI

"Arjuna said, 'These six car-warriors of the Dhritarshtra army whom thou regardest to be so strong their (united) energy, I think is not equal to even half of mine! Thou shalt see, O slayer of Madhu, the weapons of all these cut off and baffled by me when I go against them for slaying Jayadratha! In the very sight of Drona and all his men, I will fell the head of the ruler of the Sindhus, on the earth, beholding which they will indulge in lamentations. If the Siddhas, the Rudras, the Vasus, with the Aswins, the Maruts with Indra (at their head) the Viswadevas with other gods, the Pitris, the Gandharvas, Garuda, the Ocean, the mountains, the firmament, Heaven, Earth, the point of the compass (cardinal and subsidiary), and the regents of those points, all the creatures that are domestic and all that are wild, in fact if all the mobile and the immobile beings together, become the protectors of the ruler of the Sindhus, yet, O slayer of Madhu, shalt thou behold Jayadratha slain by me tomorrow in battle with my arrows! O Krishna, I swear by Truth, I touch my weapons (and swear by them), that I shall, O Kesava, at the very outset, encounter that Drona, that mighty bowman, who hath become the protector of that sinful wretch Jayadratha! Suyodhana thinks that this game (of battle) resteth on Drona! Therefore, piercing through the very van commanded by Drona himself, I shall get at Jayadratha! Thou shalt tomorrow behold the mightiest of bowmen riven by me in battle by means of my shafts endued with fierce energy, like summits of a hill riven by the thunder, Blood shall flow (in torrents) from the breasts of fallen men and elephants and steeds, split open by whetted shafts falling fast upon them! The shafts shot from

[1]A kind of car or vehicle.

Gandiva, fleet as the mind or the wind, will deprive thousands of men and elephants and steeds of life! Men will behold in tomorrow's battle those weapons which I have obtained from Yama and Kaurva and Varuna and Indra and Rudra! Thou shalt behold in tomorrow's battle the weapons of all those who come to protect the ruler of the Sindhus, baffled by me with my Brahma weapon! Thou shalt in tomorrow's battle, O Kesava, behold the earth strewn by me with the heads of kings cut off by the force, of my shafts! (Tomorrow) I shall gratify all cannibals, rout the foe, gladden my friends, and crush the ruler of the Sindhus! A great offender, one who hath not acted like a relative, born in a sinful country, the ruler of the Sindhu, slain by me, will sadden his own. Thou shalt behold that ruler of the Sindhus, of sinful behaviour, and brought up in every luxury, pierced by me with my shafts! On the morrow, O Krishana, I shall do that which shall make Suyodhana think that there is no other bowman in the world who is equal to me! My Gandiva is a celestial bow! I myself am the warrior. O bull among men! Thou, O Hrishikesa, art the charioteer! What is that I will not be able to vanquish? Through thy grace, O holy one, what is there unattainable by me in battle? Knowing my prowess to be incapable of being resisted, why, O Hrishikesa, dost thou, yet rebuke me? As Lakshmi is ever present in Soma, as water is ever present in the Ocean, know this, O Janarddana, that even so is my vow ever accomplished! Do not think lightly of my weapons! Do not think lightly of my tough bow! Do not think lightly of the might of my arms! Do not think lightly of Dhananjaya,! I shall go to battle in such a way that I shall truly win and not lose! When I have vowed it, know that Jayadratha hath already been slain in battle! Verily, in the Brahmana is truth; verily, in the righteous is humility; verily, in sacrifice is prosperity; verily, in Narayana is victory!

"Sanjaya continued,—'Having said these words unto Hrishikesa, the son of Vasudeva, having himself said so unto his own self, Arjuna in a deep voice, once more addressed lord Kesava, saying—Thou shouldst O Krishna, so act that my car may be well equipt as soon as this night dawns, since grave is the task that is at hand!' "

SECTION LXXVII

"Sanjaya said, 'Both Vasudeva and Dhananjaya, afflicted with sorrow and grief and frequently sighing like two snakes, got no sleep that night. Understanding that both Nara and Narayana were in rage, the gods with Vasava became very anxious thinking, '*What will come of it?*' Fierce winds, that were again dry and foreboded danger, began to blow. And a headless trunk and a mace appeared on the disc of the sun. And although it was

cloudless, frequent thunders were heard, of loud report, mixed with flashes of lightning. The earth with her mountains and waters and forests, shook. The seas, those habitation of Makaras, swelled O king, in agitation. The rivers ran in directions opposite to their usual course. The nether and upper lips of car-warriors and steeds and men and elephants began to tremble. And as if for gladdening the cannibals, on that occasion foreboding a great accession of population to the domain of Yama, the animals (on the field) began to eject urine and excreta, and utter loud cries of woe. Beholding these fierce omens that made the hair stand on end, and hearing also of the fierce vow of the mighty Arjuna, all thy warriors, O bull of Bharata's race became exceedingly agitated. Then the mighty-armed son of Pakasasana said unto Krishna. 'Go, and comfort thy sister Subhadra with her daughter-in-law. And, O Madhava, let also that daughter-in-law, and her companions, be comforted by thee; O lord, comfort them with soothing words that are again fraught with truth.' Thus addressed, Vasudeva, with a cheerless heart, wending to Arjuna's abode, began to comfort his sorrowing sister afflicted with grief on account of the death of her son.'

"Vasudeva said, 'O lady of Vrishni's race, do not grieve, with thy daughter-in-law, for thy son. O timid one, all creatures have but one end ordained by Time. The end thy son hath met with—that becometh a hero of proud lineage, especially who is a Kshatriya. Do not, therefore, grieve. By good luck it is that mighty car-warrior of great wisdom, of prowess equal to that of his father, hath, after the Kshatriya custom, met with an end that is coveted by heroes. Having vanquished numberless foes and despatched them unto Yama's presence, he hath himself repaired to those eternal regions, that grant the fruition of every wish, and that are for the righteous. Thy son hath attained that end which the righteous attain by penance, by Brahmacharya, by knowledge of the scriptures, and by wisdom. The mother of a hero, the wife of a hero, the daughter of a hero, and a kinsman of heroes, O amiable one, grieve not thou for thy son who hath obtained the supreme end. The wretched ruler of the Sindhus, O beautiful lady, that murderer of a child, that perpetrator of a sinful act, shall, with his friends and kinsmen, obtain the fruit of this arrogance of his on the expiry of this night. Even if he enters the abode of Indra himself he will not escape from the hands of Partha. Tomorrow thou shalt hear that the head of the Sindhus hath, in battle, been cut off from his trunk to roll on the outskirts of Samantapanchaka! Dispel thy sorrow, and do not grieve. Keeping the duties of a Kshatriya before him, thy brave son hath attained the end of the righteous, that end, *viz.*, which we here expect to obtain as also others that bear arms as a profession. Of broad chest, mighty arms, unreturning, a crusher of car-warriors, thy son, O beautiful lady, hath gone to heaven. Drive away this fever (of thy heart). Obedient to his sires and maternal relations, that heroic and mighty car-warriors of great prowess hath fallen a prey to death, after having slain thousands of foes comfort thy-daughter-in-law, O queen! Do not grieve too much, O Kshatriya lady!

Drive away thy grief, O daughter, as thou shalt hear such agreeable news on the morrow. That which Partha hath vowed must be accomplished. It cannot be otherwise. That which is sought to be done by thy husband can never remain unaccomplished. Even if all human beings and snakes and *Pisachas* and all the wanderers of the night and birds, and all the gods and the *Asuras*, help the ruler of the Sindhus on the field of battle; he shall still, with them, cease to exist tomorrow.' "

SECTION LXXVIII

"Sanjaya said, 'Hearing these words of the high-souled Kesava, Subhadra, afflicted with grief on account of the death of her son, began to indulge in these piteous lamentations: 'Oh, son of my wretched self, O thou that wast in prowess equal to thy father, O child, how couldst thou perish, going to battle! Alas, how doth that face of thine which resembleth the blue lotus and is graced with beautiful teeth and excellent eyes, now seem, now that, O child, it is covered with battle's dust! Without doubt, thee so brave and unreturning, thee fallen on the field, with beautiful head and neck and arms, with broad chest, low belly, thy limbs decked with ornaments, thee that art endued with beautiful eyes, thee that art mangled with weapon wounds, thee all creatures are, without doubt, beholding as the rising moon! Alas, thou whose bed used to be overlaid with the whitest and costliest sheets. alas, deserving as thou art of every luxury, how dost thou sleep today on the bare earth, thy body pierced with arrows? That hero of mighty arms who used of old to be waited upon by the foremost of beautiful women, alas, how can he, fallen on the field of battle, pass his time now in the company of jackals! He who of old was praised with hymns by singers and bards and panegyrists, alas, he is today greeted by fierce and yelling cannibals and beasts of prey. By whom, alas, hast thou been helplessly slain when thou hadst the Pandavas, O lord, and all the Panchalas, for thy protectors? Oh son, O sinless one, I am not yet gratified with looking at thee. Wretched as I am, it is evident that I shall have to go to Yama's abode. When again shall I cast my eyes on that face of thine, adorned, with large eyes and beautiful locks that smooth face without pimples, from which sweet words and exquisite fragrance constantly issued? Fie on the strength of Bhimasena, on the bowmanship of Partha, on the prowess of the Vrishni heroes, and the might of the Panchalas! Fie on the Kaikeyas, the Chedis, the Matsyas, and the Srinjayas, they that could not protect thee, O hero, while engaged in battle! I behold the earth today to be vacant and cheerless. Without seeing my Abhimanyu, my eyes are troubled with affliction. Thou wast the sister's son of Vasudeva, the son of the wielder of *Gandiva*, and thyself, a hero and an *Atiratha*, Alas, how shall I behold

the slain! Alas, O hero, thou hast been to me like a treasure in a dream that is seen and lost. Oh, every thing human is as transitory as a bubble of water. This thy young wife is overwhelmed with grief on account of the evil that hath befallen thee. Alas, how shall I comfort her who is even like a cow without her calf! Alas, O son, thou hast prematurely fled from me at a time when thou wast about to bear fruit of greatness, although I am longing for a sight of thee. Without, doubt, the conduct of the Destroyer cannot be understood even by the wise, since although thou hast Kesava for thy protector, thou wast yet slain, as if thou wast perfectly helpless. O son, let that end be thine which is theirs that perform sacrifices and theirs that are Brahmanas of purified soul, and theirs that have practised *Brahmacharya*, and theirs that have bathed in sacred waters, and theirs that are grateful and charitable and devoted to the service of their preceptors, and theirs that have made sacrificial presents in profusion. That end which is theirs that are brave and unretreating while engaged in battle, or theirs that have fallen in battle, having slain their foes, let that end be thine. That auspicious end which is theirs that have given away a thousand kine, or theirs that have given away in sacrifices, or theirs that give away houses and mansions agreeable to the recipients, that end which is theirs that give away gems and jewels to deserving Brahmanas, or theirs that are punishers of crime, O, let that end be thine. That end which is attained by *Munis* of rigid vows by *Brahmacharya*, or that which is attained by those women that adhere to but one husband, O son, let that end be thine. That eternal end which is attained by kings by means of good behaviour, or by those persons that have cleansed themselves by leading, one after another, all the four modes of life, and through due observance of their duties, that end which is theirs that are compassionate to the poor and the distressed, or theirs that equitably divide sweets amongst themselves and their dependants, or theirs that are never addicted to deceit and wickedness, O son, let that end be thine! That end which is theirs that are observant of vows, or theirs that are virtuous, or theirs that are devoted to the service of preceptors, or theirs that have never sent away a guest unentertained, O son, let that end be thine. That end which is theirs that succeed in distress and the most difficult straits in preserving the equanimity of their souls, however much scorched they might be by the fire of grief, O son, let that end be thine. O son, let that end be thine which is theirs that are always devoted to the service of their fathers and mothers, or theirs that are devoted to their own wives only. O son, let that end be thine which is attained by those wise men who, restraining themselves from the wives of others, seek the companionship of only their own wives in season. O son, let that end be thine which is theirs that look upon all creatures with an eye of peace, or theirs that never give pain to others, or theirs that always forgive. O son, let that end be thine which is theirs that abstain from honey, meat, wine, pride and untruth, or theirs that have refrained from giving pain to others. Let that goal be thine which they

attain that are modest, acquainted with all the scriptures, content with knowledge, and have their passions under control.'

"And while cheerless Subhadra, afflicted with grief, was indulging in such lamentations, the princess of Panchala (Draupadi), accompanied by Virata's daughter (Uttara), came to her. All of them, in great grief, wept copiously and indulged in heart-rending lamentations. And like persons reft of reason by sorrow, they fainted away and fell down on the earth. Then Krishna, who stood ready with water, deeply afflicted, sprinkled it over his weeping, unconscious and trembling sister, pierced in her very heart, and comforting her, said what should be said on such an occasion. And the lotus-eyed one said, 'Grieve not, O Subhadra! O Panchali, console Uttara! Abhimanyu, that bull among Kshatriyas, hath obtained the most laudable goal. O thou of beautiful face, let all the other men yet alive in our race obtain that goal which Abhimanyu of great fame hath obtained. Ourselves with all our friends, wish to achieve, in this battle, that feat, the like of which, O lady, thy son, that mighty car-warrior, hath achieved without any assistance.' Having consoled his sister and Draupadi and Uttara thus, that chastiser of foes, *viz.*, the mighty-armed (Krishna), returned to Partha's side. Then Krishna, saluting the kings, friends and Arjuna, entered the inner apartments of the (latter's) tent while those kings also repaired to respective abodes.' "

SECTION LXXIX

"Sanjaya said, 'Then lord Kesava, of eyes like lotus-petals, having entered the unrivalled mansion of Arjuna, touched water, and spread (for Arjuna) on the auspicious and even floor an excellent bed of *Kusa* blades that were of the hue of the *lapis lazuli.* And keeping excellent weapons around that bed, he adorned it duly with garlands of flowers and fried paddy, perfumes and other auspicious articles. And after Partha (also) had touched water, meek and submissive attendants brought the usual nightly sacrifice to the Three-eyed (Mahadeva). Then Partha, with a cheerful soul, having smeared Madhava with perfumes and adorned with floral garlands, presented unto Mahadeva the nightly offering.[1] Then Govinda, with a faint smile, addressed Partha, saying, 'Blessed be thou, O Partha, lay thyself down, I leave thee.' Placing door-keepers then, and also sentinels well-armed, blessed Kesava, followed by (his charioteer) Daruka, repaired to his own tent. He then laid himself down on his white bed, and thought of diverse measures to be adopted. And the illustrious one (Kesava) of eyes like lotus petals, began for Partha's sake, to think of various means that

[1]Nilakantha supposes that *tasmai* here refers to the Three-eyed and not to Krishna. This seems to be right.

would dispel (Partha's) grief and anxiety and enhance his prowess and splendour. Of soul wrapt in *yoga*, that Supreme Lord of all, *viz.*, Vishnu of wide-spread fame, who always did what was agreeable to Jishnu, desirous of benefiting (Arjuna), lapsed into *yoga*, and meditation. There was none in the Pandava camp who slept that night. Wakefulness possessed every one, O monarh. And everybody (in the Pandava camp) thought of this, *viz.*,—The high-souled wielder of *Gandiva*, burning with grief for the death of his son, hath suddenly vowed the slaughter of the Sindhus. How, indeed, will that slayer of hostile heroes, that son of Vasava, that mighty-armed warrior, accomplish his vow? The high-souled son of Pandu hath, indeed made a most difficult resolve. King Jayadratha is endued with mighty energy. Oh, let Arjuna succeed in fulfilling his vow. Difficult is that vow which he, afflicted with grief on account of his son, hath made. Duryodhana's brothers are all possessed of great prowess. His forces also are countless. The son of Dhritarashtra hath assigned all these to Jayadratha (as his protectors). Oh, let Dhananjaya come back (to the camp), having slain the ruler of the Sindhus in battle. Vanquishing his foes, let Arjuna accomplish his vow. If he fails to slay the ruler of the Sindhus tomorrow, he will certainly enter into blazing fire. Dhananjaya, the son of Pritha, will not falsify his oath. If Arjuna dies, how will the son of Dharma succeed in recovering his kingdom? Indeed, (Yudhishthira) the son of Pandu hath reposed (all his hopes of) victory of Arjuna. If we have achieved any (religious) merit, if we have ever poured libations of clarified butter into fire, let Savyasachin, aided by the fruits thereof, vanquish all his foes.' Thus talking, O lord, with one another about the victory (of the morrow), that long night, O king, of theirs, at last, passed away. In the middle of the night, Janardana, having awaked, remembered Partha's vow, and addressing (his charioteer) Daruka, said, 'Arjuna, in grief for the death of his son, hath vowed. O Daruka, that before tomorrow's sun goes down he will slay Jayadratha. Hearing of this, Duryodhana will assuredly take counsel with his counsellors, about how Partha may fail to achieve his object. His several *Akshauhinis* of troops will protect Jayadratha. Fully conversant with the ways of applying all weapons, Drona also, with his son, will protect him. That matchless hero, the Thousand-eyed (Indra himself), that crusher of the pride of Daityas and Danavas cannot venture to slay him in battle who is protected by Drona. I, therefore, will do that tomorrow by which Arjuna, the son of Kunti, may slay Jayadratha before the sun sets. My wives, my kinsmen, my relatives, non amongst these is dearer to me than Arjuna. O Daruka, I shall not be able to cast my eyes, even for a single moment, on the earth bereft of Arjuna. I tell thee, the earth shall not be reft to Arjuna. Myself vanquishing them all with their steeds and elephants by putting forth my strength for the sake of Arjuna, I will slay them with Karna and Suyodhana. Let the three worlds tomorrow behold my prowess in great battle, when I put forth my valour, O Daruka, for Dhananjaya's sake. Tomorrow thousands of kings and hundreds of princes, with their steeds and cars and elephants, will,

O Daruka, fly away from battle. Thou shalt tomorrow, O Daruka, behold that army of kings overthrown and crushed with my discus, by myself in wrath for the sake of the son of Pandu. Tomorrow the (three) worlds with the gods, the *Gandharvas*, the *Pisachas*, the Snakes, and the *Rakshasas*, will know me as a (true) friend of Savyasachin. He that hateth him, hateth me. He that followeth him, followeth me. Thou hast intelligence. Know that Arjuna is half of myself. When morning comes after the expiry of this night, thou, O Daruka, equipping my excellent car according to the rules of military science, must bring it and follow me with it carefully, placing on it my celestial mace called *Kaumodaki*, my dart and discus, bow and arrows, and every other thing necessary. O *Suta*, making room on the terrace of my car for my standard and for the heroic Garuda thereon, that adorns my umbrella, and yoking thereto my foremost of steeds named Valahaka and Meghapushpa and saivya and Sugriva, having cased them in golden mail of the splendour of the sun and fire, and thyself putting on thy armour, stay on it carefully. Upon hearing the loud and terrible blast of my conch *Panchajanya* emitting the shrill *Rishava* note,[1] thou wilt come quickly to me. In course of a single day, O Daruka, I shall dispel the wrath and the diverse woes of my cousin, the son of my paternel aunt. By every means shall I strive so that Vibhatsu in battle may slay Jayadratha in the very sight of the Dhartarashtras. O charioteer, I tell thee that Vibhatsu will certainly succeed in slaying all these for whose slaughter he will strive.'

"Daruka said, 'He is certain to have victory whose charioteership, O tiger among men, hath been taken by thee. Whence, indeed, can defeat come to him? As regards myself, I will do that which thou hast commanded me to do. This night will bring (on its train) the auspicious morn for Arjuna's victory.' "

SECTION LXXX

"Sanjaya said, 'Kunti's son, Dhananjaya, of inconceivable prowess thinking of how to accomplish his vow, recollected the *mantras* (given to him by Vyasa). And soon he was lulled in the arms of sleep. Unto that ape-bannered hero, burning with grief and immersed in thought Kesava, having Garuda on his banner, appeared in a dream. Dhananjaya of righteous soul, inconsequence of his love and veneration for Kesava, never omitted under any circumstances to stand up and advance a few steps for receiving Krishna. Rising up, therefore, now (in his dream), he gave unto Govinda a seat. He himself, however, at that time, did not set his heart

[1]The second note of the Hindu gamut.

upon taking his seat. Then Krishna, of mighty energy, knowing the resolution of Partha, said, while seated, unto the son of Kunti, these words while the latter was standing: 'Do not set thy heart, O Partha, on grief. Time is unconquerable. Time forceth all creatures into the inevitable course. O foremost of men what for is this grief of thine? Grief should not be indulged in, O foremost of learned persons! Grief is an impediment to action. Accomplish that act which should be accomplished. The grief that maketh a person forgo all efforts is, indeed, O Dhananjaya, an enemy of that person. A person, by indulging in grief, gladdens his foes and saddens his friends, while the person is himself weakened. Therefore, it behoveth thee not to grieve.' Thus addressed by Vasudeva, the unvanquished Vibhatsu of great learning then said these words of grave import: 'Grave is the vow that I have made about the slaughter of Jayadratha. Even tomorrow I shall slay that wicked wretch, that slayer of my son. Even this hath been my vow, O Kesava! For frustrating my vow, Jayadratha, protected by all the mighty car-warriors, will be kept in their rear by the Dhartarashtras. Their force, number, consists, O Madhava, of remnant, after slaughter, of eleven *Akshauhinis* of troops, difficult of being vanquished. Surrounded in battle as he will be by all of them and by all the great car-warriors, how shall he obtain a sight, O Krishna, of the wicked rule of the Sindhus? My vow will not be accomplished, O Kesava! How can a person like me live, having failed to accomplish his vow? O hero, the non-accomplishment is evident of this (my vow which to me is a) source of great grief. (At this season of the year), I tell thee that the sun setteth quickly.' The bird-bannered Krishna hearing this cause of Partha's grief, touched water and sat with face turned to the east. And then that hero, of eyes like lotus leaves, and possessed of great energy, said these words for the benefit of Pandu's son who had resolved upon the slaughter of the ruler of the Sindhus, 'O Partha, there is an indestructible, supreme weapon of the name of *Pasupata*. With it the god Maheswara slew in battle all the Daityas! If thou rememberest it now, thou shalt then be able to slay Jayadratha tomorrow. If it is unknown to thee (now), adore within thy heart the god having the bull for his mark. Thinking of that god in thy mind, remember him, O Dhananjaya! Thou art his devotee. Through his grace thou shalt obtain that rich possession.' Hearing these words of Krishna, Dhananjaya, having touched water, sat on the earth with concentrated mind and thought of the god Bhava. After he had thus sat with rapt mind at that hour called *Brahma* of auspicious indications, Arjuna saw himself journeying through the sky with Kesava. And Partha, possessed of the speed of the mind, seemed to reach, with Kesava, the sacred foot of Himavat and the Manimat mountain abounding in many brilliant gems and frequented by *Siddhas* and *Charanas*. And the lord Kesava seemed to have caught hold of his left arm. And he seemed to see many wonderful sights as he reached (those place). And Arjuna of righteous soul then seemed to arrive at the White mountain on the north. And then he beheld, in the pleasure-gardens of Kuvera the beautiful

lake decked with lotuses. And he also saw that foremost of rivers, *viz*.. the Ganga full of water. And then he arrived at the regions about the Mandara mountains. Those regions were covered with trees that always bore blossoms and fruits. And they abounded with stones lying scattered about, that were all transparent crystal. And they were inhabited by lions and tigers and abounded with animals of diverse kinds. And they were adorned with many beautiful retreats of ascetics, echoing with the sweet notes of delightful warblers. And they resounded also with the songs of Kinnaras. Graced with many golden and silver peaks, they were illumined with diverse herbs and plants. And many *Mandara* trees with their pretty loads of flowers, adorned them. And then Arjuna reached the mountains called Kala that looked like a maund of antimony. And then he reached the summit called Brahmatunga, and then many rivers, and then many inhabited provinces. And he arrived at Satasinga, and the woods known by the name of Sharyati. And then he beheld the sacred spot known as the Horse-head, and then the region of Atharvana. And then he beheld that prince of mountains called Vrishadansa, and the great Mandara, abounding in Apsaras, and graced with the presence of the Kinnaras. And roaming on that mountain, Partha, with Krishna, beheld a spot of earth adorned with excellent fountains, decked with golden mineral, and possessed of the splendour of the lunar rays, and having many cities and towns. And he also beheld many seas of wonderful forms and diverse mines of wealth. And thus going through the sky and firmament and the earth, he reached the spot called Vishnupada. And wandering, with Krishna in his company, he came down with great velocity, like a shaft shot (from a bow). And soon Partha beheld a blazing mountain whose splendour equalled that of the planets, the constellations, or fire. And arrived at that mountain, he beheld on its top, the high-souled god having the bull for his mark, and ever engaged in ascetic penances, like a thousand suns collected together, and blazing with his own effulgence. Trident in hand, matted locks on the head, of snow-white colour, he was robed in bark and skin. Endued with great energy, his body seemed to be flaming with a thousand eyes. And he was seated with Parvati and many creatures of brilliant forms (around him). And his attendants were engaged in singing and playing upon musical instruments, in laughing and dancing, in moving and stretching their hands, and in uttering loud shouts. And the place was perfumed with fragrant odours, and *Rishis* that worshipped *Brahma* adored with excellent hymns of unfading glory, that God who was the protector of all creatures, and wielded the (great) bow (called *Pinaka*). Beholding him, Vasudeva of righteous soul, with Partha, touched the earth with his head, uttering the eternal words of the *Veda*. And Krishna adored, with speech, mind, understanding, and acts, that God who is the first source of the universe, himself uncreate, the supreme lord of unfading glory: who is the highest cause of the mind, who is space and the wind, who is the cause of all the luminous bodies (in the firmament), who is the creator of the rain, and

the supreme, primordial substance of the earth, who is the object of adoration, with the gods, the Danavas, the Yakshas, and human beings; who is the supreme *Brahma* that is seen by Yogins and the refuge of those acquainted with Shastras, who is the creator of all mobile and immobile creatures, and their destroyer also; who is the Wrath that burns everthing at the end of the Yuga; who is the supreme soul; who is the Sakra and Surya, and the origin of all attributes. And Krishna sought the protection of that Bhava, whom men of knowledge, desirous of attaining to that which is called the subtle and the spiritual, behold; that uncreate one is the soul of all causes. And Arjuna repeatedly adored that Deity, knowing that he was the origin of all creatures and the cause of the past, the future, and the present. Beholding those two, *viz.*, Nara and Narayana arrived, Bhava of cheerful soul, smilingly said unto them, 'Welcome are ye, ye foremost of men! Rise up and let the fatigue of your journey be over. What, O heroes, is the desire in your heart? Let it be uttered quickly. What is the business that has brought you hither? I will accomplish it and do what would benefit you. I will grant everything ye may desire.' Hearing those words of the god, they both rose. And then with joined hands, the faultless Vasudeva and Arjuna, both of great wisdom, began to gratify that high-souled deity with an excellent hymn. And Krishna and Arjuna said, 'We bow to Bhava, to Sarva, to Rudra, to the boon-giving deity. We bow to the lord of all creatures endued with life, to the god who is always fierce, to him who is called Kapardin! We bow to Mahadeva, to Bhima, to the Three-eyed, to him who is peace and contentment. We bow to Isana, to him who is the destroyer of (Daksha's) sacrifice. Let salutations be to the slayer of Andhaka, to the father of Kumara, to him who is of blue throat, to him who is the creator.' Let salutation be to the wielder of *Pinaka*, to one worthy of the offer of libations of clarified butter, to him who is truth, to him who is all-pervading. To him who is unvanquished! To him who is always of blue locks, to him who is armed with the trident, to him who is of celestial vision! To him who is *Hotri*, to him who protects all, to him who is of three eyes, to him who is disease, to him whose vital seed fell on fire! To him who is inconceivable, to him who is the lord of Amvika, to him who is adored by all the gods! To him who hath the bull for his mark, to him who is bold, to him who is of matted lock, to him who is a *Brahmacharin*! To him who standeth as an ascetie in the water, to him who is devoted to *Brahma*, to him who hath never been conquered! To him who is the soul of the universe, to him who is the creator of the universe, to him who liveth pervading the whole universe! We bow to thee that art the object of the reverence of all, to thee that art the original cause of all creatures! To thee that art called *Brahmachakra*, to thee that art called *Sarva*, *Sankara*, and *Siva*! We bow to thee that art the lord of all great beings! We bow to thee that hast a thousand heads, to thee that hast a thousand arms, to thee that art called Death! To thee that hast a thousand eyes, a thousand legs! To thee whose acts are innumerable! We bow to thee

whose complexion is that of gold, to thee that art cased in golden mail, to thee that art ever compassionate to thy devotees ! O lord, let our wish be accomplished.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Having adored Mahadeva in these terms, Vasudeva with Arjuna then began to gratify him for obtaining (the great) weapon (called *Pasupata*).' "

SECTION LXXXI

"Sanjaya said, 'Then Partha, with a cheerful soul and joined hands and eyes expanded (in wonder), gazed at the god having the bull for his mark and who was the receptacle of every energy. And he beheld the offerings he made every night to Vasudeva lying by the side of the Three-eyed deity. The son of Pandu then, mentally worshipping both Krishna and Sarva, said unto the latter, 'I desire (to obtain) the celestial weapon.' Hearing these words of Partha desiring the boon he sought, god Siva smilingly said unto Vasudeva and Arjuna, 'Welcome to you, ye foremost of men! I know the wish cherished by you, and the business for which you have come here. I will give you what you wish. There is a celestial lake full of *Amrita*, not far from this place, ye slayers of foes! There were kept some time back, that celestial bow and arrow of mine. With them I slew in battle all the enemies of the gods. Bring hither, ye Krishna, that excellent bow with arrow fixed on it.' Hearing these words of Siva, Vasudava with Arjuna answered, 'So be it.' And then accompanied by all the attendants of Siva, those two heroes set out for that celestial lake which possessed hundreds of heavenly wonders, that sacred lake, capable of granting every object, which the god, having the bull for his mark, had indicated to them. And unto that lake, the *Rishis* Nara and Narayana (*viz.*, Arjuna and Vasudeva) went fearlessly. And having reached that lake, bright as the disc of the sun, Arjuna and Achyuta beheld within its waters a terrible snake. And they beheld there another foremost of snakes, that had a thousand heads. And possessed of the effulgence of fire, that snake was vomiting fierce flames. Then Krishna and Partha having touched water, joined their hands, and approached those snakes, having bowed unto the god having the bull for his mark. And as they approached the snakes, conversant as they were with the *Vedas*, they uttered the hundred stanzas of the *Veda*, to the praise of Rudra, bowing the while with their sincere souls unto Bhava of immeasurable power. Then those two terrible snakes, in consequence of the power of those adorations to Rudra, abandoned their snake-forms and assumed the forms of a foe-killing bow and arrow. Gratified (with what they saw), Krishna and Arjuna then seized that bow and arrow of great effulgence. And those

high-souled heroes then brought them away and gave them unto the illustrious Mahadeva. Then from one of the sides of Siva's body there came out a *Brahmacharin* of tawny eyes. And he seemed to be the refuge of asceticism. Of blue throat and red locks, he was endued with great might. Taking up that best of bows that *Brahmacharin* stood placing (both the bow and his feet properly). And fixing the arrow on the bow-string, he began to stretch the latter duly. Beholding the manner of his seizing the handle of the bow and drawing the string and placing of his feet, and hearing also the *Mantras* uttered by Bhava, the son of Pandu, of inconceivable prowess, learnt everything duly. The mighty and puissant *Brahmacharin* then sped that arrow to that same lake. And he once more threw that bow also in that self-same lake. Then Arjuna of good memory knowing that Bhava was gratified with him, and remembering also the boon the latter had given him in the forest, and the sight also he gave him of his person, mentally entertained the desire, '*Let all this become productive of fruit*!' Understanding this to be his wish, Bhava, gratified with him, gave him the boon. And the god also granted him the terrible *Pasupata* weapon and the accomplishment of his vow. Then having thus once more obtained the *Pasupata* weapon from the supreme god, the invincible Arjuna, with hair standing on end, regarded his business to be already achieved. Then Arjuna and Krishna filled with joy, paid their adorations unto the great god by bowing their heads. And permitted by Bhava both Arjuna and Kesava, those two heroes, almost immediately came back to their own camp, filled with transports of delight. Indeed, their joy was as great as that of Indra and Vishnu when those two gods, desirous of slaying Jambha, obtained the permission of Bhava that slayer of great *Asuras*.' "

SECTION LXXXII

"Sanjaya said, 'While Krishna and Daruka were thus conversing together, that night, O king, passed away. (When morning dawned), king Yudhishthira rose from his bed. *Paniswanikas* and *Magadhas* and *Madhuparkikas* and *Sutas*, gratified that bull among men (with songs and music). And dancers began their dance, and sweet-voiced singers sang their sweet songs fraught with the praises of the Kuru race. And skilled musicians, well-trained (in their respective instruments), played on *Mridangas* and *Jharjharas* and *Bheris*, and *Panavas*, and *Anakas*, and *Gomukhas*, and *Adamvaras*, and conchs, and *Dundubhis* of loud sound, and diverse other instruments. That loud noise, deep as the roar of the clouds, touched the very heavens. And it awoke that foremost of kings, *viz.*, Yudhishthira, from his slumber. Having slept happily on his excellent and costly bed, the king awoke.

And the monarch, rising from his bed, proceeded to the bath-room for performing those acts that were absolutely necessary. Then a hundred and eight servants, attired in white, themselves washed, and all young, approached the king with many golden jars filled to the brim. Seated at his ease on a royal seat, attired in a thin cloth, the king bathed in several kinds of water fragrant with sandal-wood and purified with *Mantras*. His body was rubbed by strong and well-trained servants with water in which diverse kinds of medicinal herbs had been soaked. He then washed with *adhivasha* water rendered fragrant by various odoriferous substances. Obtaining then a long piece of cloth (for the head) that was as white as the feathers of the swan, and that had been kept loose before him, the king tied it round his head for drying the water. Smearing his body then with excellent sandal-paste, and wearing floral garlands, and addressing himself in clean robes, the mighty-armed monarch sat with face towards the east, and his hands joined together. Following the path of the righteous, the son of Kunti then mentally said his prayers. And then with great humility he entered the chamber in which the blazing fire (for worship) was kept. And having worshipped the fire with faggots of sacred wood and with libations of clarified butter sanctified with *Mantras*, he came out of the chamber. Then that tiger among men, entering a second chamber, beheld there many bulls among Brahmanas well-acquainted with the *Vedas*. And they were all self-restrained, purified by the study of the *Vedas* and by vows. And all of them had undergone the bath on the completion of sacrifices performed by them. Worshippers of the Sun, they numbered a thousand. And, besides them, there were also eight thousand others of the same class. And the mighty-armed son of Pandu, having caused them to utter, in distinct voices, agreeable benedictions, by making presents to them of honey and clarified butter and auspicious fruits of the best kind, gave unto each of them a *nishka* of gold, a hundred steeds decked with ornaments, and costly robes and such other presents as were agreeable to them. And making unto them presents also of kine yielding milk whenever touched, with calves and having their horns decked with gold and their hoofs with silver, the son of Pandu circumambulated them. And then seeing and touching *Swastikas* fraught with increase of good fortune, and *Nandyavartas* made of gold, and floral garlands, water-pots and blazing fire, and vessels full of sun-dried rice and other auspicious articles, andthe yellow pigment prepared from the urine of the cow, and auspicious and well-decked maidens, and curds and clarified butter and honey, and auspicious birds and diverse other things held sacred, the son of Kunti came into the outer chamber. Then, O mighty-armed one, the attendants waiting in that chamber brought an excellent and costly seat of gold that was of a circular shape. Decked with pearls and *lapis lazuli*, and overlaid with a very costly carpet over which was spread another cloth of fine texture, that seat was the handiwork of the artificer himself. After the high-souled monarch had taken his seat, the servants brought to him all his costly and bright ornaments. The high-souled son of Kunti put

on those begemmed ornaments, whereupon his beauty became such as to enhance the grief of his foes. And when the servants began to fan him with white yak-tails of the bright effulgence of the moon and all furnished with handles of gold, the king looked resplendent like a mass of clouds charged with lightning. And bards began to sing his praises, and panegyrists uttered his eulogies. And singers began to sing unto that delighter of Kuru's race, and in a moment the voices of the panegyrists swelled into a loud noise. And then was heard the clatter of car-wheels, and the tread of horse-hoofs. And in consequence of that noise mingling with the tinkle of elephants' bells and the blare of conchs and the tread of men, the very earth seemed to tremble. Then one of the orderlies in charge of the doors, cased in mail, youthful in years, decked with ear-rings, and his sword hanging by his side, entering the private apartment, knelt down on the ground, and saluting with (a bend of) his head the monarch who deserved every adoration, represented unto that high-souled and royal son of Dharma that Hrishikesa was waiting to be introduced. Then that tiger among men, having ordered his servants, '*Let an excellent seat and an Arghya be kept ready for him*,' caused him of Vrishni's race to be introduced and seated on a costly seat. And addressing Madhava with the usual enquiries of welcome, king Yudhishthira the just duly worshipped Kesava.' "

SECTION LXXXIII

"Sanjaya said, 'Then king Yudhishthira, the son of Kunti, saluting Devaki's son Janardana, and cheerfully addressed him saying 'Hast thou passed the night happily, O slayer of Madhu? Are all thy perceptions clear, O thou of unfading glory? Vasudeva also made similar enquiries of Yudhishthira. Then the orderly came and represented that the other Kshatriya warriors were waiting to be introduced. Commanded by the king, the man introduced that concourse of heroes, consisting of Virata and Bhimasena and Dhrishtadyumna and Satyaki, and Dhrishtaketu, the ruler of the Chedis, and the mighty car-warriors, Drupada, and Sikhandin, and the twins (Nakula and Sahadeva), and Chekitana, and the ruler of the Kalikayas, and Yuyutsu of Kuru's race, and Uttamaujas of the Panchalas, and Yudhamanyu, and Suvahu, and the (five) sons of Draupadi. These and many other Kshatriyas, approaching that high-souled bull among the Kshatriyas, sat down on excellent seats. Those mighty and high-souled heroes of great splendour *viz.*, Krishna and Yuyudhana, both sat on the same seat. Then in the hearing of them all, Yudhishthira addressing the lotus-eyed slayer of Madhu, and said unto him these sweet words: 'Relying on thee alone, we, like the celestial one, the deity of a thousand eyes, seek,

victory in battle and eternal happiness. Thou art aware, O Krishna, of the deprivation of our kingdom, our exile at the hands of the foe, and all our diverse woes. O lord of all, O thou that art compassionate unto those that are devoted to thee, upon thee wholly rests the happiness of us all and our very existence, O slayer of Madhu! O thou of Vrishni's race, do that by which my heart may ever rest on thee! Do also that, O Lord, by which the proposed vow of Arjuna may be realised. O, rescue us today from this ocean of grief and rage. O Madhava, become thou today a boat unto us that are desirous of crossing (that ocean). The car-warriors desirous of slaying the foe cannot, in battle, do that (for the success of his object) which, O Krishna, the car-driver can do, if he exerts himself carefully. O Janardana, as thou always savest the Vrishnis in all calamities, even so it behoveth thee to save us from this distress, O mighty-armed one! O bearer of the conch, discus, and mace, rescue the sons of Pandu sunk in the fathomless and boatless Kuru-ocean, by becoming a boat unto them. I bow to thee, O God of the lord of the gods, O thou that art eternal, O supreme Destroyer, O Vishnu, O Jishnu, O Hari, O Krishna, O Vaikuntha, O best of male beings! Narada described thee as that ancient and best of *Rishis* (called Narayana) that giveth boons, that beareth the bow *Saranga*, and that is the foremost of all. O Madhava, make those words true. Thus addressed in the midst of that assembly by king Yudhishthira the just, Kesava, that foremost of speakers, replied unto Yudhishthira in a voice deep as that of clouds charged with rain, saying, 'In all the worlds including that of the celestials, there is no bowman equal to Dhananjaya, the son of Pritha! Possessed of great energy, accomplished in weapons, of great prowess and great strength, celebrated in battle, ever wrathful, and of great energy, Arjuna is the foremost of men. Youthful in years bull-necked, and of long arms, he is endued with great strength. Treading like a lion or a bull, and exceedingly beautiful he will slay all thy foes. As regards myself, I will do that by which Arjuna, the son of Kunti, may be able to consume the troops of Dhritarashtra's son like a swelling conflagration. This very day, Arjuna will, by his arrows despatch that vile wretch of sinful deeds, that slayer of Subhadra's son, (*viz.*, Jayadratha), to that road from which no traveller comes back. Today vultures and hawks and furious jackals and other carnivorous creatures will feed on his flesh. O Yudhishthira, if even all the gods with Indra become his protectors today, Jayadratha will still, slain in the thick of battle, repair to Yama's capital. Having slain the ruler of the Sindhus, Jishnu will come to thee (in the evening). Dispel thy grief and the fever (of thy heart), O king, and be thou graced with prosperity.' "

SECTION LXXXIV

"Sanjaya said, 'While Yudhishthira, Vasudeva, and others were thus conversing, Dhananjaya came there, desirous of beholding that foremost one of Bharata's race, *viz.*, the king, as also his friends and well-wishers. After he had entered that auspicious chamber and having saluted him duly, had taken its stand before the king, that bull among the Pandavas, (*viz.*, king Yudhishthira), rising up from his seat, embraced Arjuna with great affection. Smelling his head and embracing him with his arms, the king blessed him heartily. And addressing him smilingly, he said, 'It is evident, O Arjuna, that complete victory certainly awaits thee in battle, judging from thy countenance (bright and cheerful as it is), and by the fact that Janardana is well-pleased with thee. Then Jishnu related unto him that highly wonderful incident, saying, 'Blessed be thou, O monarch, I have, through Kesava's grace, beheld something exceedingly wonderful.' Then Dhananjaya related everything he had seen, about his meeting with the Three-eyed god, for assuring his friends. Then all the hearers, filled with wonder, bent their heads to the ground. And bowing unto the god having the bull for his mark, they said, '*Excellent, Excellent*! 'Then all the friends and well-wishers (of the Pandavas), commanded by the son of Dharma, quickly and carefully proceeded to battle, their hearts filled with rage (against the foe). Saluting the king, Yuyudhana and Kesava and Arjuna, cheerfully set out from Yudhishthira's abode. And those two invincible warriors, those two heroes, *viz.*, Yuyudhana and Janardana, together proceeded on the same car to Arjuna's pavilion. Arrived there, Hrishikesa, like a charioteer (by profession), began to equip that car bearing the mark of the prince of apes and belonging to that foremost of car-warriors (*viz.*, Arjuna). And that foremost of cars, of the effulgence of heated gold, and of rattle resembling the deep roar of the clouds, equipped (by Krishna), shone brightly like the morning sun. Then that tiger among men, (*viz.*, Vasudeva), clad in mail informed Partha, who had finished his morning prayers, of the fact that his car had been properly equipped. Then that foremost of men in this world, *viz.*, the diadem-decked (Arjuna), clad in golden armour, with his bow and arrows in hand, circumambulated that car. And adored and blessed with benedictions about victory by Brahmanas, old in ascetic penances and knowledge and years, ever engaged in the performance of religious rites and sacrifices, and having their passions under control, Arjuna then ascended that great car, that excellent vehicle, which had previously been sanctified with *mantras* capable of giving victory in battle, like Surya of blazing rays ascending the eastern mountain. And that foremost of car-warriors decked with gold, in consequence of those golden ornaments of his, on his car like Surya of blazing splendour on the breast of Meru. After Partha, Yuyudhana and Janardana mounted on that car, like the twin Aswins riding the same car with Indra while coming to the sacrifice

of Saryati. Then Govinda, that foremost of charioteers, took the reins (of the steeds), like Matali taking the reins of Indra's steeds, while the latter went to battle for slaying Vritra.[1] Mounted on that best of cars with those two friends, that slayer of large bodies of foes, *viz.*, Partha, proceeded for achieving the slaughter of the ruler of the Sindhus, like *Soma* rising (in the firmament) with *Budha* and *Sukra*, for destroying the gloom of night, or like Indra proceeding with Varuna and Surya to the great battle (with the *Asuras*) occasioned by the abduction of Taraka (the wife of Vrishaspati). The bards and musicians gratified the heroic Arjuna, as he proceeded, with the sound of musical instruments and auspicious hymns of good omen. And the voices of the panegyrists and the bards uttering benedictions of victory and wishing good day, mingling with the sounds of musical instruments, became gratifying to those heroes. And an auspicious breeze, fraught with fragrance, blew from behind Partha, gladdening him and sucking up the energies of his foes. And at that hour, O king, many auspicious omens of various kinds appeared to view, indicating victory to the Pandavas and defeat to thy warriors, O sire! Beholding those indications of victory, Arjuna, addressing the great bowman Yuyudhana on his right, said these words: O Yuyudhana! in today's battle my victory seems to be certain, since O bull of Sini's race, all these (auspicious) omens are seen. I shall, therefore, go thither where the ruler of the Sindhus waiteth for (the display of) my energy and in expectation of repairing to the regions of Yama. Indeed, as the slaughter of the ruler of the Sindhus is one of my most imperative duties, even so is the protection of king Yudhishthira the just another of my most imperative obligations. O thou of mighty arms, be thou today the king's protector. Thou wilt protect him even as I myself protect him. I do not behold the person in the world who would be able to vanquish thee. Thou art, in battle, equal to Vasudeva himself. The chief of the celestials himself is unable to vanquish thee. Reposing this burden on thee, or on that mighty car-warrior Pradyumna, I can, O bull among men, without anxiety slay the ruler of the Sindhus. O thou of the Satwata race, no anxiety need be entertained on my account. With thy whole heart must thou protect the king. There where the mighty-armed Vasudeva stayeth, and where I myself stay, without doubt, the slightest danger to him or me can never befall.' Thus addressed by Partha, Satyaki, that slayer of hostile heroes, replied saying, 'So be it.' And then the latter proceeded to the spot where king Yudhishthira was.' "

[1] *Vasavamiva* is a mistake for *Vasavasyeva*.

SECTION LXXXV

(*Jayadratha-Vadha Parva*)

"Dhritarashtra said, 'After Abhimanyu's slaughter when the next day came, what did the Pandavas, afflicted with grief and sorrow do? Who amongst my warriors fought with them? Knowing, as they did, the achievements of Savyasachin, O tell me, how the Kauravas, could, having perpetrated such a wrong, remain fearlessly. Hou could they in battle venture even to gaze at that tiger among men (*viz.*, Arjuna), as he advanced like the all-destroying Death himself in fury, burning with grief on account of the slaughter of his son? Beholding that warrior having the prince of apes on his banner, that hero grieved on account of his son's death shaking his gigantic bow in battle, what did my warrior do? What, O Sanjaya, hath befallen unto Duryodhana? A great sorrow hath overtaken us today. I do not any longer hear the sounds of joy. Those charming sounds, highly agreeable to the ear, that were formerly heard in the abode of the Sindhu king, alas those sounds are no longer heard today. Alas, in the camp of my sons, the sounds of countless bards and panegyrists singing their praises, and of dances are no longer heard. Formerly, such sounds used to strike my ears incessantly. Alas, as they are plunged into grief I do not any longer hear those sounds uttered (in their camp). Formerly, O Sanjaya, while sitting in the abode of Somadatta who was devoted to truth, I used to hear such delightful sounds. Alas, how destitute of (religious) merit I am, for I observe the abode of my sons today to be echoing with sounds of grief and lamentations and destitute of every noise betokening life and energy. In the houses of Vivisati, Durmukha, Chitrasena, Vikarna, and other sons of mine, I do not hear the sounds I used to hear formerly. That great bowman, *viz.*, the son of Drona, who was the refuge of my sons, upon him Brahmanas and Kshatriyas and Vaisyas, and a large number of disciples used to wait, who took pleasure day and night in controversial disputations, in talk, in conversation, in the stirring music of diverse instruments, and in various kinds of delightful songs, who was worshipped by many persons among the Kurus, the Pandavas, and the Satwatas, alas, O *Suta*, in the abode of that son of Drona no sound can be heard as formerly. Singers and dancers used, in a large number, to wait closely upon that mighty bowman, *viz.*, the son of Drona. Alas, their sounds can no longer be heard in his abode. That loud noise which rose in the camp of Vinda and Anuvinda every evening, alas, that noise is no longer heard there. Not in the camp of the Kaikeyas can that loud sound of song and slapping of palms be heard today which their soldiers, engaged in dance and revelry, used to make. Those priests competent in the performance of sacrifices who used to wait upon Somadatta's son, that refuge of scriptural rites, alas, their sounds can no longer be heard. The twang of the bow-

string, the sounds of *Vedic* recitation, the whiz of lances and swords, and rattle of car-wheels, used incessantly to be heard in the abode of Drona. Alas, those sounds can no longer be heard there. That swell of songs of diverse realms, that loud noise of musical instruments, which used to arise there, alas, those can no longer be heard today. When Janardana of unfading glory came from Upaplavya, desirous of peace, from compassion for every creature, I then, O *Suta*, said unto the wicked Duryodhana: Obtaining Vasudeva as the means, make peace with the Pandavas, O son! I think the time has come (for making peace). Do not, O Duryodhana, transgress my command. If thou settest Vasudeva aside, who now begs thee for peace and addresses thee for my good, victory thou wilt never have in battle. Duryodhana, however, did set aside him of Dasarha's race, that bull among all bowmen, who then spoke what was for Duryodhana's good. By this, he embraced what was calamitous to himself. Seized by Death himself, that wicked-souled son of mine, rejecting my counsels, adopted those of Duhsasana and Karna. I myself did not approve of the game of dice. Vidura did not approve of it. The ruler of the Sindhus did not, nor Bhishma; nor Salya; nor Bhurisravas; nor Purumitra; nor Jaya; nor Aswatthaman; nor Kripa; nor Drona, O Sanjaya! If my son had conducted himself according to the counsels of these persons, he would then, with his kinsmen and friends have lived for ever in happiness and peace. Of sweet and delightful speech ever saying what is agreeable amid their kinsmen, high-born, loved by all, and possessed of wisdom, the sons of Pandu are sure to obtain happiness. The man who casteth his eye on righteousness, always and everywhere obtaineth happiness. Such a man after death, winneth benefit and grace. Possessed of sufficient might, the Pandavas deserve to enjoy half the earth. The earth girt by the seas is as much their ancestral possession (as of the Kurus). Possessed of sovereignty, the Pandavas will never deviate from the track of righteousness. O child, I have kinsmen to whose voice the Pandavas will ever listen, such, for instance, as Salya, Somadatta, the high-souled Bhishma, Drona, Vikarna, Valhika, Kripa, and others among the Bharatas that are illustrious and reverend in years. If they speak unto them on thy behalf the Pandavas will certainly act according to those beneficial recommendations. Or, who amongst these, thinkest thou, belongs to their party that will speak to them otherwise? Krishna will never abandon the path of righteousness. The Pandavas are all obedient to him. Words of righteousness spoken by myself also, those heroes will never disobey, for the Pandavas are all of righteous soul.' Piteously lamenting, O *Suta*, I spoke these and many such words unto my son. Foolish as he is, he listened not to me! I think all this to be the mischievous influence of Time! There where Vrikodara and Arjuna are, and the Vrishni hero, Satyaki, and Uttamaujas of the Panchalas, and the invincible Yudhamanyu, and the irrepressible Dhrishtadyumna, and the unvanquished Sikhandin, the Asmakas, the Kekayas, and Kshatradharman of the Somakas, the ruler of the Chedis, and Chekitana, and Vibhu, the son of

the ruler of the Kasi, the sons of Draupadi, and Virata and the mighty car-warrior Drupada, and those tigers among men *viz.*, the twins (Nakula and Sahadeva), and the slayer of Madhu to offer counsel, who is there in this world that would fight these, expecting to live? Who else. again, is there, save Duryodhana, and Karna, and Sakuni, the son of Suvala, and Duhsasana as their fourth, for I do not see the fifth that would venture to resist my foes while the latter display their celestial weapons? They who have Vishnu himself on their car, clad in mail and reins in hand, they who have Arjuna for their warrior, they can never have defeat! Doth not Duryodhana now recollect those lamentations of mine? The tiger among men, Bhishma, thou hast said, has been slain. I think, beholding the fruits of the words uttered by the far-seeing Vidura, my sons are now indulging in lamentations! I think, beholding his army overwhelmed by Sini's grandson and Arjuna, beholding the terraces of his cars empty, my sons are indulging in lamentations. As a swelling conflagration urged by the winds consumes a heap of dry grass at the close of winter, even so will Dhananjaya consume my troops. O Sanjaya, thou art accomplished in narration. Tell me everything that transpired after the doing of that great wrong to Partha in the evening. When Abhimanyu was slain, what became the state of your minds? Having, O son, greatly offended the wielder of *Gandiva*, my warriors are incapable of bearing in battle his achievements. What measures were resolved upon by Duryodhana and what by Karna? What also did Duhsasana and Suvala's son do? O Sanjaya, O son, that which has in battle befallen all my children assembled together, is certainly due to the evil acts of the wicked Duryodhana, who followeth in the path of avarice, who is of wicked understanding, whose judgment is perverted by wrath, who coveteth sovereignty, who is foolish, and who is deprived of reason by anger. Tell me, O Sanjaya, what measures were then adopted by Duryodhana? Were they ill-judged or well-judged?' "

SECTION LXXXVI

"Sanjaya said, 'I will tell thee all, for everything hath been witnessed by me with my own eyes. Listen calmly. Great is thy fault. Even as an embankment is useless after the waters (of the field) have flowed away, even so, O king, are these lamentations of thine useless! O bull of Bharata's race, do not grieve. Wonderful as are the decrees of the Destroyer, they are incapable of being transgressed. Do not grieve, O bull of Bharata's race, for this is not new. If thou hadst formerly restrained Yudhishthira, the son of Kunti, and thy sons also from the match at dice, this calamity then would never have overtaken thee. If, again, when time for battle came, hadst thou restrained both the parties inflamed by wrath, this

calamity then would never have overtaken thee. If, again, hadst thou formerly urged the Kurus to slay the disobedient Duryodhana, then this calamity would never have overtaken thee. (If thou hadst done any of these acts), the Pandavas, the Panchalas, the Vrishnis, and the other kings would then have never known thy wrong-headedness. If, again, doing, thy duty as a father, thou hadst, by placing Duryodhana in the path of righteousness, caused him to tread along it, then this calamity would never have overtaken thee. Thou art the wisest man on earth. Forsaking eternal virtue, how couldst thou follow the counsels of Duryodhana and Karna and Sakuni? These lamentations of thine, therefore, O king, that I hear,—of thine that art wedded to (worldly) wealth, seem to me to be honey mixed with poison. O monarch, formerly Krishna did not respect king Yudhishthira, the son of Pandu, or Drona, so much as he used to respect thee. When, however, he came to know thee as one fallen off from the duties of a king, since then Krishna hath ceased to regard thee with respect. Thy sons had addressed various harsh speeches towards the sons of Pritha. Thou wast indifferent to those speeches then, O thou that wieldest sovereignty, unto thy sons. The consequence of that indifference of thine hath now overtaken thee. O sinless one, the ancestral sovereignty is now in danger. (If it is not so), obtain now the whole earth subjugated by the sons of Pritha.[1] The kingdom that the Kurus enjoy, as also their fame had been acquired by the Pandus. The virtuous sons of Pandu added to that kingdom and that fame. Those achievements, however, of theirs became (to them) barren of fruit as they came in contact with thee, since they were deprived of even their ancestral kingdom by the covetous self. Now, O king, when the battle has begun, thou censurest thy sons indicating diverse faults of theirs. This is scarcely becoming. The Kshatriyas, while fighting, do not take care of their very lives. Indeed, those bulls among Kshatriyas fight, penetrating into the array of the Parthas. Who else, indeed, save the Kauravas, would venture to fight with that force which is protected by Krishna and Arjuna, by Satyaki and Vrikodara? Them that have Arjuna for their warrior, them that have Janardana for their counsellor, them that have Satyaki and Vrikodara for their protectors, what mortal bowman is there that would dare fight with, save the Kauravas and those that are following their lead? All that is capable of being achieved by friendly kings endued with heroism and observant of the duties of Kshatriyas, all that is being done by the warriors on the Kauravas side. Listen now, therefore, to everything that hath taken place in the terrible battle between those tigers among men *viz.*, the Kurus and the Pandavas.' "

[1] *Apavrittam* is explained by Nilakantha as endangered or made doubtful. What Sanjaya says is that if it is not so, thou shalt then have to undergo the bitterness of ruling over the whole world bestowed upon thee by the Pandavas. Either the Pandavas will snatch away thy kingdom or make thee ruler of the whole after slaying thy sons. Either of these alternatives would be bitter to thee.

SECTION LXXXVII

"Sanjaya said, 'After that fight had passed away, Drona, that foremost of all wielders of weapons, began to array all his divisions for battle. Diverse sounds were heard, O monarch, of angry heroes shouting in wrath and desirous of slaying one another. And some stretched their bows, and some rubbed with their hands their bow-strings. And drawing deep breaths, many of them shouted, saying, Where is that Dhananjaya? And some began to throw upwards (and again seize) their naked swords, unyielding, well-tempered, of the colour of the sky, possessed of great sharpness, and furnished with beautiful hilts. And brave warriors, desirous of battle, by thousands, were seen to perform the evolutions of swordmen and of bowmen, with skill acquired by practice. Some whirling their maces decked with bells, smeared with sandal paste, and adorned with gold and diamonds enquired after the sons of Pandu. Some intoxicated with the pride of strength, and possessed of massive arms, obstructed the welkin with their spiked clubs that ressembled (a forest of flag) staff raised in honour of Indra. Others, brave warriors all, adorned with beautiful garlands of flowers, desirous of battle, occupied diverse portions of the field, armed with diverse weapons. 'Where is Arjuna? Where is that Govinda? Where is proud Bhima? Where also are those allies of their?' Even thus did they call upon them in battle. Then blowing his conch and himself urging the horses to great speed, Drona moved about with great celerity, arraying his troops. After all those divisions that delight in battle had taken up their stations, Bharadwaja's son, O king, said these words unto Jayadratha. 'Thyself, Somadatta's son, the mighty car-warrio Karna, Aswatthaman, Salya, Vrishasena and Kripa, with a hundred thousand horse, sixty thousand cars, four and ten thousand elephants with rent temples, one and twenty thousand foot-soldiers clad in mail take up your station behind me at the distance of twelve miles. There the very gods with Vasava at their head will not be able to attack thee, what need be said, therefore, of the Pandavas? Take comfort, O ruler of the Sindhus. Thus addressed (by Drona), Jayadratha, the ruler of the Sindhus, became comforted. And he proceeded to the spot indicated by Drona, accompanied by many Gandhara warriors, and surrounded by those great car-warriors, and with many foot-soldiers clad in mail, prepared to fight vigorously and armed with nooses. The steeds of Jayadratha, well-skilled in bearing of drawing were all, O monarch, decked with yalk-tails and ornaments of gold. And seven thousand such steeds, and three thousand other steeds of the Sindhu breed were with him.'

"Thy son Durmarshana, desirous of doing battle, stationed himself at the head of all the troops, accompanied by a thousand and five hundred infuriated elephants and awful size clad in mail and of fierce deeds, and all ridden by well-trained elephant-riders. Thy two other sons, *viz.*, Duhsasana and Vikarna, took up their position amid the advance-divisions

of the army, for the accomplishment of the objects of Jayadratha. The array that Bharadwaja's son formed, part *Sakata* and part a *circle*, was full forty-eight miles long and the width of its rear measured twenty miles. Drona himself formed that array with countless brave kings, stationed with it, and countless cars and steeds and elephants and foot-soldiers. In the rear of that array was another impenetrable array of the form of *lotus*. And within that *lotus* was another dense array called the needle. Having formed his mighty array thus, Drona took up his station. At the mouth of that *needle*, the great bowman Kritavarman took up his stand. Next to Kritavarman, O sire, stood the ruler of the Kamvojas and Jalasandha. Next to these, stood Duryodhana and Karna. Behind them hundreds and thousands of unreturning heroes were stationed in that *Sakata* for protecting its head. Behind them all, O monarch, and surrounded by a vast force, was king Jayadratha stationed at one side of that needle-shaped array. At the entrance of the *Sakata*, O king, was Bharadwaja's son. Behind Drona was the chief of the Bhojas, who protected him. Clad in white armour, with excellent head-gear, of broad chest and mighty arms, Drona stood, stretching his large bow, like the Destroyer himself in wrath. Beholding Drona's car which was graced with a beautiful standard and had red sacrificial altar and a black deer-skin, the Kauravas were filled with delight. Seeing that array formed by Drona, which resembled the ocean itself in agitation, the *Siddhas* and the *Charanas* were filled with wonder. And all creatures thought that array would devour the whole earth with her mountains and seas and forests, and abounding with diverse things. And king Duryodhana, beholding that mighty array in the form of a *Sakata*, teeming with carts and men and steeds and elephants, roaring dreadful of wonderful form, and capable of riving the hearts of foes, began to rejoice.' "

SECTION LXXXVIII

"Sanjaya said, 'After the divisions of the Kuru army had been (thus) arrayed, and a loud uproar, O sire, had, arisen; after drums and *Mridangas* began to be beaten and played upon, after the din of the warriors and the noise of musical instruments had become audible; after conch began to be blown, and an awful roar had arisen, making the hair stand on end; after the field of battle had been slowly covered by the Bharata heroes desirous of fight; and after the hour called *Rudra* had set in, Savyasachin made his appearance. Many thousands of ravens and crows, O Bharata, proceeded sporting on the front of Arjuna's car. Various animals of terrible cries, and jackals of inauspicious sight, began to yell and howl on our right as we proceeded to battle. Thousands of blazing meteors fell

with great noise. The whole earth trembled on that dreadful occasion. Dry winds blew in all directions, accompanied by thunder, and driving hard pebbles and gravel when Kunti's son came at the commencement of battle. Then Nakula's son, Satanika, and Dhrishtadyumna, the son of Pritha, those two warriors possessed of great wisdom, arrayed the several divisions of the Pandavas. Then thy son Durmarshana, accompanied by a thousand cars, a hundred elephants, three thousand heroes, and ten thousand foot-soldiers, and covering a piece of ground that measured the length of fifteen hundred bows, took up his position at the very van of all the troops, and said: 'Like the continent resisting the surging sea, even I will today resist the wielder of *Gandiva*, that scorcher of foes, that warrior who is irresistible in battle. Let people today behold the wrathful Dhananjaya collide with me, like a mass of stone against another stony mass. Ye car-warriors that are desirous of battle, stay ye (as witness). Alone I will fight with all the Pandavas assembled together, for enhancing my honour and fame. That high-souled and noble son of thine, that great bowman saying this, stood there surrounded by many great bowmen. Then, like the Destroyer himself in wrath, or Vasava himself armed with the thunder, or Death's irresistible self armed with his club and urged on by Time, or Mahadeva armed with the trident and incapable of being ruffled, or Varuna bearing his noise, or the blazing fire at the end of the Yuga risen for consuming the creation, the slayer of the *Nivatakavachas* inflamed with rage and swelling with might, the ever-victorious Jaya, devoted to truth and desirous of achieving his great vow, clad in mail and armed with sword, decked in golden diadem, adorned with garlands of swords of white flowers and attired in white robes, his arms decked with beautiful *Angadas* and ears with excellent ear-rings, mounted on his own foremost of cars, (the incarnate) Nara, accompanied by Narayana, shaking his *Gandiva* in battle, shone brilliantly like the risen sun. And Dhananjaya of great prowess, placing his car, O king, at the very van of his army, where densest showers of arrows would fall, blew his conch. Then Krishna also, O sire, fearlessly blew with great force his foremost of conchs called *Panchajanya* as Partha blew his. And in consequence of the blare of the conchs, all the warriors in thy army, O monarch, trembled and became lost heart. And their hair stood on end at that sound. As all creatures are oppressed with fright at the sound of the thunder, even so did all thy warriors took fright at the blare of those conchs. And all the animals ejected urine and excreta. Thy whole army with its animals became filled with anxiety, O king, and in consequence of the blare of those (two) conchs, all men, O sire, lost their strength. And some amongst them, O monarch, were inspired with dread, and some lost their senses. And the ape on Arjuna's banner, opening his mouth wide, made an awful noise with the other creatures on it, for terrifying thy troops. Then conchs and horns and cymbals and *Anakas* were once more blown and beat for cheering thy warriors. And that noise mingled with the noise of diverse (other) musical instruments, with the shouts of warriors and the slaps of their arm-pits,

and with their leonine roars uttered by great car-warriors in summoning and challenging (their antagonists). When that tumultuous uproar rose there, an uproar that enhanced the fear of the timid, the son of Pakasana, filled with great delight, addressing him of Dasarha's race, said (these words).'

"Arjuna said, 'Urge the steeds, O Hrishikesa, to where Durmarshana stayeth. Piercing through that elephant division I will penetrate into the hostile army.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Thus addressed by Savyasachin, the mighty-armed Kesava urged the steeds to where Durmarshana was staying. Fierce and awful was the encounter that commenced there between one and the many, an encounter that proved very destructive of cars and elephants and men. Then Partha, resembling a pouring cloud, covered his foes with showers of shafts, like a mass of clouds pouring rain on the mountain breast.[1] The hostile of car-warriors also, displaying great lightness of hand, quickly covered both Krishna and Dhananjaya with clouds of arrows. The mighty-armed Partha, then, thus opposed in battle by his foes, became filled with wrath, and began to strike off with his arrows the heads of car-warriors from their trunks. And the earth became strewn with beautiful heads decked with ear-rings and turbans, the nether lips bit by the upper ones, and the faces adorned with eyes troubled with wrath. Indeed, the scattered heads of the warriors looked resplendent like an assemblage of plucked off and crushed lotuses lying strewn about the field. Golden coats of mail[2] dyed with gore (lying thick over the field), looked like masses of clouds charged with lightning. The sound, O king, of severed heads dropping on the earth, resembled that of falling palmyra fruits ripened in due time, headless trunks arose, some with bow in hand, and some with naked swords upraised in the act of striking. Those brave warriors incapable of brooking Arjuna's feats and desirous of vanquishing him, had no distinct perception as to when their heads were struck off by Arjuna. The earth became strewn with heads of horses, trunks of elephants, and the arms and legs of heroic warriors. '*This is one Partha*', '*Where is Partha? Here is Partha!*' 'Even thus, O king, the warriors, of thy army became filled with the idea of Partha only. Deprived of their senses by Time, they regarded the whole world to be full of Partha only, and therefore, many of them perished, striking one another, and some struck even their own selves. Uttering yells of woe, many heroes, covered with blood, deprived of their senses, and in great agony, laid themselves down, calling upon their friends and kinsmen. Arms, bearing short arrows, or lances, or darts, or swords, or battle-axes, or pointed stakes, or scimitars, or bows, or spears, or shafts, or maces, and cased in armour and decked with *Angadas* and other ornaments, and looking like large snakes, and resembling huge clubs, cut off (from trunks) with

[1]The original is pleonastic.

[2]This verse obviously needs correction. Instead of "golden coats of mail," I think some such correction is needed, *viz*., coats of mail, of black iron, decked with gold and dyed with blood, etc.

mighty weapons, were seen to jump about, jerk about, and move about, with great force, as if in rage. Every one amongst those that wrathfully advanced against Partha in that battle, perished, pierced in his body with some fatal shafts of that hero. While dancing on his car as it moved, and drawing his bow, no one there could detect the minutest opportunity for striking him. The quickness with which he took his shafts, fixed them on the bow, and let them off, filled all his enemies with wonder. Indeed Phalguna, with his shafts, pierced elephants and elephant-riders, horses and horse-riders, car-warriors and drivers of cars. There was none amongst his enemies, whether staying before him or struggling in battle, or wheeling about, whom the son of Pandu did not slay. As the sun rising in the welkin destroyeth the thick gloom, even so did Arjuna destroy that elephant-force by means of his shafts winged with *Kanka* plumes. The field occupied by thy troops, in consequence of riven elephants fallen upon it, looked like the earth strewn with huge hills at the hour of universal dissolution. As the midday sun is incapable of being looked at by all creatures, even so was Dhananjaya, excited with wrath, incapable of being looked at, in battle, by his enemies. The troops of thy son, O chastiser of foes, afflicted (with the arrows of Dhananjaya), broke and fled in fear. Like a mass of clouds pierced and driven away by a mighty wind, that army was pierced and routed by Partha. None, indeed could gaze at the hero while he was slaying the foe. Urging their heroes to great speed by spurs, by the horns of their bows, by deep growls, by encouraging behests, by whips, by cuts on their flanks, and by threatening speeches, thy men, *viz.*, thy cavalry and thy car-warriors, as also thy foot-soldiers, struck by the shafts of Arjuna, fled away from the fields. Others (that rode on elephants), fled away, urging those huge beasts by pressing their flanks with their hooks and many warriors struck by Partha's arrows, in flying, ran against Partha himself. Indeed, thy warriors, then became all cheerless and their understandings were all confused.

SECTION LXXXIX

"Dhritarashtra said, 'When the van of my army thus slaughtered by the diadem-decked (Arjuna) broke and fled, who were those heros that advanced against Arjuna? (Did any of them actually fight with Arjuna, or) did all, abandoning their determination enter the *Sakata* array, getting behind the fearless Drona, resembling a solid wall?'

"Sanjaya said, 'When Indra's son Arjuna, O sinless one, began, with his excellent arrows, to break and incessantly slay that force of ours many heroes were either slain, or becoming dispirited, fled away. None in that battle, was capable of even looking at Arjuna. Then, thy son Duhsasana,

O king, beholding that state of the troops, became filled with wrath and rushed against Arjuna for battle. That hero of fierce prowess, cased in a beautiful coat of mail, made of gold, and his head covered with a turban decked with gold, caused Arjuna to be surrounded by a large elephant-force which seemed capable of devouring the whole earth. With sound of the elephants' bells, the blare of conchs, the twang of bow-strings, and the grunts of the tuskers, the earth, the points of compass, and the welkin, seemed to be entirely filled. That period of time became fierce and awful. Beholding those huge beasts with extended trunks filled with wrath and rushing quickly towards him, like winged mountains urged on with hooks, Dhananjaya, that lion among men, uttering a leonine shout, began to pierce and slay that elephant-force with his shafts. And like a *Makara* penetrating into the vast deep, surging into mountain waves when agitated by the tempest, the diadem-decked (Arjuna) penetrated into that elephant-host. Indeed, Partha, that subjugator of hostile cities, was then seen by all on every side to resemble the scorching sun that rises, transgressing the rule about direction and hour, on the day of the universal destruction. And in consequence of the sound of horses' hoofs, rattle of car-wheels, the shouts of combatants, the twang of bow-strings, the noise of diverse musical instruments, the blare of *Panchajanya* and *Devadatta*, and roar of *Gandiva*, men and elephants were dispirited and deprived of their senses. And men and elephants were riven by Savyasachin with his shafts whose touch resembled that of snakes of virulent poison. And those elephants, in that battle, were pierced all over their bodies with shafts, numbering thousands upon thousands shot from *Gandiva*. While thus mangled by the diadem-decked (Arjuna), they uttered loud noises and incessantly fell down on the earth like mountains shorn of their wings. Others struck at the jaw, or frontal globes, or temples with long shafts, uttered cries resembling those of cranes. The diadem-decked (Arjuna) began to cut off, with his straight arrows the heads of warriors standing on the necks of elephants. Those heads decked with ear-rings, constantly falling on the earth, resembled a multitude of lotuses that Partha was calling for an offer to his gods. And while the elephants wandered on the field, many warriors were seen to hang from their bodies, divested of armour, afflicted with wounds, covered with blood, and looking like painted pictures. In some instances, two or three warriors, pierced by one arrow winged with beautiful feathers and well-shot (from *Gandiva*), fell down on the earth. Many elephants deeply pierced with long shafts, fell down, vomiting blood from their mouths, with the riders on their backs, like hills overgrown with forests tumbling down through some convulsion of nature. Partha, by means of his straight shafts, cut into fragments the bow-strings, standards, bows, yokes, and shafts of the car-warriors opposed to him. None could notice when Arjuna took up his arrows, when he fixed them on the bow-string, when he drew the string, and when he let them off. All that could be seen was that Partha seemed to dance on his car with his bow incessantly drawn to a circle. Elephants, deeply pierced with long shafts and vomiting

blood from their mouths, fell down, as soon as they were struck, on the earth. And in the midst of that great carnage, O monarch, innumerable headless trunks were seen to stand up. Arms, with bows in grasp, or whose fingers were cased in leathern gloves, holding swords, or decked with *Angadas* and other ornaments of gold, cut off from trunks, were seen lying about. And the field of battle was strewn with innumerable *Upashkaras* and *Adhishthanas*, and shafts, and crowns, crushed car-wheels, and broken *Akshas*, and yokes, and warriors armed with shields and bows, and floral garlands, and ornaments and robes and fallen standards. And in consequence of those slain elephants and steeds, and the fallen bodies of Kshatriyas, the earth there assumed an awful aspect. Duhsasana's forces, thus slaughtered, O king, by the diadem-decked (Arjuna), fled away. Their leader himself was in great pain, for Duhsasana, greatly afflicted by those shafts, overcome by fear entered with his division the *Sakata* array, seeking Drona as his deliverer.' "

SECTION XC

Sanjaya said, 'Slaying the force of Duhsasana, the mighty car-warrior, Savyasachin, desirous of getting at the ruler of the Sindhus, proceeded against the division of Drona. Having approached Drona who was stationed at the entrance of the array, Partha, at Krishna's request joined his hands and said these words unto Drona: 'Wish me well, O Brahmana, and bless me, saying *Swasti*! Through thy grace, I wish to penetrate into this impenetrable array. Thou art to me even as my sire, or even as king Yudhishthira the just, or even as Krishna! I tell thee this truly. O sire, O sinless one! Even as Aswatthaman deserves to be protected by thee, I also deserve to be protected by thee, O foremost of regenerate ones! Through thy grace, O foremost of men, I desire to slay the ruler of the Sindhu in battle. O lord, see that my vow is accomplished.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Thus addressed by him, the preceptor, smiling, replied unto him, saying, 'O Vibhatsu, without vanquishing me, thou shalt not be able to vanquish Jayadratha. Telling him this much, Drona, with a smile covered him with showers of sharp arrows, as also his car and steeds and standard and charioteer. Then, Arjuna baffling Drona's arrowy showers with his own arrows, rushed against Drona, shooting mightier and more awful shafts. Observant of Kshatriya duties, Arjuna then pierced Drona in that battle with nine arrows. Cutting the shafts of Arjuna by his own shafts, Drona then pierced both Krishna and Arjuna with many shafts that resembled poison or fire. Then, while Arjuna was thinking of cutting of Drona's bow with his arrows, the latter, endued with great valour, fearlessly and quickly cut off, with shafts the bow-string of the illustrious

Phalguna. And he also pierced Phalguna's steeds and standard and charioteer. And the heroic Drona covered Phalguna himself with many arrows, smiling the while. Meantime, stringing his large bow anew, Partha, that foremost of all persons conversant with arms, getting the better of his preceptor, quickly shot six hundred arrows as if he had taken and shot only one arrow. And once more he shot seven hundred other arrows, and then a thousand arrows incapable of being resisted, and ten thousand other arrows. All these slew many warriors of Drona's array. Deeply pierced with those weapons by the mighty and accomplished Partha, acquainted with all modes of warfare, many men and steeds and elephants fell down deprived of life. And car-warriors, afflicted by those shafts, fell down from their foremost of cars, deprived of horses and standards and destitute of weapons and life. And elephants fell down like summits of hills, or masses of clouds, or large houses, loosened, dispersed, or burnt down by the thunder, or by the wind, or fire. Struck with Arjuna's shafts, thousands of steeds fell down like swans on the breast of Himavat, struck down by the force of watery current. Like the Sun, that rises at the end of the *Yuga*, drying up with his rays, vast quantities of water, the son of Pandu, by his showers of weapons and arrows, slew a vast number of car-warriors and steeds and elephants and foot-soldiers. Then like the clouds covering the sun, the Drona-cloud, with its arrowy showers, covered the Pandava-sun, whose rays in the shape of thick showers of arrows were scorching in the battle the foremost ones among the Kurus. And then the preceptor struck Dhananjaya at the breast with a long shaft shot with great force and capable of drinking the life-blood of every foe. Then Arjuna, deprived of strength, shook in all his limbs, like a hill during an earth-quake. Soon, however, regaining for fortitude, Vibhatsu pierced Drona with many winged arrows. Then Drona struck Vasudeva with five arrows. And he struck Arjuna with three and seventy arrows, and his standard with three. Then, O king, the valorous Drona getting the better of his disciple, within the twinkling of an eye made Arjuna invisible by means of his arrowy showers. We then beheld the shafts of Bharadwaja's son falling in continuous lines, and his bow also was seen to present the wonderful aspect of being incessantly drawn to a circle. And those shafts, countless in number, and winged with the *Kanka* feathers, shot by Drona in that battle, incessantly fell, O king, on Dhananjaya and Vasudeva. Beholding then that battle between Drona and the son of Pandu, Vasudeva of great intelligence began to reflect upon the accomplishment of the (important) task. Then Vasudeva, addressing Dhananjaya, said these words: 'O Partha, O thou of mighty arms, we should not waste time. We must go on, avoiding Drona, for a more important task awaits us. In reply Partha said unto Krishna, O Kesava, as thou pleasest! Then keeping the mighty-armed Drona to their right, Arjuna proceeded onwards. Turning his face round, Vibhatsu proceeded, shooting his shafts. Then Drona, addressing Arjuna, said, Whither dost thou proceed, O son of Pandu! Is it not true that thou ceasest not (to fight) till thou hast vanquished thy foe?'

"Arjuna answered, 'Thou art my preceptor and not my foe. I am thy disciple and, therefore, like to thy son. Nor is there the man in the whole world who can vanquish thee in battle.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Saying these words, the mighty-armed Vibhatsu, desirous of slaying Jayadratha, quickly proceeded against the (Kaurava) troops. And while he penetrated into thy army, those high-souled princes of Panchala, *viz.*, Yudhamanyu and Uttamaujas, followed him as the protector of his wheels. Then, O King, Jaya, and Kritavarman of the Satwata race, and the ruler of the Kamvojas, and Srutayus, began to oppose the progress of Dhananjaya And these had ten thousand car-warriors for their followers. The Abhishahas, the Surasenas, the Sivis, the Vasatis, the Mavellakas, the Lilithyas, the Kaikeyas, the Madrakas, the Narayana Gopalas, and the various tribes of the Kamvojas who had before been vanquished by Karna, all of whom were regarded as very brave, placing Bharadwaja's son at their head, and becoming regardless of their lives, rushed towards Arjuna, for resisting that angry hero, burning with grief on account of the death of his son, that warrior resembling all-destroying Death himself, clad in mail, conversant with all modes of warfare, prepared to throw away his life in thick of battle,—that mighty bowman of great prowess, that tiger among men,—who resembled an infuriate leader of elephantine herd, and who seemed ready to devour the whole hostile army. The battle then that commenced was exceedingly fierce and made the hair stand on end, between all those combatants on the one side and Arjuna on the other. And all of them, uniting together, began to resist that bull among men, advancing for the slaughter of Jayadratha, like medicines resisting a raging disease.' "

SECTION XCI

"Sanjaya said, 'Held in check by them, that foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, Partha of great might and prowess, was quickly pursued by Drona from behind. The son of Pandu, however, like diseases scorching the body, blasted that army, scattering his sharp shafts and resembling on that account the sun himself scattering his countless rays of light. And steeds were pierced, and cars with riders were broken and mangled, and elephants were overthrown. And umbrellas were cut off and displaced, and vehicles were deprived of their wheels. And the combatants fled on all sides, exceedingly afflicted with arrows. Even thus progressed that fierce battle between those warriors and Arjuna encountering each other. Nothing could be distinguished. With his straight shafts, Arjuna, O monarch, made the hostile army tremble incessantly. Firmly devoted to truth, Arjuna then, of white steeds desirous of accomplishing his vow rushed

against the foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, Drona of red steeds. Then the preceptor, Drona, struck his disciple, *viz.*, the mighty bowman Arjuna, with five and twenty straight shafts capable of reaching the very vitals. Thereupon, Vibhatsu, that foremost of all wielders of weapons, quickly rushed against Drona, shooting arrows capable of baffling the force of counter arrows, shot at him. Invoking into existence then the *Brahma* weapon, Arjuna, of immeasurable soul, baffled with his straight shafts those shot so speedily at him by Drona. The skill we then beheld of Drona was exceedingly wonderful, since Arjuna, though young, and though struggling vigorously, could not pierce Drona with a single shaft. Like a mass of clouds pouring torrents of rain, the Drona cloud rained shower on the Partha-mountain. Possessed of great energy, Arjuna received that arrowy downpour, O king, by invoking the *Brahma* weapon, and cut off all those arrows by arrows of his own. Drona then afflicted Partha of white steeds with five and twenty arrows. And he struck Vasudeva with seventy arrows on the chest and arms. Partha then, of great intelligence, smiling the while resisted the preceptor in that battle who was incessantly shooting sharp arrows. Then those two foremost of car-warriors, while thus struck by Drona, avoided that invincible warrior, who resembled the raging *Yuga* fire. Avoiding those sharp shafts shot from Drona's bow, the diadem-decked son of Kunti, adorned with garlands of flowers, began to slaughter the host of the Bhojas. Indeed, avoiding the invincible Drona who stood immovable like the Mainaka mountain, Arjuna took up his position between Kritavarman and Sudakshina the ruler of the Kamvojas. Then that tiger among men, *viz.*, the ruler of the Bhojas, coolly pierced that invincible and foremost descendant of Ruru with ten arrows winged with *Kanka* feathers. Then Arjuna pierced him, O monarch, in that battle with a hundred arrows. And once more he pierced him with three other arrows, stupefying that hero of the Satwata race. The ruler of the Bhojas then, laughing the while, pierced Partha and Vasudeva each with five and twenty arrows. Arjuna then, cutting off Kritavarman's bow, pierced him with one and twenty arrows resembling blazing flames of fire or angry snakes of virulent poison. Then Kritavarman, that mighty car-warrior, taking up another bow, pierced Arjuna in the chest, O Bharata, with five arrows. And once more he pierced Partha with five sharp arrows. Then Partha struck him in return in the centre of the chest with nine arrows. Beholding the son of Kunti obstructed before the car of Kritavarman, he of Vrishni's race thought that no time should be wasted. Then Krishna addressing Partha, said, 'Do not show any mercy to Kritavarman! Disregarding thy relationship (with him), crush and slay him!' Then Arjuna, stupefying Kritavarman with his arrows, proceeded, on his swift steeds, to the division of the Kamvojas. Seeing Arjuna of white steeds penetrate into the Kamvoja force, Kritavarman became filled with wrath. Taking his bow with arrows fixed thereon, he then encountered the two Panchala princes. Indeed, Kritavarman, with his arrows resisted those two Panchala princes as they advanced, following Arjuna for protecting his wheels. Then Kritavarman, the ruler of

the Bhojas, pierced them both with sharp shafts, striking Yudhamanyu with three, and Uttamaujas with four. Those two princes in return each pierced him with ten arrows. And once more, Yudhamanyu shooting three arrows and Uttamaujas shooting three cut off Kritavarman's standard and bow. Then the son of Hridika, taking up another bow, and becoming infuriated with rage, deprived both those warriors of their bows and covered them with arrows. Then those two warriors, taking up and stringing two other bows, began to pierce Kritavarman. Meanwhile Vibhatsu penetrated into the hostile army. But those two princes, resisted by Kritavarman, obtained no admittance into the Dhritarashtra host, although those bulls among men struggled vigorously. Then Arjuna of white steeds quickly afflicted in that battle the divisions opposed to him. That slayer of foes, however, slew not Kritavarman although he had got him within reach. Beholding Partha thus proceeding, the brave king Srutayudha, filled with wrath, rushed at him, shaking his large bow. And he pierced Partha with three arrows, and Janardana with seventy. And he struck the standard of Partha with a very sharp arrow having a razor-like head. Then Arjuna, filled with wrath deeply pierced his antagonist with ninety straight shafts, like (a rider) striking a mighty elephant with the hook. Srutayudha, however, could not, O king, brook that act of prowess on the part of Pandu's son. He pierced Arjuna in return with seven and seventy shafts. Arjuna then cut off Srutayudha's bow and then his quiver, and angrily struck him on the chest with seven straight shafts. Then, king Srutayudha, deprived of his senses by wrath, took up another bow and struck the son of Vasava with nine arrows on the latter's arms and chest. Then Arjuna, that chastiser of foes laughing the while, O Bharata, afflicted Srutayudha with many thousands of arrows. And that mighty car-warrior quickly slew also the latter's steeds and charioteer. Endued with great strength the son of Pandu then pierced his foe with seventy arrows. Then the valiant king Srutayudha abandoning that steedless car, rushed in that encounter against Partha, uplifting his mace. The heroic king Srutayudha was the son of Varuna, having for his mother that mighty river of cool water called Parnasa. His mother, O king, had for the sake of her son, begged Varuna saying, 'Let this my son become unslayable on earth.' Varuna, gratified (with her), had said, 'I give him a boon highly beneficial to him, *viz.*, a celestial weapon, by virtue of which this thy son will become unslayable on earth by foes. No man can have immortality. O foremost of rivers, every one who hath taken birth must inevitably die. This child, however, will always be invincible by foes in battle, through the power of this weapon. Therefore, let thy heart's fever be dispelled.' Having said these words, Varuna gave him, with *mantras*, a mace. Obtaining that mace, Srutayudha became invincible on earth. Unto him, however, illustrious Lord of the waters again said, 'This mace should not be hurled at one who is not engaged in fight. If hurled at such a person, it will come back and fall upon thyself. O illustrious child, (if so hurled) it will then course in an opposite direction and slay the

person hurling it.' It would seem that when his hour came, Srutayudha disobeyed that injunction. With that hero-slaying mace he attacked Janardana. The valiant Krishna received that mace on one of his well-formed and stout shoulders. It failed to shake Sauri, like the wind failing to shake the Vindhya mountain. That mace, returning unto Srutayudha himself, struck that brave and wrathful king staying on his car, like an ill-accomplished act of sorcery injuring the performer himself, and slaying that hero fell down on the earth. Beholding the mace turn back and Srutayudha slain, loud cries of *Alas* and *Oh* arose there among the troops, at the sight of Srutayudha that chastiser of foes, slain by a weapon of his own.[1] And because, O monarch, Srutayudha had hurled that mace at Janardana who was not engaged in fighting it slew him who had hurled it. And Srutayudha perished on the field, even in the manner that Varuna had indicated. Deprived of life, he fell down on the earth before the eyes of all the bowmen. While falling down, that dear son of Parnasa shone resplendent like a tall banian with spreading boughs broken by the wind. Then all the troops and even all the principal warriors fled away, beholding Srutayudha, that chastiser of foes, slain. Then, the son of the ruler of the Kamvojas, *viz.*, the brave Sudakshina, rushed on his swift steeds against Phalguna that slayer of foes. Partha, then, O Bharata, sped seven shafts at him. Those shafts passing through the body of that hero, entered the earth. Deeply pierced those shafts sped in battle from *Gandiva*, Sudakshina pierced Arjuna in return with ten shafts winged with *Kanka* feathers. And piercing Vasudeva with three shafts, he once more pierced Partha with five. Then, O sire, Partha, cutting off Sudakshina's bow, lopped off the latter's standard. And the son of Pandu pierced his antagonist with a couple of broad-headed arrows of great sharpness. Sudakshina, however, piercing Partha once more with three arrows, uttered a leonine shout. Then the brave Sudakshina, filled with wrath, hurled at the wielder of *Gandiva* a terrible dart made wholly of iron and decked with bells. That dart blazing as a large meteor, and emitting sparks of fire, approaching that mighty car-warrior pierced him through and fell down on the earth. Deeply struck by that dart and overcome with a swoon, Arjuna soon enough recovered. Then that hero of mighty energy, licking the corners of his mouth, that son of Pandu, of inconceivable feats, pierced his foe, along with his steeds, standard, bow, and charioteer, with four and ten shafts winged with *Kanka* feathers. With other arrows, countless in number, Partha then cut Sudakshina's car into fragments. And then the son of Pandu pierced Sudakshina, the prince of the Kamvojas, whose purpose and prowess had both been baffled, with a sharp arrow in the chest. Then the brave prince of the Kamvojas, his coat of mail cut off, his limbs weakened, his diadem and *Angadas* displaced, fell head downwards, like a pole of Indra when hurled from an engine. Like a beautiful *Karnikara* tree in the spring, gracefully growing on a mountain summit with beautiful branches lying on the earth

[1]The original is pleonastic.

when uprooted by the wind, the prince of the Kamvojas lay on the bare ground deprived of life, though deserving of the costliest bed, decked with costly ornaments. Handsome, possessed of eyes that were of a coppery hue, and bearing on his head a garland of gold, endued with the effulgence of fire, the mighty-armed Sudakshina, the son of the ruler of the Kamvojas, overthrown by Partha with his shafts, and lying on the earth, reft of life, looked resplendent like a beautiful mountain with a level top. Then all the troops of thy son fled away, beholding Srutayudha, and Sudakshina the prince of the Kamvojas, slain.' "

SECTION XCII

"Sanjaya said, 'Upon the fall of Sudakshina and of the heroic Srutayudha, O monarch, thy warriors, filled with wrath, rushed with speed at Partha. The Abhishahas, the Surasenas, the Sivis, the Vasatis began, O king, to scatter their arrowy showers on Dhananjaya. The son of Pandu then consumed by means of his arrows six hundred of them at once. Thereupon, those warriors, terrified, fled away like smaller animals from a tiger. Rallying, they once more surrounded Partha, who was slaying his foes and vanquishing them in battle. Dhananjaya then, with shafts sped from *Gandiva*, speedily felled the heads and arms of the combatants thus rushing upon him. Not an inch of the field of battle was unstrewn with fallen heads, and the flights of crows and vultures and ravens that hovered over the field seemed to form a cloudy canopy. Seeing their men thus exterminated, Srutayus and Achyutayus were both filled with wrath. And they continued to contend vigorously with Dhananjaya. Endued with great might, proud, heroic, of noble lineage, and possessed of strength of arms, those two bowmen, O king, solicitous of winning great fame and desirous, for the sake of thy son, to compass the destruction of Arjuna, quickly showered upon the latter their arrowy downpours at once from his right and left. Those angry heroes, with a thousand straight shafts, covered Arjuna like two masses of clouds filling a lake. Then that foremost of car-warriors *viz.*, Srutayus filled with wrath, struck Dhananjaya with a well-tempered lance. That crusher of foes *viz.*, Arjuna, then, deeply pierced by his mighty foe, swooned away in that battle, stupefying Kesava also (by that act). Meanwhile, the mighty car-warrior Achyutayus forcibly struck the son of Pandu with a keen-pointed spear. By the act he seemed to pour an acid upon the wound of the high-souled son of Pandu. Deeply pierced therewith, Partha supported himself by seizing the flag-staff. Then a leonine shout was sent forth by all the troops, O monarch, in the belief that Dhananjaya was deprived of life. And Krishna also was scorched with grief upon beholding Partha senseless. Then Kesava comforted

Dhananjaya with soothing words. Then those foremost of car-warriors, (*viz.*, Srutayus and Achyutayus), of true aim, pouring their arrowy showers on all sides, in that battle, made Dhananjaya and Vasudeva of Vrishni's race invisible with their car and car-wheels and *Kuvaras*, their steeds and flag-staff and banner. And all this seemed wonderful. Meanwhile, O Bharata, Vibhatsu slowly regained his senses, like one come back from the very abode of the king of the dead. Beholding his car with Kesava overwhelmed with arrows and seeing also those two antagonists of his staying before him like two blazing fires, the mighty car-warriors Partha then invoked into existence the weapon named after Sakra. From that weapon flowed thousands of straight shafts. And those shafts struck Srutayus and Achyutayus, those mighty bowmen. And the arrows shot by the latter, pierced by those of Partha, coursed through the welkin. And the son of Pandu quickly baffling those arrows by the force of his own arrows, began to career over the field, encountering mighty car-warriors. Meanwhile Srutayus and Achyutayus were, by Arjuna's arrowy showers, deprived of their arms and heads. And they fell down on the earth, like a couple of tall trees broken by the wind. And the death of Srutayus and slaughter of Achyutayus created surprise equal to what men would feel at the sight of the ocean becoming dry. Then slaying fifty car-warriors amongst the followers of those two princes, Partha proceeded against the Bharata army, slaying many foremost of warriors. Beholding both Srutayus and Achyutayus slain, their sons, those foremost of men, *viz.*, Niyatayus and Dirghayus, O Bharata, both filled with rage, rushed against the son of Kunti, scattering shafts of diverse kinds, and much pained by the calamity that had happened to their sires. Arjuna, excited with rage, in a moment despatched them both towards Yama's abode, by means of straight shafts. And those bulls among Kshatriyas (that were in the Kuru army) were unable to resist Partha who agitated the Dhartarashtra ranks, like an elephant agitating the waters of a lake filled with lotuses. Then thousands of trained elephant-riders amongst the Angas, O monarch, filled with rage, surrounded the son of Pandu with their elephant-force. Urged by Duryodhana, many kings also of the west and the south, and many others headed by the ruler of the Kalingas, also surrounded Arjuna, with their elephants huge as hills. Partha however, with shafts sped from *Gandiva*, quickly cut off the heads and arms, decked with ornaments, of those advancing combatants. The field of battle, strewn with those heads and arms decked with *Angadas*, looked like golden stones entwined by snakes. And the arms of warriors cut off therewith, while falling down, looked like birds dropping down from trees. And the elephants, pierced with thousands of arrows and shedding blood (from their wounds), looked like hills in the season of rains with liquefied red chalk streaming down their sides. Others, slain by Partha with sharp shafts, lay prostrate on the field. And many *Mlecchas* on the backs of elephants, of diverse kinds of ugly forms, robed in diverse attires, O king, and armed with diverse kinds of weapons, and bathed in blood, looked resplendent as they lay on the field, deprived of

life by means of diverse kinds of arrows. And thousands of elephants along with their riders and those on foot that urged them forward, struck with Partha's shafts, vomited blood, or uttered shrieks of agony, or fell down, or ran ungovernably in all directions. And many, exceedingly frightened, trod down and crushed their own men. And many which were kept as reserves and which were fierce as snakes of virulent poison, did the same. And many terrible Yavanas and Paradas and Sakas and Valhikas, and *Mlecchas* born of the cow (belonging to Vasishtha), of fierce eyes, accomplished in smiting looking like messengers of Death, and all conversant with the deceptive powers of the *Asuras* and many Darvabhisaras and Daradas and Pundras numbering by thousands, of bands, and together forming a force that was countless, began to shower their sharp shafts upon the son of Pandu. Accomplished in various modes of warfare, those *Mlecchas* covered Arjuna with their arrows. Upon them, Dhananjaya also quickly poured his arrows. And those arrows, shot from *Gandiva*, looked like flights of locusts, as they coursed through the welkin. Indeed, Dhananjaya, having by his arrows caused a shade over the troops like that of the clouds, slew, by the force of his weapons, all the *Mlecchas*, with heads completely shaved or half-shaved or covered with matted locks, impure in habits, and of crooked faces. Those dwellers of hills, pierced with arrows, those denizens of mountain-caves, fled away in fear. And ravens and *Kankas* and wolves, with great glee, drank the blood of those elephants and steeds and their *Mleccha*-riders overthrown on the field by Partha with his sharp shafts. Indeed, Arjuna caused a fierce river to flow there whose current consisted of blood. (Slain) foot-soldiers and steeds and cars and elephants constituted its embankments. The showers of shafts poured constituted its rafts and the hairs of the combatants formed its moss and weeds. And the fingers cut off from the arms of warriors, formed its little fishes. And that river was as awful as Death itself at the end of the *Yuga*. And that river of blood flowed towards the region of Yama, and the bodies of slain elephants floating on it, obstructed its current. And the earth was covered all over with the blood of Kshatriyas and of elephants and steeds and their riders, and of car-warriors, and became one bloody expanse like to what is seen when Indra showers a heavy down-pour covering uplands and lowlands alike. And that bull among Kshatriyas despatched six thousand horsemen and again a thousand foremost of Kshatriyas in that battle into the jaws of death. Thousands of well-equipped elephants, pierced with arrows, lay prostrate on the field, like hills struck down by thunder. And Arjuna careered over the field, slaying steeds and car-warriors and elephants, like an elephant of rent temples crushing a forest a reeds. As a conflagration, urged by the wind, consumes a dense forest of trees and creepers and plants and dry wood and grass, even so did that fire, *viz.*, Pandu's son Dhananjaya, having shafts for its flames and urged on by the Krishna-wind, angrily cosume the forest of thy warriors. Making the terraces of cars empty, and causing the earth to be strewn with human bodies, Dhananjaya seemed to dance bow in hand,

in the midst of those vast masses of men. Deluging the earth with blood by means of his shafts, endued with the strength of the thunder, Dhananjaya, excited with wrath, penetrated into the Bharata host. While thus proceeding, Srutayus, the ruler of the Amvashthas, resisted him. Arjuna then, O sire, speedily felled with keen shafts equipped with *Kanka* feathers, the steeds of Srutayus struggling in battle. And cutting off with other shafts, the bow also of his antagonist, Partha careered over the field. The ruler of the Amvashthas, then with eyes troubled in wrath, took up a mace and approached the mighty car-warrior Partha and Kesava also in that battle. Then that hero, uplifting his mace, stopped the (progress of Arjuna's) car by its strokes, and struck Kesava also therewith. Then that slayer of hostile heroes, *viz.*, Arjuna, beholding Kesava struck with that mace, became filled with wrath. And, then, O Bharata, that hero, with his shafts, equipped with wings of gold, covered the ruler of the Amvashthas, that foremost of car-warriors, armed with mace, like clouds covering the risen sun. With other shafts, Partha then cut off the mace of that high-souled warrior in fragments, reducing it almost to dust. And all this seemed highly wonderful. Beholding that mace of his cut off in fragments, the ruler of the Amvashthas took up another huge mace, and repeatedly struck both Arjuna and Kesava therewith. Then, Arjuna with a couple of sharp broad-faced arrows, cut off the uplifted arms of Srutayus which held the mace, those arms that looked like a couple of Indra's standard, and with another winged arrow, he cut off the head of that warrior. Thus slain, Srutayus fell down, O king, filling the earth with a loud noise, like a tall standard of Indra when the strings, tying it to the engine on which it is set, are cut off. Surrounded then on all sides by rounds of cars and by hundreds upon hundreds of elephants and cars, Partha became invisible like the sun covered with clouds.' "

SECTION XCIII

"Sanjaya said, 'After the son of Kunti, impelled by the desire of slaying the ruler of the Sindhus, had penetrated (into the Bharata host) having pierced through the irresistible divisions of both Drona and the Bhojas, after the heir of the ruler of the Kamvojas, *viz.*, prince Sudakshina, had been slain, after Savyasachin had killed the valiant Srutayudha also, after the (Kuru) ranks had fled away and confusion had set in on all sides, thy son, beholding his army broken, repaired to Drona. Quickly coming on his car to Drona, Duryodhana said: 'That tiger among men (*viz.*, Arjuna), having crushed this vast host hath already passed through it. Aided by thy judgment, think now what should be done next for the slaughter of Arjuna in view of awful carnage. Blessed be thou, adopt

such measures that that tiger among men may not succeed in slaying Jayadratha. Thou art our sole refuge. Like a raging conflagration consuming heaps of dry grass and straw, Dhananjaya-fire, urged by the wind of his wrath, is consuming the grass and straw constituted by my troops. O scorcher of foes, seeing the son of Kunti pass, having pierced through this host, those warriors that are protecting Jayadratha have become doubtful (of their ability to resist Partha). O foremost of those acquainted with Brahma, it was the settled conviction of the kings that Dhananjaya would never, with life, succeed in transgressing Drona. O thou of great splendour, when, however, Partha has pierced through thy division in the very sight, I regard my army to be very weak. Indeed, I think that I have no troops. O thou that art highly blessed, I know thou art devoted to the welfare of the Pandavas. I lose my reason, O regenerate one, in thinking what should be done. To the best of my power, I also seek to gratify thee. Thou, however, dost not bear all this in mind. O thou of immeasurable prowess, although we are devoted to thee, still thou never seekest our welfare. Thou art always well-pleased with the Pandavas and always engaged in doing us evil. Though deriving thy livelihood from us, still thou art engaged in doing evil to us. I was not aware that thou art but a razor steeped in honey. If thou hadst not granted me the boon about humiliating and checking the Pandavas, I would never have prevented the ruler of the Sindhus from returning to his own country. Fool that I am, expecting protection from thee, I assured the ruler of the Sindhus, and through my folly offered him as a victim to death. A man may escape, having entered the very jaws of death, but there is no escape for Jayadratha, when once he comes within reach of Dhananjaya's arms. O thou that ownest red steeds, do that by which the ruler of the Sindhus may yet be saved. Do not give way to wrath on hearing the delirious ravings of my afflicted self, O, protect ye the ruler of the Sindhus.'

"Drona said, 'I do not find fault with thy words. Thou art as dear to me as Aswatthaman himself. I tell thee truly. Act, however, now according to my words, O king! Of all drivers of cars, Krishna is the foremost. His steeds are also the foremost of their species. Obtaining only a very small space, Dhananjaya can pass very quickly through it. Seest thou not that the shafts of the diadem-decked (Arjuna), countless in number, shot from his bow, are falling full two miles behind his car as he is proceeding? Burdened with the weight of years, I am now incapable of going so fast. The whole army of the Parthas, again, is now close upon our van. Yudhishthira also should be seized by me. Even so, O thou of mighty arms, hath been the vow made by me in the presence of all bowmen and in the midst of all the Kshatriyas. O king! he is now staying at the head of his troops, abandoned by Dhananjaya. I shall not, therefore, abandoning the gate of our array, fight with Phalguna. It is meet that thyself, properly supported, shouldst fight with that foe of thine, who is alone and who is thy equal in lineage

and feats. Do not fear. Go and fight with him. Thou art the ruler of the world. Thou art a king. Thou art a hero. Possessed of fame, thou art accomplished in vanquishing (thy foes). O brave subjugator of hostile towns, go thyself to that spot where Dhananjaya the son of Pritha is.'

"Duryodhana said, 'O preceptor, how is it possible for me to resist Dhananjaya who has transgressed even thee that art the foremost of all wielders of arms? The very chief of celestials, armed with the thunder, is capable of being vanquished in battle, but Arjuna that subjugator of hostile towns, cannot be vanquished in battle. He by whom Hridika's son (Kritavarman), the ruler of the Bhojas, and thyself equal unto a celestial, have both been vanquished by the power of his weapons, he by whom Srutayus hath been slain, as also Sudakshina, and king Srutayus too, he by whom both Srutayus and Achyutayus and myriads of *Mlecchas* also have been slain, how can I contend in battle with that invincible son of Pandu, that accomplished master of weapons, who is even like an all-consuming fire? How also dost thou think me competent to fight with him today? I am dependent on thee like a slave. Protect my fame.'

"Drona said, 'Thou sayest truly, O thou of Kuru's race, that Dhananjaya is irresistible. I, however, will do that by which thou shalt be able to bear him. Let all the bowmen in the world behold today the wonderful feat of the son of Kunti being held in check by thee in the very sight of Vasudeva. This thy armour of gold, O king, I will tie on thy body in such a way that no weapon used by man will be able to strike thee in battle. If even the three worlds with the *Asuras* and the celestials, the *Yakshas*, the *Uragas*, and the *Rakshasas*, together with all human beings, fight with thee today, thou needst still entertain no fear. Neither Krishna, nor the son of Kunti, nor any other wielder of weapons in battle, will be able to pierce this armour of thine with arrows. Cased in that coat of mail, quickly go thou today against angry Arjuna in battle. He will not be able to bear thee.'

"Sanjaya said, 'Having said these words, Drona, that foremost of persons conversant with *Brahma*, touching water, and duly uttering certain *Mantras*, speedily tied that highly wonderful and bright armour on Duryodhana's body for the victory of thy son in that dreadful battle and causing (by that act) all persons there to be filled with amazement. And Drona said, 'Let the *Vedas*, and Brahman, and the Brahmanas, bless thee. Let all the higher classes of reptiles be a source of blessings to thee, O Bharata! Let Yayati and Nahusha, and Dhundhumara, and Bhagiratha, and the other royal sages, all do what is beneficial to thee. Let blessings be to thee from creatures having but one leg, and from those that have many legs. Let blessings be to thee, in this great battle from creatures that have no legs. Let Swaha, and Swadha, and Sachi, also, all do what is beneficial to thee. O sinless one, let Lakshmi and Arundhati too do what is beneficial to thee. Let Asita, and Devala and Viswamitra, and Angiras, and Vasishtha, and Kasyapa, O king, do what is benficieal

to thee. Let Dhatri, and the lord of the worlds and the points of the compass and the regents of those points, and the six-faced Karttikeya, all give thee what is beneficial. Let the divine Vivaswat benefit thee completely. Let the four elephants, of the four quarters, the earth, the firmament, the planets, and he who is underneath the earth and holds her (on his head), O king, *viz.*, Sesha, that foremost of snakes, give thee what is for thy benefit. O son of Gandhari, formerly the *Asura* named Vritra, displaying his prowess in battle, had defeated the best of celestials in battle. The latter, numbering thousands upon thousands, with mangled bodies, those denizens of heaven, with Indra at their head, deprived of energy and might, all repaired to Brahman and sought his protection, afraid of the great *Asura* Vritra. And the gods said, 'O best of gods, O foremost of celestials, be thou the refuge of the gods now crushed by Vritra. Indeed, rescue us from this great fear.' Then Brahmana, addressing Vishnu staying beside him as also those best of celestials headed by Sakra, said unto them that were all cheerless, these words fraught with truth: 'Indeed, the gods with Indra at their head, and the Brahmanas also, should ever be protected by me. The energy of Tvashtri from which Vritra hath been created is invincible. Having in days of yore performed ascetic penances for a million of years, Tvashtri, then, ye gods, created Vritra, obtaining permission from Maheswara. That mighty foe of yours hath succeeded in smiting you through the grace of that god of gods. Without going to the place where Sankara stayeth, ye cannot see the divine Hara. Having seen that god, ye will be able to vanquish Vritra. Therefore, go ye without delay to the mountains of Mandara. There stayeth that origin of ascetic penances, that destroyer of Daksha's sacrifice, that wielder of *Pinaka*, that lord of all creatures, that slayer of the *Asura* called Bhaganetra.' Thus addressed by Brahman, the gods proceeding to Mandara with Brahman in their company, beheld there that heap of energy, that Supreme god endued with the splendour of a million suns. Seeing the gods Maheswara welcomed them and enquired what he was to do for them. 'The sight of my person can never be fruitless. Let the fruition of your desires proceed from this.' Tnus addressed by him, the dwellers of heaven replied, 'We have been deprived of our energy by Vritra. Be thou the refuge of the dwellers of heaven. Behold, O lord, our bodies beaten and bruised by his strokes. We seek thy protection. Be thou our refuge, O Maheswara!' The god of gods, called Sarva, then said, 'Ye gods, it is well-known to you how this action, fraught with great strength, terrible and incapable of being resisted by persons destitute of ascetic merit, originated, springing from the energy of Tvashtri (the divine artificer). As regards myself, it is certainly my duty to render aid to the dwellers of heaven. O Sakra, take this effulgent armour from off my body. And, O chief of the celestials, put it on, mentally uttering these *mantras*.'

"Drona continued, 'Having said these words, the boon-giving (Siva) gave that armour with the *mantras* (to be uttered by the wearer). Protected by that armour, Sakra proceeded against the host of Vritra in battle. And

although diverse kinds of weapons were hurled at him in that dreadful battle, yet the joints of that armour could not be cut open. Then the lord of the celestials slew Vritra, and afterwards gave unto Angiras that armour, whose joints were made up of *mantras*. And Angiras imparted those *mantras* to his son Vrihaspati, having a knowledge of all *mantras*. And Vrihaspati imparted that knowledge to Agnivesya of great intelligence. And Agnivesya imparted it to me, and it is with the aid of those *mantras*, O best of kings, that I, for protecting thy body, tie this armour on thy body.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Having said these words Drona, that bull among preceptors, once more addressed thy son, of great splendour, saying,—'O king, I put this armour on thy body, joining its pieces with the aid of *Brahma* strings. In days of yore, Brahma himself had thus put it on Vishnu in battle. Even as Brahma himself had put this celestial armour on Sakra in the battle caused by the abduction of Taraka, I put it on thee.' Having thus, with *mantras*, donned that armour duly on Duryodhana, the regenerate Drona sent the king to battle. And the mighty-armed king, cased in armour by the high-souled preceptor, and accomplished in smiting, and a thousand infuriated elephants endued with great prowess, and a hundred thousand horses, and many other mighty car-warriors, proceeded towards the car of Arjuna. And the mighty-armed king proceeded, with the sound of diverse kinds of musical instruments, against his foe, like Virochana's son (Vali in days of yore). Then, O Bharata, a loud uproar arose among thy troops, beholding the Kuru king proceeding like a fathomless ocean.' "

SECTION XCIV

"Sanjaya said, 'After that bull among men, *viz.*, Duryodhana, had set out from behind, following Partha and him of Vrishni's race, O king, both of whom had penetrated into the Kaurava army, the Pandavas accompanied by the Somakas, quickly rushed against Drona with loud shouts. And then commenced the battle (between them and Drona's troops). And the battle that took place between the Kurus and the Pandavas at the gate of the array, was fierce and awful, making the hair stand on end. The sight filled the spectators with wonder. O king, the sun was then in the meridian. That encounter, O monarch, was truly such that we had never seen or heard of its like before. The Parthas headed by Dhrishtadyumna, all accomplished in smiting and arrayed properly covered the troops of Drona with showers of arrows. Ourselves also, placing Drona, that foremost of all wielders of weapons, at our head, covered the Parthas, gathered by Prishata's son, with our shafts. The two hosts, adorned with cars and

looking beautiful, then appeared like two mighty masses of clouds in the summer sky, driven towards each other by opposite winds. Ecountering each other, the two hosts increased their impetuosity, like the rivers the Ganga and the Yamuna, swollen with water during the season of the rains. Having diverse kinds of weapons for the winds that ran before them, teeming with elephants and steeds and cars charged with lightning, constituted by the maces wielded by the warriors, the fierce and mighty cloud formed by the Kuru host, urged on by the Drona-tempest, and pouring incessant shafts that constituted its torrents of rain, sought to quench the scorching Pandava-fire. Like an awful hurricane in summer agitating the ocean, that best of Brahmanas, *viz.*, Drona, agitating the Pandava host. Exerting themselves with great vigour, the Pandavas rushed towards Drona alone for piercing his host, like a mighty torrent of water towards a strong embankment, for sweeping it away. Like an immovable hill resisting the fiercest current of water, Drona, however, resisted in that battle the enraged Pandavas and Panchalas and Kekayas. Many other kings also, endued with great strength and courage, attacking them from all sides, began to resist the Pandavas. Then that tiger among men, *viz.*, the son of Prishata, uniting with the Pandavas, began repeatedly to strike Drona, for piercing the hostile host. Indeed, as Drona showered his arrows on Prishata's son, even so did the latter shower his on Drona. Having scimitars and swords for the winds that blew before it, well-equipped with darts and lances and sabres, with the bow-string constituting its lightning, and the (twang of the) bow for its roars, the Dhrishtadyumna-cloud poured on all sides torrents of weapons, as its showers of stones. Slaying the foremost of car-warriors and a large number of steeds, the son of Prishata seemed to deluge the hostile divisions (with his arrowy downpours). And the son of Prishata, by his arrows, turned Drona away from all those tracks amid the car-divisions of the Pandavas, through which that hero attempted to pass, striking the warriors there with his shafts. And although Drona struggled vigorously in that battle, yet his host, encountering Dhrishtadyumna, became divided into three columns. One of these retreated towards Kritavarman, the chief of the Bhojas; another towards Jalasandha; and fiercely slaughtered the while by the Pandavas, proceeded towards Drona himself. Drona, that foremost of car-warriors, repeatedly united his troops. The mighty warrior Dhrishtadyumna as often smote and separated them. Indeed, the Dhartarashtra force, divided into three bodies, was slaughtered by the Pandavas and the Srinjayas fiercely, like a herd of cattle in the woods by many beasts of prey, when unprotected by herdsmen. And people thought that in that dreadful battle, it was Death himself who was swallowing the warriors first stupefied by Dhrishtadyumna. As a kingdom of a bad king is destroyed by famine and pestilence and robbers, even so was thy host afflicted by the Pandavas. And in consequence of the rays of the sun falling upon the weapons and the warriors, and of the dust raised by the soldiers, the eyes of all were painfully afflicted. Upon the Kaurava host being divided into three bodies during that dreadful

carnage by the Pandavas, Drona, filled with wrath, began to consume the Panchalas with his shafts. And while engaged in crushing those divisions and exterminating them with his shafts, the form of Drona became like that of the blazing *Yuga*-fire. That mighty car-warrior pierced cars, elephants, and steeds, and foot-soldiers, in that battle, each with only a single arrow, (and never employing more than one in any case). There then was no warrior in the Pandava army who was capable of bearing, O lord, the arrows shot from the bow of Drona. Scorched by the rays of the sun and blasted by the shafts of Drona, the Pandava divisions there began to reel about on the field. And thy host also, similarly slaughtered by Prishata's son, seemed to blaze up at every point like a dry forest on fire. And while both Drona and Dhrishtadyumna were slaughtering the two hosts, the warriors of both armies, in utter disregard of their lives, fought everywhere to the utmost extent of their prowess. Neither in thy host, nor in that of the enemy, O bull of Bharata's race, was there a single warrior who fled away from the battle through fear. Those uterine brothers, *viz.*, Vivingsati and Chitrasena and the mighty car-warrior Vikarna, surrounded Kunti's son Bhimasena on all sides. And Vinda and Anuvinda of Avanti, and Kshemadhurti of great prowess supported thy three sons (who contended against Bhimasena). King Valhika of great energy and noble parentage, with his own troops and counsellors, resisted the sons of Draupadi. Saivya, the chief of the Govasanas, with a thousand foremost warriors, faced the son, of great prowess, of the king of the Kasis and resisted him. King Salya, the ruler of the Madras, surrounded royal Yudhishthira, the son of Kunti, who resembled a blazing fire. The brave and wrathful Duhsasana, properly supported by his own divisions, angrily proceeded, in that battle, against Satyaki, that foremost of car-warriors. I myself, with my own troops, cased in mail and equipped with weapons, and supported by four hundred foremost of bowmen, resisted Chekitana.[1] Sakuni with seven hundred Gandhara warriors armed with bows, darts and swords, resisted the son of Madri (*viz.*, Sahadeva). Vinda and Anuvinda of Avanti, those two great bowmen, who had, for the sake of their friend (Duryodhana), uplifted their weapons, disregarding their lives, encountered Virata, the king of the Matsyas. King Valhika, exerting himself vigorously, resisted the mighty and unvanquished Sikhandin, the son of Yajnasena, that hero capable of resisting all foes. The chief of Avanti, with the Sauviras and the cruel Prabhadrakas, resisted wrathful Dhrishtadyumna, the prince of the Panchalas. Alamvusha quickly rushed against the brave Rakshasa Ghatotkacha of cruel deeds, who was wrathfully advancing to battle. The mighty car-warrior Kuntibhoja, accompanied by a large force, resisted Alamvusha, that prince of *Rakshasas*, of fierce mien. Thus, O Bharata, hundreds of separate encounters between the warriors of thy army and theirs, took place.

[1]This *Sloka* occurs in all the texts. It would seem, therefore, that Sanjaya was not always a witness only of the battle for narrating what he saw to Dhritarashtra, but sometimes at least he took part in the battle.

"As regards the ruler of the Sindhus, he remained in the rear of the whole army protected by many foremost of bowmen and car-warriors numbering Kripa amongst them. And the ruler of the Sindhus had for the protectors of his wheels two of the foremost warriors, *viz.*, the son of Drona on his right, O king, and the *Suta's* son (Karna) on the left. And for protecting his rear he had a number of warriors headed by Somadatta's son, *viz.*, Kripa, and Vrishasena, and Sala, and the invincible Salya, who were conversant with policy and were mighty bowmen accomplished in battle. And the Kuru warriors, having made these arrangements for the protection of the ruler of the Sindhus, fought (with the Pandavas).' "

SECTION XCV

"Sanjaya said, 'Listen, O king, to me as I describe to thee the wonderful battle that then took place between the Kurus and the Pandavas. Approaching Bharadwaja's son who was staying at the gate of his array, the Parthas battled vigorously for piercing through Drona's division. And Drona also, accompanied by his forces, desirous of protecting his own array, battled with the Parthas, seeking glory. Vinda and Anuvinda of Avanti, excited with wrath and desirous of benefiting thy son, struck Virata with ten shafts. Virata also, O king, approaching those two warriors of great prowess staying in battle, fought with them and their followers. The battle that took place between these was fierce in the extreme, and blood ran in it like water. And it resembled an encounter in the woods between a lion and a couple of mighty elephants, with rent temples. The mighty son of Yajnasena forcibly struck king Valhika in that battle with fierce and sharp shafts capable of penetrating into the very vitals. Valhika also filled with wrath, deeply pierced Yajnasena's son with nine straight shafts of golden wings and whetted on stone. And that battle between those two warriors became exceedingly fierce, characterised as it was by dense showers of shafts and darts. And it enhanced the fears of the timid and the joy of heroes. The arrows shot by them entirely covered the welkin and all the points of the compass, so that nothing could any longer be discerned. And Saivya, the king of the Govasanas on the head of the troops, fought in that battle with the mighty car-warrior, the prince of the Kasis, like an elephant battling with another. The king of the Valhikas, excited with wrath, fighting, against those (five) mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, the son of Draupadi, looked resplendent, like the mind contending against the five senses. And those five princes also, O foremost of embodied beings, fought with that antagonist of theirs, shooting their arrows from all sides, like the objects

of the senses for ever battling with the body. Thy son Duhsasana struck Satyaki of Vrishni's race with nine straight shafts of keen points. Deeply pierced by that strong and great bowman, Satyaki of prowess incapable of being baffled, was partially deprived of his senses. Comforted soon, he, of Vrishni's race, then quickly pierced thy son, that mighty car-warrior, with ten shafts winged with *Kanka* feathers. Piercing each other deeply and afflicted with each other's shafts, they looked splendid, O king, like two *Kinsukas* decked with flowers. Afflicted with the arrows of Kuntibhoja, Alamvusha, filled with wrath looked like a beautiful *Kinsuka* graced with its flowering burthen. The *Rakshasa* then having pierced Kuntibhoja with many arrows, uttered awful shouts at the head of thy host. And as those heroes fought with each other in that battle, they seemed to all the troops to resemble Sakra and the *Asura* Jambha in days of old. The two sons of Madri, filled with wrath, fiercely ground with their shafts the Gandhara prince Sakuni who had offended against them greatly. The carnage, O monarch, that set in was awful. Originated by thee, nurtured by Karna, and kept up by thy sons, the fire of wrath (of the Pandavas) hath swollen now, O monarch, and is ready to consume the whole earth. Forced to turn his back on the field by the two sons of Pandu with their shafts, Sakuni unable to put forth his valour, knew not what to do. Beholding him turn back, those mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, the two sons of Pandu, once more showered their arrows on him like two masses of clouds pouring torrents of rain on a mighty hill. Struck with countless straight shafts, the son of Suvala fled towards the division of Drona, borne by his swift steeds. The brave Ghatotkacha rushed towards the *Rakshasa* Alamvusha in that battle, with impetuosity much short of what he was capable. The battle between those two became fearful to behold, like that which in days of yore had taken place between Rama and Ravana. King Yudhishthira, having in that battle pierced the ruler of the Madras with five hundred arrows, once more pierced him with seven. Then commenced that battle between them which was exceedingly wonderful, O monarch, which resembled that, in days of yore, between the *Asura* Samvara and the chief of the celestials. The sons Vivinsati and Chitrasena and Vikarna, surrounded by a large force, battled with Bhimasena.' "

SECTION XCVI

"Sanjaya said, 'When that fierce battle, causing the hair to stand on end, commenced, the Pandavas rushed against the Kauravas who had been divided into three bodies. Bhimasena rushed against the mighty-armed Jalasandha, and Yudhishthira at the head of his troops rushed, in that

battle, against Kritavarman. And Dhrishtadyumna, O king, scattering the shafts, like the sun shooting his rays, rushed against Drona. Then commenced that battle between all the bowmen, eager for the encounter, of the Kurus and the Pandavas, excited with wrath. And during the progress of that terrible carnage, when all the warriors were battling with one another fearlessly the mighty Drona fought with the mighty prince of the Panchalas. And the clouds of arrows he shot in that encounter filled all spectators with wonder. And Drona and the prince of the Panchalas, cutting off the heads of men by thousands, scattered them on the field of battle, making the latter resemble a forest of lotuses. In every division, were soon strewn on the ground robes and ornaments and weapons, and standards and coats of mail. And golden coats of mail, dyed with blood, looked like clouds charged with lightning. Other mighty car-warriors, drawing their large bows measuring full six cubits long, felled with their shafts, elephants and steeds and men. In that dreadful encounter of arms between brave and high-souled warriors, swords and shields, bows and heads and coats of mail were seen lying scattered about. Innumerable headless trunks were seen to rise up, O king, in the midst of that fierce battle. And vultures and *Kankas* and jackals and swarms of other carnivorous animals, O sire were seen there, eating the flesh of fallen men and steeds and elephants, of drinking their blood, or dragging them by the hair, or licking or pecking, O king, at their marrow, or dragging their bodies and severed limbs, or rolling their heads on the ground. Warriors, skilled in battle, accomplished in weapons, and firmly resolved in fight, struggled vigorously in the combat, solicitous only of fame. Many were the combatants that careered over the field, performing the diverse evolutions of swordsmen. With sabres and darts and lances and spears and axes, with maces and spiked clubs and other kinds of weapons, and with even bare arms, men who had entered the arena of battle, filled with rage, slew one another. And car-warriors fought with car-warriors, and horsemen with horsemen, and elephants with foremost of elephants, and foot-soldiers with foot-soldiers. And many infuriated elephants, as if perfectly mad, uttered loud shrieks and slew one another, after the manner they do in sporting arenas.

"During the progress, O king, of that battle in which the combatants fought without any regard for one another, Dhrishtadyumna caused his own steeds to be mixed up with those of Drona. Those steeds endued with the speed of the wind, that were white as pigeons and red as blood, thus mixed with one another in battle, looked exceedingly beautiful. Indeed, they looked resplendent like clouds charged with lightning. Then that slayer of hostile heroes, *viz.*, heroic Dhrishtadyumna, the son of Prishata, beholding Drona, O Bharata, arrived so near, cast off his bow and took up his sword and shield, for achieving a difficult feat. Seizing the shaft of Drona's car, he entered into it. And he stayed sometimes on the middle of the yoke, and sometimes on its joints and sometimes behind the steeds. And while he was moving, armed with swords, quickly upon

the backs of those red steeds of Drona, the latter could not detect an opportunity for striking him.[1] All this seemed wonderful to us. Indeed, like the sweep of a hawk in the woods from desire of food, seemed that sally of Dhrishtadyumna from his own car for the destruction of Drona. Then Drona cut off, with a hundred arrows, the shield, decked with a hundred moons, of Drupada's son, and then his sword, with ten others. And mighty Drona then, with four and sixty arrows, slew the steeds of his antagonist. And with a couple of broad-headed shafts he cut off the latter's standard and umbrella also, and then slew both his *Parshni* charioteers. And then with great speed drawing his bow-string to his ear, he shot at him a fatal shaft, like the wielder of the thunder hurling the thunder (at a foe). But soon Satyaki, with four and ten sharp shafts, cut off that fatal arrow of Drona. And thus the Vrishni hero, O sire, rescued Dhrishtadyumna, who had been seized by that lion among men, the foremost of preceptors, like a deer seized by the king of the forests. Even thus did that bull amongst the Sinis, the prince of the Panchalas. Beholding Satyaki to rescue the prince of the Panchalas in the dreadful battle, Drona quickly shot at him six and twenty arrows. The grandson of Sini then, in return, pierced Drona in the centre of the chest with six and twenty arrows, while the latter was engaged in devouring the Srinjayas. Then all the Panchala car-warriors, desirous of victory upon the Satwata hero, proceeding against Drona, quickly withdrew Dhrishtadyumna from the battle.' "

SECTION XCVII

"Dhritarashtra said, 'After that shafts of Drona had been cut off and Dhrishtadyumna thus rescued, O Sanjaya, by Yuyudhana, that foremost one of the Vrishni race, what did that great bowman, that foremost of all wielders of weapons, *viz.*, Drona, do in battle unto that tiger among men, *viz.*, the grandson of Sini?'

"Sanjaya said, 'Then Drona, like a mighty snake, having wrath for his poison, his stretched bow for his wide-open mouth, his sharp shafts for his teeth and whetted arrows for his fangs, with eyes red as copper from rage, and breathing hard, that mighty hero among men, perfectly fearless, borne on his red steeds of great speed, that seemed to soar into the skies or get at the top of a mountain, rushed towards Yuyudhana, scattering his arrows equipped with golden wings. Then that subjugator of hostile cities, that hero of Sini's race invincible in battle, beholding that irresistible Drona

[1]The words *tatsainyanyabhyapujayan* seem to be unmeaning in this connection. The Bengali translators, unable to do anything with them, have left them out.

cloud having showers of arrows for its watery downpour, the rattle of car-wheels for its roar, the out-stretched bow for its volume, long shafts for its lightning-flashes, darts and swords for its thunder, wrath for the winds and urged on by those steeds that constituted the hurricane (impelling it forwards), rushed towards him, addressed his charioteer and smilingly said, O *Suta*, proceed quickly and cheerfully, urging the steeds to their greatest speed, against that heroic Brahmana, fallen off from the duties of his order, that refuge of Dhritarashtra's son, that dispeller of the (Kuru) king's sorrows and fear, that preceptor of all the princes, that warrior ever boastful of his prowess.' Then the excellent steeds of silvery hue belonging to him of Madhu's race, endued with the speed of the wind, quickly proceeded towards Drona. Then those two chastisers of foes, *viz.*, Drona and Sini's grandson, fought with each other, each striking the other with thousands of shafts. Those two bulls among men filled the welkin with their arrowy showers. Indeed, the two heroes covered the ten points of the compass with their shafts. And they poured on each other their shafts like two clouds pouring their contents (on the earth) on the expiration of summer. The sun became invisible. The very wind ceased to blow. And in consequence of those showers of shafts filling the welkin, a continuous and thick gloom was caused there that became unbearable to the other heroes. And when the shafts of Drona and Sini's grandson had caused that gloom there, none beheld any cessation in shooting in either of them. They were both quick in the use of weapons, and they were both looked upon as lions among men. The sound produced by those torrents of arrows, shot by both striking against each other was heard to resemble the sound of the thunder hurled by Sakra. The forms of heroic warriors pierced with long shafts looked like those of snakes, O Bharata, hit by snakes of virulent poison. Brave warriors incessantly heard the twangs of their bows and the sounds of their palms to resemble the sound of thunder falling upon summits of mountains. The cars of both of those warriors, O king, their steeds, and their charioteers pierced with shafts of golden wings, became beautiful to behold. Fierce was the downpour, O monarch, of shafts that were bright and straight and that looked resplendent like snakes of virulent poison freed from their sloughs. The umbrellas of both were cut off, as also the standards of both. And both of them were covered with blood, and both were inspired with the hope of victory. With blood trickling down every limb of theirs, they resembled a couple of elephants with secretions trickling down their bodies. And they continued to strike each other with fatal shafts. The roars and shouts and other cries of the soldiers, the blare of conchs and the beat of drums ceased, O king, for none uttered any sound. Indeed, all the divisions became silent, and all the warriors stopped fighting. People, filled with curiosity became spectators of that single combat. Car-warriors and elephant riders and horsemen and foot-soldiers, surrounding those two bulls among men, witnessed their encounter with steadfast eyes. And the elephant-divisions stood still and so also the horse-divisions, and so also the

car-divisions. All stood still, disposed in array. Variegated with pearls and corals, decked with gems and gold, adorned with standards and ornaments, with coats of mail made of gold, with triumphal banners with rich caparisons of elephants, with fine blankets, with bright and sharp weapons, with yak-tails, ornamented with gold and silver, on the heads of steeds, with garlands, round the frontal globes of elephants and rings round their tusks, O Bharata, the Kuru and the Pandava hosts then looked like a mass of clouds at the close of summer, decked with rows of cranes and myriads of fire-flies (under them) and adorned with rainbows and flashes of lightning. Both our men and those of Yudhishthira, beheld that battle between Yuyudhana and high-souled Drona; the gods also, headed by Brahma and Soma, and the *Siddhas*, and the *Charanas*, and the *Vidyadharas*, and the great Snakes, saw it, stationed on their foremost of sky-ranging cars. And beholding the diverse motion, forward and backward, of those lions among men, and their acts of striking each other, the spectators were filled with wonder. And both endued with great strength, Drona and Satyaki, displaying their lightness of hand in the use of weapons, began to pierce each other with shafts. Then he of Dasarha's race, with his mighty shafts, cut off those of the illustrious Drona in that battle, and then, within a moment, the latter's bow also. Within, however, the twinkling of an eye, the son of Bharadwaja took up another bow and strung it. Even that bow of his was cut off by Satyaki. Drona then, with utmost quickness waited with another bow in hand. As often, however, as Drona strung his bow, Satyaki cut it off. And this he did full nine and seven times. Beholding then that superhuman feat of Yuyudhana in battle, Drona, O monarch, thought in his mind, 'This force of weapons that I see in this foremost one among the Satwatas exists in Rama and Dhananjaya and was seen also in Kartavirya and that tiger among men, *viz.*, Bhishma. The son of Bharadwaja, therefore, mentally applauded the prowess of Satyaki. Beholding that lightness of hand equal unto that of Vasava himself, that foremost of regenerate ones, that first of all persons conversant with weapons, was highly gratified with Madhava. And the gods also, with Vasava at their head, were gratified with it. The gods and the *Gandharvas*, O monarch, had never before witnessed that lightness of hand of the quickly moving Yuyudhana, although they and the *Siddhas* and the *Charanas* had been acquainted with the feats of which Drona was capable. Then Drona, that foremost of persons acquainted with weapons, that grinder of Kshatriyas, taking up another bow, aimed some weapons. Satyaki, however, baffling those weapons with the illusion of his own weapon struck him with some sharp shafts. All this seemed highly wonderful. Beholding that superhuman feat of his in battle, that feat of which nobody else was capable, and which displayed very great skill, those amongst thy warriors that were judges of skill, applauded it. Satyaki shot the same weapons that Drona shot. Beholding this, that scorcher of foes, *viz.*, the preceptor, fought with a little less boldness, than usual. Then that master of military science, O king, filled with wrath, invoked celestial weapons for the destruction of

Yuyudhana. Beholding that terrible foe-slaughtering *Agneya* weapon, Satyaki, that mighty bowman, invoked another celestial weapon, *viz.*, the *Varuna*. Seeing them both take up celestial weapons, loud cries of *Oh* and *Alas* arose there. The very creatures having the sky for their element ceased to range through it. Then the *Varuna* and the *Agneya* weapons which had thus been grafted on their shafts coming against each other became fruitless.[1] Just at that time, the sun passed down in his course. Then king Yudhishthira and Bhimasena, the son of Pandu, and Nakula, and Sahadeva, desirous of protecting Satyaki, and the Matsyas, and the Salweya troops, speedily proceeded towards Drona. Then thousands of princes placing Duhsasana at their head, hastily proceeded towards Drona (for protecting him) who was surrounded by foes. Then, O king, commenced a fierce battle between them and thy bowmen. The earth was covered with dust and with showers of arrows shot (by both sides). And everything being thus covered, nothing could any longer be discerned. Indeed, when the troops were thus overwhelmed with dust, the battle proceeded in utter disregard (of persons and rules).' "

SECTION XCVIII

"Sanjaya said, 'When the sun turned in his downward course towards the summit of the Asta hills, when the welkin was covered with dust, when the heat of the solar rays abated, the day began to fade fast. As regards the soldiers, some rested, some fought on, some returned to the encounter, desirous of victory. And while the troops, inspired with hope of victory, were thus engaged, Arjuna and Vasudeva proceeded towards the place where the ruler of the Sindhus was. The son of Kunti, by means of his shafts, made (through the hostile soldiers) a way sufficiently wide for his car. And it was in this way that Janardana proceeded, (guiding the car). Thither where the car of the high-souled son of Pandu proceeded, thither thy troops, O monarch, broke and yielded a way. And he of Dasarha's race, endued with great energy, displayed his skill in driving car by showing diverse kinds of circling motions. And the shafts of Arjuna, engraved with his name, well-tempered, resembling the *Yuga*-fire, tied round with catgut, of straight joints, thick, far-reaching, and mace either of (cleft) bamboo (or their branches) or wholly of iron, taking the lives of diverse foes, drank in that battle, with the birds (of prey assembled there), the blood of living creatures. Standing on his car, as Arjuna shot his shafts full two miles ahead, those shafts pierced and despatched his foes just as that car itself

[1]The celestial weapons were forces dependent on *mantras*. Ordinary shafts, inspired with these *mantras*, were converted into celestial weapons.

came up to the spot.[1] Hrishikesa proceeded, borne by those yoke-bearing steeds endued with the speed of Garuda or the wind, with such speed that he caused the whole universe to wonder at it. Indeed, O king, the car of Surya himself, or that of Rudra or that of Vaisravana, never goeth so fast. Nobody else's car had ever before moved with such speed in battle as Arjuna's car, moving with the celerity of a wish cherished in the mind. Then Kesava, O king, that slayer of hostile heroes, having taken the car of battle quickly urged the steeds, O Bharata, through the (hostile) troops. Arrived in the midst of that throng of cars, those excellent steeds bore Arjuna's car with difficulty, suffering as they did from hunger, thirst, and toil, and mangled as they had been with the weapons of many heroes delighting in battle. They frequently, however, described beautiful circles as they moved, proceeding over the bodies of slain steeds and men, over broken cars, and the bodies of dead elephants, looking like hills by thousands.

"Meanwhile O king, the two heroic brothers of Avanti, (*viz.*, Vinda and Anuvinda), at the head of their forces, beholding the steeds of Arjuna to be tired, encountered him. Filled with joy, they pierced Arjuna with four and sixty shafts, and Janardana with seventy, and the four steeds (of Arjuna's car) with a hundred arrows. Then Arjuna, O king, filled with wrath, and having a knowledge of the vital parts of the body, struck them both in the battle, with nine straight shafts, every one of which was capable of penetrating into the very vitals. Thereupon, the two brothers, filled with rage, covered Vibhatsu and Kesava with showers of shafts and uttered leonine roars. Then Partha of white steeds, with a couple of broad-headed shafts, quickly cut off in that battle the beautiful bows of the two brothers and then their two standards, bright as gold. Vinda and Anuvinda then, O king. taking up to other bows and becoming infuriated with anger, began to grind the son of Pandu with their arrows. Then Dhananjaya, the son of Pandu, exceedingly enraged, once more, with a couple of shafts quickly cut off those two bows also of his foes. And with a few other arrows whetted on stone and equipped with wings of gold, Arjuna then slew their steeds, their charioteers, and the two combatants that protected their rear, with those that followed the latter. And with another broad-headed arrow, sharp as a razor, he cut off the head of the eldest brother, who fell down on the earth, deprived of life, like a tree broken by the wind. The mighty Anuvinda then endued with great prowess, beholding Vinda slain left his steedless car, having taken up a mace. Then that foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, the brother of Vinda, apparently dancing as he advanced with that mace in his arms, proceeded in that battle for avenging the slaughter of his elder brother. Filled with rage, Anuvinda struck Vasudeva on the forehead with that mace. The latter, however, trembled not, but stood still like the mountain Mainaka. Then Arjuna with six arrows, cut off his neck and two legs and two arms and head. Thus cut

[1]In other words, Arjuna's car shot as quickly through the enemy as the arrows themselves sped from it.

off (into fragments, the limbs of) Anuvinda fell down like so many hills. Beholding them both slain, their followers, O king, filled with rage rushed towards Arjuna), scattering hundreds of arrows. Slaying them soon, O bull of Bharata's race, Arjuna looked resplendent like a fire consuming a forest on the expiry of winter. Passing over those troops with some difficulty, Dhananjaya then shone brightly like the risen sun, transgressing the clouds under which it was hid. Beholding him, the Kauravas were filled with fright. But recovering soon enough, they rejoiced once more and rushed at him from all sides. O bull of Bharata's race! Understanding that he was tired and that the ruler of the Sindhus was yet at a distance, they surrounded him, uttering leonine roars. Beholding them, filled with wrath, Arjuna, that bull among men, smilingly, addressed him of Dasarha's race in soft words, and said, 'Our steeds are afflicted with arrows and tired. The ruler of the Sindhus is still at a distance. What do you think to be the best that should be done now? Tell me, O Krishna, truly. Thou art always the wisest of persons. The Pandavas having thee for their eyes, will vanquish their foes in battle. That which seems to me should be done next, truly shall I say unto thee. Unyoking the steeds to their ease, pluck off their arrows, O Madhava!' Thus addressed by Partha, Kesava replied unto him, 'I am, also O Partha, of the opinion which thou hast expressed.'

"Arjuna then said, 'I will hold in check the whole army, O Kesava! Do thou properly perform that which should be done next.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Alighting then from the terrace of his car, Dhananjaya, taking up his bow, *Gandiva*, fearlessly stood there like an immovable hill. Beholding Dhananjaya standing on the ground, and regarding it a good opportunity, the Kshatriyas, desirous of victory and uttering loud shouts, rushed towards him. Him standing along, they surrounded with a large throng of cars, all stretching their bows and showering their shafts on him. Filled with wrath, they displayed diverse kinds of weapons and entirely shrouded Partha with their shafts like the clouds shrouding the sun. And the great Kshatriya warriors impetuously rushed against that bull among Kshatriyas, that lion among men, like infuriated elephants rushing towards a lion. The might then that we beheld of Partha's arms was exceedingly great, since, filled with rage, alone, he succeeded in resisting those countless warriors. The puissant Partha, baffling with his own weapons those of the foes, quickly covered all of them with countless shafts. In that part of the welkin, O monarch, in consequence of the clash of those dense showers of shafts, a fire was generated emitting incessant sparks. There, in consequence of hostile heroes, countless in number, all filled with wrath, and all great bowmen united together for a common purpose, seeking victory in battle, aided by steeds, covered with blood and breathing hard, and by infuriated and foe-grinding elephants, uttering loud shrieks, the atmosphere became exceedingly hot. That uncrossable, wide, and limitless ocean of cars, incapable of being agitated, had arrows for its current, standards for its eddies, elephants for its crocodiles, foot-soldiers

for its countless fishes, the blare of conchs and the beat of drums for its roar, cars for its surging waves, head-gears of combatants for its tortoises, umbrellas and banners for its froth, and the bodies of slain elephants for its (submarine) rocks: Partha resisted with his arrows, the approach of the sea like a continent. Then, in course of that battle, the mighty-armed Janardana, fearlessly addressing that dear friend of his, that foremost of men, *viz.*, Arjuna, said unto him. 'There is no well here in the field of battle, O Arjuna, for the steeds to drink from. The steeds want water for drink, but not for a bath.' Thus addressed by Vasudeva, Arjuna cheerfully said, 'Here it is!' And so saying, he pierced the earth with a weapon and made an excellent lake from which the steeds could drink. And that lake abounded in swans and ducks, and was adorned with *Chakravakas*. And it was wide and full of transparent water, and abounded in full-blown lotuses of the finest species. And it teemed with diverse kinds of fish. And fathomless in depth, it was the resort of many a *Rishi*. And the celestial *Rishi*, Narada, came to have a look at that lake created there in a moment. And Partha, capable of achieving wonderful works like (the celestial artificer) Tvashtri himself, also constructed there an arrowy hall, having arrows for its beams and rafters, arrows for its pillars, and arrows for its roof. Then Govinda smiling in joy, said, '*Excellent*, *Excellent*,' upon seeing the high-souled Partha create that arrowy hall.' "

SECTION XCIX

"Sanjaya said, 'After the high-souled son of Kunti had created that water, after he had commenced to hold in check the hostile army, and after he had built also that arrowy hall, Vasudeva of great splendour, alighting from the car, unyoked the steeds pierced and mangled with arrows. Beholding that sight never seen before, loud uproars of applause were heard there, uttered by the *Siddhas* and the *Charanas* and by all the warriors. Mighty car-warriors (assembled together) were unable to resist the son of Kunti, even when he fought on foot. All this seemed highly wonderful. Although throngs upon throngs of cars, and myriads of elephants and steeds, rushed towards him, yet Partha felt no fear but fought on, prevailing upon all his foes. And the (hostile) kings shot showers of shafts at the son of Pandu. That slayer of hostile heroes, however, *viz.*, the son of Vasava, of virtuous soul, felt no anxiety whatever. Indeed, the valiant Partha received hundreds of arrowy showers and maces and lances coming towards him as the ocean receives hundreds upon hundreds of rivers flowing towards it. With the impetuous might of his own weapons and strength of his arms, Partha received the foremost of shafts

shot at him by those foremost of kings. Although staying on the ground, and alone, he succeeded yet in baffling all those kings on their cars, like that one fault, avarice, destroying a host of accomplishments. The Kauravas, O king, applauded the highly wonderful prowess of Partha as also of Vasudeva, saying, 'What more wonderful incident hath ever taken place in this world, or will ever take place than this, *viz.*, that Partha and Govinda, in course of battle, have unyoked their steeds? Displaying fierce energy on the field of battle and the greatest assurance, those best of men have inspired us with great thoughts.' Then Hrishikesa, of eyes like lotus-petals, smiling with the coolest assurance, as if, O Bharata, he was in the midst of an assembly of women (and not armed foes), after Arjuna had created in the field of battle that hall, made of arrows, led the steeds into it, in the very sight, O monarch, of all thy troops. And Krishna, who was well-skilled in grooming horses, then removed their fatigue, pain, froth, trembling and wounds.[1] Then plucking out their arrows and rubbing those steeds with his own hands, and making them trot duly, he caused them to drink. Having caused them to drink, and removed their fatigue and pain, he once more carefully yoked them to that foremost of cars. Then, that foremost one among all wielders of weapons, *viz.*, Sauri, of great energy, mounting on that car with Arjuna. proceeded with great speed. Beholding the car of that foremost of car-warriors once more equipped with these steeds, whose thirst had been slaked, the foremost ones among the Kuru army once more became cheerless. They began to sigh, O king, like snakes whose fangs had been pulled out. And they said, 'Oh, fie, fie on us! Both Partha and Krishna have gone, in the very sight of all the Kshatriyas, riding on the same car, and clad in mail, and slaughtering our troops with as much ease as boys sporting with a toy. Indeed, those scorchers of foes have gone away in the very sight of all the kings displaying the prowess and unimpeded by our shouting and struggling combatants.' Seeing them gone away, other warriors said, 'Ye Kauravas, speed ye for the slaughter of Krishna and the diadem-decked (Arjuna). Yoking his steeds unto his car in the very sight of all (our) bowmen, he of Dasarha's race is proceeding towards Jayadratha, slaughtering us in battle.' And some lords of earth there, O king, amongst themselves, having seen that highly wonderful incident in battle never seen before said, 'Alas, through Duryodhana's fault, these warriors of king Dhritarashtra, the Kshatriyas, and the whole earth, fallen into great distress, are being destroyed. King Duryodhana understands it not.' Thus spoke many Kshatriyas. Others, O Bharata, said, 'The ruler of the Sindhus hath already been despatched to Yama's abode. Of narrow sight and unacquainted with means, let Duryodhana now do what should be done for that king.[2] Meanwhile, the son of Pandu, seeing the sun coursing towards

[1]The Bengal reading of the first line is vicious. The Bombay reading is *Vamatkum Vipathum, Vanan.* The first word means the froth in the mouth of the steeds.

[2]*i.e.*, his funeral obsequies. The vernacular translators do not see the intended joke.

the Western hills, proceeded with greater speed towards the ruler of the Sindhus, on his steeds, whose thirst had been slaked. The (Kuru) warriors were unable to resist that mighty-armed hero, that foremost of all wielders of weapons, as he proceeded like the Destroyer himself in wrath. That scorcher of foes, *viz.*, the son of Pandu, routing the warriors (before him), agitated that army, like a lion agitating a herd of deer, as he proceeded for getting at Jayadratha. Penetrating into the hostile army, he, of Dasarha's race, urged the steeds with great speeds, and blew his conch, *Panchajanya*, which was of the hue of the clouds. The shafts shot before by the son of Kunti began to fall behind him, so swiftly did those steeds, endued with the speed of the wind, drew that car. Then many kings, filled with rage, and many other Kshatriyas surrounded Dhananjaya who was desirous of slaying Jayadratha. When the (Kuru) warriors thus proceeded towards that bull, among men (*viz.*, Arjuna) who had stopped for a moment, Duryodhana, proceeding quickly, followed Partha in that great battle. Many warriors, beholding the car whose rattle resembled the roar of clouds, and which was equipped with that terrible standard bearing the ape and whose banner floated upon the wind, became exceedingly cheerless. Then when the sun was almost completely shrouded by the dust (raised by the combatants), the (Kuru) warriors, afflicted with shafts, became incapable of even gazing, in that battle, at the two Krishnas.' "

SECTION C

"Sanjaya said, 'O monarch! I beholding Vasudeva and Dhananjaya penetrate into their host, having already pierced through many divisions, the kings of the army, fled away in fear. A little while after, however, those high-souled ones, filled with rage and shame, and urged on by their might, became cool and collected, and proceeded towards Dhananjaya. But those, O king, who filled with rage and vindictiveness, proceeded against the son of Pandu in battle, returned not, like rivers never returning from the ocean. Seeing this, many ignoble Kshatriyas incurred sin and hell by flying away from battle, like atheists turning away from the *Vedas*.[1] Transgressing that throng of cars those two bulls among men, at last, issued out of it, and looked like the sun and the moon freed from the jaws of *Rahu*. Indeed, the two Krishnas, their fatigue dispelled, having pierced through that vast host, looked like two fishes that had passed through a strong net. Having forced through that impenetrable division of Drona, the way through which was obstructed by dense showers of weapons, those two high-souled heroes looked like *Yuga*-suns risen (on the welkin). Piercing through

[1] I give the sense of this verse, without giving a closely literal version.

those dense showers of weapons and freed from that imminent danger, those high-souled heroes, themselves obstructing the welkin with thick clouds of weapons, seemed like persons escaped from a raging conflagration, or like two fishes from the jaws of a *makara*. And they agitated the (Kuru) host like a couple of *makaras* agitating the ocean. Thy warriors and thy sons, while Partha and Krishna were in the midst of Drona's division, had thought that those two would never be able to issue out of it. Beholding, however, those two heroes of great splendour issue out of Drona's division, they no longer, O monarch, hoped for Jayadratha's life. Hitherto they had strong hopes of Jayadratha's life, for they had thought, O king, that the two Krishnas would never be able to escape from Drona and Hridika's son. Frustrating that hope, those two scorchers of foes had, O monarch, crossed the division of Drona, as also the almost uncrossable division of the Bhojas. Beholding them, therefore, ford through those divisions and look like two blazing fires, thy men became possessed with despair and no longer hoped for Jayadratha's life. Then those two fearless heroes, *viz*., Krishna and Dhananjaya, those enhancers of the fears of foes, began to converse between themselves about the slaughter of Jayadratha. And Arjuna said, 'This Jayadratha hath been placed in their midst by six of the foremost car-warriors among the Dhartarashtras. The ruler of the Sindhus, however, shall not escape me if once he is seen by me. If Sakra himself, with all the celestials, become his protector in battle, yet shall we slay him. Thus did the two Krishnas talk. Even so, O mighty-armed one, did they converse amongst themselves, while looking after the ruler of the Sindhus. (Having heard what they said), thy sons set up a loud wail. Those two chastisers of foes then looked like a couple of thirsty elephants of great quickness of motion, refreshed by drinking water, after having passed through a desert. Beyond death and above decrepitude, they then looked like two merchants that have passed over a mountainous country abounding with tigers and lions and elephants. Indeed, beholding them freed (from Drona and Kritavarman), thy warriors regarded the colour of Partha's and Krishna's face to be dreadful; and thy men then, from all sides, set up a loud wail. Freed from Drona who resembled a snake of virulent poison or a blazing fire, as also from the other lords of the earth, Partha and Krishna looked like two blazing suns. Indeed, those two chastisers of foes, freed from Drona's division, which resembled the very ocean, seemed to be filled with joy like persons that have safely crossed the vasty deep. Freed from those dense showers of weapons, from those divisions protected by Drona and Hridika's son, Kesava and Arjuna looked like Indra and Agni, or blazing effulgence. The two Krishnas, pierced with sharp shafts of Bharadwaja's son, and with bodies dripping with bloods, looked resplendent like two mountains decked with flowering *Karnikaras*. Having forded that wide lake, of which Drona constituted the alligator, darts formed the fierce snakes, shafts, the *Makaras*, and Kshatriyas, the deep waters, and having issued out of that cloud, constituted by Drona's

weapons, whose thunders were the twang of bows and the sound of palms, and whose lightning flashes were constituted by maces and swords, Partha and Krishna looked like the sun and moon freed from darkness. Having crossed the region obstructed by the weapons of Drona, all creatures regarded those mighty and famous bowmen *viz.*, the two Krishnas, as persons who had forded, with the aid of their arms, the five rivers, (*viz.*, the Satadru, the Vipasa, the Ravi, the Chandrabhaga, and the Vitasta) having the ocean for their sixth, when full of water during the season of rains, and abounding with alligators. Casting their eyes, from desire of slaughter, on Jayadratha who was not far off from them, the two heroes looked like two tigers waiting from desire of falling upon a *Ruru* deer. Such was then the colour of their faces, that thy warriors, O monarch, regarded Jayadratha as one already slain. Possessed of red eyes, O mighty-armed one, and staying together, Krishna and the son of Pandu, at the sight of Jayadratha were filled with joy and roared repeatedly. Indeed, O monarch, the splendour then of Sauri, standing with reins in hand, and of Partha armed with bow, was like that of the sun or fire. Freed from the division of Drona, their joy, at sight of the ruler of the Sindhus, was like that of a couple of hawks at the sight of a piece of flesh. Beholding the ruler of the Sindhus not far off, they rushed in wrath towards him like a couple of hawks swooping down towards a piece of meat. Seeing Hrishikesa and Dhananjaya transgress (the divisions of Drona), thy valiant son, king Duryodhana, whose armour had been bound on his person by Drona, and who was well-versed in grooming and guiding horses, rushed, on a single car, O lord, for the protection of the Sindhus. Leaving those mighty bowmen, *viz.*, Krishna and Partha, behind, thy son, O king, turned back, facing Kesava of lotus-like eyes. When thy son thus outran Dhananjaya, diverse musical instruments were joyfully blown and beat among all thy troops. And leonine roars were uttered mingled with the blare of conchs, beholding Duryodhana staying in the face of the two Krishnas. They also, O king, resembling blazing fires, that stood as the protectors of Jayadratha, were filled with joy upon beholding thy son in battle. Seeing Duryodhana transgress them with his followers, Krishna, O monarch, said unto Arjuna these words suited to the occasion.' "

SECTION CI

"Vasudeva said, 'Behold, O Dhananjaya, this Suyodhana who hath transgressed us! I regard this as highly wonderful. There is no car-warrior equal to him. His arrows are far-reaching. He is a great bowman. Accomplished as he is in weapons, it is exceedingly difficult to vanquish him in battle. The mighty son of Dhritarashtra strikes hard, and is

conversant with all modes of warfare. Brought up in great luxury, he is much regarded by even the foremost of car-warriors. He is well-accomplished, and, O Partha, he always hates the Pandavas. For these reasons, O sinless one, I think, thou shouldst now fight with him. Upon him resteth, as upon a stake at dice, victory or the reverse. Upon him, O Partha, vomit that poison of thy wrath which thou hast cherished so long. This mighty car-warrior is the root of all the wrongs on the Pandavas. He is now within reach of thy shafts. Look after thy success. Why hath king Duryodhana, desirous as he is of kingdom, come to battle with thee? By good luck, it is that he is now arrived within reach of thy arrows. Do that, O Dhananjaya, by which he may be deprived on his very life. Reft of his senses through pride of affluence, he hath never felt any distress. O bull among men, he doth not know also thy prowess in battle. Indeed, the three worlds with the celestials, the *Asuras*, and human beings, cannot venture to vanquish thee in battle. What need be said, therefore, of single Duryodhana? By good luck it is, O Partha, that he hath approached the vicinity of thy car. O mighty-armed one, slay him as Purandara slew Vritra. O sinless one, this Duryodhana hath endeavoured to bring evil on you. By deceit he cheated king Yudhishthira at dice. O giver of honours, sinless though you all are, this prince of sinful soul has always done various evil acts towards him. Nobly resolved upon battle, O Partha, slay without any scruple this wicked wight, who is ever wrathful and ever cruel, and who is the very embodiment of avarice. Remembering the deprivation of your kingdom by deceit, your exile into the woods, and the wrongs of Krishna, put forth thy prowess, O son of Pandu! By good luck, it is that he stayeth within the range of the shafts. By good luck, it is that staying before thee he endeavours to resist thy purpose. By good luck, it is that he knows today that he will have to fight with thee in the battle. By good luck, it is that all your purposes, even those that are not presently entertained by you, will be crowned with fruition. Therefore, Partha, slay this wretch of his race, *viz.*, the son of Dhritarashtra, in battle, as Indra had in days of yore, slain the *Asura* Jambha in the battle between the celestials and the *Asuras*. If he is slain by thee, thou canst then pierce through this masterless host. Cut the very root of these wicked-souled wretches. Let the *avabhritha*[1] of this hostility be now accomplished.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Thus addressed, Partha replied unto Kesava saying—'So be it. Even this should be done by me. Disregarding everything else, proceed thither where Duryodhana is. Putting forth my prowess in battle, I will cut off the head of that wretch who hath for such a long period enjoyed our kingdom without a thorn on his side. Shall I not succeed, O Kesava, in avenging myself of the insult, in the shape of dragging her by the hair, offered unto Draupadi, undeserving as she was of that wrong.' Thus conversing with each other, the two Krishnas filled

[1] *Avabhritha* is the final bath undergone, on completion of as sacrifice by the person performing the sacrifice. The slaughter of Duryodhana would according to Krishna, be the *avabhritha* of the sacrifice of battle.

with joy, urged those excellent white steeds of theirs, desirous of getting at king Duryodhana. As regards thy son, O bull of Bharata's race, having approached the presence of Partha and Krishna, he entertained no fear, although, O sire, every circumstance was calculated to inspire fear. And the Kshatriyas there, on thy side, highly applauded him then, for he proceeded to face Arjuna and Hrishikesa for resisting them. Indeed, beholding the king in battle, a loud shout was heard there, O monarch, uttered by the entire Kuru army. What that terrible and awful shout arose there, thy son, pressing his foe hard, opposed his progress. Held in check by thy son armed with bow, the son of Kunti became filled with rage, and that chastiser of foes, Duryodhana, also became highly enraged with Partha. Beholding both Duryodhana and Dhananjaya enraged with each other, all the Kshatriyas, of fierce forms, began to look at them from all sides. Seeing Partha and Vasudeva both filled with rage, thy son, O sire, desirous of battle, smilingly challenged them, then he of Dasarha's race became filled with joy, and Dhananjaya also, the son of Pandu, became cheerful. Uttering loud roars, they both blew their foremost of conchs. Seeing them thus cheerful, all the Kauravas became hopeless of thy son's life. Indeed, all the Kauravas, and many even amongst the enemy, became possessed with grief, and regarded thy son as a libation already poured into the mouth of the (sacred) fire. Thy warriors, seeing Krishna and the Pandava so cheerful, loudly exclaimed, afflicted with fear, '*The king is slain.*' '*The king is slain.*' Hearing that loud uproar of the warriors, Duryodhana said, 'Let your fears be dispelled. I will despatch the two Krishnas unto the region of death.' Having told all his warriors these words, king Duryodhana then, expectant of success, addressed Partha angrily and said these words: 'If, O Partha, thou art begotten by Pandu apply upon me, without loss of time, all the weapons, celestial and earthly, that Kesava also hath of either, upon me. I wish to see thy manliness. They speak of many feats achieved by thee out of our view. Show me those feats that have won the applause of many endued with great heroism!' "

SECTION CII

"Sanjaya said, 'Saying these words, king Duryodhana pierced Arjuna with three shafts of great impetuosity and capable of penetrating into the very vitals. And with four others he pierced the four steeds of his foe. And he pierced Vasudeva in the centre of the chest with ten shafts, and cutting off, with a broad-headed arrow, the whip in the latter's hands, he felled it on the ground. Then Partha, coolly and without losing a moment, shot at him four and ten shafts whetted on stone and equipped

with beautiful feathers. All those shafts, however, were repelled by Duryodhana's armour. Beholding their fruitlessness, Partha once more sped at him nine and five arrows of keen points. But these too were repelled by Duryodhana's armour. Seeing eight and twenty arrows of his become abortive, that slayer of hostile heroes, *viz.*, Krishna said unto Arjuna, these words: 'I see a sight never before witnessed by me, like the movements of the hills. Shafts sped by thee, O Partha, are becoming abortive. O bull of Bharata's race, hath thy *Gandiva* decayed in power? Have the might of thy grasp and the power of thy arms become less than what they were. Is not this to be thy last meeting with Duryodhana? Tell me, O Partha, for I ask thee. Great hath been my amazement, O Partha, upon seeing all these shafts of thine fall towards Duryodhana's car, without producing the slightest effect. Alas, what misfortune is this that these terrible shafts of thine that are endued with the might of the thunder and that always pierce the bodies of foes, fail in producing any effect.'

"Arjuna said, 'I think, O Krishna, that this armour hath been put on Duryodhana's body by Drona. This armour, tied as it hath been, is impenetrable to my weapons. In this armour, O Krishna, inhereth the might of the three worlds. Only Drona knoweth it, and from that best of men I also have learnt. This armour is not capable of being pierced by my weapons. Maghavat himself, O Govinda, cannot pierce it with his thunder. Knowing it all, O Krishna, why seekest thou to confound me? That which occurred in the three worlds, that which, O Kesava, exists now, and which is in the womb of futurity, are all known to thee. Indeed, O slayer of Madhu, no one else knoweth this better than thou dost. This Duryodhana, O Krishna, cased by Drona in this armours, is staying fearlessly in battle, wearing this coat of mail. That however, which one wearing such armour should do, is not known to him, O Madhava! He weareth it only like a woman. Behold now, O Janardana, the might of my arms and that of my bow too. Though protected by such a coat of mail, I will still vanquish the Kuru prince. The chief of the celestials gave this effulgent armour to Angiras. From the latter it was obtained by Vrihaspati. And from Vrihaspati it was got by Purandara. The Lord of the celestials once more gave it to me with the *mantras* to be uttered in wearing it. Even if this armour were divine, if it were created by Brahma himself, still the wretch, Duryodhana, struck with my arrows, shall not be protected by it.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Having said these words, Arjuna inspired some arrows with *mantras*, and began to draw them on the bow-string. And while he was thus drawing them on the bow-string, the son of Drona cut them off with a weapon that was capable of baffling every weapon. Beholding those shafts of his thus frustrated from a distance by that utterer of *Brahma* (Aswatthaman), Arjuna, owning white steeds, filled with amazement represented unto Kesava, saying, 'I cannot, Janardana, twice use this weapon, for if do so, it will slay my own self and my own troops. Mean-

while, Duryodhana, O king, pierced each of the Krishnas in that battle with nine shafts resembling snakes of virulent poison. And once more the Kuru king showered his shafts on Krishna and the son of Pandu. Beholding these showers of arrows (shot by their king), thy warriors were filled with joy. They beat their musical instrument and uttered leonine roar. Then Partha, excited with rage in that battle, licked the corners of his mouth. Casting his eyes on his enemy's body, he saw not any part that was not well-covered with that impenetrable armour. With some sharp-pointed shafts then, well-shot from his bow, and each of which resembled Death himself, Arjuna slew his antagonist's steeds and then his two *Parshni* charioteers. And soon also the valiant Partha cut off Duryodhana's bow and the leathern fence of his fingers. Then, Savyasachin commenced to cut off his enemy's car in fragments. And with a couple of keen arrows he made Duryodhana carless. And then Arjuna pierced both the palms of the Kuru king. Beholding that great bowman afflicted with the shafts of Dhananjaya and fallen into great distress, many warriors rushed to the spot, desirous of rescuing him. These, with many thousands of cars, well-equipped elephants and horses, as also with large bodies of foot-soldiers, excited with wrath, encompassed by large bodies of men, neither that car of theirs nor of Arjuna and Govinda could any longer be seen. Then Arjuna, by the might of his weapons, began to slaughter that host. And car-warriors and elephants, by hundreds, deprived of limbs, fell fast on the field. Slain, or in the act of being slain, those failed to reach the excellent car. Indeed, the car on which Arjuna rode, stood motionless full two miles from the besieging force on every side. Then the Vrishni hero (Krishna), without taking any time, said unto Arjuna these words: 'Draw thy bow quickly and with great force, for I will blow my conch.' Thus addressed, Arjuna drawing his bow *Gandiva* with great force, began to slaughter the foe, shooting dense showers of shafts and making a loud noise by stretching the bowstring with his fingers. Kesava meanwhile forcibly and very loudly blew his conch *Panchajanya*, his face covered with dust. In consequence of the blare of that conch and of the twang of *Gandiva*, the Kuru warriors, strong or weak, all fell down on the ground. The car of Arjuna then freed from that press, looked resplendent like a cloud driven by the wind. (Beholding Arjuna) the protectors of Jayadratha, with their followers, became filled with rage. Indeed, those mighty bowmen, the protectors of the ruler of Sindhus, suddenly beholding Partha, uttered loud shouts, filling the earth with that noise. The whiz of their arrows were mingled with other fierce noises and the loud blare of their conchs. Those high-souled warriors uttered leonine shouts. Hearing that awful uproar raised by thy troops, Vasudeva and Dhananjaya blew their conchs. With their loud blare (of their conchs), the whole earth, with her mountains and seas and islands and the nether regions, O monarch, seemed to be filled. Indeed, that blare, O best of Bharatas, filled all the points of the compass, and was echoed back by both the armies. Then thy car-warriors, beholding Krishna and Dhananjaya, became very much frightened. Soon,

however, they recovered and put forth their activity. Indeed, the great car-warriors of thy host, beholding the two Krishnas, those highly blessed persons, cased in mail rushed towards. The sight thus presented became a wonderful one.'"

SECTION CIII

"Sanjaya said, 'Thy warriors, as soon as they beheld those foremost of persons of the Vrishni-Andhaka and the Kuru races, lost no time, each striving to be first, in proceeding against them from a desire of slaughtering them. And so Vijaya also rushed against those foes of his. On their great cars, decked with gold, cased in tiger-skins, producing deep rattle, and resembling blazing fire, they rushed, illumining the ten points of the compass, armed, O king, with bows, the backs of whose staves were decked with gold, and which in consequence of their splendour, were incapable of being looked at, and uttering loud cries, and drawn by angry steeds. Bhurisravas, and Sala and Karna, and Vrishasena, and Jayadratha, and Kripa, and the ruler of the Madras, and that foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, the son of Drona, these eight great car-warriors, as if devouring the skies (as they proceeded) illuminated the ten points of the compass with their splendid cars, cased in tiger-skins and decked with golden moons. Clad in mail, filled with wrath and mounted upon their cars the rattle of which resembled the roar of masses of clouds, they covered Arjuna on every side with a shower of sharp shafts. Beautiful steeds of the best breed, endued with great speed, bearing those great car-warriors, looked resplendent as they illumined the points of the compass. Their cars drawn by foremost steeds of great fleetness were of diverse countries and of diverse species, some bred in mountainous regions, some in rivers, and some in the country of the Sindhus, many foremost of car-warriors among the Kurus desirous, O king, of rescuing thy son quickly rushed towards Dhananjaya's car from every side. Those foremost of men, taking up their conchs blew them, filling O king, the welkin and the earth with her seas (with that blare). Then those foremost ones among the gods, *viz.*, Vasudeva and Dhananjaya, also blew their foremost of conchs on earth. The son of Kunti blew *Devadatta*, and Kesava blew *Panchajanya*. The loud blast of *Devadatta*, sent forth by Dhananjaya, filled the earth, the welkin, and ten points of the compass. And so *Panchajanya* also blown by Vasudeva, surpassing all sounds, filled the sky and the earth. And while that awful and fierce noise continued, a noise that inspired the timid with fear and the brave with cheers, and while drums and *Jharjharas*, and cymbals and *Mridangas*, O great king, were beat by thousands, great car-warriors invited to the Kuru side and solicitous of Dhananjaya's welfare, those great bowmen, filled with rage

and unable to bear the loud blast of Arjuna's and Krishna's conchs, those kings from diverse realms supported by their respective troops, in rage blew their great conchs, desiring to answer with their own blasts the blasts of Kesava and Arjuna. The Kuru army then, urged forward by that blare of conchs, had its car-warriors, elephants, and steeds filled with anxiety and fear. Indeed, O lord, that host looked as if they that comprised it were ill. The agitated Kuru host, echoing with that blare of conchs blown by brave warriors, seemed to be like the welkin resounding with the noise of thunder and fallen down (through some convulsion of nature).[1] That loud uproar, O monarch, resounded through the ten points and frightened that host like critical incidents at the end of the *Yuga* frightening all living creatures. Then, Duryodhana and those eight great car-warriors appointed for the protection of Jayadratha all surrounded the son of Pandu. The son of Drona struck Vasudeva with three and seventy shafts, and Arjuna himself with three broad-headed shafts, and his standard and (four) steeds with five others. Beholding Janardana pierced, Arjuna, filled with rage, struck Aswatthaman with hundred shafts. Then piercing Karna with ten arrows and Vrishasena with three, the valiant Dhananjaya cut off Salya's bow with arrows fixed on the string, at the handle. Salya then, taking up another bow, pierced the son of Pandu. And Bhurisravas pierced him with three arrows whetted on stone, and equipped with golden wings. And Karna pierced him with two and thirty arrows, and Vrishasena with seven. And Jayadratha pierced Arjuna with three and seventy shafts and Kripa pierced him with ten. And the ruler of the Madras also pierced Phalguna in that battle with ten arrows. And the son of Drona pierced him with sixty arrows. And he, once more, pierced Partha with five arrows, and Vasudeva with twenty. Then the tiger among men, *viz.*, Arjuna owning white steeds and having Krishna for his driver, pierced each of those warriors in return, displaying the lightness of his hand. Piercing Karna with a dozen shafts and Vrishasena with three, Partha cut off Salya's bow at the handle. And piercing the son of Somadatta with three arrows and Salya with ten, he pierced Kripa with five and twenty arrows, and the ruler of the Sindhus with a hundred, Partha struck Drona's son with seventy arrows. Then Bhurisravas filled with rage, cut off the goad in Krishna's hand, and struck Arjuna with three and twenty shafts. Then Dhananjaya, of white steeds, filled with rage, mangled those enemies of his with hundreds upon hundreds of arrows, like a mighty tempest tearing masses of clouds.' "

[1] *Praviddham* means fallen down or loosened from its usual place. Thus Nilakantha.

SECTION CIV

"Dhritarashtra, said, 'Describe to me, O Sanjaya, the diverse kinds of standards resplendent with great beauty, of both the Partha and our warriors (in that battle).'

"Sanjaya said, 'Hear, O king, of the diverse kinds of standards of those high-souled warriors. Listen to me as I describe their forms and names. Indeed, O king, upon the cars of those foremost of car-warriors were seen diverse kinds of standards that shone like blazing flames of fire. Made of gold, or decked with gold, or adorned with strings of gold and each looking like the golden mountain (Meru), diverse kinds of standards were there that were highly beautiful. And those standards of the warriors had attached all around them excellent banners. Indeed, having banners of diverse hues attached to them all around, those standards looked exceedingly beautiful. Those banners, again, moved by the wind, looked like fair ladies dancing in the midst of a sporting arena. Endued with the splendour of the rainbow, those banners, O bull of Bharata's race, of those car-warriors, floating in the breeze, highly adorned their cars. The standard, bearing the sign of the ape of fierce face and tail, like that of the lion, belonging to Dhananjaya, seemed to inspire fear in that battle. That standard, O king of the wielder of *Gandiva*, bearing that foremost of apes, and adorned with many banners, frightened the Kuru host. Similarly, the lion-tail standard-top of Drona's son, O Bharata, we saw, was endued with the effulgence of the rising sun Decked with gold, floating in the breeze, possessed of the splendour of the rainbow, the standard mark of Drona's son appeared on high, inspiring the foremost of Kuru warriors with joy. The standard of Adhiratha's son bore the mark of an elephant-rope made of gold. It seemed, O king, in battle to fill the whole welkin. The banner, adorned with gold and garlands, attached to the standard of Karna in battle, shaken by the wind, seemed to dance upon his car. The preceptor of the Pandavas, that Brahmana, given to ascetic penances, *viz.*, Kripa the son of Gotama, had for his mark an excellent bovine bull. That high-souled one, O king, with that bovine bull, looked as resplendent, as the Destroyer of the three cities[1] looks resplendent with his bull. Vrishasena has a peacock made of gold and adorned with jewels and gems. And it stood on his standard, as if in the act of crowing, and always adorned the van of the army. With that peacock, the car of the high-souled Vrishasena shone, like the car, O king, of Skanda (the celestial generalissimo) shining with his peacock unrivalled and beautiful ploughshare made of gold and looking like flame of fire. That ploughshare, O sire, looked resplendent on his car. Salya, the ruler of the Madras, we saw, had on his standard-top an image like the presiding goddess of corn, endued with beauty and

[1] *Tripura* means the three cities constructed by the *Asura* artificer *Maya*. The *Asura*, however, who owned those cities is also called *Tripura*. It was Mahadeva who destroyed the three cities with all their population *vide* the close of the *Harivansa*.

producing every seed. A silver boar adorned the standard-top of the ruler of the Sindhus. Decked with golden chains, it was of the splendour of a white crystal.[1] With that silver mark on his banner, the ruler of the Sindhus looked as resplendent, as Surya in days of yore in the battle between the celestials and the *Asuras*. The standard of Somadatta's son, devoted to sacrifices, bore the sign of the sacrificial stake. It was seen to shine like the sun or the moon. That sacrificial stake made of gold, O king of Somadatta's son, looked resplendent like the tall stake erected in the foremost of sacrifices called the *Rajasuya*. The standard of Salya, O monarch, bearing a huge silver-elephant was adorned, on all sides, with peacocks made of gold. The standard, O bull of Bharata's race, adorned thy troops like the huge white elephant adorning the host of the celestial king. On the standard decked with gold, of king Duryodhana, was an elephant adorned with gems. Tinkling with the sound of a hundred bells, O king, that standard stood upon the excellent car of that hero. And, O king, thy son, that bull among the Kurus, looked resplendent, O monarch, with that tall standard in battle. These nine excellent standards stood erect among thy divisions. The tenth standard seen there was of Arjuna, decked with that huge ape. And with that standard Arjuna looked highly resplendent, like Himavat with a blazing fire (on its top). Then many mighty car-warriors, all chastisers of foes, quickly took up their beautiful, bright and large bows for the sake of (resisting) Arjuna. Similarly, Partha also, that achiever of celestial feats, took up his foe-destroying bow *Gandiva*, in consequence, O king, of thy evil policy. Many royal warriors, O king, were then slain in that battle owing to thy fault. Rulers of men came from different realms invited (by thy sons). And with them perished many steeds and many elephants. Then those mighty car-warriors headed by Duryodhana (on one side) and that bull amongst the Pandavas on the other, uttered loud roars and began the encounter. And the feat that Kunti's son, having Krishna for his charioteer, achieved there, was highly wonderful, inasmuch as, alone, he encountered fearlessly all those warriors united together. And that mighty-armed hero looked resplendent as he stretched his bow *Gandiva*, desirous of vanquishing all those tigers among men for slaying the ruler of the Sindhus. With his shafts shot in thousands, that tiger among men, *viz.*, Arjuna, that scorcher of foes, made all those warriors invisible (by means of his arrowy showers). On their side, those tigers among men, those mighty car-warriors, also made Partha invisible by means of their clouds of shafts shot from all sides. Beholding Arjuna, that bull of Kuru's race covered by those lions among men with their shafts, loud was the uproar made by thy troops.' "

[1]The true reading is *alohita* and not *lohita*. *Arka* here is crystal and not the sun. It was a silvern boar, which could not, evidently, be like the sun.

SECTION CV

"Dhritarashtra said, 'After Arjuna had got the ruler of the Sindhus within sight, what, O Sanjaya, did the Panchalas, attacked by Bharadwaja's son, do, encountering the Kurus?'

"Sanjaya said, 'In the afternoon of that day, O monarch, in the battle that took place between the Panchalas and the Kurus, Drona became, as it were, the stake (for which each fought on to win or lose). The Panchalas, O sire, desirous of slaying Drona, cheerfully uttered loud roars and shot dense showers of arrows. Indeed, that encounter between the Panchalas and the Kurus, fierce, awful, and highly wonderful as it was, resembled that in days of yore between the gods and the *Asuras*. Indeed, all the Panchalas with the Pandavas, obtaining Drona's car (within reach) used many mighty weapons, desirous of piercing through his array. Car-warriors stationed on their cars, causing the earth to shake under them, and showering their arrowy downpours, rushed towards Drona's car, without much speed. Then that mighty car-warrior among the Kaikeyas, *viz.*, Vrihatkshatra, incessantly scattering keen shafts that resembled the thunder in force, proceeded towards Drona. Then Kshemadhurti of great fame quickly rushed against Vrihatkshatra, shooting keen arrows by thousands. Beholding this, that bull among the Chedis, *viz.*, Dhrishtaketu, endued with great might, quickly proceeded against Kshemadhurti, like Mahendra proceeding against the *Asura* Samvara. Seeing him rush with great impetuosity, like the Destroyer himself with wide-open mouth, that mighty bowman *viz.*, Viradhanwan, proceeded against him with great speed. King Yudhishthira staying there at the head of his division from desire of victory, was resisted by valiant Drona himself. Thy son Vikarna, O lord, endued with great prowess, proceeded against the rushing Nakula of great prowess, that warrior accomplished in battle. That scorcher of foes, *viz.*, Durmukha, covered the advancing Sahadeva with many thousands of swiftly-coursing shafts. The heroic Vyaghradatta resisted that tiger among men, *viz.*, Satyaki making him repeatedly tremble by means of his sharp and keen-pointed shafts. The son of Somadatta resisted the (five) sons of Draupadi, those tigers among men, those great car-warriors, wrathfully shooting mighty shafts. That mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, Rishyasringa's fierce son (the *Rakshasa* Alamvusha), of awful mien, resisted the advancing Bhimasena filled with wrath. The encounter that then took place between that man and *Rakshasa* resembled, O king, the battle in days of yore between Rama and Ravana. Then, O Bharata, Yudhishthira, that chief of the Bharatas, struck Drona with ninety straight shafts in all his vital parts. Enraged by the famous son of Kunti, Drona struck him in return, O chief of the Bharatas, in the centre of the chest with five and twenty shafts. And once more, in the very sight of all the bowmen, Drona struck him, with his steeds, charioteer, and standard, with twenty shafts. Pandu's son, of virtuous soul, displaying great lightness of hand, baffled with his own

arrowy showers those arrows shot by Drona. Then that great bowman Drona, filled with rage, cut off the bow of the high souled king Yudhishthira the just. Then that great car-warrior (*viz.*, the son of Bharadwaja) speedily covered the bowless Yudhishthira with many thousands of shafts. Beholding the king made invisible by the shafts of Bharadwaja's son, all thought that Yudhishthira was dead, and some thought that the king had fled before Drona. And many cried out, O king, saying, 'Alas the king hath been slain by the high-souled Brahmana.' Then, king Yudhishthira the just, fallen into great distress, having laid aside that bow cut off by Bharadwaja's son in battle took up another excellent, bright and tougher bow. And that hero then cut off in that encounter all those shafts shot in thousands by Drona. All this seemed exceedingly wonderful. Having cut off those shafts, O king, Yudhishthira, with eyes red in wrath, took up in that battle a dart, capable of riving even a mountain. Equipped with a golden staff, of awful mien, having eight bells attached to it, and exceedingly terrible, the mighty Yudhishthira, taking it up, uttered a loud roar. And with that roar, O Bharata, the son of Pandu inspired all creatures with fear. Beholding that dart upraised by king Yudhishthira the just, all creatures, as if with one accord, said, 'Good be to Drona!' Hurled from the king's arms, that dart resembling a snake just freed from its slough, coursed towards Drona, illumining the welkin and all the directions cardinal and subsidiary, like a she-snake with fiery mouth. Beholding it coursing towards him impetuously, O king, Drona, that foremost of all persons acquainted with weapons invoked into existence the weapon called *Brahma*. That weapon, reducing that dart of terrible mien into dust, coursed towards the car of the illustrious son of Pandu. Then, O sire, king Yudhishthira of great wisdom baffled that weapon of Drona, thus coursing towards him by himself invoking the *Brahma* weapon. And then piercing Drona himself in that battle with five straight shafts, he cut off, with a sharp razor-faced shaft, the large bow of Drona. Then Drona, that grinder of Kshatriyas, throwing aside that broken bow, hurled with great force, O sire, a mace at the son of Dharma. Beholding that mace impetuously coursing towards him, Yudhishthira, O chastiser of foes, filled with rage, took up a mace. Then those two maces, both hurled with great force, encountering each other in mid-air, produced by their collision sparks of fire and then fell down on the earth. Then Drona, filled with fury, slew, O sire, the steeds of Yudhishthira, with four excellent shafts of keen points. And with another broad-headed shaft he cut off the king's bow resembling a pole erected to the honour of Indra. And with another shaft he cut off the standard of Yudhishthira, and with three he afflicted the Pandava himself. Then king Yudhishthira, speedily jumping down from that steedless car, stood weaponless and with arms upraised, O bull of Bharata's race! Beholding him carless, and especially weaponless, Drona, O lord, stupefied his foes, rather the whole army. Firmly adhering to his vow, and endued with great lightness of hands, Drona shot showers of sharp shafts and rushed towards the king, like a

furious lion towards a deer. Beholding Drona, that slayer of foes, rush towards him, cries of *Oh* and *Alas* suddenly rose from the Pandava army.' And many cried out, saying, 'The king is slain by Bharadwaja's son.' Loud wails of this kind were heard, O Bharata, among the Pandava troops. Meanwhile, king Yudhishthira, the son of Kunti, getting up on the car of Sahadeva, retreated from the field, borne away by swift steeds.' "

SECTION CVI

"Sanjaya said, 'Kshemadhurti, O monarch, pierced the advancing Vrihatkshatra of great valour, that prince of the Kaikeyas, with many arrows in the chest. King Vrihatkshatra then, O monarch, desirous of piercing through Drona's division, quickly struck his antagonist with ninety straight shafts. Kshemadhurti, however, filled with rage, cut off, with a sharp well-tempered, and broad-headed shaft, the bow of that high-souled prince of the Kaikeyas. Having cut off his bow, Kshemadhurti then, with a keen and straight shaft, quickly pierced in that encounter that foremost of all bowmen. Then Vrihatkshatra, taking up another bow and smiling (at his foe), soon made the mighty car-warrior Kshemadhurti steedless and driverless and carless. And with another broad-headed shaft that was well-tempered and sharp, he cut off, from the trunk of his royal antagonist his head blazing with (a pair of) ear-rings. That head, graced with only locks and a diadem, suddenly cut off, fell down on the earth and looked resplendent like a luminary fallen from the firmament. Having slain his foe, the mighty car-warrior Vrihatkshatra became filled with joy and fell with great force upon thy troops for the sake of the Parthas. The great bowman Viradhanwan, O Bharata, endued with great prowess, resisted Dhrishtaketu who was advancing against Drona. Encountering each other, those two heroes having arrows for their fangs, and both endued with great activity, struck each other with many thousands of arrows. Indeed, those two tigers among men fought with each other, like two leaders of elephantine herds in the deep woods with fury. Both endued with great energy, they fought, each desirous of slaying the other, like two enraged tigers in a mountain-cave. That combat, O monarch, became exceedingly fierce. Deserving to be witnessed, it became highly wonderful. The very *Siddhas* and the *Charanas*, in large numbers, witnessed it with wonder-waiting eyes. Then Viradhanwan, O Bharata, with a laugh, cut off in rage Dhrishtaketu's bow in twain by means of broad-headed arrows. Abandoning that broken bow, the ruler of the Chedis, that mighty car-warrior took up a fierce dart made of iron and equipped with a golden staff. Bending with his hands, O Bharata, that dart of fierce energy towards the car of Viradhanwan, Dhrishtaketu hurled it carefully and with great force. Struck with great

force by that hero-slaying dart, and his heart pierced by it through, Viradhanwan, quickly fell down on the earth from his car. Upon the fall of that hero, that mighty car-warrior among the Trigartas, thy army, O lord, was broken by the Pandavas. (Thy son) Durmukha sped sixty shafts at Sahadeva, and uttered a loud shout in that battle, challenging that son of Pandu. The son of Madri, then, filled with rage, pierced Durmukha with many keen arrows, smiling the while, the brother striking the brother. Beholding the mighty Durmukha fighting furiously, Sahadeva, then, O Bharata, once more struck him with nine shafts. Endued with great strength, Sahadeva then cut off Durmukha's standard with a broad-headed arrow and struck down his four steeds with four other arrows. And then with another broad-headed arrow, well-tempered and sharp, he cut off, from his trunk, the head of Durmukha's charioteer that shone with a pair of ear-rings. And cutting off Durmukha's large bow with a razor-faced arrow, Sahadeva pierced Durmukha himself in that battle with five arrows. Durmukha fearlessly jumping down from that steedless car, mounted the car, O Bharata, of Niramitra. Then that slayer of hostile heroes, *viz.*, Sahadeva, filled with rage slew in that great battle Niramitra in the midst of his division with a broad-headed arrow. Thereupon, prince Niramitra, the son of the ruler of the Trigartas, fell down from his car, afflicting thy army with great grief. Slaying him, the mighty-armed Sahadeva looked resplendent like Rama, the son of Dasaratha, after slaying the mighty (*Rakshasa*) Khara. Beholding that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, prince Niramitra slain, loud cries of *Oh* and *Alas* arose, O monarch, among the Trigarta warriors. Nakula, O king, in a moment vanquished thy son Vikarna of large eyes. This seemed highly wonderful. Vyaghradatta, by means of his straight shafts, made Satyaki invisible with his steeds and driver and standard in the midst of his division. The brave grandson of Sini, baffling those shafts with great lightness of hand, felled Vyaghradatta by means of his arrows, with his steeds and driver and standard. Upon the fall, O lord, of that prince of the Magadhas, the latter, struggling vigorously, rushed against Yuyudhana from all sides. Scattering their shafts and lances by thousands, and sharp arrows and spears and mallets and thick clubs, those brave warriors fought in that battle with that invincible hero of the Satwata race. Endued with great might, invincible Satyaki, that bull among men, with the greatest ease and laughing the while, vanquished them all. The Magadhas were nearly exterminated. A small remnant flew from the field. Beholding this, thy army, already afflicted with the arrows of Yuyudhana, broke, O lord! Then that foremost one of Madhu's race, having slaughtered in battle thy troops, that illustrious hero, looked resplendent as he shook his bow. The army, O king, was thus routed by that high-souled one of the Satwata race. Indeed, frightened by that hero of long arms, none approached him for fight. Then Drona filled with rage and rolling his eyes, himself rushed impetuously towards Satyaki, of feats incapable of being baffled.' "

SECTION CVII

"Sanjaya said, 'The illustrious son of Somadatta pierced each of the sons of Draupadi, those great bowmen, with five arrows, and once more with seven arrows. Much afflicted, O lord, by that fierce warrior, they were stupefied and knew not for some time what to do. Then that crusher of foes, Satanika, the son of Nakula, piercing Somadatta's son, that bull among men, with a couple of arrows, uttered in joy a loud roar. The other brothers then, struggling vigorously, quickly pierced the wrathful son of Somadatta, each with three straight shafts. Then the illustrious son of Somadatta, O monarch, sped at them five shafts, piercing each of them in the chest with one shaft. Then those five brothers, thus pierced by that high-souled warrior with his shafts, surrounded that hero on every side and began to pierce him deeply with their shafts. Then the son of Arjuna, filled with rage, despatched with keen shafts, the four steeds of Saumadatti to the region of Yama. And the son of Bhimasena, cuttring off the bow of the illustrious son of Somadatta, uttered a loud shout and pierced his foe with many sharp arrows. The son of Yudhishthira then, cutting off Saumadatti's standard, felled it on the earth, while the son of Nakula felled the enemy's charioteer from his niche in the car. Then the son of Sahadeva, ascertaining the foe to be on the point of leaving the field in consequence of the brothers, cut off, with a razor-faced arrow, the head of that illustrious warrior. That head, decked with ear-rings of gold, fell on the earth and adorned the field like the sun of brilliant effulgence that rises at the end of the *Yuga*. Beholding the head of the high-souled son of Somadatta thus fallen on the ground, thy troops, O king, overcome with fear, fled in all directions.

"The *Rakshasa* Alamvusha in that battle, filled with rage, fought with the mighty Bhimasena, like Ravana's son (Indrajit) with (Rama's brother) Lakshmana. Beholding that *Rakshasa* and that human warrior engaged in fight, all creatures experienced both joy and wonder. Then Bhima, O king, laughing the while, pierced that wrathful prince of *Rakshasa*, *viz.*, Rishyasringa's son (Alamvusha), with nine keen shafts. Then that *Rakshasa*, thus pierced in battle, uttered a loud and awful sound, and rushed, with all his followers, against Bhima. Piercing Bhima then with five straight shafts, he quickly destroyed in that battle, thirty cars supporting Bhima. And once more destroying four hundred cars of Bhimasena, the *Rakshasa* pierced Bhimasena himself with winged arrows. Then the mighty Bhima deeply pierced by the *Rakshasa*, sat down on the terrace of his car, overcome by a swoon. The son of the Wind-god then, recovering his senses, became filled with rage. Drawing his excellent and terrible bow that was capable of bearing a great strain, he afflicted Alamvusha, in every part of his body, with keen shafts. Thereupon, the *Rakshasa* who resembled a huge mass of antimony, looked resplendent, O king, like a flowering *Kinsuka*. Whilst being struck in that battle with those shafts sped from

the bow of Bhima, the *Rakshasa* recollected the slaughter of his brother (Vaka) by the illustrious Pandava. Assuming then an awful form, he addressed Bhima, saying, 'Wait a little in this battle, O Partha! Behold today my prowess. O thou of wicked understanding, that foremost of *Rakshasas*, *viz.*, the mighty Vaka, was my brother. It is true he was slain by thee. But that took place out of my sight.' Having said these words unto Bhima, Alamvusha made himself invisible, and began to cover Bhimasena with a dense shower of arrows. Upon the disappearance of the *Rakshasa*, Bhima, O monarch, covered the welkin with straight shafts. Thus afflicted by Bhima, Alamvusha soon returned to his car. And soon again, he entered into the bowels of the earth and once more becoming little he suddenly soared into the sky. Alamvusha assumed countless forms. Now becoming subtle and now huge and gross, he began to roar like the clouds. And he uttered diverse kinds of words and speeches all around. And from the welkin there fell thousands of arrowy torrents, as also darts, and *Kunapas*, and lances, and spiked maces, and short arrows, and scimitars, and swords, and thunders also. That awful downpour of arrows caused by the *Rakshasa*, slew the troops of Pandu's son on the field of battle. And in consequence of that arrowy downpour, many elephants also of the Pandava army were slain, and many steeds also, O king, and many foot-soldiers. And a river was caused there, whose waters were blood and whose eddies were constituted by cars. And it abounded with elephants that constituted its alligators. And the umbrellas of car-warriors constituted its swans, and the flesh and marrow of animals, its mire. And it teemed with the (cut off) arms of human beings that constituted its snakes. And it was haunted by many *Rakshasas* and other cannibals. And it wafted away, O king, countless Chedis and Panchalas and Srinjayas. Beholding him, O monarch, careering so fearlessly in that battle and seeing his prowess, the Pandavas became filled with anxiety; and joy filled the hearts of thy troops then. And amongst the latter, loud and terrible sounds of musical instruments, making the hair stand on end, arose. Hearing that loud uproar made by thy troops, the son of Pandu could not bear it, as a snake cannot bear the clap of human palms. With eyes red as copper in rage, with glances that like fire consumed every thing, the son of the Wind-god, like Tvashtri himself, aimed the weapon known by the name of Tvashtri. From that weapon were produced thousands of arrows on all sides. And in consequence of those arrows, a universal rout was seen among thy troops.' That weapon, shot in battle by Bhimasena, destroying the effective illusion produced by the *Rakshasa*, greatly afflicted the *Rakshasa* himself. Struck in every part of his body by Bhimasena, the *Rakshasa*, then abandoning Bhimasena, fled towards the division of Drona. Upon the defeat of that prince of *Rakshasa* by the high-souled Bhima, the Pandavas caused every point of the compass to resound with their leonine roars. And filled with joy, they worshipped the mighty son of Marut, like the Maruts worshipping Sakra after the defeat in battle of Prahlada.' "

SECTION CVIII

"Sanjaya said, 'Having fled away from Bhima, Alamvusha, in another part of the field, careered fearlessly in battle. And while he was thus fearlessly careering in battle, the son of Hidimva rushed impetuously at him and pierced him with keen shafts. The battle between those two lions among *Rakshasas* became terrible. Both of them invoked into existence illusions like Sakra and Samvara (in days of old). Alamvusha, excited with rage, attacked Ghatotkacha. Indeed, that encounter between those two foremost of *Rakshasas* resembled that of old between Rama and Ravana, O lord! Then Ghatotkacha having pierced Alamvusha in the centre of the chest with twenty long shafts, repeatedly roared like a lion. Smilingly, O king, Alamvusha also, repeatedly piercing the invincible son of Hidimva, uttered loud roars in joy, filling the entire welkin. Then, those two foremost of *Rakshasas*, endued with great might, became filled with rage. They fought with each other, displaying their powers of illusion, but without any of them getting any advantage over the other. Each, creating a hundred illusions, stupefied the other. Both accomplished in producing illusions, O king, that Ghatotkacha displayed in battle, were all destroyed, O monarch, by Alamvusha producing similar illusions of his own. Beholding that prince of *Rakshasas*, *viz.*, Alamvusha, who was accomplished in producing illusions, fight in that manner, the Pandavas became filled with anxiety, they then caused him to be surrounded by many foremost of car-warriors. Bhimasena and others, O monarch, all rushed in rage against him. Hemming him, O sire, on all sides by means of numberless cars, they shrouded him from every side with shafts, like men in a forest encompassing an elephant with blazing brands. Baffling that shower of weapons by means of the illusion of his own weapons, freed himself from that press of cars like an elephant from a forest conflagration. Then drawing his terrible bow whose twang resembled the thunder of Indra, he pierced the son of the Wind-god with five and twenty shafts, and Bhimasena's son with five, and Yudhishthira with three, and Sahadeva with seven, and Nakula with three and seventy, and each of the five sons of Draupadi with five shafts, and uttered a loud roar. Then Bhimasena pierced him in return with nine shafts, and Sahadeva with five. And Yudhishthira pierced the *Rakshasa* with a hundred shafts. And Nakula pierced him with three shafts. The son of Hidimva having pierced him with five hundred shafts, Alamvusha once more pierced him with seventy, and that mighty warrior uttered a loud roar. With that loud roar of Ghatotkacha the earth shook, O king, with her mountains and forests and with her trees and waters. Deeply pierced on all sides by those great bowmen and mighty car-warriors, Alamvusha pierced each of them in return with five arrows. Then that Rakshasa, O chief of the Bharatas, *viz.*, the son of Hidimva, filled with rage, pierced that other angry Rakshasa in battle with many shafts. Then that mighty prince of Rakshasas, *viz.*, Alamvusha, deeply pierced, quickly

shot countless shafts equipped with wings of gold and whetted on stone. Those shafts, perfectly straight, all entered the body of Ghatotkacha, like angry snakes of great strength entering a mountain summit. Then the Pandavas, O king, filled with anxiety, and Hidimva's son Ghatotkacha also sped at their foe from every side clouds of keen shafts. Thus struck in battle by the Pandavas, desirous of victory, Alamvusha mortal as he was, did not know what to do. Then that delighter in battle, *viz.*, the mighty son of Bhimasena, beholding that state of Alamvusha, set his heart upon his destruction. He rushed with great impetuosity towards the car of the prince of *Rakshasas*, that car which resembled a burnt mountain summit or a broken heap of antimony. The son of Hidimva, inflamed with wrath, flew from his own car to that of Alamvusha, and seized the latter. He then took him up from the car, like Garuda taking up a snake. Thus dragging him up with his arms, he began to whirl him repeatedly, and then crushed him into pieces, hurling him down on the earth, like a man crushing an earthen pot into fragments by hurling it against a rock. Endued with strength and activity, possessed of great prowess, the son of Bhimasena, inflamed with wrath in battle, inspired all the troops with fear. All the limbs broken and bones reduced to fragments, the frightful Rakshasa Alamvusha, thus slain by the heroic Ghatotkacha, resembled a tall *Sala* uprooted and broken by the wind. Upon the slaughter of that wanderer of the night, the Parthas became very cheerful. And they uttered leonine roars and waved their garments. Thy brave warriors, however, beholding that mighty prince or Rakshasas, *viz.*, Alamvusha, slain and lying like a crushed mountain, uttered cries, O monarch, of *Oh* and *Alas*. And people, possessed with curiosity, went to view that Rakshasa lying helplessly on the earth like a piece of charcoal (no longer capable of burning). The Rakshasa Ghatotkacha then, that foremost of mighty beings, having thus slain his foe, uttered a loud shout, like Vasava after slaying (the *Asura*) Vala. Having achieved that exceedingly difficult feat, Ghatotkacha was much applauded by his sires as also by his relatives. Indeed, having felled Alamvusha, like an *Alamvusha* fruit, he rejoiced exceedingly with his friends. There arose then a loud uproar (in the Pandava army) of conchs and of diverse kinds of arrows. Hearing that noise the Kauravas uttered loud shouts in reply, filling the whole earth with its echoes.'"

SECTION CIX

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Tell me, O Sanjaya, how Yuyudhana rushed against the son of Bharadwaja in battle. I feel a great curiosity to hear it.'

"Sanjaya said, 'Listen, O thou of great wisdom, to the account of that battle, that makes the hair stand on end, between Drona and the Pandavas

headed by Yuyudhana. Beholding the (Kuru) army slaughtered, O sire, by Yuyudhana, Drona himself rushed towards that warrior of unbaffled prowess, called also by the name of Satyaki. Satyaki pierced that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, the son of Bharadwaja, thus advancing against him, with five and twenty small arrows. Drona also, possessed of great prowess in battle, with deliberate aim, quickly pierced Yuyudhana with five whetted arrows, equipped with wings of gold. Those arrows, piercing the hard mount of the foe and drinking his life-blood, entered the earth, O king, like hissing snakes. The long-armed Satyaki then, inflamed with rage like an elephant struck with the hook, pierced Drona with fifty long arrows that resembled flames of fire. Then Bharadwaja's son, thus quickly pierced in battle by Yuyudhana, pierced carefully exerting Satyaki in return with many arrows. Then that great bowman, endued with great might, and filled with rage, once more afflicted that hero of the Satwata race with many straight shafts. Thus struck in that battle by the son of Bharadwaja, Satyaki, O monarch, knew not what to do. Then, O king, Yuyudhana's face became cheerless, seeing the son of Bharadwaja shoot countless keen arrows. Beholding Satyaki thus situated, thy sons and troops, O king, becoming exceedingly cheerful, repeatedly uttered leonine roars. Hearing that terrible uproar and beholding that hero of Madhu's race thus afflicted, king Yudhishthira, O monarch, addressing all his soldiers, said, 'That foremost one among the Vrishnis, *viz.*, the brave Satyaki, of prowess incapable of being baffled, is about to be devoured by the heroic Drona, like the sun by *Rahu*. Go and rush ye to the spot where Satyaki is battling.' The king, addressing Dhrishtadyumna of the Panchala race, said, 'Rush thou with speed at Drona. Why dost thou tarry, O son of Prishata! Seest thou not the great danger to ourselves that has already arisen from Drona? Drona is a great bowman. He is sporting with Yuyudhana in battle, like a boy with a bird bound in a string. Let all of you, headed by Bhimasena, and accompanied by others proceed thither where Satyaki's car is. Behind you I will follow with my troops. Rescue Satyaki today who is already within the jaws of the Destroyer.' Having said these words, O Bharata, king Yudhishthira with all his troops rushed towards Drona for the sake of Yuyudhana. Blessed be thou, great was the uproar made there by the Pandavas and the Srinjayas all fighting with Drona only. Together approaching, O tiger among men, that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, the son of Bharadwaja, they covered with showers of keen arrows equipped with the feathers of *Kankas* and peacocks. Drona, however, received all those heroes smilingly, like a householder receiving guests arrived of their own will, with seats and water. With the shafts of Bharadwaja's bow-wielding son, those heroes were well-gratified like guest. O king, with the hospitality they receive in the houses (of good hosts). And none of them, O lord, could even gaze at the son of Bharadwaja who then resembled the thousand-rayed sun at midday. Indeed, Drona, that foremost of all wielders of weapons, scorched all those great bowmen with

showers of arrows like the sun scorching (everything below) with his burning rays. Thus struck, O king, by Drona, the Pandavas and the Srinjayas beheld no protector, like elephants sunk in a morass. The mighty arrows of Drona, as they coursed (through the welkin), looked like the rays of the sun blasting everything around. In that encounter, five and twenty warriors among the Panchalas were slain by Drona, who were all regarded as *Maharathas* and all approved (as such) by Dhrishtadyumna. And amongst all the troops of the Pandavas and the Panchalas, men quietly beheld brave Drona slaying the foremost of warriors in succession. Having slain a hundred warriors amongst the Kekayas and routing them on all sides, Drona stood, O monarch, like the Destroyer himself with wide-open mouth. The mighty-armed Drona vanquished the Panchalas, the Srinjayas, the Matsyas and the Kekayas, O monarch, by hundreds and thousands. Pierced by the arrows of Drona, the clamour made by them resembled that made in the woods by the denizens of the forest when encompassed by a conflagration. The gods, *Gandharvas*, and the *Pitris*, said, 'Behold, the Panchalas, and the Pandavas, with all their troops, are flying away.' Indeed, when Drona was thus engaged in slaughtering the Somakas in battle, none ventured to advance against him and none succeeded in piercing him. And while that dreadful encounter, so destructive of great heroes, continued, Pritha's son (Yudhishthira) suddenly heard the blare of *Panchajanya*. Blown by Vasudeva, that best of conchs gave loud blasts. Indeed, while the heroic protectors of the ruler of the Sindhus were fighting, and while the Dhartarashtras were roaring in front of Arjuna's car, the twang of *Gandiva* could not be heard. The royal son of Pandu repeatedly swooned, and thought, 'Without doubt, all is not well with Partha, since that prince of conchs (*Panchajanya*) is yielding such blasts and since the Kauravas also, filled with joy, are incessantly uttering such shouts.' Thinking in this way, with an anxious heart, Ajatasatru, the son of Kunti, said unto him of the Satwata race (*viz.*, Satyaki) these words in a voice choked with tears. Though repeatedly stupefied, king Yudhishthira, however, did not lose sight of what was to be done next. Addressing Sini's grandson, that bull of his clan, (Yudhishthira said), 'O grandson of Sini, the time for that eternal duty which the righteous ones of old have indicated (for friends) towards friends in seasons of distress, hath now come. O bull amongst the Sinis, reflecting within myself, I do not, O Satyaki, see amongst all my warriors one who is a greater well wisher to us than thou art. He who is always well-affected, he who is always obedient, I think, he should be appointed to a grave commission in times of distress. As Kesava is ever the refuge of the Pandavas even, so art thou, O thou of Vrishni's race, who art like Kesava in prowess. I will, therefore, lay a burthen on thee. It behoveth thee not to frustrate my purpose. Arjuna is thy brother, friend, and preceptor. O bull among men, in this battle render him aid in time of distress. Thou art devoted to truth. Thou art a hero. Thou art the dispeller of the fears of friends. Thou art celebrated in the world, in consequence of

thy acts, O hero, as one that is truthful in speech. He, O grandson of Sini, who casteth away his body while fighting in battle for friends, is equal to him who giveth away to Brahmanas the whole earth. We have heard of various kings gone to heaven, having given away the whole of this earth unto Brahmanas with due rites. O thou of virtuous soul, I beg of thee, with joined hands, even this *viz.*, that, O lord, attain thou the fruit of giving away (unto Brahmanas) the whole earth, or something higher than that by incurring danger to thy life itself for helping Arjuna. There is one, *viz.*, Krishna, that dispeller of the fears of friends, who is ever willing to cast away his life in battle (for the sake of friends). Thou, O Satyaki, art the second. None but a hero can render aid unto a hero, exerting valourously in battle, from desire of fame. An ordinary person cannot do so. In this matter, here is none else but thee who can protect Arjuna. On one occasion, while applauding thy numerous feats, Arjuna, giving me great pleasure repeatedly recited them. He said of thee that thou art endued with extreme lightness of hand, that thou art conversant with all modes of warfare, that thou art possessed of great activity and great prowess. He said, 'Satyaki is endued with great wisdom, is acquainted with every weapon, is a hero, and is never stupefied in battle. Of broad neck and broad chest, of mighty arms and broad cheeks, or great strength and great prowess, Satyaki is a high-souled *Maharatha*. He is my disciple and friend; I am dear to him and he is dear to me. Becoming my ally, Yuyudhana will crush the Kauravas. Even if Kesava and Rama, and Aniruddha, and the mighty car-warrior Pradyumna, and Gada, and Sarana, and Samva, with all the Vrishnis, case themselves in mail for assisting us, O king, in the field of battle, I shall yet appoint that tiger among men *viz.*, Satyaki of unbaffled prowess, for our aid, since there is none equal to him.' Even this is what Dhananjaya told me in the Dwaita woods, in thy absence, while truly describing thy merits in an assembly of righteous persons. It behoveth thee not, O thou of the Vrishni race, to falsify that expectation of Dhananjaya, and also of myself and Bhima! When, returning from various *tirthas*, I proceeded to Dwaraka; there I witnessed thy reverence for Arjuna. While we were at Upaplava I did not mark anybody else, O grandson of Sini, who showed us such affection as thou didst. Thou art of noble lineage and feelest reverence for us. For showing kindness, therefore, to one who is thy friend and preceptor, it behoveth thee, O thou of mighty arms, to act in a way deserving, O great bowman, of thy friendship and prowess and noble parentage and truthfulness. O thou of Madhu's race! Suyodhana, cased in armour by Drona himself, hath suddenly gone, following Arjuna! The other great car-warriors of Kauravas have, before that followed Arjuna. Loud uproars are being heard against Arjuna's car. O grandson of Sini, it behoveth thee, O giver of honours, to go thither quickly. Bhimasena and ourselves, well-equipped and with all our forces, will resist Drona if he advances against thee. Behold, O Grandson of Sini, the Bharata troops are flying away in battle, and as they are flying away, they are uttering loud wails. Like the very ocean at

full tide agitated by a mighty tempest, the Dhartarashtra host, O sire, is agitated by Savyasachin. Behold, in consequence of countless cars and men and steeds moving quickly, the earthly dust raised is gradually spreading (over the field). See, that slayer of hostile hosts, Phalguna, is encompassed by the Sindhu-Sauviras, armed with spikes and lances and adorned with many horses in their ranks. Without vanquishing this force it will not be possible to vanquish Jayadratha. These warriors are prepared to lay down their lives for the sake of the ruler of the Sindhus. Behold the invincible Dhartarashtra force, stationed there, that bristles with arrows and darts and tall standards, and that teems with steeds and elephants. Hear the beat of their drums and the loud blare of their conchs, the tremendous leonine shouts uttered by them, and the rattle of their car-wheels. Hear the grunt of their elephants, the heavy tread of their foot-soldiers, and the stamping of their rushing cavalry which all seem to shake the very earth itself. Before him is the division of Jayadratha, and behind is that of Drona. So great is the number of the foes that he is capable of afflicting the chief of the celestials himself. Sunk in the midst of the fathomless host, Arjuna may lose his life. If he be slain in battle, how can one like me live? Is this calamity to befall me when thou art alive? Dark-blue in colour, young in years, of curled locks and exceedingly handsome is that son of Pandu. Active in the use of weapons, and conversant with every mode of warfare, the mighty-armed Arjuna hath, O sire, penetrated into the Bharata host at sunrise. The day is about to end. O thou of Vrishni's race, I do not know whether he liveth or not. The vast Kuru host is like ocean. O sire, Vibhatsu hath penetrated into it all alone. That army is incapable of being resisted by the very gods in battle. In today's battle, I fail to keep my judgment clear. Drona also is, with great might, afflicting my forces! Thou seest, O mighty-armed one, how that regenerate one is careering in battle. When several tasks present themselves together, thou art well-skilled in selecting that which would be first attended to. It behoveth thee, O giver of honours, to accomplish with activity that task which is the gravest of all. Amongst all these tasks, I myself think, that this (aiding Arjuna) is the first that demands our attention. The rescue of Arjuna in battle should be first undertaken. I do not grieve for him of Dasarha's race. He is the Protector and the Lord of the Universe. I tell thee truly that tiger among men, O sire, is able to vanquish in battle the three worlds assembled together. What need I say, therefore, of this weak Dhritarashtra host? Arjuna, however, O thou of Vrishni's race, is being afflicted by countless odds in battle. He may yield up his life. It is for this that I am so cheerless. O thou then go in his track, since persons like thee should follow a person like him, at such a season, urged on by one like me. Amongst the foremost ones of the Vrishni race, two are regarded as *Atirathas*. They are mighty-armed Pradyumna and thyself, O Satwata, that are so famous. In weapons, thou art equal to Narayana himself, and in strength to Sankarshana. In bravery, thou art equal to Dhananjaya, O tiger among

men, and surpassest Bhishma and Drona and every one accomplished in battle. O tiger among men, the wise speak of thee, saying, O Madhava, '*There is nothing unachievable by Satyaki.*' O thou of great strength, do thou, therefore, that which I say unto thee, *viz.*, obey the wishes of all here, of myself and of Arjuna. It behoveth thee not, O mighty-armed one, to frustrate that wish. Reckless of thy very life, career thou in battle like a hero. O grandson of Sini, the scions of Dasarha's race never care to protect their lives in battle. Avoiding battle, or fighting from behind breast-works, or flying away from battle,—those practices of cowards and wretches are never practised by the Dasarhas. The virtuous-souled Arjuna is thy superior, O bull among the Sinis! Vasudeva is the superior of both thyself and intelligent Arjuna. Casting my eyes on these two reasons, I say unto thee these words. Do not discard my words, I am the superior of thy superiors. That which I am saying unto thee is approved as also by Arjuna. I tell thee this truly. Go then to the spot where Dhananjaya is. Attending to these words of mine, O thou of prowess incapable of being baffled, penetrate in this host of the wicked son of Dhritarashtra. Having penetrated into it duly, encounter the great car-warriors, and display, O Satwata, such feats as are worthy of thyself!' "

SECTION CX

"Sanjaya said, 'That bull amongst the Sinis, *viz.*, Satyaki, hearing these words of full affection, agreeable, fraught with sweet sounds, opportune, delightful, and equitable that were uttered by king Yudhishthira the just, replied unto him, O chief of the Bharatas, saying, 'O thou of unfading glory, I have heard all the words thou hast said, words fraught with justice, delightful, and conducive to fame for the sake of Phalguna. At such a time, indeed, beholding one devoted (to thee) like me, it behoveth thee, O king of kings, to command him as much, as thou canst command Partha himself. As regards myself, I am prepared to cast away my life for the sake of Dhananjaya. Commanded, again, by thee, what is there I would not do in great battle? What need I say of this weak (Dhritarashtra) force? Urged by thee, I am prepared, O best of men, to battle with three worlds including the gods, the *Asuras*, and men. Today I will fight with the entire army of Suyodhana and vanquish it in battle. Truly do I say this unto thee, O king! Safely shall I reach Dhananjaya himself in safety, and after Jayadratha is slain, I shall, O king, come back into thy presence. I must, however, O king, inform thee of the words of Vasudeva as also those of the intelligent Arjuna. I was strongly and repeatedly solicited by Arjuna in the midst of all our warriors and in the hearing also of Vasudeva (in these words), 'Today, O Madhava, nobly resolved in battle, protect

thou the king carefully, till I slay Jayadratha! Making over the monarch to thee, O mighty-armed one, or to that great car-warrior Pradyumna, I can go with an easy heart towards Jayadratha. Thou knowest Drona in battle, that warrior who is regarded as the foremost one among the Kurus. Thou knowest also the vow made by him in the presence of all, O lord! The son of Bharadwaja is always eager to seize the king. He is competent also in afflicting king Yudhishthira in battle. Charging thee with the protection of that best of men, *viz.*, king Yudhishthira the just, I will proceed today for the destruction of the ruler of the Sindhus. Slaying Jayadratha, I shall soon come back, O Madhava! See that Drona may not succeed in forcibly seizing king Yudhishthira the just in battle. If Yudhishthira be seized by Bharadwaja's son, O Madhava, I shall not succeed in slaying Jayadratha, and great will be my grief. If that best of men, the truthful son of Pandu, be seized, it is evident that we shall have again to go into woods My success, therefore, over Jayadratha, it is plain, will be productive of no benefit, if Drona, inflamed with rage, succeeds in seizing Yudhishthira in battle. O mighty-armed one, for doing what is agreeable to me, therefore, O Madhava, as also for the sake of my success and fame, protect the king in battle.' Thou seest, therefore, O king, thou hast been made over to me as a trust by Savyasachin, O lord, in consequence of his constant fear of Bharadwaja's son. O mighty-armed one, I myself daily see, O lord, that there is none, save Rukmini's son (Pradyumna), who can be a match for Drona in battle. I also am regarded to be a match for the intelligent son of Bharadwaja in battle. It is plain, therefore, I cannot dare falsify that reputation which I have, or disregard the commands of my preceptor (Arjuna), or leave thee, O king! The preceptor (Drona), cased as he is in impenetrable mail, in consequence of his lightness of arms obtaining thee in battle, will sport with thee as a child with a little bird. If Krishna's son, bearing the *Makara* on his banner, were here, I could then have made over to him, for he would have protected thee as Arjuna himself. Thou shouldst protect thyself. When I am gone, who will protect thee, who that is, that will advance against Drona while I proceed towards Arjuna? O king, let no fear be thine today on Arjuna's account. He never becomes cheerless under any burden howsoever heavy. Those warriors that are opposed to him, *viz.*, the Sauvirakas, the Sindhava-Pauravas, they from the north, they from the south, and they, O king, headed by Karna, that are regarded as foremost of car-warriors, do not together come up to a sixteenth part of Arjuna. The whole earth rising against him, with the gods, the *Asuras*, and men, with all the tribes of *Rakshasas*, O king, with the *Kinnaras*, the great snakes, and in fact, all the mobile and the immobile creatures assembled together, is no match for Arjuna in battle. Knowing this, O king, let thy fear on Dhananjaya's account be dispelled. There where those two heroes and great bowmen, *viz.*, the two Krishnas, of prowess incapable of being baffled, are, there the slightest obstacle cannot happen to their purpose. Think of the celestial puissance, the accomplishment in weapons, the resourcefulness, the wrath in battle,

the gratefulness, and the compassion of thy brother. Think also, O king, of the wonderful knowledge of weapons that Drona will display in battle when I leave this place for going to Arjuna. The preceptor, O monarch, is eagerly solicitous of seizing thee. He is eagerly desirous also, O king, of making good his vow, O Bharata! Be attentive, O king, to thy own protection. Who will protect thee when I am gone, who is he that is, confiding on whom I may go towards Pritha's son, Phalguna? I tell thee truly, O great king, that without making thee over to somebody in this great battle, I will not surely go towards Arjuna, O thou of Kuru's race! Reflecting on this, from every point of view, with the aid of thy intelligence, O foremost of all intelligent persons, and ascertaining with thy intelligence what is for thy highest good, command me, O king!'

"Yudhishthira hearing these words said, 'It is even so, O mighty-armed one, as thou sayest, O Madhava! For all that, however, O sire, my heart doth not become easy on Arjuna's account. I shall take the greatest precaution in protecting myself. Commanded by me, go thou thither where Dhananjaya hath gone. Weighing, with my judgment, my own protection in battle with the necessity of your going towards Arjuna, the latter seems to me preferable, Make thyself ready, therefore, to go thither whither Dhananjaya hath gone. The mighty Bhima will protect me. Prishata's son, with all his uterine brothers, and all the mighty kings, and the sons of Draupadi, will without doubt, protect me. The five Kekaya brothers, and the *Rakshasa* Ghatotkacha, and Virata, and Drupada, and the mighty car-warrior Sikhandin and Dhrishtaketu of great strength, and Kuntibhoja. O sire, Nakula, and Sahadeva, and the Panchalas, and the Srinjayas,—all these, O sire, will without doubt, very carefully protect me. Drona at the head of his troops, and Kritavarman also, in battle, will not succeed in beating us or afflicting me. That scorcher of foes, *viz.*, Dhrishtadyumna, displaying his prowess, will resist the angry Drona, like the continent resisting the sea. There where Prishata's son, that slayer of hostile heroes, will remain, there Drona will never be able to forcibly transgress our troops. This Dhristadyumna sprang from the fire, for the destruction of Drona, clad in mail, armed with bow and arrows and sword, and decked with costly ornaments. Go, O grandson of Sini, with an easy heart, do not be anxious on my account. Dhrishtadyumna will resist angry Drona in battle.' "

SECTION CXI

"Sanjaya said, 'Hearing these words of the king Yudhishthira the just, that bull among the Sinis feared the censure of Arjuna if he left the king. Seeing, however, the certainty of an imputation of cowardice by the people (if he disobeyed Yudhishthira), he said to himself, 'Let not people say

that I am afraid of proceeding towards Arjuna.' Reflecting repeatedly on this, Satyaki, that hero invincible in battle, that bull among men, said these words unto king Yudhishthira the just, 'If thou thinkest that these arrangements will suffice for thy protection, O monarch, I will then do thy bidding and follow Vibhatsu. I tell thee truly, O king, that there is none in the three worlds who is dearer to me than Phalguna. I will follow in his track at the command, O giver of honours. There is nothing that I will not do for thy sake. O best of men, the commands of my preceptor are always of weight with me. But thy commands are still weightier with me, O lord! Thy brothers, *viz.*, Krishna and Dhananjaya, are always engaged in doing what is agreeable to thee. Taking thy command on my head for the sake of Arjuna, O lord, I will proceed, O bull among men, piercing through this impenetrable host. Darting wrathfully through this force of Drona, like a fish through the sea, I will go thither, O monarch, where king Jayadratha, depending upon his troops, stayeth, in fear of the son of Pandu, protected by those foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, Drona's son Karna and Kripa! The distance from here, O king, is three *Yojanas*. I think, of that spot where Partha stayeth, ready to slay Jayadratha! But though Partha is three *Yojanas* distant I shall yet follow in his track with a stout heart, and stay with him, O king, till Jayadratha's slaughter. What man is there that goes to battle without the commands of his superiors? And when one is commanded, O king, as I have been by thee, who is there like me that would not fight? I know that place whither I shall have to go, O lord! Teeming as this ocean-like host doth with ploughshare and darts and maces and shields and scimitars and swords and lances and foremost of shafts, I will today agitate this ocean. This elephant division, consisting of a thousand elephants, that thou seest, all belonging to the breed known by the name of *Anjana* and all endued with great prowess, which are all mounted by a large number of *Mlecchas*, delighting in battle and accomplished in smiting,—these elephants, O king, that are shedding their juicy secretions like rain-pouring clouds,—these never retreat if urged forward by those upon their backs. They cannot be vanquished, O king, unless they are slaughtered. Then again, those car-warriors numbering thousands, that thou seest, are all of royal lineage and are all *Maharathas*. They are called *Rukmarathas*.[1] They are accomplished in weapons and battling from cars, as also in fighting from the backs of elephants. O monarch! Thorough masters of the science of weapons, they are accomplished in fighting with their fists. Skilled in battling with maces, masters also of the art of close fight, they are equally clever in striking with scimitars and in falling upon the foe with sword and shield. They are brave and learned, and animated by a spirit of rivalry. Every day, O king, they vanquish a vast number of men in battle. They are commanded by Karna and devoted to Duhsasana. Even Vasudeva applauds them as great car-warriors. Always solicitous of Karna's

[1]Owners of golden cars.

welfare, they are obedient to him. It is at Karna's command, O king, that returning from their pursuit of Arjuna and, therefore, unfatigued and unworn, those brave warriors, cased in impenetrable armour and armed with strong bows, are certainly waiting for me, ordered by Duryodhana also. Crushing them in battle for thy good, O Kaurava, I shall then follow in the track of Savyasachin. Those other elephants, O king, seven hundred in number, that thou seest, all cased in armour and ridden by Kiratas, and decked with ornaments, the king of the Kiratas, desirous of his life, had formerly presented to Savyasachin together with many servants in their train. These, O king, were formerly employed in doing thy business. Behold the vicissitudes that time brings about, for these are now battling against thee. Those elephants are ridden by Kiratas difficult of defeat in battle. They are accomplished in fighting from elephants, and are all sprung from the race of Agni. Formerly, they were all vanquished in battle by Savyasachin. They are now waiting for me carefully, under the orders of Duryodhana. Slaying with my shafts, O king, these Kiratas difficult of defeat in battle, I shall follow in the track of Arjuna who is intent on the slaughter of the ruler of the Sindhus. Those (other) huge elephants, sprung from the race of Arjuna, of impenetrable hides, well-trained, and adorned, and from whose mouths the juicy secretions are trickling down, and which are well-adorned with armour made wholly of gold are very formidable in battle and resemble Airavata himself. They have come from the northern hills, and are ridden by fierce robbers that are of strong limbs, that are all foremost of warriors, and that are cased in steel coats of mail. There, amongst them, are persons born of the cow, or the ape, or of diverse other creatures, including those born of men. That division of the assembled *Mlecchas* that are all sinful and that come from the fastnesses of Himavat, seem at a distance to be of smoky colour. Obtaining these, and countless Kshatriyas, as also Kripa and that foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, Drona and the ruler of the Sindhus, and the Karna, he thinks lightly of the Pandavas. Impelled by fate, he regards himself crowned with success. Those I have named will, however, today be within reach of my arrows. They shall not escape me, O son of Kunti, even if they be endued with the speed of the mind. Much regarded always by Duryodhana, that prince who dependeth upon the prowess of others, those warriors, afflicted with my clouds of shafts, will meet with destruction. Those other car-warriors, O king, whom thou seest, and who have golden standards and are difficult of being resisted, are called Kamvojas. They are brave and accomplished, and firmly devoted to the science of weapons. Desiring one another's welfare they are all firmly united. They constitute a full *Akshauhini* of wrathful warriors, O Bharata, and are staying carefully for my sake, well-protected by the Kuru heroes. They are on the alert, O king, with their eyes on me. I shall certainly destroy them all, like fire destroying a heap of straw. Therefore, O king, let those that equip cars, place quivers and all necessaries on my car in proper places. Indeed, in such a dreadful battle,

diverse kinds of weapons ought to be taken. Let the car be equipped (with necessaries) five times more than what professors of military science direct, for I shall have to encounter the Kamvojas who resemble fierce snakes of virulent poison. I shall have also to encounter the Kiratas who are armed with diverse weapons of warfare, who resemble virulent poison, who are accomplished in smiting, who have always been well-treated by Duryodhana, and who on that account are always intent on Duryodhana's welfare. I shall also have to encounter the Sakas endued with prowess equal to that of Sakra himself, who are fierce as fire, and difficult to put out like a blazing conflagration. Indeed, O king, I shall have to encounter in battle many warriors difficult of being resisted. For this let well-known steeds of best breed and graced with auspicious marks be yoked to my car, after causing their thirst to be slaked and after grooming them duly!'

"Sanjaya continued, 'After this, Yudhishthira caused quivers full of shafts, and diverse kinds of weapons, and, indeed, all necessaries, to be placed on Satyaki's car. Then, people caused his four well-harnessed and excellent steeds to drink and walk, bathe and eat, and having adorned them with golden chains and plucked out their arrows, those animals, that had (for these operations) been freed from the yoke, and that were of the hue of gold and well-trained and endued with great speed and cheerful and exceedingly docile, were duly yoked again unto his car. And upon that car was set up a tall standard bearing a lion of golden maces. And that standard had attached round it banners of the hue of white clouds and decked with gold was also placed upon that vehicle bearing a heavy weight of weapons. After those steeds, adorned with trappings of gold, had been yoked to that car, the younger brother of Daruka, who was the charioteer and the dear friend of Satyaki, came and represented unto the latter that the car had been duly equipped, like Matali representing the equipment of the car unto Vasava himself. Satyaki then, having taken a bath and purified himself and undergone every auspicious ceremony, gave *nishkas* of gold unto a thousand *Snataka* Brahmanas who uttered benedictions upon him. Blessed with those benedictions Satyaki that foremost of handsome men, that hero worthy of worship, having drunk *kairata*, honey, shone resplendent, with reddened eyes rolling in intoxication. Having touched a brazen mirror and filled with great joy, his energy became doubled, and himself looked like a blazing fire. Taking upon his shoulders his bow with arrows, that foremost of car-warriors, cased in armour and decked in ornaments, had the regenerate ones perform for him the rites of propitiation. And fair maidens honoured him by showering upon him fried paddy and perfumes and floral garlands. And the hero then, with joined hands, worshipped the feet of Yudhishthira, and the latter smelt his head. And having undergone all these rites, he then mounted his foremost of cars. Then those steeds, cheerful and strong and fleet as the wind, and invincible, and belonging to the Sindhu breed, bore him on that triumphant car. Similarly, Bhimasena also, honoured by king Yudhishthira the just, and

reverentially saluting the monarch, set out with Satyaki. Beholding those two chastisers of foes on the point of penetrating thy host, their enemies, *viz.*, thy troops, all stood still with Drona at their head. Then Satyaki, seeing Bhima cased in mail and following him, saluted that hero and spoke unto him these delightful words. Indeed, heroic Satyaki, with every limb filled with joy, said unto Bhima, 'Do thou, O Bhima, protect the king. Even this is thy duty above all things. Piercing through this host whose hour hath come, I will proceed. Whether now or hence, the protection of the king is thy highest duty. Thou knowest my prowess, thou desirest my good, return, O Bhima!' Thus addressed by Satyaki, Bhima replied, 'Go then, for the success of thy object. O best of men, I will protect the king.' Thus addressed, he of Madhu's race answered Bhima, saying, 'Go back, O son of Pritha! My success is certain, since won over by my merits, thus, O Bhima, art today obedient to my wishes. Indeed, O Bhima, as these auspicious omens tell me, my victory is assured. After the sinful ruler of the Sindhus has been slain by the high-souled son of Pandu, I shall embrace king Yudhishthira of virtuous soul.' Having said these words unto Bhima and dismissing him with an embrace that illustrious warrior eyed thy troops, like a tiger eyeing a herd of deer. Beholding him thus looking at thy army, O king, thy troops become once more stupefied and began to tremble violently. Then, O king, Satyaki desirous of seeing Arjuna at the command of king Yudhishthira the just, suddenly dashed against thy troops.' "

SECTION CXII

"Sanjaya said, 'O king, when Yuyudhana, from desire of battle proceeded against thy troops, king Yudhishthira, surrounded by his forces, followed Yuyudhana for reaching the car of Drona. Then the son of the king of the Panchalas, *viz.*, the invincible warrior Dhrishtadyumna, the king Vasudana, both loudly exclaimed with the Pandava host, 'Come, smite quickly, and rush against the foe, so that Satyaki, that warrior invincible battle, in might pass easily (through the Kaurava host). Many mighty car-warriors will struggle for vanquishing him.' The great car-warriors (of the Pandava army), saying this, fell impetuously upon their foes. Indeed, they all rushed, saying, 'We will vanquish those that will endeavour to vanquish Satyaki.' Then a loud uproar was heard about the car of Satyaki. Thy son's host, however, covered with Satyaki's shafts, fled away. Indeed, O king that host was broken into a hundred struggling bodies by him of the Satwata race. And while that force was breaking, that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, the (grandson) of Sini, crushed seven heroic and great bowmen in the front rank of the foe. And, O monarch, with his

shafts that resembled blazing flames of fire, he despatched many other heroes, kings of diverse realms, unto the region of Yama. He sometimes pierced a hundred warriors with one shaft, and sometimes one warrrior with a hundred shafts. Like the great Rudra destroying creatures, he slew elephant-riders and car-warriors with steeds and drivers. None amongst thy troops ventured to advance against Satyaki who was displaying such lightness of hand and who showered such clouds of shafts. Struck with panic and crushed grounded thus by that hero of long arms, those brave warriors all left the field at the sight of that proud hero. Although alone, they saw him multiplied manifold, and were stupefied by his energy. And the earth looked exceedingly beautiful with crushed cars and broken *nidas*,[1] O sire, and wheels and fallen umbrellas and standards and *anukarshas*, and banners, and headgrears decked with gold, and human arms smeared with sandal-paste and adorned with *Angadas*, O king, and human thighs, resembling trunks of elephants or the tapering bodies of snakes, and faces, beautiful as the moon and decked with ear-rings, of large-eyed warriors lying all about the field. And the ground there looked exceedingly beautiful with the huge bodies of fallen elephants, cut off in diverse ways, like a large plain strewn with hills. Crushed by that hero of long arms, steeds, deprived of life and fallen down on the ground, looked beautiful in their traces made of burnished gold and decked with rows of pearls, and in their carcasses of handsome make and design. Having slain diverse kinds of thy troops, he of the Satwata race entered into thy host, agitating and routing thy army. Then Satyaki desired to go by that very track by which Dhananjaya had gone before him. Then Drona came and resisted him. Encountering the son of Bharadwaja, Yuyudhana, filled with rage, stopped not like a vast expanse of water upon encountering on embankment. Drona, however, checking in that battle the mighty car-warrior Yuyudhana, pierced him with five keen shafts, capable of penetrating into the very vitals. Satyaki, however, O king, in that battle pierced Drona with seven shafts whetted on stone, equipped with golden wings and the feathers of the *Kanka* and the peacock. Then Drona, afflicted Satyaki, his steeds and the drivers, with six shafts. The mighty car-warrior Yuyudhana could not brook that feat of Drona. Uttering a leonine shout, he then pierced Drona with ten shafts, and then with six, and then with eight others. And once more Yuyudhana pierced Drona with ten shafts, his charioteer with one and his four steeds with four. And with another shaft, O sire, Satyaki struck Drona's standard. Then, Drona speedily covered Satyaki, his car, steeds, driver, and standard, with swiftly coursing shafts, countless in number like a flight of locusts. Similarly, Yuyudhana fearlessly covered Drona with countless shafts of great speed. Then Drona, addressing Yuyudhana, said, 'Thy preceptor (Arjuna) hath, like a coward, gone away, leaving the battle, avoiding me who was fighting with him, proceeding by my flank. O thou of Madhu's race, if like thy preceptor, thou too

[1] *Nidas* were niches or drivers boxes.

dost not quickly avoid me in this battle, thou shalt not escape me with life today, engaged as I am in battle with thee.

"Satyaki, hearing these words, answered, 'At the command of king Yudhishthira the just, I shall follow in the track of Dhananjaya. Blessed be thou, O Brahmana, I would lose time (if I fight with thee). A disciple should aways, tread in the way trod by his preceptor. I shall, therefore follow in the track that has been trod by my preceptor.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Having said this much, the grandson of Sini avoided the preceptor and suddenly proceeded onwards, O king! And addressing his charioteer, he said, 'Drona will, by every means, endeavour to check my progress. Proceed carefully, O *Suta*, in battle and listen to these grave words of mine. Yonder is seen the host of great splendour of Avantis. Next to them, is the mighty host of the Southerners. And next to it, is the great host of the Valhikas. By the side of the Valhikas, stands resolved for fight the mighty host commanded by Karna. O charioteer, all these hosts are different from one another, but relying upon one another, they protect one another on the field of battle. Arrived at the space left open between these divisions cheerfully urge thou the steed. Indeed, O charioteer, bear me thither, making the steeds adopt a tolerable speed,—thither, that is, where are seen the Valhikas with diverse weapons uplifted in their arms, and the countless Southerners headed by the *Suta's* son and whose division is seen to present a serried array of elephants and steeds and cars and in which stand foot-soldiers from various realm.' Having said this much unto his driver, avoiding the Brahmana (Drona), he proceeded, telling his charioteer, 'Pass through the open space between those two divisions towards the fierce and mighty host of Karna.' Drona, however, excited with wrath, pursued him from behind, shooting at him countless shafts. Indeed, the preceptor closely followed highly blessed Yuyudhana who advanced without any desire of turning back. Smiting the great host of Karna with whetted arrows, Satyaki penetrated into the vast and limitless army of the Bharatas. When Yuyudhana, however, entered the army, the troops (opposed to him) fled away. At this, wrathful Kritavarman came forward to resist Satyaki. The valiant Satyaki striking the advancing Kritavarman with six shafts, quickly slew his four steeds with four other shafts. And once again, he pierced Kritavarman in the centre of the chest with four other shafts. And once again, he pierced Kritavarman in the centre of the chest with sixteen straight shafts of great speed. Thus encountered; O monarch; with many shafts of fierce energy by him of the Satwata race, Kritavarman was unable to brook it. Aiming then a calf-toothed shaft resembling a shake of virulent poison and endued with the speed of the wind, and drawing the bow-string, O monarch, to his ear, he pierced Satyaki in the chest. That shaft, equipped with beautiful feathers, penetrating through his armour and body, and dyed in blood, entered the earth. Then, O king, Kritavarman, that warrior equipped with the highest weapons, shooting many shafts, cut off the bow of Satyaki with arrows fixed thereon. And excited with rage, he

then, in that battle, O king, pierced Satyaki of unbaffled prowess in the centre of the chest with ten shafts of great keenness. Upon his bow being broken, the foremost of mighty men, *viz.*, Satyaki, hurled a dart at the right arm of Kritavarman. And taking up and drawing a tougher bow, Yuyudhana quickly shot at his foe, shafts by hundreds and thousands and entirely shrouded Kritavarman and his car with that arrowy downpour. Having thus shrouded the son of Hridika, O monarch, in that battle, Satyaki cut off, with a broad-headed arrow, the head of his foe's charioteer from his trunk. The charioteer of Hridika's son then, thus slain, fell down from that great car. At this, the steeds of Kritavarman, deprived of a driver, ran away with great speed. The ruler of the Bhojas, then, in great agitation, himself checked those steeds. That heroic warrior then, bow in hand, stood upon his car (ready for battle). Beholding this feat, his troops applauded it highly. Resting for a short space of time, Kritavarman then urged those good steeds of his. Himself devoid of fear, he inspired his foes with great fear. Satyaki, however, had by that time left him behind, while Kritavarman himself now rushed against Bhimasena without pursuing Satyaki. Thus issuing out of the division of the Bhojas, Satyaki proceeded with great speed towards the mighty division of the Kamvojas. Resisted there by many brave and mighty car-warriors, Yuyudhana, of prowess incapable of being thwarted, could not then, O monarch, proceed a step. Meanwhile, Drona, having placed his troops in a proper position and made over the burthen of their protection to the ruler of the Bhojas, firmly resolved, proceeded with great speed towards Yuyudhana from desire of battle. Then the foremost warriors of the Pandava host, beholding Drona thus pursuing Yuyudhana from behind, cheerfully began to resist him. The Panchalas, however, who were headed by Bhimasena, having approached the son of Hridika, that foremost of car-warriors, all became cheerless. The heroic Kritavarman, O king, displaying his prowess, resisted all those warriors who, although they had become a little heartless, struggled yet with great vigour. Fearlessly he weakened, by means of his arrowy showers, the animals of his foes. The brave warriors, however, (of the Pandava army), though thus afflicted by the ruler of the Bhojas, stood, like high-born soldiers that they were, resolved to fight with the division of the Bhojas itself, from a desire of great renown.' "

SECTION CXIII

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Our army is equally possessed of many excellences. It is equally regarded as superior. It is equally arrayed according to the

rules of science, and it is equally numerous, O Sanjaya![1] It is always well-treated by us, and is always devoted to us. It is vast in numerical strength, and presents a wonderful aspect. Its prowess had before been tested. The soldiers are neither very old nor very young. They are neither lean nor corpulent. Of active habits, of well-developed and strong frames, they are free from disease. They are cased in mail and well-equipped with arms. They are devoted to all kinds of armed exercises. They are adepts in mounting upon and descending from the backs of elephants, in moving forward and stepping back, in smiting effectually, and in marching and retreating. Oftentimes have they been tested in the management of elephants and steeds and cars. Having been examined duly, they have been entertained on pay and not for the sake of lineage, nor from favour, nor from relationship. They are not a rabble come of their own accord, nor have they been admitted into my army without pay. My army consists of well-born and respectable men, who are, again, contented, well-fed, and submissive. They are sufficiently rewarded. They are all famous and endued with great intelligence. They are, again, O son, protected by many of our foremost counsellors and others of righteous deeds, all of whom are best of men, resembling the very Regents of the world. Innumerable rulers of earth, seeking to do what is agreeable to us, and who have of their own well sided with us with their forces and followers, also protect them. Indeed, our army is like the vast ocean filled with the waters of innumerable rivers running from all directions. It abounds in steeds and cars which, though destitute of wings, still resemble the winged tenants of the air. It seems also with elephants adorned whose cheeks flow with juicy secretions. What can it, therefore, be but Destiny that even such an army should be slain? (Ocean-like it is) vast number of combatants constitute its interminable waters, and the steeds and other animals constitute its terrible waves. Innumerable swords and maces and darts and arrows and lances constitute the oars (plied on that ocean).[2] Abounding in standards and ornaments, the pearls and gems (of the warriors) constitute the lotuses that deck it. The rushing steeds and elephants constitute the winds that agitate it into fury. Drona constitutes the fathomless cave of that ocean, Kritavarman its vast vortex. Jalasandha its mighty alligator, and Karna the rise of the moon that makes it swell with energy and pride. When that bull amongst the Pandavas, on his single car, hath speedily gone, piercing through that army of mine vast (though it be) like the ocean, and when Yuyudhana also hath followed him, I do not, O Sanjaya, see the prospect of even a remnant of my troops being left alive by Savyasachin, and that foremost of car-warriors belonging to the Satwata race. Beholding those two exceed-

[1]Many of the opening *slokas* of this section are nearly the same as those of section 76 of *Bhishma Parva*, *vide ante*. In a few instances I have adopted the readings of the Bombay edition.

[2]I prefer the reading *Samakulam* to *Jhashakulam*.

ingly active heroes pierce through (the divisions placed in the van), and seeing the ruler of the Sindhus also within reach of the shafts from *Gandiva*, what, indeed, was the measure adopted by the Kaurava impelled by fate? At that time, when all were fighting intently, what became of them? O sire, I regard the assembled Kurus to be overtaken by Death himself. Indeed, their prowess also in battle is no longer seen to be what it once was. Krishna and the son of Pandu have both entered the (Kuru) host unwounded. There is none in that host, O Sanjaya, capable of resisting them. Many combatants that are great car-warriors were admitted by us after examination. They are all honoured (by us) with pay as each deserves, and others with agreeable speeches. There is none, O son, amongst my troops who is not honoured with good offices (done to him). Each receives his assigned pay and rations according to the character of his services. In my army, O Sanjaya, there is none who is unskilled in battle, none who receives pay less than what he deserves, or none who does not receive any pay. The soldiers are adored by me, according to the best of my powers, with gifts and honours and seats. The same conduct is followed towards them by my sons, my kinsmen, and my friends. Yet on the very approach of Savyasachin, have they been vanquished by him and by the grandson of Sini. What can it be but Destiny? They who are protecting them, all follow the same road, the protected with the protectors! Beholding Arjuna arrived at the front of Jayadratha, what measure was adopted by my foolish son? Beholding Satyaki also entering the host, what step did Duryodhana think suitable to that occasion? Indeed, beholding those two foremost of car-warriors who are beyond the touch of all weapons, enter my host, what resolution was formed by my warriors in battle? I think, beholding Krishna of Dasarha's race and that bull of Sini's race also both engaged for Arjuna's sake my sons are filled with grief. I think, seeing both Satwata and Arjuna pass through my army and the Kurus flying away, my sons are filled with grief. I think, seeing their car-warriors retreat in despair of subjugating the foe and set their hearts upon flying away from the field, my sons are filled with grief. Their steeds and elephants and cars and heroic combatants by thousands flying away from the field in anxiety, my sons are filled with grief. I think, seeing many huge elephants fly away, afflicted with the shafts of Arjuna, and others fallen and falling, my sons are filled with grief. I think, seeing steeds deprived of riders and warriors deprived of cars by Satyaki and Partha, my sons are filled with grief. I think, large bodies of steeds slain or routed by Madhava and Partha, my sons are filled with grief. I think, seeing large bodies of foot-soldiers flying away in all directions, my sons, despairing of success, are filled with grief. I think, seeing those two heroes pass through Drona's division unvanquished within a moment, my sons are filled with grief. Stupefied am I, O son, upon hearing that Krishna and Dhananjaya, those two heroes of unfading glory, have both, with Satwata, penetrated into my host. After that foremost of car-warriors among the Sinis, had entered my host, and after he had passed through

the division of the Bhojas, what did the Kauravas do? Tell me also, O Sanjaya, how did the battle take place there where Drona afflicted the Pandavas on the field. Drona is endued with great might, is the foremost of all persons, is accomplished in weapons, and is incapable of being defeated in battle. How could the Panchalas pierce that great bowman in the fight? Desirous of Dhananjaya's victory, the Panchalas are inveterate foes of Drona. The mighty car-warrior Drona also is an inveterate foe of theirs. Thou art skilled in a narration, O Sanjaya! Tell me, therefore, everything about what Arjuna did for compassing the slaughter of the ruler of the Sindhus.'

"Sanjaya said, 'O bull of Bharata's race, overtaken by a calamity that is the direct result of thy own fault, thou shouldst not, O hero, indulge in such lamentations like an ordinary person. Formerly, many of thy wise well-wishers, numbering Vidura amongst them, had told thee, 'Do not, O king, abandon the sons of Pandu.' Thou didst not then heed those words. The man that heedeth not the counsels of well-wishing friends, weepeth, falling into great distress, like thyself. He of Dasarha's race, O king, had formerly begged thee for peace. For all that, Krishna of world-wide fame, obtained not his prayer. Ascertaining thy worthlessness, and thy jealousy towards the Pandavas, and understanding also thy crooked intentions towards the sons of Pandu, and hearing thy delirious lamentations, O best of kings, that puissant Lord of all the worlds, that Being, acquainted with the truth of everything in all the worlds, *viz.*, Vasudeva, then caused the flame of war to blaze forth among the Kurus. This great and wholesale destruction hath come upon thee, brought about by thy own fault. O giver of honours, it behoveth thee not to impute the fault to Duryodhana. In the development of these incidents no merit of thine is to be seen in the beginning, in the middle, or at the end. This defeat is entirely owing to thee. Therefore, knowing as thou dost the truth about this world, be quiet and hear how this fierce battle, resembling that between the gods and the *Asuras*, took place. After the grandson of Sini, that warrior of prowess incapable of being baffled, had entered into thy host, the Parthas headed by Bhimasena also rushed against thy troops. The mighty car-warrior Kritavarman, however, alone, resisted, in that battle the Pandavas thus rushing in fury and wrath with their followers against thy host. As the continent resists the surgings, even so did the son of Hridika resist the troops of the Pandavas in that battle. The prowess that we then beheld of the son of Hridika was wonderful, inasmuch as the united Parthas succeeded not in transgressing his single self. Then the mighty-armed Bhima, piercing Kritavarman with three shafts, blew his conch, gladdening all the Pandavas. Then Sahadeva pierced the son of Hridika with twenty shafts, and Yudhishthira the just pierced him with five and Nakula pierced him with a hundred. And the sons of Draupadi pierced him with three and seventy shafts, Ghatotkacha pierced him with seven. And Virata and Drupada and Drupada's son (Dhrishtadyumna) each pierced him with five shafts, and Sikhandin, having once pierced him with

five, again pierced him smilingly with five and twenty shafts. Then Kritavarman, O king, pierced every one of those great car-warriors with five shafts, and Bhima again with seven. And the son of Hridika felled both the bow and the standard of Bhima from the latter's car. Then that mighty car-warrior, with great speed, wrathfully struck Bhima, whose bow had been cut off with seventy keen shafts in the chest. Then mighty Bhima, deeply pierced with those excellent shafts of Hridika's son, trembled on his car like a mountain during an earthquake. Beholding Bhimasena in that condition, the Parthas headed by king Yudhishthira the just afflicted Kritavarman, O king, shooting at him many shafts. Encompassing that warrior there with throngs of cars, O sire, they cheerfully began to pierce him with their shafts, desiring to protect the Wind-god's son in that battle. Then mighty Bhimasena recovering consciousness, took up in that battle a dart made of steel and equipped with a golden staff, and hurled it with great speed from his own car at the car of Kritavarman. That dart resembling a snake freed from its slough, hurled from Bhima's hands, fierce-looking, blazed forth as it proceeded towards Kritavarman. Beholding that dart endued with the splendour of the *Yuga*-fire coursing towards him, the son of Hridika cut it in twain with two shafts. Thereupon, that dart decked with gold, thus cut off, fell down on the earth, illumining the ten points of the compass, O king, like a large meteor falling from the firmament. Seeing his dart baffled, Bhima blazed forth in wrath. Then taking up another bow which was tougher and whose twang was louder, Bhimasena, filled with wrath, attacked the son of Hridika in that battle. Then O king, Bhima, of terrible might, struck Kritavarman, in the centre of the chest with five shafts, in consequence of thy evil policy, O monarch! The ruler of the Bhoja then, mangled in every limb, O sire, by Bhimasena, shone resplendent in the field like a red *Asoka* covered with flowers. Then that mighty bowman, *viz.*, Kritavarman, filled with rage, smilingly struck Bhimasena with three shafts, and having struck him forcibly, pierced in return every one of those great car-warriors struggling vigorously in battle, with three shafts. Each of the latter then pierced him in return with seven shafts. Then that mighty car-warrior of the Satwata race, filled with rage, cut off, smiling in that battle, with a razor-faced shaft the bow of Sikhandin. Sikhandin then, seeing his bow cut off, quickly took up a sword and a bright shield decked with a hundred moons. Whirling his large shield, decked with gold, Sikhandin sent that sword towards the car of Kritavarman. That large sword cutting off, O king, Kritavarman's bow with arrow fixed thereon, fell down on the earth, like. O monarch, a bright luminary loosened from the firmament. Meanwhile, those mighty car-warriors quickly and deeply pierced Kritavarman with their shafts in that battle. Then that slayer of hostile heroes, *viz.*, the son of Hridika, casting off, that broken bow, and taking up another, pierced each of the Pandavas with three straight shafts. And he pierced Sikhandin at first with three, and then with five shafts. Then the illustrious Sikhandin, taking up another bow, checked the son of Hridika with many swift-flying shafts,

furnished with heads like tortoise nails. Then, O king, the son of Hridika, inflamed with rage in that battle, rushed impetuously at that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, the son of Yajnasena, that warrior, O monarch, who was the cause of the illustrious Bhishma's fall in battle. Indeed, the heroic Kritavarman rushed at Sikhandin, displaying his might, like a tiger at an elephant. Then those two chastisers of foes, who resembled a couple of huge elephants or two blazing fires, encountered each other with clouds of shafts. And they took their best of bows and aimed their arrows, and shot them in hundreds like a couple of suns shedding their rays. And those two mighty car-warriors scorched each other with their keen shafts, and shone resplendent like two Suns appearing at the end of the *Yuga*. And Kritavarman in that battle pierced that mighty car-warrior *viz.*, Yajnasena's son, with three and seventy shafts and once more with seven. Deeply pierced therewith, Sikhandin sat down in pain on the terrace of his car, throwing aside his bow and arrows, and was overtaken by a swoon. Beholding that hero in a swoon, thy troops, O bull among men, worshipped the son of Hridika, and waved their garments in the air. Seeing Sikhandin thus afflicted with the shafts of Hridika's son his charioteer quickly bore that mighty car-warrior away from the battle. The Parthas, beholding Sikhandin lying senseless on the terrace of his car, soon encompassed Kritavarman in that battle with crowds of cars. The mighty car-warrior, Kritavarman, then achieved a most wonderful feat there, inasmuch as, alone, he held in check all the Parthas with their followers. Having thus vanquished the Parthas, that mighty car-warrior then vanquished the Chedis, the Panchalas, the Srinjayas, and the Kekayas, all of whom are endued with great prowess. The forces of the Pandavas then, thus slaughtered by the son of Hridika began to run in all directions, unable to stay coolly in battle. Having vanquished the sons of Pandu headed by Bhimasena himself, the son of Hridika stayed in battle like a blazing fire. Those mighty car-warriors, afflicted with torrents of shafts and routed by Hridika's son in battle, ventured not to face him.' "

SECTION CXIV

"Sanjaya said, 'Listen with undivided attention, O king. After the rout of that force by the high-souled son of Hridika, and upon the Parthas being humiliated with shame and thy troops elated with joy, he that became protector of the Pandavas who were solicitous of protection while sinking in that fathomless sea of distress, that hero, *viz.*, the grandson of Sini, hearing that fierce uproar, of thy army in that terrible fight, quickly turned back and proceeded against Kritavarman. Hridika's son, Kritavarman, then excited with wrath, covered the grandson of Sini with clouds

of sharp shafts. At this, Satyaki also became filled with rage. The grandson of Sini then quickly sped at Kritavarman a sharp and broad-headed arrow in the encounter and then four other arrows. These four arrows slew the steeds of Kritavarman, and the other cut off Kritavarman's bow. Then Satyaki pierced the charioteer of his foe and those that protected the latter's rear, with many keen shafts, to afflict his antagonist's forces. The hostile division then, afflicted with Satyaki's arrows, broke down. Thereupon, Satyaki of prowess incapable of being baffled, quickly proceeded on his way. Hear now, O king, what that hero of great valour then did unto thy troops. Hoving, O monarch, forded the ocean constituted by Drona's division, and filled with joy at having vanquished Kritavarman in battle, that hero then addressed his charioteer, saying, 'Proceed slowly without fear.' Beholding, however, that army of thine that abounded with cars, steeds, elephants and foot-soldiers, Satyaki once more told his charioteer, 'That large division which thou seest on left of Drona's host, and which looks dark as the clouds, consists of the elephants (of the foe). Rukmaratha is its leader. Those elephants are many, O charioteer, and are difficult of being resisted in battle. Urged by Duryodhana, they wait for me, prepared to cast away their lives. All those combatants are of princely birth, and great bowmen, and capable of displaying great prowess in battle, belonging to the country of the Trigartas, they are all illustrious car-warriors, owning standards decked with gold. Those brave warriors are waiting, desirous of battle with me. Urge the steeds quickly, O charioteer and take me thither. I shall fight with the Trigartas in the very sight of Bharadwaja's son.' Thus addressed, the charioteer, obedient to Satwata's will, proceeded slowly. Upon that bright car of solar effulgence, equipped with standard, those excellent steeds harnessed thereto and perfectly obedient to the driver, endued with speed of the wind, white as the *Kunda* flower, or the moon, or silver, bore him (to that spot). As he advanced to battle, drawn by those excellent steeds of the hue of a conch, those brave warriors encompassed him on all sides with their elephants, scattering diverse kinds of keen arrows capable of easily piercing everything. Satwata also fought with that elephant division, shooting his keen shafts, like a mighty cloud at the end of summer pouring torrents of rain on a mountain breast. Those elephants slaughtered with those shafts, whose touch resembled thunder sped by that foremost one among the Sinis began to fly away from the field, their tusks broken, bodies covered with blood, heads and frontal globes split open, ears and faces and trunks cut off, and themselves deprived of riders, and standards cut down, riders slain, and blankets loosened, ran away, O king, in all directions. Many amongst them, O monarch, mangled by Satwata with long shafts and calf-tooth-headed arrows and broad-headed arrows and *Anjalikas* and razor-faced arrows and crescent-shaped ones fled away, with blood flowing down their bodies, and themselves ejecting urine and excreta and uttering loud and diverse cries, deep as the roar of clouds. And some amongst the others wandered, and some limped, and some fell down, and some became

pale and cheerless. Thus afflicted by Yuyudhana, with shafts that resembled the sun or fire, that elephant division fled away in all directions. After that elephant division was exterminated, the mighty Jalasandha, exerting himself coolly, led his elephant before Yuyudhana's car drawn by white steeds. Cased in golden *Angadas*, with ear-rings and diadem, armed with sword, smeared with red sandal-paste, his head encircled with a blazing chain of gold, his breast covered with a cuirass, his neck adorned with a bright chain (of gold), that hero of sinless soul, stationed on the heads of his elephant, shaking his bow decked with gold, looked resplendent, O king, like a cloud charged with lightning. Like the continent resisting the surging sea, Satyaki checked that excellent elephant of the ruler of the Magadhas that approached him with such fury. Beholding the elephant checked by the excellent shafts of Yuyudhana, the mighty Jalasandha became filled with rage. Then, O king, the enraged Jalasandha, pierced Sini's grandson on his broad chest with some shafts of great force. With another sharp and well tempered broad-headed arrow, he cut off the bow of the Vrishni hero while the latter was drawing it. And then, O Bharata, smiling the while, the heroic ruler of the Magadhas pierced the bowless Satyaki with five keen shafts. The valiant and mighty-armed Satyaki, however, though pierced with many shafts by Jalasandha, trembled not in the least. All this seemed exceedingly wonderful. Then mighty Yuyudhana without any fear, thought of the shafts (he should use). Taking up another bow, addressed Jalasandha, saying, 'Wait, Wait!' Saying this much, the grandson of Sini deeply pierced Jalasandha on his broad breast with sixty arrows, smiling the while. And with another razor-faced arrow of great sharpness he cut off Jalasandha's bow at the handle, and with three more shafts he pierced Jalasandha himself. Then Jalasandha, casting aside that bow of his with an arrow fixed thereon, hurled a lance, O sire, at Satyaki. That terrible lance, passing through the left arm of Madhava in fierce battle, entered the earth, like a hissing snake of gigantic proportion. And his left arm had thus been pierced. Satyaki, of prowess incapable of being baffled, struck Jalasandha with thirty keen shafts. Then mighty Jalasandha taking up his scimitar and large shield made of bull's hide and decked with a hundred moons whirled the former for a while and hurled it at Satwata. Cutting off the bow of Sini's grandson, that scimitar fell down on the earth, and looked resplendent like a circle of fire, as it lay on the earth. Then Yuyudhana took up another bow capable of piercing everybody, large as a *Sala*-offshoot, and of twang resembling the roar of Indra's thunder, and filled with rage, stretched in and then pierced Jalasandha with a single shaft. And then Satyaki, that foremost one of Madhu's race, smiling the while, cut off, with a pair of razor-faced arrows, the two arms, decked with ornaments, of Jalasandha. Thereupon, those two arms, looking like a couple of spiked maces, fell down from that foremost of elephants, like a couple of five-headed snakes falling down from a mountain. And then, with a third razor-headed arrow, Satyaki cut off his antagonist's large head endued with beautiful teeth and adorned with

a pair of beautiful ear-rings. The headless and armless trunk, of fearful aspect, dyed Jalasandha's elephant with blood. Having slain Jalasandha in battle, Satwata quickly felled the wooden structure, O king, from that elephant's back. Bathed in blood, the elephant of Jalasandha bore that costly seat, hanging down from his back. And afflicted with the arrows of Satwata, the huge beast crushed friendly ranks as it ran wildly, uttering fierce cries of pain. Then, O sire, wails of woe arose among thy troops, at the sight of Jalasandha slain by that bull among the Vrishnis. Thy warriors then, turning their faces, fled away in all directions. Indeed, despairing of success over the foe, they set their hearts on flight. Meanwhile, O king, Drona, that foremost of all wielders of bows, approached the mighty car-warrior Yuyudhana, borne by his swift coursers. Many bulls among the Kurus, beholding Sini's grandson swelling (with rage-and pride), rushed at him with fury, accompanied by Drona. Then commenced a battle, O king, between the Kurus and Drona (on one side) and Yuyudhana (on the other), that resembled the awful battle of old between the gods and the *Asuras*.' "

SECTION CXV

"Sanjaya said, 'Shooting clouds of arrows, all those warriors, accomplished in smiting, carefully, O monarch, encountered Yuyudhana. Drona struck him with seven and seventy shafts of great keenness. And Durmarshana struck him with a dozen, Duhsasana struck him with ten shafts. And Vikarna also pierced him on the left side as also on the centre of the chest with thirty keen shafts equipped with *Kanka* feathers. And Durmukha struck him with ten shafts, and Duhsasana with eight, Chitrasena, O sire, pierced him with a couple of shafts. And Duryodhana, O king, and many other heroes, afflicted that mighty car-warrior with dense showers of shafts in that battle. Though checked on all sides by those mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, thy sons, Yuyudhana of Vrishni's race pierced each of them separately with his straight shafts. Indeed, he pierced the son of Bharadwaja with three shafts, and Duhsasana with nine, and Vikarna with five and twenty, and Chitrasena with seven, and Durmarshana with a dozen, and Vivinsati with eight, and Satyavrata with nine, and Vijaya with ten shafts. And having pierced Rukmangada also that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, Satyaki, shaking his bow, speedily proceeded against thy son (Duryodhana). And Yuyudhana, in the sight of all men, deeply pierced with his arrows the king, that greatest of car-warriors in the whole world. Then commenced a battle between those two. Both shooting keen arrows and both aiming countless shafts, each of those mighty car-warriors made the other invisible in that battle. And Satyaki, pierced by the Kuru king, looked exceedingly

resplendent as blood copiously ran adown his body, like a sandal tree shedding its juicy secretions. Thy son also pierced by Satwata with clouds of shafts, looked beautiful like a stake set up (at a sacrifice) decked all over with gold. Then Madhava, O king, in that battle, cut off with razor-faced arrow, smiling the while, the bow of the Kuru king. And then he pierced the bowless king with countless arrows. Pierced with arrows by that foe of great activity, the king could not brook this indication of the enemy's success. Duryodhana then, taking up another formidable bow, the back of whose staff was decked with gold, speedily pierced Satyaki with a hundred arrows. Deeply pierced by thy mighty son armed with the bow, Yuyudhana became inflamed with wrath and began to afflict thy son. Beholding the king thus afflicted, thy sons, those mighty car-warriors, shrouded Satyaki with dense showers of arrows, shot with great force. Whilst being thus shrouded by those mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, thy multitude of sons, Yuyudhana pierced each of them with five arrows, and once more with seven. And soon he pierced Duryodhana with eight swift arrows and, smiling the while, cut off the latter's bow that frightened all foes. And with a few arrows he also felled the king's standard adorned with a jewelled elephant. And slaying then the four steeds of Duryodhana with four arrows, the illustrious Satyaki felled the king's charioteer with a razor-faced shaft. Meanwhile, Yuyudhana, filled with joy, pierced the mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, the Kuru king, with many arrows capable of penetrating into the very vitals. Then, O king, thy son Duryodhana, while being thus struck in that battle with those excellent arrows of Sini's grandson, suddenly fled away. And the king, quickly mounted the car of Chitrasena, armed with the bow. Beholding the king thus attacked by Satyaki in battle, and reduced to the position of Soma in the firmament while seized by *Rahu*, cries of woe arose from every section of the Kuru host. Hearing that uproar, the mighty car-warrior Kritavarman quickly proceeded to that spot where the puissant Madhava was battling. And Kritavarman proceeded, shaking his bow, and urging his steeds, and urging his charioteer with the words, '*Go with speed, Go with speed!*' Beholding Kritavarman rushing towards him like the Destroyer himself with wide-open mouth, Yuyudhana, O king, addressed his driver, saying, 'That Kritavarman, armed with arrows, is rushing in his car towards me with speed. Then, with his steeds urged to their greatest speed, and on his car duly equipped, Satyaki came upon the ruler of the Bhojas, the foremost of all bowmen. Then those two tigers among men, both inflamed with rage, and both resembling fire encountered each other like two tigers endued with great activity. Kritavarman pierced Sini's grandson with six and twenty whetted arrows of keen points, and the latter's driver with five arrows. And skilled in battle, the son of Hridika pierced, with four mighty shafts, the four excellent and well-broken steeds of Satyaki that were of the Sindhu breed. Owning a standard decked with gold, and adorned with golden mail, Kritavarman, shaking his formidable bow whose staff was decked with gold, thus checked, Yuyudhana with shafts equipped with golden wings. Then the grandson of Sini, desirous of seeing

Dhananjaya, sped with great activity eight arrows at Kritavarman. That scorcher of foes, then, deeply pierced by that mighty foe,—that invincible warrior,—began to tremble like a hill during an earthquake. After this, Satyaki, of prowess incapable of being baffled, speedily pierced Kritavarman's four steeds with three and sixty keen arrows, and his driver also with seven. Indeed, Satyaki, then aiming another arrow of golden wings, that emitted blazing flames and resembled an angry snake, or the rod of the Destroyer himself, pierced Kritavarman. That terrible arrow, penetrating through his antagonist's effulgent armour decked with gold, entered the earth, dyed with blood. Afflicted with the shafts of Satwata, and bathed in blood in that battle, Kritavarman throwing aside his bow with arrow, fell upon his car. That lion-toothed hero of immeasurable prowess, that bull among men, afflicted by Satyaki with his arrows, fell on his knees upon the terrace of his car. Having thus resisted Kritavarman who resembled the thousand-armed Arjuna of old, or Ocean himself of immeasurable might, Satyaki proceeded onwards. Passing through Kritavarman's division bristling with swords and darts and bows, and abounding in elephants and steeds and cars, and out the ground rendered awful in consequence of the blood shed by foremost Kshatriyas numbering by hundreds, that bull among the Sinis proceeded onwards in the very sight of all the troops, like the slayer of Vritra through the *Asura* array. Meanwhile, the mighty son of Hridika, taking up another huge bow, stayed where he was, resisting Pandavas in battle.' "

SECTION CXVI

"Sanjaya said, 'While the (Kuru) host was shaken by the grandson of Sini in these places (through which he proceeded), the son of Bharadwaja covered him with a dense shower of arrows. The encounter that then took place between Drona and Satwata in the very sight of all the troops was extremely fierce, like that between Vali and Vasava (in days of old). Then Drona pierced the grandson of Sini on the forehead with three beautiful arrows made entirely of iron and resembling snakes of virulent poison. Thus pierced on the forehead with those straight shafts, Yuyudhana, O king, looked beautiful like a mountain with three summits. The son of Bharadwaja always on the alert for an opportunity, then sped in that battle many other arrows of Satyaki which resembled the roar of Indra's thunder. Then he of Dasarha's race, acquainted with the highest weapons, cut off all those arrows shot from Drona's bow, with two beautifully winged arrows of his. Beholding that lightness of hand (in Satyaki), Drona, O king, smiling the while, suddenly pierced that bull among the Sinis with thirty arrows. Surpassing by his own lightness the lightness of Yuyudhana,

Drona, once more, pierced the latter with fifty arrows and then with a hundred. Indeed, those mangling arrows, O king, issued from Drona's car, like vigorous snakes in wrath issuing through an ant-hill. Similarly, blood-drinking arrows shot by Yuyudhana in hundreds and thousands covered the car of Drona. We did not mark any difference, however, between the lightness of hand displayed by that foremost of regenerate ones and that displayed by him of the Satwata race. Indeed, in this respect, both those bulls among men were equal. Then Satyaki, inflamed with wrath, struck Drona with nine straight arrows. And he struck Drona's standard also with many sharp shafts. And in the sight of Bharadwaja's son, he pierced the latter's driver also with a hundred arrows. Beholding the lightness of hand displayed by Yuyudhana, the mighty car-warrior Drona piercing Yuyudhana's driver with seventy shafts, and each of his (four) steeds with three, cut off with a single arrow the standard that stood on Madhava's car. With another broad-headed arrow, equipped with feathers and with wings of gold, he cut off in that battle the bow of that illustrious hero of Madhu's race. Thereupon, the mighty car-warrior Satyaki, excited with wrath, laid aside that, taking up a huge mace, hurled it at the son of Bharadwaja. Drona, however, with many arrows of diverse forms, resisted that mace, made of iron and twined round with strings, as it coursed impetuously towards him. Then Satyaki, of prowess incapable of being baffled, took up another bow and pierced the heroic son of Bharadwaja with many arrows whetted on stone. Piercing Drona thereby in that battle, Yuyudhana uttered a leonine shout. Drona, however, that foremost of all wielders of weapons, was unable to brook that roar. Taking up a dart made of iron and equipped with golden staff Drona sped it quickly at the car of Madhava. That dart, however, fatal as Death, without touching the grandson of Sini, pierced through the latter's car and entered the earth with a fierce noise. The grandson of Sini then, O king, pierced Drona with many winged arrows. Indeed, striking him on the right arm, Satyaki, O bull of Bharata's race, afflicted him greatly. Drona also, in that battle, O king, cut off the huge bow of Madhava with a crescent-shaped arrow and smote the latter's driver with a dart. Struck with that dart, Yuyudhana's driver swooned away and for a while lay motionless on the terrace of the car. Then, O monarch, Satyaki, acting as his own driver, achieved a superhuman feat, inasmuch as he continued to fight with Drona and hold the reins himself. Then the mighty car-warrior Yuyudhana struck that Brahmana with a hundred arrows in that battle, and rejoiced exceedingly, O monarch, at the feat he had achieved. Then Drona, O Bharata, sped at Satyaki five arrows. Those fierce arrows, piercing Satyaki's armour, drank his blood in that battle. Thus pierced with those frightful arrows, Satyaki became inflamed with wrath. In return, that hero shot many shafts at him of the golden car. Then felling on the earth with a single shaft, the driver of Drona, he caused next, with his arrows, those driverless steeds of his antagonist to fly away. Thereupon that car was dragged to a distance. Indeed, the bright chariot of Drona, O king, began to trace a thousand circles in

the field of battle like a sun in motion. Then all the kings and princes (of the Kaurava host) made a loud uproar, exclaiming, 'Run, Rush, Seize the steeds of Drona.' Quickly abandoning Satyaki in that battle, O monarch, all those mighty car-warriors rushed to the place where Drona was. Beholding those car-warriors run away afflicted with the arrows of Satyaki, thy troops once more broke down and became exceedingly cheerless. Meanwhile, Drona, once more proceeding to the gate of the array, took up his station there, borne away (from Satyaki's presence) by those steeds, fleet as the wind, that had been, afflicted with the shafts of the Vrishni hero. The valiant son of Bharadwaja, beholding the array broken (in his absence) by the Pandavas and the Panchalas, made no endeavour to follow the grandson of Sini, but employed himself in protecting his (broken) array. Checking the Pandavas and the Panchalas then, the Drona fire, blazing up in wrath stayed there, consuming everything, like the sun that rises at the end of the *Yuga*.' "

SECTION CXVII

"Sanjaya said, 'Having vanquished Drona and other warriors of thy army, headed by the son of Haridika, that foremost of men, *viz.*, that bull amongst the Sinis, O foremost one of the Kurus, laughing said unto his charioteer, 'Our foes, O *Suta*, had already been consumed by Kesava and Phalguna. In vanquishing them (again), we have only been the (ostensible) means. Already slain by that bull among men, *viz.*, the son of the celestial chief, we have but slain the dead.' Saying these words unto his charioteer, that bull amongst the Sinis, that foremost of bowmen, that slayer of hostile heroes, that mighty warrior, scattering with great force his arrows all around in that dreadful battle, proceeded like a hawk in search of prey. The Kuru warriors, although they attacked him from all sides, succeeded not in resisting that foremost of car-warriors, resembling the sun himself of a thousand rays, that foremost of men, who, having pierced the Kaurava ranks, was proceeding, borne by those excellent steeds of his that were white as the moon or a conch. Indeed, O Bharata, none amongst those that fought on thy side could resist Yuyudhana of irresistible prowess, of might incapable of impairment, of valour equal to that of him of a thousand eyes, and looking like the autumnal sun in the firmament. Then that foremost of kings, *viz.*, Sudarsana, conversant with all modes of warfare, clad in golden coat of mail, armed with bow and arrows and filled with rage, advanced against the rushing Satyaki and endeavoured to check his course. Then the encounter that took place between them was fierce in the extreme. And both thy warriors and the Somakas, O king highly applauded the encounter as between Vritra and

Vasava. Sudarsana endeavoured to pierce that foremost one of the Satwata's in that battle with hundreds of keen shafts before they could reach him. Similarly, Sudarsana, stationed on his foremost of cars, cut off, by means of his own excellent shafts in two or three fragments all the shafts that Satyaki, resembling Indra himself, sped at him. Beholding his shafts baffled by the force of Satyaki's shafts, Sudarsana of fierce energy, as if to consume (his foe), wrathfully shot beautiful arrows winged with gold. And once more he pierced his enemy with three beautiful arrows resembling fire itself and equipped with wings of gold, shot from his bow-string drawn to the ear. Those piercing through Satyaki's armour, penetrated into the latter's body. Similarly, that (prince, *viz.*, Sudarsana), aiming four other blazing arrows, smote therewith the four steeds of Satyaki that were white as silver in hue. Thus afflicted by him the grandson of Sini, endued with great activity and possessed of prowess equal to that of Indra himself speedily slew with his keen shafts the steeds of Sudarsana and uttered a loud roar. Then cutting off with a broad-headed arrow endued with the force of Sakra's thunder, the head of Sudarsana's driver, the foremost one amongst the Sinis, with a razor-faced arrow resembling the *Yuga*-fire, cut off from Sudarsana's trunk his head graced with ear-rings, resembling the moon at full, and decked with an exceedingly radiant face, like the wielder of the thunder, O king, in days of old, forcibly cutting off the head of the mighty Vala in battle. That high-souled bull among the Yadus then, endued with great activity thus slaying that grandson of a prince, became filled with delight and shone resplendent, O monarch, like the chief of the celestials himself. Yuyudhana, then, that hero among men, proceeded along the track by which Arjuna had passed before him, checking (as he went) by means of clouds of shafts, all thy troops, and riding on that same car of his, O king, unto which were yoked those excellent steeds and filling everybody with amazement. All the foremost of warriors there, assembled together, applauded that foremost of amazing feats achieved by him, for he consumed all foes that came within reach of his arrows, like a conflagration consuming everything in its way.' "

SECTION CXVIII

"Sanjaya said, 'Then that bull of Vrishni's race, *viz.*, the high-souled Satyaki of great intelligence, having slain Sudarsana, once more addressed his driver, saying, 'Having forded through the almost unfordable ocean of Drona's division, teeming with cars and steeds and elephants, whose waves are constituted by arrows and darts, fishes by swords and scimitars and alligators by maces, which roar with the whiz of shafts and the clash of diverse weapons,—an ocean that is fierce and destructive of life,

and resounds with the noise of diverse musical instruments, whose touch is unpleasant and unbearable to warriors of victory, and whose margin is infested with fierce cannibals represented by the force of Jalasandha.—I think, the portion of the array that remains may easily be forded like a poor stream of shallow water. Urge thou the steeds, therefore, without fear. I think, I am very near to Savyasachin. Having vanquished in battle the invincible Drona with his followers, and that foremost of warriors, *viz.*, the son of Hridika, I think, I cannot be distant from Dhananjaya. Fear never comes to my heart even if I behold countless foes before me. These to me are like a heap of straw and grass to a blazing conflagration in the woods. Behold, the track by which the diadem-decked (Arjuna), that foremost one among the Pandavas, hath gone, is rendered uneven with large bodies of foot-soldiers and steeds and car-warriors and elephants lying slain on the ground. Behold, routed by that high-souled warrior, the Kaurava army is flying away. Behold, O charioteer, a dark brown dust is raised by those retreating cars and elephants and steeds. I think, I am very near to Arjuna of white steeds having Krishna for his charioteer. Hark, the well-known twang of *Gandiva* of immeasurable energy is being heard. From the character of the omens that appear to my view, I am sure that Arjuna will slay the ruler of the Sindhus before the sun sets. Without causing their strength to be spent, urge the steeds slowly to where those hostile ranks are staying, that is, to where yonder warriors headed by Duryodhana, their hands cased in leathern fences, and yonder Kamvojas of fierce deeds, clad in mail and difficult of being defeated in battle, and those Yavanas armed with bow and arrows and skilled in smiting, and under Sakas and Daradas and Barbaras and Tamraliptakas, and other countless *Mlecchas*, armed with diverse weapons, are,—to the spot (I repeat) where, indeed, yonder warriors headed by Duryodhana, their hands cased in leathern fences,—are waiting with their faces turned towards me and inspired with the resolution of battling with me. Regard me to have already passed through this fierce fastness, O *Suta*, having slain in battle all these combatants with cars and elephants and steeds and foot-soldiers that are amongst them.'

"The charioteer, thus addressed, said, 'O thou of Vrishni's race, fear I have none, O thou of prowess that cannot be baffled! If thou hast before the Jamadagni's son himself in wrath, or Drona, that foremost of car-warriors, or the ruler of the Madras himself, even then fear doth not enter my heart, O thou of mighty arms, as long as I am under the shadow of thy protection, O slayer of foes, countless Kamvojas, clad in mail, of fierce deeds, and difficult to defeat in battle, have already been vanquished by thee, as also many Yavanas armed with bow and arrows and accomplished in smiting, including Sakas and Daradas and Tamraliptakas, and many other *Mlecchas* armed with various weapons. Never before did I experience fear in any battle. Why shall I, therefore, O thou of great courage, experience any fear in this miserable fray? O thou that art blessed with length of days, by which way shall I take thee to where Dhananjaya is? With whom

hast thou been angry, O thou of Vrishni's race? Who are they that will fly away from battle, beholding thee endued with such a prowess, resembling the Destroyer himself as he appears at the end of the Yuga, and putting forth that prowess of thine (against thy foes)? O thou of mighty arms. who are they of whom king Vaivaswata is thinking today?'

"Satyaki said, 'Like Vasava destroying the *Danavas*, I shall slay these warriors with shaved heads. By slaying these Kamvojas I will fulfil my vow. Bear me thither. Causing a great carnage amongst these, I shall today repair to the dear son of Pandu. The Kauravas, with Suyodhana at their head, will today behold my prowess, when this division of *Mlecchas*, of shaved heads, will have been exterminated and the whole Kaurava army put to the greatest distress. Hearing the loud wails of the Kaurava host, today, mangled and broken by me in battle Suyodhana will be inspired with grief. Today, I shall show unto my preceptor, the high-souled Pandava, of white steeds, the skill in weapons acquired by me from him. Beholding today thousands of foremost warriors slain with my arrows, king Duryodhana will be plunged into great grief. The Kauravas will today behold the bow in my hands to resemble a circle of fire when, light-handed, I will stretch the bowstring for shooting my host of shafts. Beholding the incessant slaughter of his troops today, their bodies covered with blood and pierced all over with my shafts, Suyodhana will be filled with grief. While I shall slay in wrath the foremost of Kuru warriors, Suyodhana will today behold to count two Arjunas. Beholding thousands of kings slain by me in battle, king Duryodhana will be filled with grief in today's great battle. Slaying thousands of kings today, I will show my love and devotion to those high-souled ones, *viz.*, the royal sons of Pandu. The Kauravas will know today the measure of my might and energy, and my gratefulness (to the Pandavas).'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Thus addressed, the charioteer urged to their utmost speed those well-trained coursers of delightful pace and of the hue of the moon. Those excellent animals, endued with the speed of the wind or thought, proceeded, devouring the very skies, and bore Yuyudhana to the spot where those Yavanas were. Thereupon, the Yavanas, many in number and endued with lightness of hands, approaching unretreating Satyaki, covered him with showers of arrows. The rushing Satyaki, however, O king, cut off by means of his own straight arrows, all those shafts and weapons of the Yavanas. Inflamed with wrath, Yuyudhana then, with his straight shafts of great sharpness, winged with gold and vulture's feathers, cut off the heads and arms of those Yavanas. Many of those arrows, again, piercing through their coats of mail, made of iron and brass, entered the earth. Struck by the brave Satyaki in that battle, the *Mlecchas* began to fall down on the earth in hundreds, deprived of life. With his arrows shot in continuous lines from his bow drawn to its fullest stretch, that hero began to slay five, six, seven, or eight Yavanas at a time. Thousands of Kamvojas, and Sakas, and Barbaras, were similarly slain by Satyaki. Indeed, the grandson of Sini, causing a great

carnage among thy troops, made the earth impassable and miry with flesh and blood. The field of battle was strewn with the head-gears of those robbers and their shaved heads too that looked, in consequence of their long beards, like featherless birds. Indeed, the field of battle covered with headless trunks dyed all over with blood, looked beautiful like the welkin covered with coppery clouds. Slain by Satwata by means of his straight shafts whose touch resembled that of Indra's thunder, the Yavanas covered the surface of the earth. The small remnant of those mail-clad troops vanquished in battle, O king, by Satwata, becoming cheerless, their lives on the point of being taken, broke and urging their steeds with goads and whips to their utmost speed, fled from fear in all directions. Routing the invincible Kamvoja host in battle, O Bharata, as also that host of the Yavanas and that large force of the Sakas, that tiger among men who had penetrated into thy army, *viz.*, Satyaki, of prowess incapable of being baffled, crowned with victory, urged his charioteer, saying, 'Proceed!' Beholding that feat of his in battle, never before achieved by any one else, the *Charanas* and the *Gandharvas* applauded him highly. Indeed, O king, the *Charanas*, as also thy warriors, beholding Yuyudhana thus proceeded for aiding Arjuna, became filled with delight (at his heroism).' "

SECTION CXIX

"Sanjaya said, 'Having the vanquished the Yavanas and the Kamvojas that foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, Yuyudhana, proceeded towards Arjuna, right through the midst of thy troops. Like a hunter slaying deer, that tiger among men, (Satyaki), endued with beautiful teeth, clad in excellent armour, and owning a beautiful standard, slew the Kaurava troops and inspired them with fear. Proceeding on his car, he shook his bow with great force, that bow, the back of whose staff was decked with gold, whose toughness was great, and which was adorned with many golden moons. His arms decked with golden *Angadas*, his head-gear adorned with gold, his body clad in golden mail, his standard and bow also was so embellished with gold, that he shone like the summit of Meru. Himself shedding such effulgence, and bearing that circular bow in his hand, he looked like a second sun in autumn, That bull among men, possessing the shoulders and the tread and eyes of a bull, looked in the midst of thy troops, like a bull in a cow-pen. Thy warriors approached him from desire of slaughter like a tiger approaching the leader, with rent temples, of an elephant-herd, standing proudly in the midst of his herd, resembling as he did and possessed as he was of the tread of an infuriated elephant. Indeed, after he had passed through Drona's division, and the unfordable division of the Bhojas, after he had forded through the sea of Jalasandha's troops as also

the host of the Kamvojas, after he had escaped the alligator constituted by Hridika's son, after he had traversed those ocean-like host, many car-warriors of thy army, excited with wrath, surrounded Satyaki. And Duryodhana and Chitrasena and Duhsasana and Vivinsati, and Sakuni and Duhsaha, and the youthful Durdharshana, and Kratha, and many other brave warriors well-conversant with weapons and difficult of defeat, wrathfully followed Satyaki from behind as he proceeded onwards. Then, O sire, loud was the uproar that arose among thy troops, resembling that of the ocean itself at full tide when lashed into fury by the tempest. Beholding all those warriors rushing at him, that bull among the Sinis smilingly addressed his charioteer, saying, 'Proceed slowly. The Dhartarashtra force, swelling (with rage and pride), and teeming with elephants and steeds and cars and foot-soldiers, that is rushing with speed towards me, filling the ten points of the compass with deep roar of its cars, O charioteer, and causing the earth, the welkin, and the very seas, to tremble, therewith,—this sea of troops, O driver, I will resist in great battle, like the continent resisting the ocean swelling to its utmost height at full moon. Behold, O charioteer, my prowess which is equal to that of Indra himself in great battle. I will consume this hostile force by means of my whetted arrows. Behold these foot-soldiers and horsemen and car-warriors, and elephants slain by me in thousands, their bodies pierced with my fiery arrows.' While saying these words (unto his charioteer), those combatants from desire of battle, speedily came before Satyaki of immeasurable prowess. They made a loud noise, saying as they came, 'Slay, Rush, Wait, See, See!' Of those brave warriors that said these words, Satyaki, by means of his sharp arrows, slew three hundred horsemen and four hundred elephants. The passage at arms between those united bowmen (on the one side) and Satyaki (on the other) was exceedingly fierce, resembling that between the gods and the *Asuras* (in days of old). An awful carnage set in. The grandson of Sini received with his shafts resembling snakes of virulent poison that force, O sire, of thy son which looked like a mass of clouds. Shrouding every side, in that battle with his arrowy downpours, that valiant hero, O monarch, fearlessly slew a large number of thy troops. Exceedingly wonderful, O king, was the sight that I witnessed there, *viz.*, that not an arrow even, O lord, of Satyaki failed in effect. That sea of troops, abounding in cars and elephants and steeds, and full of waves constituted by foot-soldiers, stood still as soon as it came in contact with the Satyaki continent. That host consisting of panic-stricken combatants and elephants and steeds, slaughtered on all sides by Satyaki with his shafts repeatedly turned round, and wandered hither and thither as if afflicted with the chilling blasts of winter. We saw not foot-soldiers or car-warriors or elephants or horsemen or steeds that were not struck with Yuyudhana's arrows. Not even Phalguna, O king, had caused such a carnage there as Satyaki, O monarch, then caused among those troops. That bull among men, *viz.*, the dauntless grandson of Sini, endued with great lightness of hand and displaying the utmost skill, fighteth, surpassing

Arjuna himself. Then king Duryodhana pierced the charioteer of Satwata with three keen shafts and his four steeds with four shafts. And he pierced Satyaki himself with three arrows and once again with eight. And Duhsasana pierced that bull among the Sinis with sixteen arrows. And Sakuni pierced him with five and twenty arrows and Chitrasena with five. And Duhsasana pierced Satyaki in the chest with five and ten arrows. That tiger amongst the Vrishnis then, thus struck with their arrows, proudly pierced every one of them, O monarch, with three arrows. Deeply piercing all his foes with shafts endued with great energy, the grandson of Sini, possessed of great activity and prowess, careered on the field with the celerity of a hawk. Cutting off the bow of Suvala's son and the leathern fence that cased his hand. Yuyudhana pierced Duryodhana in the centre of the chest with three shafts. And he pierced Chitrasena with a hundred arrows, and Duhsaha with ten. And that bull of Sini's race then pierced Duhsasana with twenty arrows. Thy brother-in-law (Sakuni) then, O king, taking up another bow, pierced Satyaki with eight arrows and once more with five. And Duhsasana pierced him with three. And Durmukha, O king, pierced Satyaki with a dozen shafts. And Duryodhana, having pierced Madhava with three and seventy arrows, then pierced his charioteer with three keen shafts. Then Satyaki pierced each of those brave and mighty car-warriors vigorously contending in battle together with five shafts in return. Then the foremost of car-warriors, (*viz.*, Yuyudhana) speedily struck thy son's charioteer with a broad-headed shaft; whereupon, the latter deprived of life, fell down on the earth. Upon the fall of the charioteer, O lord, thy son's car was taken away from the battle by the steeds yoked thereto, with the speed of the wind. Then thy sons, O king, and the other warriors, O monarch, setting their eyes, on the king's car fled away in hundreds. Beholding that host fly away, O Bharata, Satyaki covered it with showers of keen shafts whetted on stone and equipped with wings of gold. Routing all thy combatants counting by thousands, Satyaki, O king, proceeded towards the car of Arjuna. Indeed, thy troops worshipped Yuyudhana, beholding him shooting arrows and protecting his charioteer and himself as he fought in battle.' "

SECTION CXX

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Beholding the grandson of Sini proceeding towards Arjuna, grinding as he went that large force, what, indeed, O Sanjaya, did those shameless sons of mine do? When Yuyudhana who is equal to Savyasachin himself was before them, how, indeed, could those wretches, that were at the point of death, set their hearts upon battle? What also did all those Kshatriyas, vanquished in battle, then, do? How, indeed,

could Satyaki of world-wide renown pass through them in battle? How also, O Sanjaya, when my sons were alive, could the grandson of Sini go to battle? Tell me all this. This is exceedingly wonderful, O sire, that I have heard from thee, *viz.*, this encounter between one and the many, the latter, again, being all mighty car-warriors. *O Suta*, I think, Destiny is now unpropitious to my sons, since so many mighty car-warriors have been slain by that one warrior of the Satwata race, Alas, O Sanjaya, my army is no match for even one warrior, *viz.*, Yuyudhana inflamed with wrath. Let all the Pandavas hang up these weapons. Vanquishing in battle Drona himself who skilled in weapons and conversant with all modes of warfare, Satyaki will slay my sons, like a lion slaying smaller animals. Numerous heroess, of whom Kritavarman is the first, contending vigorously in battle, could not slay Yuyudhana. The latter, without doubt, will slay my sons. Phalguna himself fought not in the manner in which the renowned grandson of Sini has fought.'

"Sanjaya said, 'All this, O king, has been brought about by thy evil counsels and the acts of Duryodhana. Listen attentively to what, O Bharata, I say unto thee. At the command of thy son, the *Samsaptakas*, rallying, all resolved upon fighting fiercely. Three thousand bowmen headed by Duryodhana, with a number of Sakas and Kamvojas and Vaihikas and Yavanas and Paradas, and Kalingas and Tanganas and Amvashtas and Pisachas and Barbaras and mountaineers, O monarch, inflamed with rage and armed with stone, all rushed against the grandson of Sini like insects against a blazing fire. Five hundred other warriors, O king, similarly rushed against Satyaki. And another mighty body consisting of a thousand cars, a hundred great car-warriors, a thousand elephants, two thousand heroes, and countless foot-soldiers, also rushed against the grandson of Sini. Duhsasana, O Bharata, urging all those warriors, saying, 'Slay him, surrounded Satyaki therewith. Grand and wonderful was the conduct that we then beheld of Sini's grandson, inasmuch as alone he fought fearlessly with those innumerable foes. And he slew that entire body of car-warriors and that elephant force, and all those horsemen and that entire body of robbers. Like the autumnal firmament bespangled with stars, the field of battle there became strewn with car-wheels broken and crushed by means of his mighty weapons with innumerable *Akshas* and beautiful cartshafts reduced to fragments, with crushed elephants and fallen standards, with coats of mail and shields scattered all about, with garlands and ornaments and robes and *Anuskarshas*, O sire! Many foremost of elephants, huge as hills, and born of the race of Anjana or Vamana, O Bharata, or of other races, many foremost of tuskers, O king, lay there on the ground, deprived of life. And Satyaki slew, O monarch, many foremost of steeds of the Vanayu, the mountain, the Kamvoja and the Valhika breeds. And the grandson of Sini also slew foot-soldiers there, in hundreds and thousands, born in various realms and belonging to various nations. Whilst those soldiers were being thus slaughtered, Duhsasana, addressing the robbers said, 'Ye warriors unacquainted with morality, fight! Why do you retreat?'

Beholding them run away without paying any heed to his words, thy son Duhsasana urged on the brave mountaineers, skilled in fighting with stones, saying, 'Ye are accomplished in battling with stones. Satyaki is ignorant of this mode of warfare. Slay ye, therefore, that warrior who, though desirous of battle, is ignorant of your mode of fight. The Kauravas also are all unacquainted with this mode of battle. Rush ye at Satyaki. Do not fear. Satyaki will not be able to approach you.' Thus urged, those Kshatriyas dwelling on the mountains, all acquainted with the method of fighting with stones, rushed towards the grandson of Sini like ministers towards a king. Those denizens of the mountain then, with stones huge as elephants' heads uplifted in their hands, stood before Yuyudhana in that battle. Others, urged by thy son, and desirous of slaying Satwata, encompassed the latter on all sides, armed with missiles. Then, Satyaki, aiming at those warriors rushing at him from desire of fighting with stones, sped at them showers of keen shafts. That bull amongst the Sinis, with those shafts looking like snakes, cut into fragments that dense shower of stones thrown by the mountaineers. The fragments of those stones, looking like a swarm of blazing fire-flies, slew many combatants there, whereupon, O sire, cries of *oh* and *alas* arose on the field. Then, again, five hundred brave warriors with huge stones uplifted in their hands, fell down, O king, on the ground, their arms cut off. And once more a full thousand, and again a hundred thousand, amongst others, fell down without being able to approach Satyaki, their arms with stones still in grasp cut off by him. Indeed, Satyaki slew many thousands of those warriors fighting with stones. All this seemed exceedingly wonderful. Then many of them, returning to the fight, hurled at Satyaki showers of stones. And armed with swords and lances many Daradas and Tanganas and Khasas and Lampakas and Pulindas, hurled their weapons at him. Satyaki however, well-conversant with the application of weapons, cut off those stones and weapons by means of his shafts. Those stones while being pierced, broken in the welkin by Satyaki's whetted shafts, produced a fierce noise, at which many car-warriors and steeds and elephants fled away from battle. And struck with the fragments of those stones, men and elephants and steeds, became incapable of staying in battle, for they felt as if they were bit by wasps. The small remnant of the elephants (that had attacked Satyaki, covered with blood, their heads, and frontal globes split open, then fled away from Yuyudhana's car. Then there arose among thy troops, O sire, while they were being thus ground by Madhava a noise like that of the ocean at full tide. Hearing that great uproar, Drona, addressing his charioteer, said, '*O Suta*, that great car-warrior of the Satwata race, excited with wrath, is tearing our army into diverse fragments, and careering in battle like the Destroyer himself. Take thou the car to that spot whence this furious uproar is coming. Without doubt, Yuyudhana is engaged with the mountaineers who battle with stones. Our car-warriors are seen also to be borne away by their wildly running steeds. Many amongst them, weaponless and armourless and wounded, are falling down. The charioteers are

unable to check their steeds as these are rushing wildly.' Hearing these words of Bharadwaja's son, the charioteer said unto Drona, that foremost of wielders of weapons, 'Thou blest with length of days, the Kaurava troops are flying away. Behold, our warriors, routed (by the foe), are flying in all directions. There, again, those heroes, *viz.*, the Panchalas, and the Pandavas, united together, are rushing from all sides from desire of slaughtering thee, O chastiser of foes, do thou determine which of these tasks should first demand attention. Should we stay here (to meet the advancing Pandava), or should we proceed (towards Satyaki)? As regards Satyaki, he is now far ahead of us.' While the charioteer, O sire, was speaking thus unto Bharadwaja's son, the grandson of Sini suddenly appeared to the view, engaged in slaughtering a large number of car-warriors. Those troops of thine, while being thus slaughtered by Yuyudhana in battle, fled away from Yuyudhana's car towards where Drona's division was. Those (other) car-warriors also with whom Duhsasana had proceeded, all struck with panic, similarly rushed to the spot where Drona's car was seen.' "

SECTION CXXI

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding Duhsasana's car staying near his, the son of Bharadwaja, addressing Duhsasana, said these words, 'Why, O Duhsasana, are all these cars flying away? Is the king well? Is the ruler of the Sindhus yet alive? Thou art a prince. Thou art a brother of the king. Thou art a mighty car-warrior. Why dost thou fly away from battle? (Securing the throne to thy brother), become thou that Prince-Regent. Thou hadst formerly said unto Draupadi, 'Thou art our slave, having been won by us at dice. Without being confined to thy husbands, cast aside thy chastity. Be thou a bearer of robes to the king, my eldest brother. Thy husbands are all dead. They are as worthless as grains of sesamum without kernel.' Having said these words then, why, O Duhsasana, dost thou fly from battle now? Having thyself provoked such fierce hostilities with the Panchalas and the Pandavas, why art thou afraid in battle in the presence of Satyaki alone? Taking up the dice on the occasion of the gambling match, couldst thou not divine that those dice then handled by thee would soon transform themselves into fierce shafts resembling snakes of virulent poison? It was thou that hadst formerly applied diverse abusive epithets towards the Pandavas. The woes of Draupadi have thee for their root. Where now is that pride, that insolence, that brag of thine? Why dost thou fly, having angered the Pandavas, those terrible snakes of virulent poison? When thou that art a brave brother of Suyodhana, are intent on flight, without doubt, O hero, thou shouldst

today protect, relying on the energy of thy own arms, this routed and panic-stricken Kaurava host. Without doing this, thou, however, forsakest the battle in fear and enhancest the joy of thy foes. O slayer of foes, when thou that art the leader of thy host, fliest away thus, who else will stay in battle? When thou, its refuge, art frightened, who is there that will not be frightened? Fighting with a single warrior of the Satwata race, thy heart is inclined towards flight from battle. What, however, O Kaurava, wilt thou do when thou wilt see the wielder of *Gandiva* in battle, or Bhimasena, or the twins (Nakula and Sahadeva)? The shafts of Satyaki, frightened by which thou seekest safety in flight, are scarcely equal to those of Phalguna in battle that resemble the sun or fire in splendour. If thy heart is firmly bent on flight, let the sovereignty of the earth then, upon the conclusion of peace, be given to king Yudhishthira the Just. Before the shafts of Phalguna, resembling snakes freed from their sloughs, enter thy body, make peace with the Pandavas. Before the high-souled Parthas, slaying thy hundred brothers in battle, wrest the earth by force, make peace with the Pandavas. Before king Yudhishthira is enraged, and Krishna also, that delighter in battle, makes peace with the Pandavas. Before the mighty-armed Bhima, penetrating into this vast host, seizes thy brothers, make peace with the Pandavas. Bhishma formerly told thy brother Suyodhana, 'The Pandavas are unconquerable in battle. O amiable one, make peace with them.' Thy wicked brother Suyodhana however, did not do it. Therefore, setting thy heart firmly on battle, fight vigorously with the Pandavas. Go quickly on thy car to the spot where Satyaki is. Without thee, O Bharata, this host will fly away. For the sake of thy own self, fight in battle with Satyaki, of prowess incapable of being baffled.' Thus addressed (by Drona), thy son said not a word in reply. Feigning not to have heard the words (of Bharadwaja's son), Duhsasana proceeded to the place where Satyaki was. Accompanied by a large force of unretreating *Mlecchas*, and coming upon Satyaki in battle, Duhsasana fought vigorously with that hero. Drona also, that foremost of car-warriors, excited with wrath, rushed against the Panchalas and the Pandavas, with moderate speed. Penetrating into the midst of the Pandava host in that battle, Drona began to crush their warriors by hundreds and thousands. And Drona, O king, proclaiming his name in that battle, caused a great carnage among the Pandavas, the Panchalas, and the Matsyas. The illustrious Viraketu, the son of the ruler of the Panchalas, rushed against the son of Bharadwaja who thus engaged in vanquishing the Pandava ranks. Piercing Drona with five straight shafts, that prince then pierced Drona's standard with one shaft, and then his charioteer with seven. The sight that I then beheld, O monarch, in that battle, was exceedingly wonderful, inasmuch as Drona, though exerting himself vigorously could not approach the prince of the Panchalas. Then, O sire, the Panchalas, beholding Drona checked in battle, surrounded the latter on all sides, O king, from desire of king Yudhishthira's victory. And those warriors then covered Drona along with showers of fiery shafts

and strong lances and various other kinds of weapons, O king! Baffling then those dense showers of weapons by means of his own numerous shafts like the wind driving away from the welkin masses of clouds, Drona looked exceedingly resplendent. Then that slayer of hostile heroes (the son of Bharadwaja), aimed a fierce shaft endued with the effulgence of the sun or the fire, at the car of Viraketu. The shaft, O monarch, piercing through the prince of Panchala, quickly entered the earth, bathed in blood and blazing like a flame of fire. Then the prince of the Panchalas quickly fell down from his car, like a *Champaka* tree uprooted by the wind, falling down from a mountain summit. Upon the fall of that great bowman, that prince endued with great might, the Panchalas speedily encompassed Drona on every side. Then Chitraketu, and Sudhanwan, and Chitravarman, O Bharata, and Chitraratha also, all afflicted with grief on account of their (slain) brother, together rushed against the son of Bharadwaja, desirous of battling with him, and shooting shafts (at him) like the clouds (pouring) at the end of summer. Struck from all sides by those mighty car-warriors of royal lineage, that bull among Brahmanas mustered all his energy and wrath for their destruction. Then Drona, shot showers of shafts at them. Struck with those shafts of Drona shot from his bow to its fullest stretch those princess. O best of monarchs, became confounded and know not what to do. The angry Drona, O Bharata, beholding those princes stupefied, smilingly deprived them of their steeds and charioteers and cars in that battle. Then the illustrious son of Bharadwaja, by means of his sharp arrows and broad-headed shafts, cut off their heads, like a person plucking flowers from a tree. Deprived of life, those princes there, O king of great splendour, fell down from their cars on the earth, like the (slain) *Daityas* and *Danavas* in the battle between the gods and the *Asuras* in days of old. Having slain them in battle, O king, the valiant son of Bharadwaja shook his invincible bow, the back of whose staff was decked with gold. Beholding those mighty car-warriors, resembling the very celestials among the Panchalas slain, Dhrishtadyumna inflamed with rage, shed tears in that battle. Excited with wrath, he rushed, in that encounter, against Drona's car. Then, O king, cries of woe suddenly arose there at the sight of Drona covered with arrows by the prince of Panchala. Completely shrouded by the high-souled son of Prishata, Drona, however, suffered no pain. On the other hand, he continued to fight, smiling the while. The prince of the Panchalas then, furious with rage, struck Drona in the chest with many straight shafts. Deeply pierced by that mighty warrior, the illustrious son of Bharadwaja sat down on the terrace of his car and fell into a swoon. Beholding him in that condition, Dhrishtadyumna endued with great prowess and energy, laid aside his bow and quickly took up a sword. That mighty car-warrior then, speedily jumping down from his own car, mounted that of Bharadwaja, O 'sire, in no time, his eyes red in wrath and impelled by the desire of cutting Drona's head from off his trunk. Meanwhile, the valiant Drona, regaining his senses, took up his bow and

seeing Dhrishtadyumna arrived so near him from desire of slaughter, began to pierce that mighty car-warrior with shafts measuring a span only in length and therefore, fit to be used in close fight. Those arrows of the measure of a span and fit to be used in close fight, were known to Drona, O king! And with them he succeeded in weakening Dhrishtadyumna. The mighty Dhrishtadyumna, struck with a large number of those arrows, quickly jumped down from Drona's car. Then, that hero of great prowess, his impetuosity baffled, mounted upon his own car and once more took up his large bow. And the mighty car-warrior Dhrishtadyumna once more began to pierce Drona in that battle. And Drona also, O monarch, began to pierce the son of Prishata with his arrows. Thereupon, the battle that took place between Drona and the prince of the Panchalas was wonderful in the extreme, like that between Indra and Prahlada, both desirous of the sovereignty of the three worlds. Both conversant with the ways of battle, they careered over the field, displaying diverse motions of their cars and mangling each other with their shafts. And Drona and Prishata's son, stupefying the mind of the warriors, shot showers of shafts like two mighty clouds (pouring torrents of rain) in the rainy season. And those illustrious warriors shrouded with their shafts the welkin, the points of the compass, and the earth. And all creatures, *viz.*, the Kshatriyas, O king, and all the other combatants there, highly applauded that battle between them. And the Panchalas, O king, loudly exclaimed, 'Without doubt, Drona, having encountered Dhrishtadyumna in battle, will succumb to us. Then Drona, in that battle, quickly cut off the head of Dhrishtadyumna's charioteer like a person plucking a ripe fruit from a tree. Then the steeds, O king, of the high-souled Dhrishtadyumna ran away and after those steeds had carried away Dhrishtadyumna from the field, Drona, endued with great prowess, began to rout the Panchalas and the Srinjayas in that battle. Having vanquished the Pandus and the Panchalas, Bharadwaja's son of great prowess, that chastiser of foes, once more took up his station in the midst of his own array. And the Pandavas, O lord, ventured not to vanquish him in battle.' "

SECTION CXXII

"Sanjaya said, 'Meanwhile, O king, Duhsasana rushed against the grandson of Sini, scattering thousands of shafts like a mighty cloud pouring torrents of rain. Having pierced Satyaki with sixty arrows and once more with sixteen, he failed to make that hero tremble, for the latter stood in battle, immovable as the Mainaka mountain. Accompanied by a large throng of cars hailing from diverse realms, that foremost one of Bharata's

race shot numberless arrows, and filled all the points of the compass with roars deep as those of the clouds. Beholding the Kaurava coming to battle, Satyaki of mighty arms rushed towards him and shrouded him with his shafts. They that were at the van of Duhsasana, thus covered with those arrowy showers, all fled away in fear, in the very sight of thy son. After they had fled away, O monarch, thy son Duhsasana, O king, remained fearlessly in battle and began to afflict Satyaki with arrows. And piercing the four steeds of Satyaki with four arrows, his charioteer with three, and Satyaki himself with a hundred in that battle, Duhsasana uttered a loud roar. Then, O monarch, Madhava, inflamed with rage, soon made Duhsasana's car and driver and standard and Duhsasana himself invisible by means of his straight arrows. Indeed, Satyaki entirely shrouded the brave Duhsasana with arrows. Like a spider entangling a gnat within reach by means of its threads, that vanquisher of foes quickly covered Duhsasana with his shafts. Then King Duryodhana, seeing Duhsasana thus covered with arrows, urged a body of Trigartas towards the car of Yuyudhana. Those Trigarta car-warriors, of fierce deeds, accomplished in battle, and numbering three thousand, proceeded towards Yuyudhana. Firmly resolved upon battle and swearing not to retreat, all of them encompassed Yuyudhana with a large throng of cars, Soon, however, Yuyudhana struck down five hundred of their foremost warriors stationed in the van of the force as it advanced towards him in battle, shooting showers of arrows at him. Speedily slain by that foremost one amongst the Sinis with his shafts, these fell down, like tall trees from mountain-tops uprooted by a tempest. And the field of battle, strewn with mangled elephants, O monarch, and fallen standards, and bodies of steeds decked in trappings of gold, and torn and lacerated with the shafts of Sini's grandson and weltering in blood, looked beautiful, O king, like a plain overgrown with flowering *Kinsukas*. Those soldiers of thine, thus slaughtered by Yuyudhana, failed to find a protector like elephants sunk in a morass. Then all of them turned towards the spot where Drona's car was, like mighty snakes making towards holes from fear of the prince of birds. Having slain those five hundred brave warriors by in means of his shafts, resembling snakes of virulent poison, that hero slowly proceeded towards the place where Dhananjaya was. And as that foremost of men was thus proceeding thy son Duhsasana quickly pierced him with nine straight arrows. That mighty bowman then (Yuyudhana), pierced Duhsasana in return, with five straight and sharp arrows equipped with golden wings and vulturine feather. Then Duhsasana, O Bharata, smiling the while, pierced Satyaki, O monarch, with three arrows, and once more with five. The grandson of Sini, then, striking thy son with five arrows and cutting off his bow proceeded smilingly towards Arjuna. Then Duhsasana, inflamed with wrath and desirous of slaying the Vrishni hero, hurled at him, as he proceeded, a dart made wholly of iron. Satyaki, however, O king, cut off, with his shafts, equipped with *Kanka* feathers, that fierce dart of thy son. Then, O ruler of men, then, thy son, taking up another bow,

pierced Satyaki with some arrows and uttered a loud roar. Then Satyaki excited with wrath, stupefying thy son in that battle, struck him in the centre of the chest with some shafts that resembled flames of fire. And once more, he pierced Duhsasana with eight shafts made wholly of iron and having very keen points. Duhsasana, however, pierced Satyaki in return with twenty arrows. Then, the highly-blessed Satyaki, O monarch, pierced Duhsasana in the centre of the chest with three straight arrows. And the mighty car-warrior Yuyudhana, with some straight shafts slew the steeds of Duhsasana; inflamed with wrath he slew, with some straight arrows, that the latter's charioteer also. With one broad-headed arrow he then cut off thy son's bow, and with five arrows he cut the leathern fence that encased his hand. Acquainted as he was with highest weapons, Satyaki, then, with a couple of broad-headed shafts, cut off Duhsasana's standard and the wooden shafts of his car. And then with a number of keen arrows he slew both the *Parshni* charioteers of thy son. The latter, then, bowless and carless and steedless and driverless, was taken up by the leader of the Trigarta warriors on his car. The grandson of Sini, then, O Bharata, pursuing him a moment, restrained himself and slew him not, for the mighty-armed hero recollected the words of Bhimasena. Indeed, Bhimasena, O Bharata, vowed in the midst of the assembly the destruction of all thy sons in battle. Then, O lord, Satyaki, having thus vanquished Duhsasana, quickly proceeded, O king, along the track by which Dhananjaya had gone before him.

SECTION CXXIII

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Were there, O Sanjaya, no mighty car-warriors in that army of mine who could slay or resist that Satyaki while he proceeded (towards Arjuna)? Of prowess incapable of being baffled, and endued with might equal to that of Sakra himself, alone he achieved feats in battle like the great Indra amidst the *Danavas*! Or, perhaps, the track by which Satyaki proceeded was empty? Alas, possessed of true prowess, alone he hath crushed numberless warriors! Tell me, O Sanjaya, how the grandson of Sini, alone as he was, passed through that vast force struggling with him in battle?'

"Sanjaya said, 'O king, the fierce exertions and the uproar made by thy host which abounded with cars and elephants and steeds and foot-soldiers, resembled what is seen at the end of the *yuga*. O giver of honours, when thy assembled host was (daily) mustered, it seemed to me that another assemblage like that of thy army had never been on earth. The gods and the *Charanas*, who came there said, 'This muster will be the last of its kind on earth.' Indeed, O king, never had such an array been formed before

as that which was formed by Drona on the day of Jayadratha's slaughter. The uproar made by those vast bodies of soldiers rushing at one another in battle resembled that of the ocean itself lashed into fury by the tempest. In that host of thine, as also in that of the Pandavas, there were hundreds and thousands of kings, O best of men. The noise made by those angry heroes of fierce deeds while engaged in battle was tremendous and made the hair stand on end. Then Bhimasena and Dhrishtadyumna, O sire, and Nakula and Sahadeva and king Yudhishthira the Just, loudly shouted, 'Come, Strike, Rush! The brave Madhava and Arjuna have entered the hostile army! Do that quickly by which they may easily go to where Jayadratha's car is.' Saying this, they urged their soldiers. And they continued, 'If Satyaki and Arjuna be slain, Kurus will have achieved their objects, and ourselves shall be defeated. All of you, therefore, uniting together, quickly agitate this ocean-like army (of the foe) like impetuous winds agitating the deep.' The warriors, O king, thus urged by Bhimasena and the prince of the Panchalas, smothered the Kauravas, becoming reckless of their very lives. Endued with great energy, all of them, desiring death in battle, at the point or the edge of weapons in expectation of heaven, showed not the least regard for their lives in fighting for their friends. Similarly, thy warriors, O king, desirous of great renown, and nobly resolved upon battle, stood on the field, determined to fight. In that fierce and terrible battle, Satyaki having vanquished all the combatants proceeded towards Arjuna. The rays of the sun being reflected from the bright armour of the warriors, the combatants were obliged to withdraw their eyes from those. Duryodhana also, O king, penetrated the mighty host of the high-souled Pandavas vigorously struggling in battle. The encounter that took place between him on the one side and them on the other, was exceedingly fierce, and great was the carnage that occurred there on the occasion.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'When the Pandava host was thus proceeding to battle, Duryodhana, in penetrating it, must have been placed in great distress. I hope, he did not turn his back upon the field, *O Suta!* That encounter between one and the many in dreadful battle, the one, again, being a king, seems to me to have been very unequal. Besides, Duryodhana hath been brought up in great luxury, in wealth and possessions, he is a king of men. Alone encountering many, I hope he did not turn back from fight.'

"Sanjaya said, 'Listen to me, O king, as I describe, O Bharata, that wonderful battle fought by thy son, that encounter between one and the many. Indeed, the Pandava army was agitated by Duryodhana in that battle, like an assemblage of lotus-stalks in a lake by an elephant. Seeing then that army thus smitten by thy son, O king, the Panchalas headed by Bhimasena rushed at them. Then Duryodhana pierced Bhimasena with ten arrows and each of the twins with three and king Yudhishthira with seven. And he pierced Virata and Drupada with six arrows, and Sikhandin with a hundred. And piercing Dhrishtadyumna with twenty arrows, he struck each of the five sons of Draupadi with three arrows. With his

fierce shafts he cut off hundreds of other combatants in that battle, including elephants and car-warriors, like the Destroyer himself in wrath exterminating creatures. In consequence of his skill cultured by practice and of the power of his weapons, he seemed, as he was engaged in striking down his foes, to bend his bow incessantly drawn to a circle whether when aiming or letting off his shafts. Indeed, that formidable bow of his, the back of whose staff was decked with gold, was seen by people to be drawn into a perpetual circle as he was employed in slaying his enemies. Then king Yudhishthira, with a couple of broad-headed shafts, cut off the bow of thy son, O thou of Kuru's race, as the latter struggled in fight. And Yudhishthira also pierced him deeply with ten excellent and foremost of shafts. Those arrows, however, touching the armour of Duryodhana, quickly broke into pieces. Then the Parthas, filled with delight, surrounded Yudhishthira, like the celestials and great *Rishis* in days of old surrounding Sakra on the occasion of the slaughter of Vritra. Thy valiant son then, taking up another bow, addressed king Yudhishthira, the son of Pandu, saying, '*Wait, Wait*,' and rushed against him. Beholding thy son thus advancing in great battle, the Panchalas, cheerfully and with hopes of victory, advanced to receive him. Then Drona, desirous of rescuing the (Kuru) king, received the rushing Panchalas, like a mountain receiving masses of rain-charged clouds driven by tempest. The battle then, O king, that took place there was exceedingly fierce, making the hair stand on end, between the Pandavas, O thou of mighty arms, and thy warriors. Dreadful was the carnage of all creatures that then took place, resembling the sport of Rudra himself (at the end of the *Yuga*). Then there arose a loud uproar at the place where Dhananjaya was. And that uproar, O lord, making the hair stand on end, rose above all other sounds. Thus, O mighty-armed one, progressed the battle between Arjuna and thy bowmen. Thus progressed the battle between Satyaki and thy men in the midst of thy army. And thus continued the fight between Drona and his enemies at the gate of the array. Thus, indeed, O lord of the earth, continued that carnage on the earth, when Arjuna and Drona and the mighty car-warrior Satyaki were all excited with wrath.' "

SECTION CXXIV

"Sanjaya said, 'In the afternoon of that day, O king, a dreadful battle, characterised by roars, deep as those of the clouds, once more occurred between Drona and the Somakas. That foremost of men, Drona, mounted on his car of red steeds, and intent on battle rushed against the Pandavas, with moderate speed. The valiant son of Bharadwaja, that great bowman endued with mighty strength, that hero born in an excellent

pot, engaged in doing what was agreeable to thee, O king, and striking down, O Bharata, many foremost of warriors with his whetted arrows, equipped with beautiful wings, seemed to sport in that battle. Then that mighty car-warrior of the Kaikeyas, Vrihatkshatra, irresistible in battle, and the eldest of five brothers, rushed against him. Shooting many keen shafts, he greatly afflicted the preceptor, like a mighty mass of clouds pouring torrents of rain on the mountain of Gandhamadana. Then Drona, O king, excited with wrath sped at him five and ten shafts whetted on stone and equipped with wings of gold. The prince of the Kekayas, however, cheerfully cut off every one of those shafts shot by Drona, and which resembled angry snakes of virulent poison, with five shafts of his own. Beholding that lightness of hand displayed by him that bull among Brahmanas, then, sped at him eight straight shafts. Seeing those shafts shot from Drona's bow, swiftly coursing towards him, Vrihatkshatra in that battle resisted them with as many sharp shafts of his. Beholding that exceedingly difficult feat achieved by Vrihatkshatra, thy troops, O king, were filled with amazement. Then Drona, O monarch, applauding Vrihatkshatra, invoked into existence the irresistible and celestial weapon called *Brahma* in that battle. The prince of the Kekayas, seeing it shot by Drona in battle, baffled that *Brahma* weapon, O monarch, by a *Brahma* weapon of his own. After that weapon had been thus baffled, Vrihatkshatra, O Bharata, pierced the Brahmana with sixty shafts whetted on stone and equipped with wings of gold. Then Drona, that foremost of men, pierced the prince of the Kekayas with a powerful shaft which, penetrating through the latter's armour, (passed through his body and) entered the earth. As a black cobra, O best of kings, pierces through an ant-hill, even so did that shafts enter the earth, having pierced through the body of the Kekaya prince in that battle. Deeply pierced, O monarch, with the shafts of Drona, the prince of the Kekayas, filled with rage, and rolling his beautiful eyes, pierced Drona with seventy arrows whetted on stone and equipped with wings of gold. And with another arrow he greatly afflicted Drona's charioteer in this very vitals. Pierced by Vrihatkshatra, O sire, with arrows, Drona shot showers of keen shafts at the car of the prince of the Kekayas. Depriving the mighty car-warrior, Vrihatkshatra, of his coolness, Drona then, with four-winged arrows, slew the four steeds of the former. With another arrow he felled Vrihatkshatra's charioteer from his niche in the car. And felling on the earth, with two other arrows, his enemy's standard and umbrella, that bull among Brahmanas, with a third shaft well-shot from his bow, pierced Vrihatkshatra himself in the chest. Thereupon, the latter, thus struck in the chest, fell down from his car.

"Upon the slaughter, O king, of Vrihatkshatra, that mighty car-warrior among the Kaikeyas, the son of Sisupala, filled with rage, addressed his charioteer, saying, 'O charioteer, proceed to the spot where Drona stayeth, clad in armour and engaged in slaying the Kaikeya and the Panchala hosts.' Hearing these words of his, the charioteer soon took that fore-

most of car-warriors unto Drona, by means of those fleet steeds of the Kamvoja breed. Then Dhrishtaketu, that bull among the Chedis, swelling with might, rushed towards Drona for his own destruction like an insect upon a blazing fire. Soon he pierced Drona and his steeds and car and standard with sixty shafts. And once more he struck him with many other keen shafts like a man rousing a sleeping tiger. Then Drona, with a sharp razor-faced arrow winged with vulturine feathers, cut off the middle of the bow of that mighty warrior struggling in battle. Then that powerful car-warrior, *viz.*, the son of Sisupala, taking up another bow, pierced Drona with many shafts winged with the feathers of *Kankas* and peacocks. Drona then, slaying with four shafts the four steeds of Dhrishtaketu, smilingly cut off the head of the latter's charioteer from his trunk. And then he pierced Dhrishtaketu himself with five and twenty arrows. The prince of the Chedis then, quickly jumping down from his car, took up a mace, and hurled it at the son of Bharadwaja like an angry snake. Beholding that heavy mace, endued with the strength of adamant and decked with gold, coursing towards him like Death, the son of Bharadwaja cut it off with many thousands of whetted arrows. That mace, cut off by Bharadwaja's son, O sire, with many shafts, fell down, O Kaurava, making the earth echo with its noise. Beholding his mace baffled, the wrathful and brave Dhrishtaketu hurled a lance and then a dart decked with gold. Cutting off that lance with five shafts, Drona cut off that dart also with five arrows. Both those missiles, thus cut off, fell down on the earth, like a couple of snakes mangled and torn by Garuda. The valiant son of Bharadwaja then, in that battle, sped for his destruction a keen shaft at Dhrishtaketu who was battling for the destruction of Bharadwaja himself. That shaft, piercing through the armour and breast of Dhrishtaketu of immeasurable energy, entered the earth, like a swan diving into a lake overgrown with lotuses. As a hungry jay seizes and devours a little insect, even so did the heroic Drona swallows up Dhrishtaketu in that great battle. Upon the slaughter of the ruler of the Chedis, his son who was conversant with the highest weapons, excited with wrath, sought to bear the burthen of his sire. Him also, Drona, smiling, despatched to the abode of Yama by means of his shafts, like a huge and mighty tiger in the deep woods slaying an infant deer.

"While the Pandavas, O Bharata, were thus being thinned, the heroic son of Jarasandha rushed towards Drona. Like the clouds shrouding the sun, he quickly made the mighty-armed Drona invisible in that battle by means of his arrowy showers. Beholding that lightness of hand in him, Drona, that grinder of Kshatriyas, quickly shot his shafts by hundreds and thousands. Covering (with his arrows) in that battle that foremost of car-warriors stationed on his car, Drona speedily slew the son of Jarasandha in the very sight of all bowmen. Indeed, Drona, resembling the Destroyer himself, swallowing up every one who approached him then, like the Destroyer himself, swallowing up creatures when their hour arrives. Then Drona, O monarch, proclaiming his name in that battle, covered

the Pandavas with many thousands of shafts. Those shafts shot by Drona, whetted on stone and engraved with his name, slew in that battle men and elephants and steeds by hundreds. Thus slaughtered by Drona, like the *Asuras* by Sakra, the Panchalas began to tremble like a herd of kine afflicted with cold. Indeed, O bull of Bharata's race, when the Pandava army was thus being slaughtered by Drona, there arose an awful wail of woe from it. Scorched by the sun and slaughtered by means of those arrows, the Panchalas then became filled with anxiety. Stupefied by Bharadwaja's son with his arrowy showers in that battle the mighty car-warriors among the Panchalas felt like persons whose thighs had been seized by alligators. Then, O king, the Chedis, the Srinjayas, the Kasis, and the Kosalas, rushed cheerfully against the son of Bharadwaja from desire of battle. And the Chedis, the Panchalas, and the Srinjayas addressed one another, saying, '*Drona is slain*! *Drona is slain*!' Saying these words, they rushed at that hero. Indeed, all these tigers among men fell with their utmost might upon the illustrious Drona, desirous of despatching him to the abode of Yama. Then the son of Bharadwaja, by means of his shafts, despatched those brave warriors struggling vigorously in battle, especially those foremost ones among the Chedis, into the presence of the King of the dead. After those foremost ones among the Chedis had been exterminated, the Panchalas, afflicted with the shafts of Drona, began to tremble. Beholding, O sire, those feats of Drona, they loudly called after Bhimasena and Dhrishtadyumna, O Bharata, and said, 'This Brahmana hath, without doubt, practised the austerest of penances and acquired great ascetic merit. Inflamed with rage in battle, he consumeth the foremost of Kshatriyas. A Kshatriya's duty is battle; a Brahmana's, the highest asceticism. A Brahmana endued with ascetic merit and learning, is capable of burning everything by his glances only. Many foremost of Kshatriyas, having approached the uncrossable and fierce fire of Drona's weapons, have, O Bharata, been blasted and consumed. The illustrious Drona, to the measure of his might, courage, and perseverance, stupefies all creatures and slays our troops!' Hearing these words of theirs, the mighty Kshatradharman, rightly observant of the duties of a Kshatriya, wrathfully cut off with a crescent-shaped arrow the bow of Drona with arrow fixed thereon. Then Drona, that grinder of Kshatriyas, becoming more angry still, took up another bright bow, tougher than the one he had laid aside. Fixing on it a keen arrow, destructive of hostile ranks, the preceptor, endued with great strength, sped it at the prince, drawing the bowstring to his ear. That arrow, slaying Kshatradharman entered the earth. His breast pierced through, he fell down from his vehicle on the earth. Upon the slaughter of Dhrishtadyumna's son, the (Pandava) troops began to tremble. Then the mighty Chekitana fell upon Drona, Piercing Drona with ten arrows, he once more pierced him with a shaft in the centre of his chest. And he pierced Drona's charioteer with four arrows and his four steeds also with four. The preceptor then pierced the right arm of Chekitana with sixteen arrows,

and his standard with sixteen, and his charioteer with seven. Upon the charioteer being slain, Chekitana's steeds fled away, dragging the car after them. Beholding the steeds of Chekitana pierced with the arrows of Bharadwaja's son, and his car also deprived of driver, the Panchalas and the Pandavas were filled with great fear. Drona then, O sire, routing on all sides the Panchalas and the Srinjayas united together in battle looked exceedingly resplendent. The venerable Drona, full five and eighty years of age, dark in hue and with white locks descending to his ears, careered in battle like a youth of sixteen. Indeed, O king, enemies regarded the foe-slaying Drona, as he fearlessly careered in battle, to be none else than Indra himself armed with the thunder. Then, O monarch, the mighty-armed Drupada of great intelligence said, 'This one (Drona) is slaying the Kshatriyas like a hungry tiger slaying smaller animals. The sinful Duryodhana of wicked soul will assuredly obtain the most miserable regions (in the next world). It is through his covetousness that many foremost of the Kshatriyas, slain in battle, lay prostrate on the field, like mangled bulls, weltering in blood and becoming the food of dogs and jackals.' Saying these words, O monarch, Drupada, that master of an *Akshauhini* of troops, placing the Parthas at his head, rushed with speed towards Drona.' "

SECTION CXXV

"Sanjaya said, 'When the army of the Pandavas was thus agitated on all sides, the Parthas and the Panchalas and the Somakas, retreated to a great distance. During the progress of that fierce battle, making the hair stand on end, and that universal carnage like to what happens, O Bharata, at that end of the *Yuga*, when, indeed, Drona of great prowess was repeatedly uttering leonine shouts, and when the Panchalas were being weakened and the Pandavas slaughtered, king Yudhishthira the Just, failing in that battle to find any refuge in that distress, began, O king, to think how the matter would end. Casting his eyes around in expectation of seeing Savyasachin, Yudhishthira, however, saw neither that son of Pritha nor Madhava. Not seeing that tiger among men *viz.*, the ape-bannered Arjuna, and not hearing also the twang of *Gandiva*, the monarch became filled with anxiety, not seeing Satyaki also, that foremost of car-warriors among the Vrishnis, king Yudhishthira the Just became equally anxious. Indeed, not seeing those two foremost of men, Yudhishthira knew no peace. The high-souled king Yudhishthira the Just, of mighty arms, fearing the evil opinion of the world, began to think of Satyaki's car. Sini's grandson Satyaki, of true prowess, that dispeller of the fears of friends, hath been sent by me in the track of Phalguna. I had only one source of anxiety

before, but now I have two. I should have tidings of both Satyaki and Dhananjaya, the son of Pandu. Having despatched Satyaki to follow in the track of Arjuna, whom shall I now send in the track of Satyaki? If by every means I endeavour to obtain intelligence of my brother only, without enquiring after Yuyudhana, the world will reproach me. They will say that, 'Yudhishthira, the son of Dharma, having enquired after his brother, leaves Satyaki of Vrishni's race, that hero of unfailing prowess, to his fate!' Fearing, as I do, the reproach of the world, I should therefore, send Vrikodara, the son of Pritha, in the track of the high-souled Madhava. The love I bear to the Vrishni hero, to that invincible warrior of the Satwata race, (*viz.*, Satyaki), is not less than the love I bear to Arjuna, that slayer of foes. The delighter of the Sinis hath again, been set by me to a very heavy task. That mighty warrior, however, hath, either for the sake of a friend's request or for that of honour, penetrated into the Bharata army like a *Makara* into the ocean. Loud is the noise I hear of unretreating heroes, fighting together against that Vrishni hero of great intelligence. Without doubt, they are too many for him. The time, therefore, is come when I should think of his rescue. It seems to me that armed with the bow, Bhimasena, the son of Pandu, should go there where those two mighty car-warriors are. There is nothing on earth that Bhima cannot bear. If he struggles with resolution, he is a match in battle for all the bowmen in the world. Depending on the might of his own arms, he can stand against all foes. Relying on the strength of arms of that high-souled warrior, we have been able to come back from our exile in the woods and we have never been vanquished in battle. If Bhimasena, the son of Pandu, proceedeth hence to Satyaki, both Satyaki and Phalguna will derive real aid. Without doubt, I should not feel any anxiety for Satyaki and Phalguna. Both of them are accomplished in weapons, and Vasudeva himself is protecting them. (For all that, I feel anxious on their account), I should certainly seek to remove my anxiety. I shall, therefore, set Bhima to follow in the wake of Satyaki. Having done this, I should regard my arrangements complete for the rescue of Satyaki.' Yudhishthira, the son of Dharma, having settled this in his mind, addressed his charioteer and said, 'Take me to Bhima.' Hearing the command of king Yudhishthira the Just, the charioteer who was versed in horse-lore, took that car decked with gold to where Bhima was. Arrived at the presence of Bhima, the king, remembering the occasion, became unmanned by grief, and pressed Bhima with diverse solicitations. Indeed, overwhelmed with grief, the monarch addressed Bhima. And these were the words, O king, that Yudhishthira the son of Kunti then said unto him, 'O Bhima, I do not behold the standard of that Arjuna, who on a single car had vanquished all the gods, the *Gandharvas* and *Asuras!*' Then Bhimasena, addressing king Yudhishthira the Just who was in that plight, said, 'Never before did I see, or hear thy words afflicted with such cheerlessness. Indeed, formerly, when we were smitten with grief, it was thou who hadst been our comforter. Rise, Rise, O king of kings, say what I am to do for thee. O giver of honours, there

is nothing that I cannot do. Tell me what your commands are, O foremost one of Kuru's race! Do not set your heart on grief.' Unto Bhimasena then, the king with a sorrowful face and with eyes bathed in tears, said, sighing the while like a black cobra, 'The blasts of the conch *Panchajanya*, wrathfully blown by Vasudeva of world-wide renown, are being heard. It seems, from this, that thy brother Dhananjaya lieth today on the field, deprived of life. Without doubt, Arjuna having been slain, Janardana is fighting. That hero of great might, relying on whose prowess the Pandavas are alive, he to whom we always turn in times of fear like the celestials towards their chief of a thousand eyes, that hero hath, in search after the ruler of Sindhus, penetrated into the Bharata host. I know this, O Bhima, *viz.*, that he hath gone, but he hath not yet returned. Dark in complexion, youthful in years, of curly locks, exceedingly handsome mighty car-warrior, of broad chest and long arms, possessed of the tread of an infuriated elephant, of eyes of the colour of burnished copper and like those a *chakra*, that brother of thine enhances the fears of foes. Blessed be thou, even this is the cause of my grief, O chastiser of foes! For Arjuna's sake, O thou of mighty arms, as also for the sake of Satwata, my grief increaseth like a blazing fire fed with libations of clarified butter. I do not see his standard. For this am I stupefied with sorrow. Without doubt, he hath been slain, and Krishna, skilled in battle, is fighting. Know also that the tiger among men, that mighty car-warrior, Satwata is slain. Alas! Satyaki hath followed in the wake of that other mighty car-warrior, with thy brother. Without seeing Satyaki also, I am stupefied by grief. Therefore, O son of Kunti, go thither, where Dhananjaya is and Satyaki also of mighty energy, if, of course, thou thinkest it thy duty to obey my words, O thou that art acquainted with duty.' Remember that I am thy eldest brother. Thou shouldst think Satyaki to be dearer to thee than Arjuna himself. O son of Pritha, Satyaki hath gone, from desire of doing good to me, in the track of Arjuna, a track that is incapable of being trod by persons of vile souls. Beholding the two Krishnas and Satyaki also of the Satwata race sound and whole, send me a message, O son of Pandu, by uttering a leonine roar.' "

SECTION CXXVI

"Bhima said, 'That car which formerly bore Brahma and Isana and Indra and Varuna (to battle), mounting upon that car, have two Krishnas gone. They can have no fear of danger, Taking, however, thy command on my head, lo, I am going. Do not grieve. Meeting with those tigers among men, I shall send thee intelligence.'

"Sanjaya said, 'Having said those words, the mighty Bhima began to

prepare for setting out, repeatedly making over Yudhishthira to Dhrishtadyumna and the other friends (of the Pandava cause). Indeed, Bhimasena of mighty strength addressing Dhrishtadyumna, said, 'It is known to thee, O thou of mighty arms, how the mighty car-warrior Drona is always on the alert to seize king Yudhishthira the Just by all means in his power. Indeed, O son of Prishata, I should never place my going (to Arjuna and Satyaki) above my duty of protecting the king. King Yudhishthira, however, hath commanded me to go, I dare not contradict him. I shall go thither where the ruler of the Sindhus stayeth, at the point of death. I should, in complete truthfulness, act according to the words of my brother (Arjuna) and of Satyaki endued with great intelligence. Thou shouldst, therefore, vigorously resolved on fight, protect Yudhishthira the son of Pritha today. Of all tasks, this is thy highest duty in battle.' Thus addressed by Vrikodara, O monarch, Dhrishtadyumna replied, 'I shall do what thou wishest. Go, O son of Pritha, without any anxiety of the kind. Without slaying Dhrishtadyumna in battle, Drona will never be able to humiliate king Yudhishthira in the fight.' Thus making the royal son of Pandu over to Dhrishtadyumna, and saluting his elder brother, Bhimasena, proceeded towards the spot where Phalguna was. Before dismissing him, however, king Yudhishthira the Just, O Bharata, embraced Bhimasena and smelt his head and pronounced auspicious blessings upon him. After circumambulating a number of Brahmanas, gratified with worship and presents, and touching the eight kinds of auspicious articles, and quaffing *Kairataka* honey, that hero, the corners of whose eyes had become red in intoxication, felt his might to be doubled. The Brahmanas performed propitiatory ceremonies for him. Various omens, indicative of success, greeted him. Beholding them, he felt the delight of anticipated victory. Favourable winds began to blow and indicate his success. Then the mighty-armed Bhimasena, the foremost of car-warriors, clad in mail, decked with earrings and *Angadas*, and his hands cased in leathern fences, mounted on his own excellent car. His costly coat of mail, made of black steel and decked with gold, looked like a cloud charged with lightning. His body was beautifully covered with yellow and red and black and white robes. Wearing a coloured cuirass that protected also his neck, Bhimasena looked resplendent like a cloud decked with a rainbow.

"While Bhimasena was on the point of setting out against thy troops from desire of battle, the fierce blasts of *Panchajanya* were once more heard. Hearing those loud and terrible blasts, capable of filling the three worlds with fear, the son of Dharma once more addressed Bhimasena, saying, 'There, the Vrishni hero is fiercely blowing his conch. Indeed, that prince of conchs is filling the earth and the welkin with its sound. Without doubt, Savyasachin having fallen into great distress, the bearer of the discus and the mace is battling with all the Kurus. Without doubt, the venerable Kunti, and Draupadi, and Subhadra, are all, with their relatives and friends, beholding today exceedingly inauspicious omens. Therefore, O Bhima, go thither with speed where Dhananjaya is. All the points of

the compass, O Partha, seem empty to my eyes in consequence of my (unsatisfied) desire to see Dhananjaya and owing also to Satwata.' Repeatedly urged by his superior to go, the valiant son of Pandu, *viz.*, Bhimasena, O king, casing his hands in leathern fence, took up his bow. Urged by his eldest brother, that brother, Bhimasena, who was devoted to his brother's good, caused drums to be beat. And Bhima forcibly blew his conch also and uttering leonine roars, began to twang his bow. Damping the hearts of hostile heroes by those leonine roars, and assuming a dreadful form, he rushed against his foes. Swift and well-broken steeds of the foremost breed neighing furiously, bore him. Endued with the speed of the wind or thought, their reins were held by Visoka. Then the son of Pritha, drawing the bowstring with great force, began to crush the head of the hostile array, mangling and piercing the combatants there. And as that mighty-armed hero proceeded, the brave Panchalas and the Somakas followed him behind, like the celestials following Maghavat. Then the brothers Duhsasana and Chitrasena and Kundabhedin and Vivinsati, and Durmukha and Duhsaha and Sala, and Vinda and Anuvinda and Sumukha and Dirghavahu and Sudarsana, and Suhasta and Sushena and Dirghalochana, and Abhaya and Raudrakarman and Suvarman and Durvimochana, approaching, encompassed Bhimasena. These foremost of car-warriors, these heroes, all looking resplendent, with their troops and followers, firmly resolved upon battle, rushed against Bhimasena. That heroic and mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, Kunti's son Bhimasena of great prowess, thus encompassed, cast his eyes on them, and rushed against them with the impetuosity of a lion against smaller animals. Those heroes, displaying celestial and mighty weapons, covered Bhima with shafts, like clouds shrouding the risen sun. Transgressing all those warriors with impetuosity, Bhimasena rushed against Drona's division, and covered the elephant-force before him with showers of arrows. The son of the Wind-god, mangling with his shafts almost in no time that elephant division dispersed it in all directions. Indeed, like animals terrified in the forest at the roar of a *Sarabha*, those elephants all fled away, uttering frightful cries. Passing over that ground with speed, he then approached the division of Drona. Then the preceptor checked his course, like the continent resisting the surging sea. Smilingly, he struck the son of Pandu in his forehead with a shaft. Thereupon, the son of Pandu looked resplendent like the sun with upward rays. The preceptor thought that Bhima would show him reverence as Phalguna had done before. Addressing Vrikodara, therefore, he said, 'O Bhimasena, it is beyond thy power to enter into the hostile host, without vanquishing me, thy foe, in battle, O thou of mighty strength! Although Krishna with thy younger brother hath penetrated this host with my permission, thyself, however, will never succeed in doing so.' Hearing these words of the preceptor, the dauntless Bhima, excited with wrath, and his eyes red as blood or burnished copper, quickly replied unto Drona, saying, 'O wretch of a Brahmana, it cannot be that Arjuna hath entered this host with thy permission. He is invisible. He would penetrate into the host

commanded by Sakra himself. If he offered thee reverential worship, it was only for honouring thee. But know, O Drona, that myself, I am not compassionate like Arjuna. On the other hand, I am Bhimasena, thy foe. We regard thee as our father, preceptor, and friend. Ourselves we look upon as thy sons. Thinking so we always humble ourselves to thee. When, however, thou usest such words towards us today, it seems that all that is altered. If thou regardest thyself as our foe, let it be as thou thinkest. Being none else than Bhima, I will presently act towards thee as I should towards a foe.' Saying this, Bhima whirling a mace, like the Destroyer himself whirling his fatal rod, hurled it, O king, at Drona. Drona, however, had quickly jumped down from his car, (and that proved his safety). For that mace pressed down into the earth the car of Drona, with its steeds, driver, and standard. Then Bhima crushed numerous warriors like the tempest crushing trees with its force. Then those sons of thine once more encompassed that foremost of car-warriors. Meanwhile, Drona, that foremost of smiters mounting another chariot, proceeded to the gate of the array and stayed there for battle. Then, O king, the angry Bhima of great prowess, covered the car-division in his front with showers of shafts. Then those mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, thy sons, thus struck in battle, endued as they were with great strength fought with Bhima from desire of victory. Then Duhsasana, excited with wrath, hurled at Bhimasena a keen dart made entirely of iron, wishing to slay the son of Pandu. Bhima however, cut in twain that fierce dart hurled by thy son, as it coursed towards him. This feat seemed exceedingly wonderful. The mighty son of Pandu, then, with three other keen shafts, slew the three brothers Kundabhedin and Sushena and Dirghanetra. And, again, amongst those heroic sons of thine battling with him, Bhima slew heroic Vrindaraka, that enhancer of the fame of the Kurus. And again, with three other shafts, Bhima slew three other sons of thine, *viz.*, Abhaya and Raudrakarman and Durvimochana. Thus slaughtered, O king, by that mighty warrior, thy sons surrounded, Bhima, that foremost of smiters on all sides. They then showered their arrows upon that son of Pandu, of terrible deeds, like the cloud at the end of summer pouring torrents of rain on the mountain-breast. That slayer of hosts, the heir of Pandu, received that arrowy shower, like a mountain receiving a shower of stones. Indeed, the heroic Bhima felt no pain. Then the son of Kunti, smiling the while, despatched by means of his shafts thy son Vinda and Anuvinda and Suvarman to the abode of Yama. Then the son of Pandu, O bull of Bharata's race, quickly pierced in that battle thy heroic son Sudarsan. The latter, thereupon, fell down and expired. Within a very short time, the son of Pandu, casting his glances on that car-force caused it by his shafts to fly away in all directions. Then like a herd of deer frightened at the clatter of car-wheels, or a loud shout, thy sons, in that battle, O king, afflicted with the fear of Bhimasena, suddenly broke and fled. The son of Kunti, however, pursued that large force of thy sons, and began, O king, to pierce the Kauravas from every side. Thy soldiers, O monarch, thus slaughtered by Bhimasena, fled away from battle, avoiding

the son of Pandu and urging their own excellent steeds to their greatest speed. The mighty Bhimasena then, having vanquished them in battle, uttered leonine roars and made a great noise by slapping his armpits. And the mighty Bhima, having made also a fierce noise with his palms, and thereby frightened that car-force and the foremost of warriors that were in it, passed towards the division of Drona, transgressing that car-force (which he had vanquished.)' "

SECTION CXXVII

"Sanjaya said, 'After the son of Pandu had crossed that car-force, the preceptor Drona, smiling the while, covered him with showers of arrows, desirous of checking his course. Stupefying thy force then with his powers of illusion, and drinking, as it were, those shafts shot from the bow of Drona, Bhimasena rushed against those brothers (*viz.*, thy sons). Then many kings, that were all great bowmen, urged by thy sons, rushing impetuously, began to surround him. Encompassed by them, O Bharata, Bhima smiling the while and uttering a leonine roar, took up and hurled at them with great force a fierce mace destructive of hostile ranks. That mace of adamantine strength, hurled like Indra's thunder by Indra himself, crushed, O king, thy soldiers in battle. And it seemed to fill, O king, the whole earth with loud noise. And blazing forth in splendour, that fierce mace inspired thy sons with fear. Beholding that mace of impetuous course and endued with lightning flashes, coursing towards them, thy warriors fled away, uttering frightful cries. And at the unbearable sound, O sire, of that fierce mace, many men fell down where they stood, and many car-warriors also fell down from their cars. Slaughtered by Bhimasena armed with the mace, thy warriors fled away in fear from battle, like the deer attacked by a tiger. The son of Kunti, routing in battle those valorous foes of his, impetuously crossed that force like Garuda of beautiful feathers.

"While Bhimasena, that leader of leaders of car-divisions, was engaged in such carnage, Bharadwaja's son, O king, rushed at him. And Drona, checking Bhima by means of his arrowy showers, suddenly uttered a leonine roar that inspired the Pandavas with fear. The battle that took place between Drona and the high-souled Bhima was, O king, furious and terrible and resembled the encounter between the gods and the *Asuras* of old. Heroic warriors by hundreds and thousands in that battle slain by the keen shafts shot from the bow of Drona. The son of Pandu then, jumping down from his car shut his eyes, O king, and rushed on foot with great speed towards the car of Drona. Indeed, as a bovine bull easily bears a heavy shower of rain, even so that tiger among men, *viz.*, Bhima,

bore that arrowy downpour from Drona's bow. Struck in that battle, O sire, by Drona, the mighty Bhima, seizing Drona's car by the shaft, threw it down with great force. Thus thrown down in battle, O king, Drona, however, quickly mounting another car, proceeded towards the gate of the array, his driver urging his steeds at that time with great speed. That feat, O thou of Kuru's race, achieved by Bhimasena, seemed exceedingly wonderful. The mighty Bhima, then, mounting upon his own car, rushed impetuously towards the army of thy son. And he crushed the Kshatriyas in battle, like a tempest crushing rows of trees. Indeed, Bhima proceeded, resisting the hostile warriors like the mountain resisting the surging sea. Coming then upon the Bhoja-troops that were protected by the son of Hridika, Bhimasena, O king, ground it greatly, and passed through it. Frightening the hostile soldiers with the sound of his palms, O sire, Bhima vanquished them all like a tiger vanquishing a herd of bovine bulls. Passing through the Bhoja division and that of the Kamvojas also, and countless tribes of *Mlecchas* too, who were all accomplished in fight, and beholding that mighty car-warriors, Satyaki, engaged in fight, Bhimasena, the son of Kunti, O monarch proceeded resolutely and with great speed, desirous of having a sight of Dhananjaya. Transgressing all thy warriors in that battle, the son of Pandu then sighted the mighty car-warrior Arjuna engaged in the fight. The valiant Bhima, that tiger among men, beholding Arjuna putting forth his prowess for the slaughter of the ruler of the Sindhus, uttered a loud shout, like, O monarch, the clouds roaring in the season of rains. Those terrible shouts of the roaring Bhimasena were, O thou of Kuru's race, heard by both Arjuna and Vāsudeva in the midst of the battle. Both those heroes, simultaneously hearing that shout of the mighty Bhima, repeatedly shouted from desire of beholding Vrikodara. Then Arjuna uttering loud roar, and Madhava also doing the same, careered in battle like a couple of roaring bulls. Hearing then that roar of Bhimasena, as also that of Phalguna armed with the bow, Yudhishthira, the son of Dharma, O king, became highly gratified. And king Yudhishthira, hearing those sounds of Bhima and Arjuna, had his grief dispelled. And the lord Yudhishthira repeatedly wished success to Dhananjaya in battle.

"While the fierce Bhima was thus roaring, the mighty-armed Yudhishthira, the son of Dharma, that foremost of virtuous men, smilingly reflected a while and thus worded the thoughts that inspired his heart, 'O Bhima, thou hast truly sent me the message. Thou hast truly obeyed the commands of thy superior. They, O son of Pandu, can never have victory that have thee for their foe. By good luck it is that Dhananjaya, capable of shooting the bow with (even) his left hand, still liveth. By good luck, the heroic Satyaki also, of prowess incapable of being baffled, is safe and sound. By good luck, it is that I hear both Vāsudeva and Dhananjaya uttering these roars. He who having vanquished Sakra himself in battle, had gratified the bearer of sacrificial libations, that slayer of foes, *viz.*, Phalguna, by good luck, still liveth in this battle. He, relying upon the

might of whose arms all of us are alive, that slayer of hostile armies, Phalguna, by good luck, liveth still. He by whom with the aid of a single bow the Nivatakavachas were vanquished, those *Danavas*, that is, that were incapable of being defeated by the very gods, he, *viz.*, Partha, by good luck, liveth still. He who had vanquished in Matsya's city all the Kauravas assembled together for seizing Virata's kine, that Partha, by good luck, liveth still. He who, by the might of his arms, slew fourteen thousands of Kalakeyas, that Partha, by good luck, liveth still. He who, for Duryodhana's sake, had vanquished, by the energy of his weapons, the mighty king of the *Gandharvas*, that Partha, by good luck, liveth still. Decked with diadem and garlands (of gold), endued with great strength, having white steeds (yoked to his car) and Krishna himself for his charioteer, that Phalguna, always dear to me, by good luck, liveth still. Burning with grief on account of the death of his son, endeavouring to achieve a most difficult feat, and even now seeking to slaughter Jayadratha, alas, he that hath made that vow, *viz.*, Dhananjaya, will he succeed in slaying the ruler of the Sindhus in battle? After he, protected by Vāsudeva, will have accomplished that vow of his, shall I behold that Arjuna again, before the sun sets? Shall the ruler of the Sindhus who is devoted to Duryodhana's welfare, slain by Phalguna, gladden his foes? Shall king Duryodhana, beholding the ruler of the Sindhus slain in battle make peace with us? Beholding his brother slain in battle by Bhimasena shall the wicked Duryodhana make peace with us? Beholding other great warriors lying prostrate on the surface of the earth, shall wicked Duryodhana give way to remorse? Shall not our hostilities cease with the single sacrifice of Bhishma? Shall that Suyodhana make peace with us for saving the remnant (of what is still left to him and us)? Diverse reflections of this kind passed through the mind of king Yudhishthira who was overwhelmed with compassion. Meanwhile, the battle (between the Pandavas and the Kauravas) raged furiously.' "

SECTION CXXVIII

"Dhritarashtra said, 'While mighty Bhimasena was uttering those loud shouts deep as the roar of the clouds or peals of thunder, what heroes (of our side) surrounded him? I do not behold that warrior, O Sanjaya, in the three worlds, who is capable of staying before the enraged Bhimasena in battle. I do not, O son, behold him that can stay on the field of battle before Bhimasena armed with mace and resembling Death himself. Who will stand before that Bhima, not excepting Sakra himself, that destroys a car with a car and an elephant with an elephant?[1] Who,

[1] *i.e.*, using cars and elephants as weapons for destroying cars and elephants.

amongst those devoted to Duryodhana's welfare stood in battle before Bhimasena excited with rage and engaged in slaughtering my sons? Who were those men that stood in battle in front of Bhimasena, engaged in consuming my sons like a forest conflagration consuming dry leaves and straw? Who were they that surrounded Bhima in battle, beholding my sons slain by him one after another like Death himself cutting off all creatures? I do not fear Arjuna so much, or Krishna so much, or Satyaki so much, or him (*viz.*, Dhrishtadyumna) so much who was born of the sacrificial fire, as I fear Bhima. Tell me, O Sanjaya, who were those heroes that rushed against that blazing fire, represented by Bhima, which so consumed my sons?'

"Sanjaya said, 'While the mighty car-warriors Bhimasena was uttering those roars, mighty Karna, unable to bear them, rushed at him with a loud shout, stretching his bow with great force. Indeed, the mighty Karna, desirous of battle, displayed his strength and checked Bhima's course like a tall tree withstanding tempest. The heroic Bhima also, beholding Vikartana's son before him, suddenly blazed up in wrath and sped at him with great force many shafts whetted on stone. Karna received all those shafts and sped many in return. At that encounter between Bhima and Karna, hearing the sounds of their palms, the limbs of all the struggling combatants, car-warriors, and horsemen, began to tremble. Indeed, hearing the terrible roars of Bhimasena on the field of battle, even all the foremost of Kshatriyas regarded the whole earth and the welkin to be filled with that noise. And at the fierce peals uttered by the high-souled son of Pandu, the bows of all warriors in that battle dropped on the earth. And steeds and elephants, O king, dispirited, ejected urine and excreta. Various frightful omens of evil then made their appearance. The welkin was covered with flights of vultures and *Kankas* during that terrific encounter between Bhima and Karna. Then Karna struck Bhima with twenty arrows, and quickly pierced the latter's charioteer also with five. Smiling the while, the mighty and active Bhima then, in that battle, quickly sped at Karna four and sixty arrows. Then Karna, O king, sped four shafts at him. Bhima, by means of his straight shafts, cut them into many fragments, O king, displaying his lightness of hand. Then Karna covered him with dense showers of arrows. Thus covered by Karna, the mighty son of Pandu, however, cut off Karna's bow at the handle and then pierced Karna with ten straight arrows. The *Suta's* son then, that mighty car-warrior of terrible deeds, taking up another bow and stringing it quickly, pierced Bhima in that battle (with many shafts). Then Bhima, excited with rage, struck the *Suta's* son with great force on the chest with three straight shafts. With those arrows sticking at his breast, Karna looked beautiful, O bull of Bharata's race, like a mountain with three tall summits. Thus pierced with mighty shafts, blood began to flow from his wounds, like torrents of liquid red-chalk down the breast of a mountain. Afflicted with those shafts shot with great force, Karna became agitated a little. Fixing an arrow then on his bow, he pierced

Bhima, again, O sire! And once more he began to shoot arrows by hundreds and thousands. Suddenly shrouded with shafts by that firm bowman, *viz.*, Karna, the son of Pandu, smiling the while, cut off Karna's bow-string. And then with a broad-headed arrow, he despatched Karna's charioteer to the abode of Yama. And that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, Bhima, deprived the four steeds also of Karna of their lives. The mighty car-warrior Karna then speedily jumping down, O king, from his steedless car, mounted the car of Vrishasena. The valiant Bhimasena then, having vanquished Karna in battle, uttered a loud shout deep as the roar of the clouds. Hearing that roar, O Bharata, Yudhishthira became highly gratified, knowing that Karna had been vanquished by Bhimasena. And the combatants of the Pandava army blew their conchs from every side. Their enemies, *viz.*, thy warriors, hearing that noise, roared loudly. Arjuna stretched *Gandiva*, and Krishna blew *Panchajanya*. Drowning, however, all those sounds, the noise made by the roaring Bhima, was, O king, heard by all the combatants, O sire! Then those two warriors, *viz.*, Karna, and Bhima, each struck the other with straight shafts. The son of Radha, however, shot shafts mildly, but the son of Pandu shot his with great force.' "

SECTION CXXIX

"Sanjaya said, 'After that army had (thus) been routed, and Arjuna and Bhimasena had all gone after the ruler of the Sindhus, thy son (Duryodhana) proceeded towards Drona. And Duryodhana went to the preceptor, on his single car, thinking, by the way, of diverse duties. That car of thy son, endued with the speed of the wind or thought, proceeded with great celerity towards Drona. With eyes red in wrath, thy son addressed the preceptor and said, 'O grinder of foes, Arjuna and Bhimasena, and unvanquished Satyaki, and many mighty car-warriors, defeating all our troops, have succeeded in approaching the ruler of the Sindhus. Indeed, those mighty car-warriors, who vanquished all the troops, themselves unvanquished, are fighting even there. O giver of honours, how hast thou been transgressed by both Satyaki and Bhima? O foremost of Brahmanas, this thy defeat at the hands of Satwata, of Arjuna, and of Bhimasena, is like the drying of the ocean, exceedingly wonderful in this world. People are loudly asking, 'How, indeed, could Drona, that master of the science of arms, be vanquished?' Even thus all the warriors are speaking in depreciation of thee. Destruction is certain for my luckless self in battle, when three car-warriors, O tiger among men, have in succession transgressed thee. When, however, all this hath happened, tell us what thou hast to say on the business that awaits us. What hath

happened, is past. O giver of honours, think now of what is remaining. Say quickly what should next be done for the ruler of the Sindhus on the present occasion, and let what thou sayest be quickly and properly carried out.'

"Drona said, 'Listen, O great king, to what I, having reflected much, say unto thee about what should now be done. As yet only three great car-warriors among the Pandavas have transgressed us. We have as much to fear *behind* those three as we have to dread *before* them.[1] There, however, where Krishna and Dhananjaya are, our fear must be greater. The Bharata army hath been attacked both on the front and from behind. In this pass, I think, the protection of the ruler of the Sindhus is our first duty. Jayadratha, afraid of Dhananjaya, deserves of everything else to be protected by us. The heroic Yuyudhana and Vrikodara have both gone against the ruler of the Sindhus. All this that hath come is the fruit of that match at dice conceived by Sakuni's intellect. Neither victory nor defeat took place in the (gaming) assembly. Now that we are engaged in this sport, there will be victory or defeat. Those innocent things with which Sakuni had formerly played in the Kuru assembly and which he regarded as dice, were, in reality, invincible shafts. Truly, there where, O sire, the Kauravas were congregated, they were not dice but terrible arrows capable of mangling your bodies. At present, however, O king, know the combatants for players, these shafts for dice, and the ruler of the Sindhus, without doubt, O monarch, as the stake, in this game of battle. Indeed, Jayadratha is the great stake about which we are playing today with the enemy. Under the circumstances, therefore, O monarch, all of us becoming reckless of our very lives, should make due arrangements for the protection of the ruler of the Sindhus in battle. Engaged as we are in our present sport, it is here that we shall have victory or defeat, here, that is, where those great bowmen are protecting the ruler of the Sindhus. Go thither, therefore, with speed, and protect those protectors (of Jayadratha). As regards myself, I will stay here, for despatching others (to the presence of Jayadratha) and checking the Panchalas, the Pandus and the Srinjayas united together. Thus commanded by the preceptor, Duryodhana quickly proceeded (to the place indicated) with his followers, resolutely setting himself to (the accomplishment of) a fierce task. The two protectors of the wheels of Arjuna's car, *viz.*, the Panchala princes, Yudhamanyu and Uttamaujas, were at that time proceeding towards Savyasachin by the skirts of the Kuru array. Thou mayest remember, O king, that formerly while Arjuna penetrated thy host from desire of battle, those two princes, O monarch, had been checked in their progress by Kritavarman. Now, the Kuru king beheld them proceeding by the skirts of his host. The mighty Duryodhana of Bharata's race lost no time in engaging in a fierce battle with those two brothers thus rushing furiously. Those two foremost of Kshatriyas,

[1]The fear *behind* them was from the Pandava army. The fear *before* them was from the car-warriors who had succeeded in penetrating the Kuru host.

reputed as mighty car-warriors, then rushed in that battle at Duryodhana, with outstretched bows. Yudhamanyu pierced Duryodhana with twenty, and his four steeds with four shafts. Duryodhana, however, with a single shaft, cut off Yudhamanyu's standard. And thy son then cut off the former's bow also with another shaft. And then with a broad-headed arrow, the Kuru king felled Yudhamanyu's charioteer from his niche in the car. And then he pierced the four steeds of the latter with four shafts. Then Yudhamanyu, excited with wrath, quickly sped, in that battle, thirty shafts at the centre of thy son's chest. Then Uttamaujas also, excited with wrath, pierced Duryodhana's charioteer with shafts decked with gold, and despatched him to Yama's abode. Duryodhana also, O monarch, then slew the four steeds as also the two *Parshni* charioteers of Uttamaujas, the prince of Panchalas. Then Uttamaujas, in that battle, becoming steedless and driverless, quickly ascended the car of his brother, Yudhamanyu. Ascending on the car of his brother, he struck Duryodhana's steeds with many shafts. Slain therewith, those steeds fell down on the earth. Upon the fall of his steeds, the valiant Yudhamanyu then, by a mighty weapon, quickly cut off Duryodhana's bow and then (with another shaft), his leathern fence. That bull among men then, *viz.*, thy son, jumping down from that steedless and driverless car, took up a mace and proceeded against the two princes of Panchala. Beholding that subjugator of hostile town, thus advancing in wrath, both Yudhamanyu and Uttamaujas jumped down from the terrace of their car. Then Duryodhana armed as he was with a mace, pressed down into the earth with that mace that foremost of cars furnished with gold, with steeds and driver and standard. Thy son then, that scorcher of foes, having thus crushed that car, steedless and driverless as he himself was, quickly ascended the car of the king of the Madras. Meanwhile, those two mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, those two foremost Panchala princes, ascending on two other cars, proceeded towards Arjuna.' "

SECTION CXXX

"Sanjaya said, 'During the progress, O monarch, of that battle, making the hair stand on end, and when all the combatants were filled with anxiety and greatly afflicted, the son of Radha, O bull of Bharata's race, proceeded against Bhima for battle, like an infuriated elephant in the forest proceeding against another infuriated elephant.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'How raged that battle, in the neighbourhood of Arjuna's car, between those two mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, Bhima and Karna, both of whom are endued with great strength? Once before Karna had been vanquished by Bhimasena in battle. How, therefore, could the

mighty car-warrior Karna again proceed against Bhima? How also could Bhima proceed against the *Suta's* son, that mighty warrior who is reckoned as the greatest of car-warriors on earth? Yudhishthira, the son of Dharma, having prevailed over Bhishma and Drona, did not fear anybody else so much as the bowman Karna. Indeed, thinking of the mighty car-warrior Karna, he passeth his nights sleeplessly from fear. How, then, could Bhima encounter that *Suta's* son in battle? Indeed, O Sanjaya, how could Bhima fight with Karna, that foremost of warriors, that hero devoted to the Brahmanas endued with energy and never retreating from battle? How, indeed, did those two heroes, *viz.*, the *Suta's* son and Vrikodara, fight with each other in that encounter which took place in the vicinity of Arjuna's car? Informed before of his brotherhood (with the Pandavas), the *Suta's* son is again, compassionate. Remembering also his words to Kunti, how could he fight with Bhima? As regards Bhima also, remembering all the wrongs formerly inflicted on him by the *Suta's* son, how did that hero fight with Karna in battle? My son Duryodhana, O *Suta*, hopeth that Karna will vanquish all the Pandavas in battle. Upon whom my wretched son resteth his hope of victory in battle, how did *he* fight with Bhimasena of terrible deeds? That *Suta's* son, relying upon whom my sons chose hostilities with those mighty car-warriors (*viz.*, the sons of Pandu), how did Bhima fight with *him*? Indeed, remembering the diverse wrongs and injuries done by him, how did Bhima fight with that son of *Suta*? How indeed, could Bhima fight with that son of a *Suta*, who, endued with great valour, had formerly subjugated the whole earth on a single car? How did Bhima fight with that son of a *Suta*, who was born with a (natural) pair of ear-rings? Thou art skilled in narration, O Sanjaya! Tell me, therefore, in detail how the battle took place between those two, and who amongst them obtained the victory?'

"Saniaya said, 'Leaving Radha's son, that foremost of car-warriors Bhimasena, desired to proceed to the place where those two heroes, *viz.*, Krishna and Dhananjaya were. The son of Radha, however, rushing towards him as he proceeded, covered him, O king, with dense showers of arrows, like a cloud pouring torrents of rain on a mountain. The mighty son of Adhiratha, his face beautiful as a full-blown lotus, lighted up with a smile, challenged Bhimasena to battle, as the latter was proceeding. And Karna said, 'O Bhima, I dreamt not that thou knowest how to fight. Why then dost thou show me thy back from desire of meeting with Arjuna? O delighter of the Pandavas, this is scarcely fit for a son of Kunti. Staying, therefore, where thou art, cover me with thy arrows.' Bhimasena, hearing that challenge of Karna, brooked it not, but wheeling his car a little, began to fight with the *Suta's* son. The illustrious Bhimasena showered clouds of straight shafts. Desiring also to arrive at the end of those hostilities by slaying Karna, Bhima began to weaken that hero conversant with every weapon and clad in mail, and staying before him for engaging in a single combat. Then mighty Bhima, that scorcher of foes, that wrathful son of Pandu, having slain numerous Kauravas, shot diverse showers of

fierce shafts at Karna, O sire! The *Suta's* son, endued with great strength, swallowed, by means of the power of his own weapons, all those showers of arrows shot by that hero, possessed of the tread of an infuriated elephant. Duly favoured by knowledge, that great bowman, *viz.*, Karna, began in that battle, O monarch, to career like a preceptor (of military science). The wrathful son of Radha, smiling the while, seemed to mock Bhimasena as the latter was battling with great fury. The son of Kunti brooked not that smile of Karna in the midst of many brave warriors witnessing from all sides that fight of theirs. Like a driver striking a huge elephant with a hook, the mighty Bhima, excited with rage, pierced Karna whom he had obtained within reach, with many calf-toothed shafts in the centre of the chest. And once more, Bhimasena pierced the *Suta's* son of variegated armour with three and seventy well-shot and keen arrows equipped with beautiful wings and cased in golden armour, each with five shafts. And soon, within the twinkling of the eye, was seen a network of shafts about Bhima's car caused by Karna. Indeed, O monarch, those shafts shot from Karna's bow completely shrouded that car with its standard and driver and the Pandava himself. Then Karna pierced the impenetrable armour of Bhima with four and sixty arrows. And excited with rage he then pierced Partha himself with many straight shafts capable of penetrating into the very vitals. The mighty-armed Vrikodara, however, disregarding those shafts shot from Karna's bow fearlessly struck the *Suta's* son. Pierced with those shafts, resembling snakes of virulent poison, shot from Karna's bow, Bhima, O monarch, felt no pain in that battle. The valiant Bhima then, in that encounter, pierced Karna with two and thirty broad-headed shafts of keen points and fierce energy, Karna, however, with the greatest indifference, covered, in return, with his arrows, the mighty-armed Bhimasena who was desirous of Jayadratha's slaughter. Indeed, the son of Radha, in that encounter, fought mildly with Bhima, while Bhima, remembering his former wrongs, fought with him furiously. The wrathful Bhimasena could not brook that disregard by Karna. Indeed, that slayer of foes quickly shot showers of arrows at Radha's son. Those arrows, sped in that encounter by Bhimasena, fell on every limb of Karna like cooing birds. Those arrows equipped with golden wings and keen points, shot from Bhimasena's bow, covered the son of Radha like a flight of insects covering a blazing fire. Karna, however, O king, shot showers of fierce shafts in return, O Bharata. Then Vrikodara cut off, with many broad-headed arrows, those shafts resembling thunderbolts, shot by that ornament of battle, before they could come at him. That chastiser of foes, *viz.*, Karna, the son of Vikartana, once more, O Bharata, covered Bhimasena with his arrowy showers. We then, O Bharata, beheld Bhima so pierced in that encounter with arrows as to resemble a porcupine with its quills erect on its body.[1] Like the sun holding his own rays, the heroic

[1]Many of the Bengal texts have *Calabhairiva*. This is a mistake, the word being *Calala* and not *Calabha* which would be unmeaning here.

Bhima held in that battle all those shafts, whetted on stone and equipped with wings of gold, that were shot from Karna's bow. All his limbs bathed in blood, Bhimasena looked resplendent like an *Asoka* tree in spring adorned with its flowery burthen. The mighty-armed Bhima could not brook that conduct, in battle, of the mighty-armed Karna. Rolling his eyes in wrath, he pierced Karna with five and twenty long shafts. Thereupon, Karna looked like a white mountain with many snakes of virulent poison (hanging from its sides). And once more, Bhimasena, endued with the prowess of a celestial, pierced the *Suta's* son who was prepared to lay down his life in battle, with six and then with eight arrows. And, again, with another arrow, the valiant Bhimasena quickly cut off Karna's bow, smiling the while. And he slew also with his shafts the four steeds of Karna and then his charioteer, and then pierced Karna himself in the chest with a number of long shafts endued with the effulgence of the sun. Those winged shafts, piercing through Karna's body, entered the earth, like the rays of the sun piercing through the clouds. Afflicted with arrows and his bow cut off, Karna, though proud of his manliness, felt great pain and proceeded to another car.' "

SECTION CXXXI

"Dhritarashtra said, 'What, indeed, O Sanjaya, did Duryodhana say when he saw that Karna turning away from the field upon whom my sons had reposed all their hopes of victory? How, indeed, did the mighty Bhima, proud of his energy, fight? What also, O son, did Karna do after this, beholding Bhimasena in that battle resemble a blazing fire?'

"Sanjaya said, 'Mounting upon another car that was duly equipped Karna once more proceeded against the son of Pandu, with the fury of the ocean tossed by the tempest. Beholding Adhiratha's son excited with rage, thy sons, O king, regarded Bhimasena to be already poured as a libation on the (Karna) fire. With furious twang of bowstring and terrible sounds of his palms, the son of Radha shot dense showers of shafts towards Bhimasena's car. And once more, O monarch, a terrible encounter took place between the heroic Karna and the high-souled Bhima. Both excited with wrath, both endued with mighty arms, each desirous of slaying the other, those two warriors looked at each other, as if resolved to burn each other with their (wrathful) glances. The eyes of both were red in rage, and both breathed fiercely, like a couple of snakes. Endued with great heroism, those two chastisers of foes approached and mangled each other. Indeed, they fought with each other like two hawks endued with great activity, or like two *Sarabhas* excited with wrath. Then that chastiser of foes, *viz.*, Bhima recollecting all the woes suffered by him on the occasion of the

match at dice, and during his exile in the woods and residence in Virata's city, and bearing in mind the robbing of their kingdom swelling with prosperity and gems, by thy sons, and the numerous other wrongs inflicted on the Pandavas by thee and the *Suta's* son and remembering also the fact that thou hadst conspired to burn innocent Kunti with her sons, and calling to his memory the sufferings of Krishna in the midst of the assembly at the hands of those wretches, as also the seizure of her tresses by Duhsasana, and the harsh speeches uttered, O Bharata, by Karna, to the effect, '*Take thou another husband, for all thy husbands are dead: the sons of Pritha have sunk into hell and are like sesamum seeds without kernel,*'—remembering also those other words, O son of Kuru, that the Kauravas uttered in thy presence, add the fact also that thy sons had been desirous of enjoying Krishnā as a slave, and those harsh words that Karna spoke to the sons of Pandu when the latter, attired in deer-skins were about to be banished to the woods, and the joy in which thy wrathful and foolish son, himself in prosperity, indulged, thinking the distressed sons of Pritha as veritable straw, the virtuous Bhima that slayer of foes, remembering these and all the woes he had suffered since his childhood, became reckless of his very life. Stretching his invincible and formidable bow, the back of whose staff was decked with gold, Vrikodara, that tiger of Bharata's race, utterly reckless of his life, rushed against Karna. Shooting dense showers of bright arrows whetted on stone, Bhima shrouded the very light of the sun. Adhiratha's son, however, smiling the while, quickly baffled, by means of his own winged arrows whetted on stone, that arrowy downpour of Bhimasena. Endued with great strength and mighty arms, that mighty car-warrior, the son of Adhiratha, then pierced Bhima with nine keen arrows. Struck with those arrows, like an elephant struck with the hook. Vrikodara fearlessly rushed against the *Suta's* son. Karna, however, rushed against that bull among the Pandavas who was thus rushing towards him with great impetuosity and might, like an infuriated elephant against an infuriated compeer. Blowing his conch then, whose blast resembled the sound of a hundred trumpets, Karna cheerfully agitated the force that supported Bhima, like the raging sea. Beholding that force of his consisting of elephants and steeds and cars and foot-soldiers, thus agitated by Karna, Bhima, approaching the former, covered him with arrows. Then Karna caused his own steeds of the hue of swans to be mingled with those of Bhimasena's of the hue of bears, and shrouded the son of Pandu with his shafts. Beholding those steeds of the hue of bears and fleet as the wind, mingled with those of the hue of swans, cries of *oh* and *alas* arose from among the troops of thy sons. Those steeds, fleet as the wind, thus mingled together, looked exceedingly beautiful like white and black clouds, O monarch, mingled together in the firmament. Beholding Karna and Vrikodara to be both excited with wrath, great car-warriors of thy army began to tremble with fear. The field of battle where they fought soon became awful like the domain of Yama. Indeed, O best of Bharatas, it became as frightful to behold as the city of the dead. The great car-

warriors of thy army, looking upon that scene, as if they were spectators of a sport in an arena, beheld not any of the two to gain any advantage over the other in that dreadful encounter. They only beheld, O king, that mingling and clash of the mighty weapons of those two warriors, as a result, O monarch, of the evil policy of thyself and thy son. Those two slayers of foes continued to cover each other with their keen shafts. Both endued with wonderful prowess, they filled the welkin with their arrowy downpours. Those two mighty car-warriors shooting at each other keen shafts from desire of taking each other's life, became exceedingly beautiful to behold like two clouds pouring torrents of rain. Those two chastisers of foes, shooting gold-decked arrows, made the welkin look bright, O king, as if with blazing meteors. Shafts equipped with vulturine feathers, shot by those two heroes, looked like rows of excited cranes in the autumn sky. Meanwhile, Krishna and Dhananjaya, those chastisers of foes, engaged in battle with the *Suta's* son, thought the burthen too great for Bhima to bear. As Karna and Bhima for baffling each other's shafts, shot these arrows at each other, many elephants and steeds and men deeply struck therewith, fell down deprived of life. And in consequence of those falling and fallen creatures deprived of life counting by thousands, a great carnage, O king, took place in the army of thy sons. And soon, O bull of Bharata's race, the field of battle became covered with the bodies of men and steeds and elephants deprived of life.' "

SECTION CXXXII

"Dhritarashtra said, 'I regard Bhimasena's prowess to be exceedingly wonderful, inasmuch as he succeeded in battling with Karna of singular activity and energy. Indeed, O Sanjaya, tell me why that Karna, who is capable of resisting in battle the very celestials with the *Yakshas* and *Asuras* and men, armed with all kinds of weapons, could not vanquish in battle Pandu's son Bhima blazing with resplendence? O tell me, how that battle took place between them in which each staked his very life. I think that in an encounter between the two, success is within reach of both as, indeed, both are liable to defeat.[1] O *Suta*, obtaining Karna in battle, my son Suyodhana always ventures to vanquish the sons of Pritha with Govinda and the Satwatas. Hearing, however, of the repeated defeat in battle of Karna by Bhimasena of terrible deeds, a swoon seems to come upon me. I think, the Kauravas to be already slain, in consequence of evil policy of

[1] I render the second line of 4 too freely. The sense seems to be that when two persons fight, one cannot say beforehand who will succeed. Both have chances of success, as, indeed, both have chances of defeat.

my son. Karna will never succeed, O Sanjaya, in vanquishing those mighty bowmen, *viz.*, the sons of Pritha. In all the battles that Karna has fought with the sons of Pandu, the latter have invariably defeated him on the field. Indeed, O son, the Pandavas are incapable of being vanquished by the very gods with Vasava at their head. Alas, my wicked son Duryodhana knoweth it not. Having robbed Pritha's son, who is like the Lord of the treasures himself, of his wealth, my son of little intelligence seeth not the fall like a searcher of honey (in the mountains). Conversant with deceit, he regardeth it to be irrevocably his and always insulteth the Pandavas. Myself also, of unrefined soul, overcome with affection for my children, scrupled not to despise the high-souled sons of Pandu that are observant of morality. Yudhishthira, the son of Pritha, of great foresight, always showed himself desirous of peace. My sons, however, regarding him incapable, despised him. Bearing in mind all those woes and all the wrongs (sustained by the Pandavas), the mighty-armed Bhimasena battled with the *Suta's* son. Tell me, therefore, O Sanjaya, how Bhima and Karna, those two foremost of warriors, fought with each other, desirous of taking each other's life!'

"Sanjaya said, 'Hear, O king, how the battle took place between Karna and Bhima which resembled an encounter between two elephants in the forest, desirous of slaying each other. The son of Vikartana, O king, excited with rage and putting forth his prowess, pierced that chastiser of foes, *viz.*, the angry Bhima of great prowess with thirty shafts. Indeed, O chief of Bharata's race, Vikartana's son struck Bhima with many arrows of keen points, decked with gold, and endued with great impetuosity. Bhima, however, with three sharp shafts cut off the bow of Karna, as the latter was engaged in striking him. And with a broad-headed arrow, the son of Pandu then felled on the earth Karna's charioteer from his niche in the car. The son of Vikartana, then desirous of slaying Bhimasena, seized a dart whose shaft was adorned with gold and stones of *lapis lazuli*. Grasping that fierce dart, which resembled a second dart of death, and uplifting and aiming it, the mighty son of Radha hurled it at Bhimasena with a force sufficient to take away Bhima's life. Hurling that dart, like Purandara hurling the thunderbolt, Radha's son of great strength uttered a loud roar. Hearing that roar thy sons became filled with delight. Bhima, however, with seven swift arrows, cut off in the welkin that dart endued with the effulgence of the sun or fire, hurled from the hands of Karna. Cutting off that dart, resembling a snake just freed from its slough, Bhima, O sire, as if on the lookout for taking the life-breath of the *Suta's* son, sped, in great wrath, many shafts in that battle that were equipped with peacock-feathers and golden wings and each of which, whetted on stone, resembled the rod of Yama. Karna also of great energy, taking up another formidable bow, the back of whose staff was adorned with gold, and drawing it with force, shot many shafts. The son of Pandu, however, cut off all those arrows with nine straight arrows of his own. Having cut off, O ruler of men, those mighty shafts shot by Vasushena, Bhima,

O monarch, uttered a loud roar like that of a lion. Roaring at each other like two mighty bulls for the sake of a cow in season, or like two tigers for the sake of the same piece of meat, they endeavoured to strike each other, each being desirous of finding the other's *laches*. At times they looked at each other with angry eyes, like two mighty bulls in a cow-pen. Then like two huge elephants striking each other with the points of their tusks, they encountered each other with shafts shot from their bows drawn to the fullest stretch. Scorching each other, O king, with their arrowy showers, they put forth their prowess upon each other, eyeing each other in great wrath. Sometimes laughing at each other, and sometimes rebuking each other, and sometimes blowing their conchs, they continued to fight with each other. Then Bhima once more cut Karna's bow at the handle, O sire, and despatched by means of his shafts the latter's steeds, white as conchs, to the abode of Yama, and the son of Pandu also felled his enemy's charioteer from his niche in the car. Then Karna, the son of Vikartana, made steedless and driverless, and covered in that battle (with shafts), became plunged into great anxiety. Stupefied by Bhima with his arrowy showers, he knew not what to do. Beholding Karna placed in the distressful plight, king Duryodhana, trembling with wrath, commended (his brother) Durjaya, saying, 'Go, O Durjaya! There the son of Pandu is about to devour the son of Radha! Slay that beardless Bhima soon, and infuse strength into Karna!' Thus addressed, the son Durjaya, saying unto Duryodhana, 'So be it', rushed towards Bhimasena engaged (with Karna) and covered him with arrows. And Durjaya struck Bhima with nine shafts, his steeds with eight, his driver with six, his standard with three, and once more Bhima himself with seven. Then Bhimasena, excited with wrath, piercing with his shafts the very vitals of Durjaya and his steeds and driver, despatched them of Yama's abode. Then Karna, weeping in grief, circumambulated that son of thine, who, adorned with ornaments, lay on the earth, writhing like a snake. Bhima then, having made that deadly foe of his, *viz*., Karna, carless, smiling by covered him with shafts and made him look like a *Sataghni* with numberless spikes on it. The *Atiratha* Karna, however, that chastiser of foes, though thus pierced with arrows, did not yet avoid the enraged Bhima in battle.' "

SECTION CXXXIII

"Sanjaya said, 'Then the carless Karna, thus once more completely defeated by Bhima, mounted another car and speedily began to pierce the son of Pandu. Like two huge elephants encountering each other with the points of their tusks, they struck each other with shafts, shot from their bows drawn to the fullest stretch. Then Karna, striking Bhimasena with showers

of shafts, uttered a loud roar, and once more pierced him in the chest. Bhima, however, in return, pierced Karna with ten straight arrows and once more with twenty straight arrows. Then Karna, piercing Bhima, O king, with nine arrows in the centre of the chest, struck the latter's standard with a sharp shaft. The son of Pritha then pierced Karna in return with three and sixty arrows, like a driver striking a mighty elephant with the hook, or a rider striking a steed with a whip. Deeply pierced, O king, by the illustrious son of Pandu, the heroic Karna began to lick with his tongue the corners of his mouth, and his eyes became red in rage. Then, O monarch, Karna, sped at Bhimasena, for his destruction, a shaft capable of piercing everybody, like Indra hurling his thunderbolt. That shaft equipped with beautiful feathers sped from the bow of the *Suta's* son, piercing Partha in that battle, sank deep into the earth. Then the mighty-armed Bhima, with eyes red in wrath, hurled without a moment's reflection, at the *Suta's* son, a heavy six-sided mace, adorned with gold measuring full four cubits in length, and resembling the bolt of Indra in force. Indeed, like Indra slaying the *Asuras* with his thunderbolt, that hero of Bharata's race, excited with wrath, slew with that mace the well-trained steeds of the foremost breed, of Adhiratha's son. Then, O bull of Bharata's race, the mighty-armed Bhima, with a couple of razor-faced arrows, cut off the standard of Karna. And then he slew, with a number of shafts his enemy's charioteer. Abandoning that steedless and driverless and standardless car, Karna. O Bharata, cheerlessly stood on the earth, drawing his bow. The prowess that we then beheld of Radha's son was extremely wonderful, inasmuch as that foremost of car-warriors, though deprived of car, continued to resist his foe. Beholding that foremost of men, *viz.*, the son of Adhiratha, deprived of his car, Duryodhana, O monarch, said unto (his brother) Durmukha, 'There, O Durmukha, the son of Radha hath been deprived of his car by Bhimasena. Furnish that foremost of men, that mighty car-warrior with a car.' Hearing these words of Duryodhana, thy son Durmukha, O Bharata, quickly proceeded towards Karna and covered Bhima with his shafts. Beholding Durmukha desirous of supporting the *Suta's* son in that battle, the son of the Wind god was filled with delight and began to lick the corners of his mouth. Then resisting Karna the while with his shafts, the son of Pandu quickly drove his car towards Durmukha. And in that moment, O king, with nine straight arrows of keen points, Bhima despatched Durmukha to Yama's abode. Upon Durmukha's slaughter, the son of Adhiratha mounted upon the car of that prince and looked resplendent, O king, like the blazing sun. Beholding Durmukha lying prostrate on the field, his very vital pierced (with shafts) and his body bathed in blood, Karna with tearful eyes abstained for a moment from the fight. Circumambulating the fallen prince and leaving him there, the heroic Karna began to breathe long and hot breaths and knew not what to do. Seizing that opportunity, O king, Bhimasena shot at the *Suta's* son four and ten long shafts equipped with vulturine feathers. Those blood-drinking shafts of golden wings, endued with great

force illuminating the ten points as they coursed through the welkin, pierced the armour of the *Suta's* son, and drank his life-blood, O king, and passing through his body, sank into the earth and looked resplendent like angry snakes, O monarch, urged on by Death himself, with half their bodies inserted within their holes. Then the son of Radha, without reflecting a moment, pierced Bhima in return with four and ten fierce shafts adorned with gold. Those fierce-winged arrows, piercing through Bhima's right arms, entered the earth like birds entering a grove of trees. Striking against the earth, those arrows looked resplendent, like the blazing rays of the sun while proceeding towards the *Asta* hills. Pierced in that battle with those all-piercing arrows, Bhima began to shed copious streams of blood, like a mountain ejecting streams of water. Then Bhima pierced the *Suta's* son in return with three shafts endued with the impetuosity of Garuda and he pierced the latter's charioteer also with seven. Then, O king, Karna thus afflicted by Bhima's might, became exceedingly distressed. And that illustrious warrior then fled, forsaking the battle, borne away by his fleet steeds. The *Atiratha* Bhimasena, however, drawing his bow adorned with gold, stayed in battle, looking resplendent like a blazing fire.' "

SECTION CXXXIV

"Dhritarashtra said, 'I think, Destiny is supreme. Fie on exertion which is useless, inasmuch as the son of Adhiratha, though fighting resolutely, could not vanquish the son of Pandu. Karna boasts of his competency to vanquish in battle all the Parthas with Govinda amongst them. I do not see in the world, another warrior like Karna! I often heard Duryodhana speak in this strain. Indeed, *O Suta*, the wretched Duryodhana used to tell me formerly, 'Karna is a mighty hero, a firm bowman, above all fatigue. If I have that Vasushena for my ally, the very gods will not be a match for me, what need be said, therefore, O monarch, of the sons of Pandu that are weak and heartless?' Tell me therefore, O Sanjaya, what Duryodhana said, beholding that Karna defeated and looking like a snake deprived of its poison and flying away from battle. Alas, deprived of his senses, Duryodhana despatched the unsupported Durmukha, unacquainted though he was with battle, into that fiery encounter, like an insect into the blazing fire. O Sanjaya, even Aswatthaman and the ruler of the Madras and Kripa, united together, could not stand before Bhimasena. Even these know the terrible might, equal to that of ten thousand elephants, of Bhima, endued with the energy of Marut himself, as also his cruel intents. Why did they provoke the fire in battle, of that hero of cruel deeds, that warrior resembling Yama himself as the latter becomes at the end of the *Yuga*? It seems that *Suta's* son, the mighty-

armed Karna alone, relying on the prowess of his own arms, fought in battle with Bhimasena, disregarding the latter. That son of Pandu who vanquished Karna in battle like Purandara vanquishing an *Asura*, is capable of being vanquished by anybody in fight. Who is there that would, hopeful of life, approach that Bhima who, in Arjuna's quest, alone entered my host, having ground Drona himself? Who, indeed, is there, O Sanjaya, that would dare stay in the face of Bhima? Who is there among the *Asuras* that would venture to stay before the great Indra with the thunderbolt uplifted in his hand?[1] A man may return having entered the abode of the dead, but none, however, can return having encountered Bhimasena! Those men of weak prowess, who senselessly rushed against the angry Bhimasena were like insects falling upon a blazing fire. Without doubt, reflecting upon what the angry and fierce Bhima had said in the assembly in the hearing of the Kurus about the slaughter of my sons, and beholding the defeat of Karna, Duhsasana and his brothers ceased to encounter Bhima from fear. That wicked son also of mine, O Sanjaya, who repeatedly said in the assembly (these words, *viz.*,) *Karna and Duhsasana and I myself will vanquish the Pandavas in battle*,'—without doubt, beholding Karna defeated and deprived of his car by Bhima, is consumed with grief in consequence of his rejection of Krishna's suit![2] Beholding his mail-clad brothers slain in battle by Bhimasena, in consequence of his own fault, without doubt, my son is burning with grief. Who that is desirous of life will make a hostile advance against Pandu's son, Bhima, excited with wrath armed with terrible weapons and standing in battle like Death himself? A man may escape from the very jaws of the *Vadava* fire. But it is my belief that no one can escape from before Bhima's face. Indeed, neither Partha, nor the Panchalas, nor Kesava, nor Satyaki, when excited with wrath in battle, shows the least regard for (his) life. Alas, *O Suta*, the very lives of my sons are in danger.'

"Sanjaya said, 'Thou, O Kaurava, that art thus grieving in view of the present carnage, thou, without doubt, art the root of this destruction of the world! Obedient to the counsels of thy sons, thou hast thyself provoked this fierce hostility. Though urged (by well-wishers) thou acceptest not the proper medicine like a man fated to die. O monarch, O best of men, having thyself drunk the fiercest and the most indigestible poison, take thou all its consequences now. The combatants are fighting to the best of their might, still thou speakest ill of them. Listen, however, to me as I describe to thee how the battle raged on.

"Beholding Karna defeated by Bhimasena, five of thy sons, those uterine brothers that were great bowmen, could not, O sire, brook it. They were Durmarshana and Duhsaha and Durmada and Durdhara and Jaya. Clad in beautiful mail, all of them rushed against the son of Pandu. Encompas-

[1]The genius of the two languages being entirely different, I give the sense of the first line of 14 separately, without seeking to connect it, in the assertive form, with the second half of 13.

[2]Literally, 'disregard of Krishna.'

sing the mighty-armed Vrikodara on all sides, they shrouded all the points of the compass with their shafts looking like flights of locusts. Bhimasena, however, in the battle, smilingly received those princes of celestial beauty thus rushing suddenly against him. Beholding thy sons advancing against Bhimasena, Radha's son, Karna rushed against that mighty warrior, shooting arrows of keen points that were equipped with golden wings and whetted on stone. Bhima, however, quickly rushed against Karna, though resisted by thy sons. Then the Kurus, surrounding Karna, covered Bhimasena with showers of straight shafts. With five and twenty arrows, O king, Bhima, armed with his formidable bow, despatched all those bulls among men to Yama's abode with their steeds and charioteers. Falling down from their cars along with their charioteers, their lifeless forms looked like large trees with their weight of variegated flowers uprooted by the tempest. The prowess that we then beheld of Bhimasena was exceedingly wonderful, inasmuch as, resisting Adhiratha's son the while, he slew those sons of thine. Resisted by Bhima with whetted arrows on all sides, the *Suta's* son, O king, only looked at Bhima. Bhimasena also, with eyes red in wrath, began to cast angry glances on Karna, stretching his formidable bow the while.' "

SECTION CXXXV

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding thy sons lying (on the field), Karna of great prowess filled with great wrath, became hopeless about his life. And Adhiratha's son regarded himself guilty, seeing thy sons slain before his eyes in battle by Bhima. Then Bhimasena, recollecting the wrongs formerly inflicted by Karna, became filled with rage and began with deliberate care to pierce Karna with many keen arrows. Then Karna, piercing Bhima with five arrows, smiling the while, once more pierced him with seventy arrows, equipped with golden wings and whetted on stone. Disregarding these shafts shot by Karna, Vrikodara pierced the son of Radha in that battle with a hundred straight shafts. And once more, piercing him in his vitals with five keen arrows, Bhima, O sire, cut off with a broad-headed arrow the bow of the *Suta's* son. The cheerless Karna then, O Bharata, taking up another bow shrouded Bhimasena on all sides with his arrows. Then Bhima, slaying Karna's steeds and charioteer, laughed a laugh, having thus counteracted Karna's feats. Then that bull amongst men, *viz.*, Bhima, cut off with his arrows the bow of Karna. That bow, O king, of loud twang, and the back of whose staff was decked with gold, fell down (from his hand). Then the mighty car-warrior Karna alighted from his car and taking up a mace in that battle wrathfully hurled it at Bhima. Beholding that mace, O king, impetuously

coursing towards him, Vrikodara resisted it with his arrows in the sight of all thy troops. Then the son of Pandu, gifted with great prowess and exerting himself with great activity, shot a thousand arrows at the *Suta's* son, desirous of taking the latter's life. Karna, however, in the dreadful battle, resisting all those shafts with his own, cut off Bhima's armour also with his arrows. And then he pierced Bhima with five and twenty small shafts in the sight of all the troops. All this seemed exceedingly wonderful. Then, O monarch, Bhima, excited with rage, sped nine straight shafts at the *Suta's* son. Those keen shafts, piercing through Karna's coat of mail and right arm, entered the earth like snakes into an ant-hill. Shrouded with showers of shafts shot from Bhimasena's bow, Karna once more turned his back upon Bhimasena. Beholding the *Suta's* son turn back and flying away on foot, covered all over with the arrows of Kunti's son, Duryodhana said, 'Go ye quickly from all sides towards the car of Radha's son.' 'Then, O king, thy sons, hearing these words of their brother that were to them a surprise, rushed towards the son of Pandu for battle, shooting showers of shafts. They were Chitra, and Upachitra, and Charuchitra, and Sarasan, and Chitrayudha, and Chitravarman. All of them were well-versed in every mode of warfare. The mighty car-warrior, Bhimasena, however, felled each of those sons of thine thus rushing against him, with a single arrow. Deprived of life, they fell down on the earth like trees uprooted by a tempest. Beholding those sons of thine, all mighty car-warriors, O king, thus slain, Karna, with tearful face, recollected the word of Vidura. Mounting upon another car that was duly equipped, Karna, endued with great prowess, quickly proceeded against the son of Pandu in battle. Piercing each other with whetted arrows, equipped with wings of gold, the two warriors looked resplendent like two masses of clouds penetrated by the rays of the sun. Then the son of Pandu, excited with rage, cut off the armour of *Suta's* son with six and thirty broad-headed arrows of great sharpness and fierce energy. The mighty-armed *Suta's* son also, O bull of Bharata's race, pierced the son of Kunti with fifty straight arrows. The two warriors then, smeared with red sandal-paste with many a wound caused by each other's arrows, and covered also with gore, looked resplendent like the risen sun and the moon. Their coats of mail cut off by means of arrows, and their bodies covered with blood, Karna and Bhima then looked like a couple of snakes just freed from their sloughs. Indeed, those two tigers among men mangled each other with their arrows, like two tigers mangling each other with their teeth. The two heroes incessantly showered their shafts, like two masses of clouds pouring torrents of rain. Those two chastisers of foes tore each other's body with their arrows, like two elephants tearing each other with the points of their tusks. Roaring at each other and showering their arrows upon each other, causing their cars to trace beautiful circles. They resembled a couple of mighty bulls roaring at each other in the presence of a cow in her season. Indeed, those two lions among men then looked like a couple of mighty lions endued with

eyes red in wrath, these two warriors endued with great energy fought on like Sakra and Virochana's son (Prahlada). Then, O king, the mighty-armed Bhima, as he stretched his bow with his two hands, looked like a cloud charged with lightning. Then mighty Bhima-cloud, having the twang of the bow for its thunder and incessant showers of arrows for its rainy downpour, covered, O king, the Karna-mountain. And once more Pandu's son, Bhima of terrible prowess, O Bharata, shrouded Karna with a thousand shafts shot from his bow. And as he shrouded Karna with his winged shafts, equipped with *Kanka* feathers, thy sons witnessed his extraordinary prowess. Gladdening Partha himself and the illustrious Kesava, Satyaki and the two protectors of (two) wheels (of Arjuna's car), Bhima fought even thus with Karna. Beholding the perseverance of Bhima who knew his own self, thy sons, O monarch, all became cheerless.' "

SECTION CXXXVI

"Sanjaya said, 'Hearing the twang of Bhimasena's bow and the sound of his palms, the son of Radha could not brook it, like an infuriated elephant incapable of brooking the roars of an infuriated rival. Returning for a moment from before Bhimasena, Karna cast his eyes upon those sons of thine that had been slain by Bhimasena, Beholding them, O best of men, Karna became cheerless and plunged in grief. Breathing hot and long sighs, he, once more, proceeded against the son of Pandu. With eyes red as copper, and sighing in wrath like a mighty snake, Karna then, as he shot his arrows, looked resplendent like the sun scattering his rays.[1] Indeed, O bull of Bharata's race, Vrikodara was then covered with the arrows, resembling the spreading rays of the sun that were shot from Karna's bow. The beautiful shafts, equipped with peacock-feathers, shot from Karna's bow, penetrated into every part of Bhima's body, like birds into a tree for roosting there. Indeed, the arrows, equipped with wings of gold, shot from Karna's bow falling incessantly, resembled continuous rows of cranes. So numerous were the shafts shot by Adhiratha's son that, these seemed to issue not from his bow alone but from his standard, his umbrella, and the shaft and yoke and bottom of his car also. Indeed, Adhiratha's son shot his sky-ranging shafts of impetuous energy, decked with gold and equipped with vulturine feathers, in such a way as to fill the entire welkin with them. Beholding him (thus) excited with fury and rushing towards him like the Destroyer himself, Vrikodara, becoming utterly reckless of his life and prevailing over his foe, pierced him with

[1]The Bombay reading, which I adopt, seems to be better than the Bengal one.

nine shafts.[1] Beholding the irresistible impetuosity of Karna as also that dense shower of arrows, Bhima, endued as he was with great prowess, quailed not in fear. The son of Pandu then counteracting that arrowy downpour of Adhiratha's son, pierced Karna himself with twenty other sharp shafts. Indeed, as Pritha's son himself had before been shrouded by the *Suta's* son, even so was the latter now shrouded by the former in that battle. Beholding the prowess of Bhimasena in battle, thy warriors, as also the *Gharanas*, filled with joy; applauded him. Bhurisravas, and Kripa, and Drona's son, and the ruler of the Madras, and Uttamaujas, and Yudhamanyu, and Kesava, and Arjuna,—these great car-warriors, O king, among both the Kurus and the Pandavas,—loudly cheered Bhima, saying, '*Excellent*, *Excellent*,' and uttered leonine roars. When that fierce uproar, making the hair stand on end rose, thy son Duryodhana, O king, quickly said unto all the kings and princes and particularly his uterine brothers, these words, 'Blessed be ye, proceed towards Karna for rescuing him from Vrikodara, else the shafts shot from Bhima's bow will slay the son of Radha. Ye mighty bowmen, strive ye to protect the *Suta's* son.' Thus commanded by Duryodhana, seven of his uterine brothers, O sire, rushing in wrath towards Bhimasena, encompassed him on all sides. Approaching the son of Kunti they covered him with showers of arrows, like clouds pouring torrents of rain on the mountain-breast in the season of rains. Excited with wrath, those seven great car-warriors began to afflict Bhimasena, O king, like the seven planets afflicting the moon at the hour of the universal dissolution. The son of Kunti, then, O monarch, drawing his beautiful bow with great force and firm grasp, and knowing that his foes were but men, aimed seven shafts. And lord Bhima in great rage sped at them those shafts, effulgent as solar rays. Indeed, Bhimasena recollecting his former wrongs, shot those shafts as if for extracting the life from out of the bodies of those sons of thine. Those arrows, O Bharata, whetted on stone and equipped with wings of gold, shot by Bhimasena, piercing through the bodies of those Bharata princes, flew into the sky. Indeed, those arrows winged with gold, piercing through the hearts of thy sons, looked beautiful, O monarch, as they passed into the sky, like birds of excellent plumage. Decked with gold and covered all over with blood, those arrows, O king, drinking the blood of thy sons passed out of their body. Pierced in their vital limbs by means of those arrows, they fell down on the earth from their cars, like tall trees growing on mountain precipices, broken by an elephant. The seven sons of thine that were thus slain were Satrunjaya, and Satrusaha, and Chitra, and Chitrayudha, and Dridha, and Chitrasena and Vikarna. Amongst all thy sons thus slain, Vrikodara, the son of Pandu, grieved bitterly from sorrow for Vikarna who was dear to him. And Bhima said, 'Even thus was the vow made by me, *viz.*, that all of you should be slain by me in battle.

[1] I think that both *Vrikodaram* and *nisitais* in this verse as given in the Bombay text are incorrect. I read *Vrikodaras* and *navavhis* following the Bengal texts.

It is for that, O Vikarna, that thou hast been slain. My vow hath been accomplished. O hero, thou camest to battle, bearing in mind the duties of a Kshatriya. Thou wert ever engaged in our good, and especially in that of the king (our eldest brother). It is scarcely proper, therefore, for me to grieve for thy illustrious self.' Having slain those princes, O king, in the very sight of Radha's son, the son of Pandu uttered a terrible leonine roar. That loud shout of the heroic Bhima, O Bharata, informed king Yudhishthira the Just that the victory in that battle was his. Indeed, hearing that tremendous shout of Bhima armed with the bow, king Yudhishthira felt great joy in the midst of that battle. The gladdened son of Pandu, then, O king, received that leonine shout of his brother with sounds and other musical instruments. And after Vrikodara had sent him that message by the sign agreed upon, Yudhishthira, that foremost of persons acquainted with weapons, filled with joy, rushed against Drona in battle. On the other hand, O king, beholding one and thirty of thy sons slain, Duryodhana recollected the words of Vidura.—*Those beneficial words spoken by Vidura are now realised!* Thinking even so, king Duryodhana was unable to do what he should. All that, during the match at dice, thy foolish and wicked son, with Karna (on his side), said unto the princes of Panchala causing her to be brought into the assembly, all the harsh words, again, that Karna said unto Krishnā, in the same place, before thyself, O king, and the sons of Pandu, in thy hearing and that of all the Kurus, *viz.*, *O Krishna, the Pandavas are lost and have sunk into eternal hell, therefore, choose thou other husbands*,—alas, the fruit of all *that* is now manifesting itself. Then, again, O thou of Kuru's race, diverse harsh speeches, such as sesamum seeds without kernel, etc., were applied by the wrathful sons to those high-souled ones, *viz.*, the sons of Pandu. Bhimasena, vomiting forth the fire of wrath (which these enraged) and which he had restrained for thirteen years, is now compassing the destruction of thy sons. Indulging in copious lamentations, Viduara failed to persuade thee towards peace. O chief of the Bharatas, suffer the fruit of all that with thy sons. Thou art old, patient, and capable of foreseeing the consequences of all acts. Being so, when thou didst yet refuse to follow the counsels of thy well-wishers, it seems that all this is the result of destiny. Do not grieve, O tiger among men! All this is thy great fault. In my opinion, thou art thyself the cause of the destruction of thy sons. O monarch, Vikarna hath fallen, and Chitrasena also of great prowess. Many other mighty car-warriors and foremost ones among thy sons have also fallen. Others, again, among thy sons whom Bhima saw come within the range of his vision, O mighty-armed one, he slew in a trice. It is for thee only that I had to see our array scorched in thousands by means of the arrows shot by Pandu's son, Bhima and Vrisha (Karna)!' "

SECTION CXXXVII

"Dhritarashtra said, '*O Suta*, O Sanjaya, this grievous result that has now overtaken us is, I think, certainly due to my evil policy. I had hitherto thought that what is past. But, O Sanjaya, what measures should I now adopt? I am now once more calm, O Sanjaya, therefore, tell me how this slaughter of heroes is going on, having my evil policy for its cause.'

"Sanjaya said, 'Indeed, O king, Karna and Bhima, both endued with great prowess, continued in that battle to pour their arrowy showers like two rain-charged clouds. The arrows, winged with gold and whetted on stone and marked with Bhima's name, approaching Karna, penetrated into his body, as if piercing into his very life. Similarly, Bhima also, in that battle was shrouded with the shafts of Karna in hundreds and thousands, resembling snakes of virulent poison. With their arrows, O king, falling on all sides, an agitation was produced among the troops resembling that of the very ocean. Many were the combatants, O chastiser of foes, in thy host that were deprived of life by arrows, resembling snakes of virulent poison shot from Bhima's bow. Strewn with fallen elephants and steeds mixed with the bodies of men, the field of battle looked like one covered with trees broken by a tempest. Slaughtered in battle with the arrows from Bhima's bow, thy warriors fled away, 'saying, *What is this*?' Indeed, that host of the Sindhus, the Sauviras, and the Kauravas, afflicted with the impetuous shafts of both Karna and Bhima, was removed to a great distance. The remnant of those brave soldiers, with their steeds and elephants killed, leaving the vicinity of both Karna and Bhima, fled away in all directions. (And they cried out), 'Verily, for the sake of the Parthas, the gods are stupefying us, since those arrows shot by both Bhima and Karna are slaying our forces. Saying those words, these troops of thine afflicted with fear avoiding the range of (Karna's and Bhima's) arrows, stood at a distance for witnessing that combat. Then, on the field of battle there began to flow a terrible river enhancing the joy of the heroes and the fears of the timid. And it was caused by the blood of elephants and steeds and men. And covered with the lifeless forms of men and elephants and steeds, with flagstaffs and the bottoms of cars, with the adornments of cars and elephants and steeds with broken cars and wheels and *Akshas* and *Kuveras*, with loud-twanged bows decked with gold, and gold-winged arrows and shafts in thousands, shot by Karna and Bhima, resembling snakes just freed from their sloughs, with countless lances and spears and scimitars and battle-axes, with maces and clubs and axes, all adorned with gold, with standards of diverse shapes, and darts and spiked clubs, and with beautiful *Sataghnis*, the earth, O Bharata, looked resplendent. And strewn all over with ear-rings and necklaces of gold and bracelets loosened (from wrists), and rings, and precious gems worn on diadems and crowns, and head-gears, and golden ornaments of diverse kinds, O sire, and coats of mail, and leathern fences, and elephants' ropes, and umbrellas displaced (from their places)

and Yak-tails, and fans with the pierced bodies of elephants and steeds and men, with blood-dyed arrows, and with diverse other objects, lying about and loosened from their places, the field of battle looked resplendent like the firmament bespangled with stars. Beholding the wonderful, inconceivable, and superhuman feats of those two warriors, the *Charanas* and the *Siddhas* were exceedingly amazed. As a blazing conflagration, having the wind for its ally, courses through an (extended) heap of dry grass, even so Adhiratha's son, engaged with Bhima, coursed fiercely in that battle.[1] Both of them felled countless standards and cars and slew steeds and men and elephants, like a pair of elephants crushing a forest of reeds while engaged in battle with other. Thy host looked like a mass of clouds, O king, of men, and great was the carnage caused in that battle by Karna and Bhima.' "[2]

SECTION CXXXVIII

'Sanjaya said, 'Then Karna, O king, piercing Bhima with three arrows, poured countless beautiful arrows upon him. The mighty-armed Bhimasena, the son of Pandu, though thus struck by the *Suta's* son, showed no signs of pain but stood immovable like a hill pierced (with arrows). In return, O sire, in that battle, he deeply pierced Karna in the ear with a barbed arrow, rubbed with oil, of great keenness, and of excellent temper. (With that arrow) he felled on the earth the large and beautiful ear-ring of Karna. And it felled down, O monarch, like a blazing luminary of great effulgence from the firmament. Excited with wrath, Vrikodara, then, smiling the while, deeply pierced the *Suta's* son in the centre of the chest with another broad-headed arrow. And once again, O Bharata, the mighty-armed Bhima quickly shot in that battle ten long shafts that looked like snakes of virulent poison just freed from their coughs. Shot by Bhima, those shafts, O sire, striking Karna's forehead, entered it like snakes entering an ant-hill. With those shafts sticking to his forehead, the *Suta's* son looked beautiful, as he did before, while his brow had been encircled with a chaplet of blue lotuses. Deeply pierced by the active son of Pandu, Karna, supporting himself on the *Kuxara* of his car, closed his eyes. Soon, however, regaining consciousness, Karna, that scorcher of foes, with his body bathed in blood, became mad with rage.[3] Infuriated with rage in consequence of his being thus afflicted by

[1]The sense seems to be that Karna and Bhima were like fire and wind.

[2]Verse 28 is a triplet. The second line is obscure. It seems that a line has been omitted.

[3]Literally, 'mustered all his rage.'

that firm bowman Karna, endued with great impetuosity, rushed fiercely towards Bhimasena's car. Then, O king, the mighty and wrathful Karna, maddened with rage, shot at Bhimasena, O Bharata, a hundred shafts winged with vulturine feathers. The son of Pandu, however, disregarding his foe and setting at nought his energy, began to shoot showers of fierce arrows at him. Then Karna, O king, excited with rage, O scorcher of foes, struck the son of Pandu, that embodiment of wrath with nine arrows in the chest. Then both those tigers among men (armed with arrows and, therefore), resembling a couple of tigers with fierce teeth, poured upon each other, in that battle, their arrowy showers, like two mighty masses of clouds. They sought to frighten each other in that battle, with sounds of their palms and with showers of arrows of diverse kinds. Excited with rage, each sought in that battle to counteract the other's feat. Then that slayer of hostile heroes, *viz.*, the mighty-armed Bhima, O Bharata, cutting off, with a razor-faced arrow, the bow of the *Suta's* son, uttered a loud shout. Casting off that broken bow, the *Suta's* son, that mighty car-warrior, took up another bow that was stronger and tougher. Beholding that slaughter of the Kuru, the Sauvira, and the Sindhu heroes, and marking that the earth was covered with coats of mail and standards and weapons lying about, and also seeing the lifeless forms of elephants, foot-soldiers, and horsemen and car-warriors on all sides, the body of the *Suta's* son, from wrath, blazed up with effulgence. Stretching his formidable bow, decked with gold, Radha's son, O king, eyed Bhima with wrathful glances. Infuriated with rage, the *Suta's* son, while shooting his arrows, looked resplendent, like the autumnal sun of dazzling rays at mid-day. While employed with his hands in taking up an arrow, fixing it on the bow-string, stretching the string and letting it off, none could notice any interval between those acts. And while Karna was thus engaged in shooting his arrows right and left, his bow incessantly drawn to a circle, like a terrible circle of fire. The keen pointed arrows, equipped with wings of gold, shot from Karna's bow, covered, O king, all the points of the compass, darkening the very light of the sun. Countless flights were seen, in the welkin, of those shafts equipped with wings of gold, shot from Karna's bow. Indeed, the shafts shot from the bow of Adhiratha's son, looked like rows of cranes in the sky. The arrows that Adhiratha's son shot were all equipped with vulturine feathers, whetted on stone, decked with gold, endued with great impetuosity, and furnished with blazing points. Impelled by the force of his bow, those arrows urged by Karna, while coursing in thousands through the welkin looked beautiful like successive flights of locusts. The arrows shot from the bow of Adhiratha's son, as they coursed through the welkin, looked like one long continuously drawn arrow in the sky. Like a cloud covering a mountain with torrents of rain, Karna in rage, covered Bhima with showers of arrows. Then thy sons, O Bharata, with their troops, beheld the might, energy, prowess and perseverance of Bhima, for the latter, disregarding that arrowy downpour, resembling the raging sea, rushed in wrath against Karna, Bhima, O monarch, was armed with a

formidable bow, the back of whose staff was decked with gold. He stretched it so quickly that it seemed, like a second bow of Indra, incessantly drawn to a circle. Shafts issued continuously from it seemed to fill the welkin. With those straight arrows, equipped with wings of gold, shot by Bhima, a continuous line was made in the sky that looked effulgent like a garland of gold. Then those showers of (Karna's) arrows spread in the welkin, struck by Bhimasena with his shafts, were scattered in portions and fell down on the earth. Then the sky was covered with those showers of gold-winged and swiftly-coursing arrows, of both Karna and Bhimasena, that produced sparks of fire as they clashed against each other. The very sun was then shrouded, and the very wind ceased to blow. Indeed, when the welkin was thus covered with those arrowy showers, nothing could be seen. Then the *Suta's* son, disregarding the energy of the high-souled Bhima, completely shrouded Bhima with other arrows and endeavoured to prevail over him. Then, O sire, those arrowy showers shot by both of them, seemed to clash against each other like two opposite currents of wind. And in consequence of that clash of the arrowy showers of those two lions among men, a conflagration, O chief of the Bharatas, seemed to be generated in the sky. Then Karna, desirous of slaying Bhima, shot at him in rage many whetted arrows equipped with wings of gold and polished by the hands of the smith. Bhima, however, cut off with his own shafts every one of those arrows into three fragments, and prevailing over the *Suta's* son, he cried out, '*Wait, Wait.*' And the wrathful and mighty son of Pandu, like an all-consuming conflagration, once more shot in rage showers of fierce shafts. And then in consequence of their leathern fences striking against their bow-strings, loud sounds were generated. And loud also became the sound of their palms, and terrible their leonine shouts, and fierce the rattle of their car-wheels and the twang of their bow-strings. And all the combatants, O king, ceased to fight, desirous of beholding the prowess of Karna and of the son of Pandu, each of whom was desirous of slaying the other. And the celestial *Rishis* and *Siddhas* and *Gandharvas*, applauded them, saying, '*Excellent, Excellent!*' And the tribes of *Vidyadharas* rained flowery showers upon them. Then the wrathful and mighty-armed Bhima of fierce prowess, baffling with his own weapons the weapons of his foe, pierced the *Suta's* son with many shafts. Karna also, endued with great might, baffling the shafts of Bhimasena, sped at him nine long shafts in that battle. Bhima, however, with as many arrows, cut off those shafts of Suta's son in the welkin and addressed him, saying, '*Wait, Wait!*' Then the mighty-armed and heroic Bhima, excited with rage, shot at Adhiratha's son an arrow resembling the rod of Yama or Death himself. Radha's son, however, smiling, cut off that arrow, O king, of Pandu's son, however, of great prowess, with three arrows of his, as it coursed towards him through the welkin. The son of Pandu then once more shot showers of fierce shafts. Karna, however, fearlessly received all those arrows of Bhima. Then excited with rage, the Suta's son, Karna, by the power of his weapons, with his

straight arrows, cut off in that encounter the couple of quivers and the bow-string of fighting Bhima, as also the traces of his steeds. And then slaying his steeds also, Karna pierced Bhima's charioteer with five shafts. The charioteer, quickly running away, proceeded to Yudhamanyu's car. Excited with rage, the son of Radha then, whose splendour resembled that of the *Yuga*-fire, smiling the while, cut off the flag-staff of Bhima and felled his banner. Deprived of his bow, the mighty-armed Bhima then seized a dart, such as car-warriors may use. Excited with wrath, he whirled it in his hand and then hurled it with great force at Karna's car. The son of Adhiratha then, with ten shafts, cut off, as it coursed towards him with the effulgence of a large meteor, the gold-decked dart thus hurled (by Bhima).[1] Thereupon, that dart fell down, cut off into ten fragments by those sharp shafts of the *Suta's* son, Karna, that warrior conversant with every mode of warfare, then battling for the sake of his friends. Then, the son of Kunti took up a shield decked with gold and a sword, desirous of obtaining either death or victory, Karna, however, O Bharata, smiling the while, cut off that bright shield of Bhima with many fierce shafts. Then, car-less, Bhima, O king, deprived of his shield, became mad with rage. Quickly, then, he hurled his formidable sword at Karna's car. That large sword, cutting off the stringed bow of the *Suta's* son, fell down on the earth, O king, like an angry snake from the sky. Then Adhiratha's son, excited with rage in that battle, smilingly took up another bow destructive of foes, having a stronger string, and tougher than the one he had lost. Desirous of slaying the son of Kunti, Karna then began to shoot thousands of arrows, O king, equipped with wings of gold and endued with great energy. Struck by those shafts shot from Karna's bow, the mighty Bhima leaped into the sky, filling Karna's heart with anguish. Beholding the conduct of Bhima, in battle desirous of victory, the son of Radha beguiled him by concealing himself in his car. Seeing Karna concealing himself with an agitated heart on the terrace of his car, Bhima catching hold of Karna's flagstaff, waited on the earth. All the Kurus and the *Charanas* highly applauded that attempt of Bhima of snatching Karna away from his car, like Garuda snatching away a snake. His bow cut off, himself deprived of his car, Bhima, observant of the duties of his order, stood still for battle, keeping his (broken) car behind him. The son of Radha, then, from rage, in that encounter, proceeded against the son of Pandu who was waiting for battle. Then those two mighty warriors, O king, challenging as they approached each other, those two bulls among men, roared at each other, like clouds at the close of summer. And the passage-at-arms that then took place between those two engaged lions among men that could not brook each other in battle resembled that of old between the gods and the *Danayas*. The son of Kunti, however, whose stock of weapons was exhausted, was (obliged to turn back) pursued by Karna. Beholding the elephants, huge as hills that had been slain by

[1]In the first line of the 62 the Bengal reading *Ayastam* is better than the Bombay reading *Ayastas*.

Arjuna, lying (near), unarmed Bhimasena entered into their midst, for impeding the progress of Karna's car. Approaching that multitude of elephants and getting into the midst of that fastness which was inaccessible to a car, the son of Pandu, desirous of saving his life, refrained from striking the son of Radha. Desirous of shelter, that subjugator of hostile cities *viz.*, the son of Pritha, uplifting an elephant that had been slain by Dhananjaya with his shafts, waited there, like Hanumat uplifting the peak of Gandhamadana.[1] Karna, however, with his shafts, cut off that elephant held by Bhima. The son of Pandu, thereupon, hurled at Karna the fragments of that elephant's body as also car-wheels and steeds. In fact, all objects that he saw lying there on the field, the son of Pandu, excited with rage, took up and hurled at Karna. Karna, however, with his sharp arrows, cut off every one of those objects thus thrown at him. Bhima also, raising his fierce fists that were endued with the force of the thunder, desired to slay the *Suta's* son. Soon, however, he recollected Arjuna's vow. The son of Pandu, therefore, though competent, spared the life of Karna, from desire of not falsifying the vow that Savyasachin had made. The *Suta's* son, however, with his sharp shafts, repeatedly caused the distressed Bhima, to lose the sense. But Karna, recollecting the words of Kunti, took not the life of the unarmed Bhima. Approaching quickly Karna touched him with the horn of his bow. As soon, however, as Bhimasena was touched with the bow, excited with rage and sighing like a snake, he snatched the bow from Karna and struck him with it on the head. Struck by Bhimasena, the son of Radha, with eyes red in wrath, smiling the while, said unto him repeatedly these words, *viz.*, 'Beardless eunuch, ignorant fool and gluton.' And Karna said, 'Without skill in weapons, do not fight with me. Thou art but a child, a laggard in battle! There, son of Pandu, where occurs a profusion of eatables and drink, there, O wretch, shouldst thou be but never in battle. Subsisting on roots, flowers, and observant of vows and austerities, thou, O Bhima, shouldst pass thy days in the woods for thou art unskilled in battle. Great is the difference between battle and the austere mode of a *Muni's* life. Therefore, O Vrikodara, retire into the woods. O child, thou art not fit for being engaged in battle. Thou hast an aptitude for a life in the woods. Urging cooks and servants and slaves in the house to speed, thou art fit only for reproving them in wrath for the sake of thy dinner, O Vrikodara! O Bhima, O thou of a foolish understanding, betaking thyself to a *Muni's* mode of life, gather thou fruits (for thy food). Go to the woods, O son of Kunti, for thou art not skilled in battle. Employed in culling fruits and roots or in waiting upon guests, thou art unfit, I think, to take a part, O Vrikodara, in any passage-at-arms.' And, O monarch, all the wrongs done to him in his younger years, were also reminded by Karna in harsh words. And as he stood there in weakness, Karna once more touched him with

[1]Literally, 'a mountain overgrown with medicinal herbs of great efficacy.' Of course, the allusion is to Hanumat's removal of Gandhamadana for the cure of Lakshmana.

the bow. And laughing loudly, Vrisha once more told Bhima those words, 'Thou shouldst fight with others, O sire, but never with one like me. They that fight with persons like us have to undergo this and else! Go thither where the two Krishnas are! They will protect thee in battle. Or, O son of Kunti, go home, for, a child as thou art, what business hast thou with battle?' Hearing those harsh words of Karna, Bhimasena laughed aloud and addressing Karna said unto him these words in the hearing of all, 'O wicked wight, repeatedly hast thou been vanquished by me. How canst thou indulge, then, in such idle boast? In this world the ancients witnessed the victory and defeat of the great Indra himself. O thou of ignoble parentage, engage thyself with me in an athletic encounter with bare arms. Even as I slew the mighty Kichaka of gigantic frame, I would then slay thee in the very sight of all kings.' Understanding the motives of Bhima, Karna, that foremost of intelligent men, abstained from that combat in the very sight of all the bowmen. Indeed, having made Bhima carless, Karna, O king, reproved him in such boastful language in the sight of that lion among the Vrishnis (*viz.,* Krishna) and of the high-souled Partha. Then the ape-bannered (Arjuna), urged by Kesava, shot at the *Suta's* son, O king, many shafts whetted on stone. Those arrows adorned with gold, shot by Partha's arms and issuing out of *Gandiva*, entered Karna's body, like cranes into the Krauncha mountains. With those arrows shot from *Gandiva* which entered Karna's body like so many snakes, Dhananjaya drove the *Suta's* son from Bhimasena's vicinity. His bow cut off by Bhima, and himself afflicted with the arrows of Dhananjaya, Karna quickly fled away from Bhima on his great car. Bhimasena also, O bull among men, mounting upon Satyaki's car, proceeded in that battle in the wake of his brother Savyasachin, the son of Pandu. Then Dhananjaya, with eyes red in wrath, aiming at Karna, quickly sped a shaft like the Destroyer urging forward Death's self. That shaft shot from *Gandiva*, like Garuda in the welkin in quest of a mighty snake, quickly coursed towards Karna. The son of Drona, however, that mighty car-warrior, with a winged arrow of his, cut it off in mid-air, desirous of rescuing Karna from fear of Dhananjaya. Then Arjuna, excited with wrath, pierced the son of Drona with four and sixty arrows, O king, and addressing him, said, 'Do not fly away, O Aswathaman, but wait a moment.' Drona's son, however, afflicted with the shafts of Dhananjaya, quickly entered a division of the Kaurava army that abounded with infuriated elephants and teemed with cars. The mighty son of Kunti, then, with the twang of *Gandiva*, drowned the noise made in that battle by all other twangings of bows, of shafts decked with gold. Then, the mighty Dhananjaya followed from behind the son of Drona who had not retreated to a great distance, frightening him all the way with his shafts. Piercing with his shafts, winged with the feathers of *Kankas* and peacocks, the bodies of men and elephants and steeds, Arjuna began to grind that force. Indeed, O chief of the Bharatas, Partha, the son of Indra, began to exterminate that host teeming with steeds and elephants and men.' "

SECTION CXXXIX

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Day by day, O Sanjaya, my blazing fame is being darkened. A great many warriors of mine have fallen. I think, all this is due to the reverse brought about by time. Dhananjaya, excited with rage, hath penetrated into my host which is protected by Drona's son, and Karna and which, therefore, is incapable of being penetrated by the very gods. United with those two of blazing energy *viz.*, Krishna and Bhima, as also with that bull among the Sinis, his prowess hath been increased. Since I have heard of Dhananjaya's entry, grief is consuming my heart, like fire consuming a heap of dry grass, I see that all the kings of the earth with the ruler of the Sindhus amongst them, are affected by evil destiny. Having done a great wrong to the diadem-decked (Arjuna), how can the ruler of the Sindhus, if he falls within Arjuna's sight, save his life? From circumstantial inference, I see, O Sanjaya, how can the ruler of the Sindhus, if he falls within Arjuna's sight, save his life? From circumstantial inference, I see, O Sanjaya, that the ruler of the Sindhus is already dead. Tell me, however, truly how the battle raged. Thou art skilled in narration, O Sanjaya, tell me truly how the Vrishni hero Satyaki fought, who striving resolutely for Dhananjaya's sake, alone entered in rage the vast force, disturbing and agitating it repeatedly, like an elephant plunging into a lake overgrown with lotuses.'

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding that foremost of men, *viz.*, Bhima, to proceed, afflicted with Karna's shafts in the midst, O king, of many heroes, that foremost warrior amongst the Sinis followed him on his car. Roaring like the clouds at the close of summer, and blazing like the autumnal sun, he began to slaughter with his formidable bow the host of thy son, causing it to tremble repeatedly. And as the foremost one of Madhu's race, O Bharata, thus proceeded along the field on his car, drawn by steeds of the hue of silver and himself roaring terribly, none amongst thy warriors could check his progress. Then that foremost of kings, *viz.*, Alamvusha, full of rage, never retreating from battle, armed with bow, and clad in a golden coat of mail rushing quickly, impeded the progress of Satyaki, that foremost warrior of Madhu's race. The encounter, then, O Bharata, that took place between them was such that its like had never been. All thy warriors and the enemy, abstaining from the fight, became spectators of that engagement between those two ornaments of battle. Then that foremost of kings, *viz.*, Alamvusha forcibly pierced Satyaki with ten arrows. That bull of Sini's race, however, with shafts, cut all those arrows before they could reach him. And once more, Alamvusha struck Satyaki with three sharp arrows equipped with beautiful wings, blazing as fire, and shot from his bow drawn to the ear. Those piercing through Satyaki's coat of mail, penetrated into his body. Having pierced Satyaki's body with those sharp and blazing arrows, endued with the force of fire or the wind, Alamvusha forcibly struck the four steeds of

Satyaki, white as silver, with four other arrows. The grandson of Sini, endued with great activity and prowess like that of (Kesava himself), the bearer of the discus, thus struck by him, slew with four shafts of great impetuosity the four steeds of Alamvusha. Having then cut off the head, beautiful as the full moon and decked with excellent ear-rings with a broad-headed arrow, fierce as the *Yuga*-fire. Having slain that descendant of many kings in battle, that bull among the Yadus, that hero capable of grinding hostile hosts, proceeded towards Arjuna, O king, resisting, as he went, the enemy's troops. Indeed, O king, thus careering in the midst of the foe, the Vrishni hero, while proceeding in the wake (of Arjuna), was seen repeatedly to destroy with his shafts the Kuru host, like the hurricane dispersing gathering masses of clouds. Whithersoever that lion among men desired to go, thither he was borne by those excellent steeds of his, of the Sindhu breed, well-broken, docile, white as milk of the *Kunda* flower or the moon or snow, and adorned with trappings of warriors, *viz.*, Duhsasana, their commander. Those leaders of divisions, encompassing the grandson of Sini on all sides in that battle, began to strike him. That foremost one among the Satwatas, that hero, *viz.*, Satyaki also, resisted them all with showers of arrows. Quickly checking all of them by means of his fiery shafts, that slayer of foes, *viz.*, the grandson of Sini, forcibly uplifting his bow, O Ajamida, slew the steeds of Duhsasana. Then, Arjuna and Krishna, beholding that foremost of men, (*viz.*, Satyaki) in that battle, became filled with joy.' "

SECTION CXL

"Sanjaya said, 'Then the great bowmen of the Trigarta country owning standards adorned with gold, encompassed on all sides the mighty-armed Satyaki, that warrior who accomplished with great activity everything that demanded accomplishment, and who, having penetrated into that host, unlimited as the sea, was rushing against Duhsasana's car from desire of Dhananjaya's success. Checking his course with a large throng of cars on all sides, those great bowmen, excited with rage, covered him with showers of arrows. Having penetrated into the midst of the Bharata army which resembled a shoreless sea, and which, filled with the sound of palms abounded with swords and darts and maces, Satyaki, of prowess incapable of being baffled, alone vanquished his foes, those fifty (Trigarta) princes shining brilliantly in that battle. On that occasion we saw that the conduct of Sini's grandson in battle was extremely wonderful. So great was the lightness (of his movements) that having seen him on the west, we immediately saw him in the east. North, south, east, west, and in the other subsidiary directions, that hero seemed to career dancingly, as if he con-

stituted a hundred warriors in his single self. Beholding that conduct of Satyaki, endued with the sportive tread of the lion, the Trigarta warriors, unable to bear his prowess fled away towards (the division of) their own (countrymen). Then the brave warriors of the Surasenas endeavoured to check Satyaki, striking him with showers of shafts, like a driver striking an infuriated elephant with the hook. The high-souled Satyaki struggled with them for a short space of time and then that hero of inconceivable prowess began to fight with the Kalingas. Transgressing that division of the Kalingas which was incapable of being crossed, the mighty-armed Satyaki approached the presence of Dhananjaya, the son of Pritha. Like a tired swimmer in water when he reaches the land, Yuyudhana became comforted on obtaining the sight of Dhananjaya, that tiger among men. Beholding him approach, Kesava, addressing Partha, said, 'Yonder cometh the grandson of Sini, O Partha, following in thy wake. O thou of prowess incapable of being baffled, he is thy disciple and friend. That bull among men, regarding all the warriors as straw, hath vanquished them. Inflicting terrible injuries upon the Kaurava warriors, Satyaki, who is dear to thee as life, cometh towards thee, O Kiritin! Having with his shafts crushed Drona himself and Kritavarman of the Bhoja race, this Satyaki cometh to thee, O Phalguna! Intent on Yudhishthira's good, having slain many foremost of warriors, the brave Satyaki, skilled in weapons, is coming to thee, O Phalguna! Having achieved the most difficult feat in the midst of the (Kaurava) troops, the mighty Satyaki, desirous of obtaining thy sight cometh to thee, O son of Pandu! Having on a single car fought in battle many mighty car-warriors with the preceptor (Drona) on their head, Satyaki cometh to thee, O Partha! Despatched by Dharma's son, this Satyaki cometh to thee, O Partha, having pierced through the Kaurava army, relying on the might of his own arms. Invincible in battle, that Satyaki, who hath no warrior amongst the Kauravas equal to him, is coming to thee, O son of Kunti! Having slain, countless warriors, this Satyaki cometh to thee, O Partha, freed from amid the Kaurva troops, like a lion from amid a herd of kine. Having strewn the earth with the faces, beautiful as the lotus, of thousands of kings, this Satyaki is coming to thee, O Partha! Having vanquished in battle Duryodhana himself with his brothers, and having slain Jalasandha, Satyaki is coming quickly. Having caused a river of blood for its mire, and regarding the Kauravas as straw, Satyaki cometh towards thee.' The son of Kunti, without being cheerful, said these words unto Kesava, 'The arrival of Satyaki, O mighty-armed one, is scarcely agreeable to me. I do not, O Kesava, know how king Yudhishthira the Just is. Now that he is separated from Satwata, I doubt whether he is alive; O mighty-armed one, this Satyaki should have protected the king. Why then, O Krishna, hath this one, leaving Yudhishthira followed in my wake? The king, therefore, hath been abandoned to Drona. The ruler of the Sindhus hath not yet been slain. There, Bhurisravas is proceeding against Satyaki in battle. A heavier burthen hath been cast upon me

on account of Jayadratha. I should know how the king is and I should also protect Satyaki. I should also slay Jayadratha. The sun hangeth low. As regards the mighty-armed Satyaki, he is tired; his weapons also have been exhausted. His steeds as also their driver, are tired, O Madhava! Bhurisravas, on the other hand, is not tired, he hath supporters behind him, O Kesava! Will success be Satyaki's in this encounter? Having crossed the very ocean, will Satyaki of unbaffled prowess, will that bull amongst the Sinis, of great energy, succumb, obtaining (before him) the vestige of a cow's foot?[1] Encountering that foremost one amongst the Kurus, *viz.*, the high-souled Bhurisravas, skilled in weapons, will Satyaki have good fortune? I regard this, O Kesava, to have been an error of judgement on the part of king Yudhishthira the Just. Casting of all fear of the preceptor, he hath despatched Satyaki (from away his side). Like a sky-ranging hawk after a peace of meat, Drona always endeavoureth after the seizure of king Yudhishthira the Just. Will the king be free from all danger?' "

SECTION CXLI

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding Satwata, invincible in battle coming (towards Arjuna), Bhurisravas, in rage, O king, suddenly advanced towards him. He of Kuru's race, then, O king, addressing that bull of Sini's race, said, 'By luck it is thou that hast today come within the range of my vision. Today in this battle, I obtain the wish I had always cherished. If thou dost not flee away from battle, thou wilt not escape me with life. Slaying thee today in fight, thou that art ever proud of thy heroism, I will, O thou of Dasarha's race, gladden the Kuru king Suyodhana. Those heroes, *viz.*, Kesava and Arjuna, will today together behold thee lying on the field of battle, scorched with my arrows. Hearing that thou hast been slain by me, the royal son of Dharma, who caused thee to penetrate into this host, will today be covered with shame. Pritha's son, Dhananjaya, will today behold my prowess when he sees thee slain and lying on the earth, covered with gore. This encounter with thee hath always been desired by me, like the encounter of Sakra with Vali in the battle between the gods and the *Asuras* in days of old. Today I will give thee dreadful battle, O Satwata! Thou shalt thence truly understand (the measure of) my energy, might, and manliness. Slain by me in battle, thou shalt today proceed to the abode of Yama, like Ravana's son (Indrajit) slain by Lakshmana, the younger brother of Rama. Today, Krishna and Partha and king Yudhishthira the Just, O thou of Madhu's race, witnessing thy slaughter will, without doubt, be overcome

[1] *i.e.*, the little indent caused by a cow's hoof.

with despondency and will give up battle. Causing thy death today, O Madhava, with keen shafts, I will gladden the wives of all those that have been slain by thee in battle. Having come within the scope of my vision, thou shalt not escape, like a small deer from within the range of a lion's vision.' Hearing these words of his, Yuyudhana, O king, answered him with a laugh, saying, 'O thou of Kuru's race, I am never inspired with fear in battle. Thou shalt not succeed in terrifying me with thy words only. He will slay me in battle who will succeed in disarming me. He that will slay *me* in battle will slay (foes) for all time to come.[1] What is the use of such idle and long-winded boast in words? Accomplish in deed what thou sayest. Thy words seem to be as fruitless as the roar of autumnal clouds. Hearing, O hero, these roars of thine, I cannot restrain my laughter. Let that encounter, O thou of Kuru's race, which has been desired by thee so long, take place today. My heart, O sire, inspired as it is with the desire of an encounter with thee, cannot brook any delay. Before slaying thee, I shall not abstain from the fight, O wretch.' Rebuking each other in such words, those two bulls among men, both excited with great wrath, struck each other in battle, each being desirous of taking the other's life. Those great bowmen both endued with great might, encountered each other in battle, each challenging the other, like two wrathful elephants in rut for the sake of a she-elephant in her season. And those two chastisers of foes, *viz.*, Bhurisravas and Satyaki, poured upon each other dense showers of arrows like two masses of clouds. Then Somadatta's son, having shrouded the grandson of Sini with swift coursing shafts, once more pierced the latter, O chief of the Bharatas, with many keen shafts, from desire of slaying him. Having pierced Satyaki with ten shafts, Somadatta's son sped many other keen shafts at that bull amongst the Sinis, from a desire of compassing his destruction. Satyaki, however, O lord, cut off, with the power of his weapons, all those keen shafts of Bhurisravas, O king, in the welkin, before, in fact, any of them could reach him. Those two heroes, those two warriors that enhanced the fame of the Kurus and the Vrishnis respectively, both of noble lineage, thus poured upon each other their arrowy showers. Like two tigers fighting with their claws or two huge elephants with their tusks they mangled each other with shafts and darts, such as car-warriors may use. Mangling each other's limbs, and with blood issuing out of their wounds, those two warriors engaged in a gambling match in which their lives were at the stake, checked and confounded each other. Those heroes of excellent feats, those enhancers of the fame of the Kurus and the Vrishnis, thus fought with each other, like two leaders of elephantine herds. Indeed, those warriors, both coveting the highest region, both cherishing the desire of very soon attaining the region of Brahman, thus roared at each other. Indeed, Satyaki and Somadatta's son continued to cover each other with their arrowy showers in the sight of the Dhartarashtras filled with joy. And the people there witnessed that encounter between those two

[1]The sense is that he that will slay me will always be victorious in battle, will always slay the warriors with whom he may be engaged in battle. Defeat will never be his.

foremost of warriors who were fighting like two leaders of elephantine herds for the sake of a she-elephant in her season. Then each slaying the other's steeds and cutting off the other's bow, those car-less combatants encountered each other with swords in a dreadful fight. Taking up two beautiful and large and bright shields made of bull's hide, and two naked swords, they careered on the field. Stalking in circles and in diverse other kinds of courses duly, those grinders of foes excited with rage, frequently struck each other. Armed with swords, clad in bright armour, decked with cuirass and *Angadas*, those two famous warriors showed diverse kinds of motion. They wheeled about on high and made side-thrusts, and ran about, and rushed forward and rushed upwards. And those chastisers of foes began to strike each other with their swords. And each of them looked eagerly for the dereliction of the other. And both of those heroes leapt beautifully and both showed their skill in that battle, began also to make skilful passes at each other, and having struck each other, O king, those heroes took rest for a moment in the sight of all the troops. Having with their swords cut in pieces each other's beautiful shield, O king, decked with a hundred moons, those tigers among men, engaged themselves in a wrestling encounter. Both having broad chests, both having long arms, both well-skilled in wrestling, they encountered each other with their arms of iron that resembled spiked maces. And they struck each other with their arms, and seized each other's arms, and each seized with his arms the other's neck. And the skill they had acquired by exercise, contributed to the joy of all the warriors that stood as spectators of the encounter. And as those heroes fought with each other, O king, in that battle, loud and terrible were the sounds produced by them, resembling the fall of the thunder upon the mountain breast. Like two elephants encountering each other with the end of their tusks, or like two bulls with their horns, those two illustrious and foremost warriors of the Kuru and the Satwata races, fought with each other, sometimes binding each other with their arms, sometimes striking each other with their heads, sometimes intertwining each other's legs, sometimes slapping their armpits, sometimes pinching each other with their nails, sometimes clasping each other tightly, sometimes twining their legs round each other's loins, sometimes rolling on the ground, sometimes advancing, sometimes receding, sometimes rising up, and sometimes leaping up. Indeed, those two and thirty kinds of separate manoeuvres that characterise encounters of that kind.

"When Satwata's weapons were exhausted during his engagement with Bhurisravas, Vāsudeva said unto Arjuna, 'Behold that foremost of all bowmen, *viz.*, Satyaki, engaged in battle, deprived of car. He hath entered the Bharata host, having pierced through it, following in thy wake, O son of Pandu! He hath fought with all the Bharata warriors of great energy. The giver of large sacrificial presents, *viz.*, Bhurisravas, hath encountered that foremost of warriors while tired with fatigue. Desirous of battle, Bhurisravas is about to encounter. Then that warrior invincible in battle, *viz.*, Bhurisravas, excited with wrath, vigorously struck Satyaki, O king, like an

infuriated elephant striking an infuriated compeer. Those two foremost of warriors, both upon their cars, and both excited with wrath, fought on, king, Kesava, and Arjuna witnessing their encounter. Then the mighty-armed Krishna, addressing Arjuna, said, 'Behold, that tiger among the Vrishnis and the Andhakas has succumbed to Somadatta's son. Having achieved the most difficult feats, exhausted with exertion, he hath been deprived of his car. O Arjuna, protect Satyaki, thy heroic disciple. See that foremost of men may not, for thy sake, O tiger among men, succumb to Bhurisravas, devoted to sacrifices. O puissant one, speedily do what is needed.' Dhananjaya, with a cheerful heart addressing Vāsudeva, said, 'Behold, that bull amongst the Rurus and that foremost one among the Vrishnis are sporting with each other, like a huge elephant mad with rage sporting with a mighty lion in the forest. While Dhananjaya the son of Pandu was thus speaking, loud cries of *oh* and *alas* arose among the troops, O bull of Bharata's race, since the mighty-armed Bhurisravas, exerting vigorously struck Satyaki and brought him down upon the ground. And like a lion dragging an elephant, that foremost one of Kuru's race, *viz.*, Bhurisravas, that giver of profuse presents at sacrifices, dragging that foremost one amongst the Satwatas, looked resplendent in that battle. Then Bhurisravas in that encounter, drawing his sword from the scabbard, seized Satyaki by the hair of his head and struck him at the chest with his feet. Bhurisravas then was about to cut off from Satyaki's trunk his head decked with ear-rings. For sometime, the Satwata hero rapidly whirled his head with the arm of Bhurisravas that held it by the hair, like a potter's wheel whirled round with the staff. Beholding Satwata thus dragged in battle by Bhurisravas. Vāsudeva once more, O king, addressed Arjuna and said, 'Behold, that tiger among the Vrishnis and the Andhakas, that disciple of thine, O mighty-armed one, not inferior to thee in bowmanship, hath succumbed to Somadatta's son. O Partha, since Bhurisravas is thus prevailing over the Vrishni hero, Satyaki, of prowess incapable of being baffled, the very name of the latter is about to be falsified.[1] Thus addressed by Vāsudeva the mighty-armed son of Pandu, mentally worshipped Bhurisravas in that battle, saying, 'I am glad that, Bhurisravas, that enhancer of the fame of the Kurus, is dragging Satyaki in battle, as if in sport. Without slaying Satyaki that foremost one among the heroes of the Vrishni race, the Kuru warrior is only dragging him like a mighty lion in the forest dragging a huge elephant.' Mentally applauding the Kuru warrior thus, O king, the mighty-armed Arjuna, the son of Pritha, replied unto Vāsudeva, saying, 'My eyes having rested upon of the Sindhus, I could not, O Madhava, see Satyaki. I shall, however, for the sake of that Yadava warrior, achieve a most difficult feat.' Having said these words, in obedience to Vāsudeva, the son of Pandu, fixed on *Gandiva* a sharp razor-headed

[1]I do not render 55 literally. Satyaki is called 'Satyavikrama,' *i.e.*, of 'true prowess' or 'of prowess incapable of being baffled.' If he sustains a defeat today at Bhurisrava's hand, that title of his will be falsified. This is all that Krishna means.

arrow. That arrow, shot by Partha's hand and resembling a meteor flashing down from the firmament, cut off the Kuru warrior's arm with the sword in the grasp and decked with *Angada*.' "

SECTION CXLII

"Sanjaya said, 'That arm (of Bhurisravas) decked with *Angada* and the sword in its grasp (thus cut off), fell down on the earth to the great grief of all living creatures. Indeed, that arm, which was to have cut off Satyaki's head itself, cut off by the unseen Arjuna, quickly dropped down on the earth, like a snake of five heads. The Kuru warrior, beholding himself incapacitated by Partha abandoned his hold on Satyaki and wrathfully reproved the son of Pandu.'

"Bhurisravas said, 'Thou hast, O son of Kunti, done a cruel and heartless deed, since without being engaged with me, thou hast, unseen by me, cut off my arm. Shalt thou not have to say unto Yudhishthira, the royal son of Dharma, even this, *viz.*, '*Bhurisravas, while otherwise engaged, was slain by me in battle?*' Wert thou taught this use of weapons by the high-souled Indra or by Rudra, O Partha, or by Drona, or by Kripa? Thou art, in this world, better acquainted with the rules about the use of weapons than all others. Why then hast thou cut off in battle the arm of a warrior who was not engaged with thee? The righteous never strike him that is heedless, or him that is terrified, or him that is made carless, or him that beggeth for life or protection, of him that hath fallen into distress. Why, then, O Partha, hast thou perpetrated such an extremely unworthy deed that is sinful, that is worthy only of a low wretch, and that is practised by only a wicked bloke! A respectable person, O Dhananjaya, can easily accomplish a deed that is respectable. A deed, however, that is disrespectable becomes difficult of accomplishment by a person that is respectable. A man quickly catches the behaviour of those with whom and amongst whom he moves. This is seen in thee, O Partha! Being of royal lineage and born, especially, in Kuru's race, how hast thou fallen off from the duties of a Kshatriya, although thou wert of good behaviour and observant of excellent vows. This mean act that thou hast perpetrated for the sake of the Vrishni warrior, is without doubt, conformable to Vāsudeva's counsels. Such an act does not suit one like thee. Who else, unless he were a friend of Krishna's, would inflict such a wrong upon one that is heedlessly engaged with another in battle? The Vrishnis and the Andhakas are bad Kshatriyas, ever engaged in sinful deeds, and are, by nature, addicted to disreputable behaviour. Why, O Partha, hast thou taken them as model? Thus addressed in battle, Partha replied unto Bhurisravas, saying, 'It is evident that with the decrepitude of the body one's intellect

also becomes decrepit, since, O lord, all those senseless words have been uttered by thee. Although thou knowest Hrishikesa and myself well, how is it that thou rebukest us thus? Knowing as I do the rules of battle and conversant as I am with the meaning of all the scriptures, I would never do an act that is sinful. Knowing this well, thou rebukest me yet. The Kshatriyas fight with their foes, surrounded by their own followers, their brothers, sires, sons, relatives, kinsmen, companions, and friends. These also fight, relying on the (strength of) arms of those they follow. Why, then, should I not protect Satyaki, my disciple and dear kinsman, who is fighting for our sake in this battle, regardless of life itself, that is so difficult of being laid down.[1] Invincible in fight, Satyaki, O king, is my right arm in battle. One should not protect one's own self only, when one goes to battle, he, O king, who is engaged in the business of another should be protected (by that other). Such men being protected, the king is protected in press of battle. If I had calmly beheld Satyaki on the point of being slain in great battle (and had not interfered for saving him), sin would, then, owing to Satyaki's death, have been mine, for such negligence! Why then dost thou become angry with me for my having protected Satyaki? Thou rebukest me, O king, saying, '*Though engaged with another, I have yet been maimed by thee.*' In that matter, I answer, I judged wrongly. Sometimes shaking my armour; sometimes riding on my car, sometimes drawing the bow-string, I was fighting with my enemies in the midst of a host resembling the vast deep, teeming with cars and elephants and abounding with steeds and foot-soldiers and echoing with fierce leonine shouts. Amongst friends and foes engaged with one another, how could it be possible that the Satwata warrior was engaged with only one person in battle? Having fought with many and vanquished many mighty car-warriors, Satyaki had been tired. He himself, afflicted with weapons, had become cheerless. Having, under such circumstances, vanquished the mighty car-warrior, Satyaki, and brought him under thy control, thou soughtest to display thy superiority. Thou hadst desired to cut off, with thy sword, the head of Satyaki in battle. I could not possibly behold with indifference Satyaki reduced to that strait.[2] Thou shouldst rather rebuke thy own self, since thou didst not take care of thyself (when seeking to injure another). Indeed, O hero, how wouldst thou have behaved towards one who is thy dependant?'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Thus addressed (by Arjuna), the mighty-armed and illustrious Bhurisravas, bearing the device of the sacrificial stake on his banner, abandoning Yuyudhana, desired to die according to the vow of *Praya*.[3] Distinguished by many righteous deeds, he spread with his left

[1]Verse 20 is incomplete. I supply the words,—'Why then should I not protect' in order to make the meaning intelligible. The first line of 21 is grammatically connected with 20. To avoid an ugly construction I render it separately.

[2]Literally, 'who could witness with indifference Satyaki reduced to that plight?'

[3]Generally, to die, abstaining from all food. It is a method of freeing the soul from the body by *Yoga*.

hand a bed of arrows, and desirous of proceeding to the region of Brahman, committed his senses to the care of the deities presiding over them. Fixing his gaze on the sun, and setting his cleansed heart on the moon, and thinking of (the *mantras* in) the great *Upanishad*, Bhurisravas, betaking himself to *Yoga*, ceased to speak. Then all the persons in the entire army began to speak ill of Krishna and Dhananjaya and applauded Bhurisravas, that bull among men. Though censured, the two Krishnas, however, spoke not a word disagreeable (to the dying hero). The stake-bannered Bhurisravas also, though thus applauded, felt no joy. Then Pandu's son Dhanajaya, called also Phalguna, incapable of bearing thy sons speaking in that strain, as also of putting up with their words and the words of Bhurisravas, O Bharata, in grief and without an angry heart, and as if for reminding them all, said these words, 'All the kings are acquainted with my great vow, *viz.*, that no one shall succeed in slaying anybody that belongs to our side, as long as the latter is within the range of my shafts. Remembering this, O stake-bannered one, it behoveth thee not to censure me. Without knowing rules of morality, it is not proper for one to censure others. That I have cut off thy arm while thou, well-armed in battle, wert on the point of slaying (the unarmed) Satyaki, is not all contrary to morality. But what righteous man is there, O sire, that would applaud the slaughter of Abhimanyu, a mere child, without arms, deprived of car, and his armour fallen off?' Thus addressed by Partha, Bhurisravas touched the ground with his left arm the right one (that had been lopped off). The stake-bannered Bhurisravas, O king of dazzling effulgence, having heard those words of Partha, remained silent, with his head hanging down. Then Arjuna said, 'O eldest brother of Sala, equal to what I bear to king Yudhishthira the Just, or Bhima, that foremost of all mighty persons, or Nakula, or Sahadeva, is the love I bear to thee. Commanded by me as also by the illustrious Krishna, repair thou to the region of the righteous, even where Sivi, the son of Usinara, is.'

"Vāsudeva also said, 'Thou hast constantly performed sacrifices and *Agnihotras*. Go thou then, without delay, into those pure regions of mine that incessantly blaze forth with splendour and that are desired by the foremost of deities with Brahma as their head, and becoming equal to myself, be thou borne on the back to Garuda.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Set free by Somadatta's son, the grandson of Sini, rising up, drew his sword and desired to cut off the head of the high-souled Bhurisravas. Indeed, Satyaki desired to slay the sinless Bhurisravas, the eldest brother of Sala, that giver of plenty in sacrifices who was staying with his senses withdrawn from battle, who had already been almost slain by the son of Pandu, who was sitting with his arm lopped off and who resembled on that account a trunkless elephant. All the warriors loudly censured him (for his intention). But deprived of reason, and forbidden by Krishna and the high-souled Partha, Bhima, and the two protectors of the two wheels (of Arjuna's car, *viz.*, Yudhamanyu and Uttamaujas), and Aswatthaman, and Kripa and Karna, and Vrishasena,

and the ruler of the Sindhus also, and while the soldiers were yet uttering shouts of disapproval, Satyaki slew Bhurisravas while in the observance of his vow. Indeed, Satyaki, with his sword, cut off the head of the Kuru warrior who had been deprived of his arm by Partha and who was then sitting in *Praya* for freeing his soul from the body. The warriors did not applaud Satyaki for that act of his in slaying that perpetuator of Kuru's race who had before been almost slain by Partha. The *Siddhas*, the *Charanas*, and the men there present, as also the gods, beholding the Sakra-like Bhurisravas slain in that battle, through sitting in the observance of that *Praya* vow, began to applaud him, amazed at the acts, accomplished by him. Thy soldiers also argued the matter, 'It is no fault of the Vrishni hero. That which was pre-ordained has happened. Therefore, we should not give way to wrath. Anger is the cause of men's sorrow. It was ordained that Bhurisravas would be slain by the Vrishni hero. There is no use of judging of its propriety or otherwise. The Creator had ordained Satyaki to be the cause of Bhurisrava's death in battle.'

"Satyaki said, 'Ye sinful Kauravas, wearing the outward garment of righteousness, ye tell me, in words of virtue, that Bhurisravas should not be slain. Where, however, did this righteousness of yours go when ye slew in battle that child, *viz.*, the son of Subhadra, while destitute of arms? I had in a certain fit of haughtiness vowed that he who would, throwing me down alive in battle, strike me with his foot in rage, he would be slain by me even though that foe should adopt the vow of asceticism. Struggling in the encounter, with my arms and eyes hale and sound, ye had yet regarded me as dead. This was an act of folly on our part. Ye bulls among the Kurus, the slaughter of Bhurisravas, accomplished by me, hath been very proper! Partha, however, by cutting off this one's arm with sword in grasp for fulfilling, from his affection for me, his own vow (about protecting all on his side), hath simply robbed me of glory. That which is ordained must happen. It is destiny that works. Bhurisravas hath been slain in press of battle. What sin have I perpetrated? In days of yore, Valmiki sang this verse on earth, *viz.*, '*Thou sayest, O ape, that women should not be slain. In all ages, however, men should always, with resolute care, accomplish that which gives pain to enemies.*'

"Sanjaya continued, After Satyaki had said these words, none amongst the Pandavas and the Kauravas, O king, said anything. On the other hand, they mentally applauded Bhurisravas. No one there applauded the slaughter of Somadatta's illustrious son who resembled an ascetic living in the woods, or one sanctified with *mantras* in a great sacrifice, and who had given away thousands of gold coins. The head of that hero, graced with beautiful blue locks and eyes, red as those of pigeons, looked like the head of a horse cut off in a Horse-sacrifice and placed on the sacrificial altar.[1] Sanctified by his prowess and the death he obtained at the edge of the weapon, the boon-giving Bhurisravas, worthy of every boon,

[1]Literally, 'near the place assigned for the sacrificial butter.'

casting off his body in great battle, repaired to regions on high, filling the welkin with his high virtues.'"

SECTION CXLIII

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Unvanquished by Drona, and Radha's son and Vikarna and Kritavarman, how could the heroic Satyaki, never before checked in battle, having after his promise to Yudhishthira crossed the ocean of the Kaurava troops, being humiliated by the Kuru warrior Bhurisravas and forcibly thrown on the ground?'

"Sanjaya said, 'Hear, O king, about the origin, in the past times, of Sini's grandson, and of how Bhurisravas also came to be descended. This will clear thy doubts. Atri had for son Soma. Soma's son was called Vudha. Vudha had one son, of the splendour of the great Indra, called Pururavas. Pururavas had a son called Ayus. Ayus had for his son Nahusha. Nahusha had for his son Yayati who was a royal sage equal to a celestial. Yayati had by Devayani Yadu for his eldest son. In Yadu's race was born a son of the name of Devamidha of Yadu's race had a son named Sura, applauded in the three worlds. Sura had for his son that foremost of men, *viz.*, the celebrated Vasudeva. Foremost in bowmanship, Sura was equal to Kartavirya in battle. In Sura's race and equal unto Sura in energy was born Sini, O king! About this time, O king, occurred the Swayamvara of the high-souled Devaka's daughter, in which all the Kshatriyas were present. In that self-choice, Sini vanquishing all the kings, quickly took up on his car the princess Devaki for the sake of Vasudeva. Beholding the princess Devaki on Sini's car, that bull among men, *viz.*, the brave Somadatta of mighty energy could not brook the sight. A battle, O king, ensued between the two which lasted for half a day and was beautiful and wonderful to behold. The battle that took place between those two mighty men was a wrestling encounter. That bull among men, *viz.*, Somadatta, was forcibly thrown down on the earth by Sini. Uplifting his sword and seizing him by the hair, Sini struck his foe with his foot, in the midst of many thousands of kings who stood as spectators all around. At last, from compassion, he let him off, saying, 'Live!' Reduced to that plight by Sini, Somadatta, O sire, under the influence of wrath began to pay his adorations to Mahadeva for inducing the latter to bless him. That great lord of all boon-giving deities *viz.*, Mahadeva, became gratified with him and asked him to solicit the boon he desired. The royal Somadatta then solicited the following boon, 'I desire a son, O divine lord. who will strike Sini's son in the midst of thousands of kings and who will in battle strike him with his foot.' Hearing these words, O king, of Somadatta, the god

saying, 'So be it,' disappeared then and there. It was in consequence of the gift of that boon that Somadatta subsequently obtained the highly charitable Bhurisravas for son, and it was for this, Somadatta's son threw down Sini's descendant in battle and struck him, before the eyes of the whole army, with his foot. I have now told thee, O king, what thou hadst asked me. Indeed, the Satwata hero is incapable of being vanquished in battle by even the foremost of men. The Vrishni heroes are all of sure aim in battle, and are conversant with all modes of warfare. They are vanquishers of the very gods, the *Danavas* and the *Gandharvas*. They are never confounded. They always fight, relying upon their own energy. They are never dependent on others. None, O lord, are seen in this world to be equal to the Vrishni's. None, O bull of Bharata's race, have been, are, or will be equal in might to the Vrishni's. They never show disrespect to their kinsmen. They are always obedient to the commands of those that are reverend in years. The very gods and *Asuras* and *Gandharvas*, the *Yakshas*, the *Uragas* and the *Rakshasas* cannot vanquish the Vrishni heroes, what need be said of men, therefore, in battle? They never covet also the possessions of those that ever render them aid on any occasion of distress. Devoted to the Brahmanas and truthful in speech, they never display any pride although they are wealthy. The Vrishnis regard even the strong as weak and rescue them from distress. Always devoted to the gods, the Vrishnis are self-restrained, charitable, and free from pride. It is for this that the prowess,[1] of the Vrishnis is never baffled. A person may remove the mountains of Meru or swim across the ocean but cannot defeat the Vrishnis. I have told thee everything about which thou hadst thy doubts. All this, however, O king of the Kurus, that is happening is due to thy evil policy, O best of men!' "

SECTION CXLIV

"Dhritarashtra said, 'After the Kuru warrior Bhurisravas had been slain under those circumstances, tell me, O Sanjaya, how proceeded the battle.'

"Sanjaya said, 'After Bhurisravas had proceeded to the other world, O Bharata, the mighty-armed Arjuna urged Vāsudeva, saying, "Urge the steeds, O Krishna, to greater speed for taking me to the spot where king Jayadratha is. O sinless one, the sun is quickly proceeding towards the *Asta* hills. O tiger among men, this great task should be achieved by me. The ruler of the Sindhus is, again, protected by many mighty car-warriors among the Kuru army. Urge thou the steeds, therefore, O Krishna, in

[1]Nilakantha explains *chakram* as *Pratapam*.

such a way that I may, by slaying Jayadratha before the sun sets, make my vow true.' Then the mighty-armed Krishna conversant with horse-lore, urged those steeds of silvery hue towards the car of Jayadratha. Then, O king, many leaders of the Kuru army, such as Duryodhana and Karna and Vrishasena and the ruler of the Sindhus himself, rushed with speed, O king, against Arjuna whose shafts were never baffled and who was proceeding, on his car drawn by steeds of great fleetness. Vibhatsu, however, getting at the ruler of the Sindhus who was staying before him, and casting his glances upon him, seemed to scorch him with his eyes blazing with wrath. Then, king Duryodhana, quickly addressed the son of Radha. Indeed, O monarch, thy son Suyodhana said unto Karna, 'O son of Vikartana, that time of battle hath come at last. O high-souled one, exhibit now thy might. O Karna, act in such a way that Jayadratha may not be slain by Arjuna! O foremost of men, the day is about to expire, strike now the foe with clouds of shafts! If the day expire, O foremost of men, victory, O Karna, will certainly be ours! If the ruler of the Sindhus can be protected till the setting of the sun, then Partha, his vow being falsified, will enter into blazing fire. O giver of honours, the brothers, then, of Arjuna, with all their followers, will not be able to live for even a moment in a world that is destitute of Arjuna! Upon the death of the sons of Pandu, the whole of the earth, O Karna, with her mountains and waters and forests, we will enjoy without a thorn on our side! O giver of honours, it seems that Partha, who without ascertaining what is practicable and what is impracticable, made this vow in battle, was afflicted by destiny itself, his judgment having taken a misdirected course! Without doubt, O Karna, the diadem-decked son of Pandu must have made this vow about the slaughter of Jayadratha for his own destruction! How, O son of Radha, when thou art alive will Phalguna succeed in slaying the ruler of the Sindhus before the sun goes to the Asta hills? How will Dhananjaya slay Jayadratha in battle when the latter is protected by the king of the Madras and by the illustrious Kripa? How will Vibhatsu, who seems to have been urged on by Fate, get at the ruler of the Sindhus when the latter if protected by Drona's son, by myself, and Duhsasana? Many are the heroes engaged in fight. The sun is hanging low in the sky. Partha will not even get at Jayadratha in battle, O giver of honours. Do thou therefore, O Karna, with myself and other brave and mighty car-warriors, with Drona's son and the ruler of the Madras and Kripa fight with Partha in battle, exerting thyself with the greatest firmness and resolution.' Thus addressed by thy son, O sire, the son of Radha replied unto Duryodhana, that foremost one among the Kurus, in these words, 'Deeply hath my body been pierced in battle by the brave bowman Bhimasena, capable of striking vigorously with repeated showers of arrows. O giver of honours, that I am yet present in battle is because that one like me should be present here. Scorched with the powerful shafts of Bhimasena, every limb of mine is suffering from torturing pain I shall, however, for all that, fight to the best of my

powers. My life itself is for thee. I shall strive my best so that this foremost one of the sons of Pandu may not succeed in slaying the ruler of the Sindhus. As long as I shall fight, shooting my whetted shafts, the heroic Dhananjaya, capable of drawing the bow with even his left hand, will not succeed in getting at the ruler of the Sindhus. All that a person, bearing love and affection to thee and always solicitous of thy good, may do, shall be done by me, O thou of Kuru's race! As regards victory, that depends on destiny. I shall in battle today exert myself to my utmost for the sake of the ruler of the Sindhus, and for achieving thy good. O king, victory, however, is dependent on destiny. Relying on my manliness, I shall fight with Arjuna today for thy sake, O tiger among men! Victory, however, is dependent on destiny. O chief of the Kurus, let all the troops behold today the fierce battle, making the very hair stand on end, that takes place between myself and Arjuna.' While Karna and the Kuru king were thus talking to each other in battle, Arjuna began, with his keen arrows, to slaughter thy host. With his broad-headed arrows of great sharpness he began to cut off in that battle the arms, looking like spiked clubs or the trunks of elephants, of unreturning heroes. And the mighty-armed hero also cut off their heads with whetted shafts. And Vibhatsu also cut off the trunks of elephants and the necks of steeds and the *Akshas* of cars all around, as also blood-dyed horsemen, armed with spears and lances, with razor-faced arrows into two or three fragments. And steeds and foremost of elephants and standards and umbrellas and bows and Yalk-tails and heads fell fast on all sides. Consuming thy host like a blazing fire consuming a heap of dry grass, Partha soon caused the earth to be covered with blood. And the mighty and invincible Partha, of prowess incapable of being baffled, causing an immense slaughter in that army of thine, soon reached the ruler of the Sindhus. Protected by Bhimasena and by Satwata, Vibhatsu, O chief of the Bharatas, looked resplendent like a blazing fire. Beholding Phalguna in that state, the mighty bowmen of thy army, those bulls among men, endued with wealth of energy, could not brook him. Then Duryodhana and Karna and Vrishasena and the ruler of the Madras, and Aswatthaman and Kripa and the ruler of the Sindhus himself, excited with wrath and fighting for the sake of the Sindhu king, encompassed the diadem-decked Arjuna on all sides. All those warriors, skilled in battle, placing the ruler of the Sindhus at their back, and desirous of slaying Arjuna and Krishna, surrounded Partha, that hero conversant with battle, who was then dancing along the track of his car, producing fierce sounds with the bowstring and his palms and resembling the Destroyer himself with wide-opened mouth. The sun then had assumed a red hue in the sky. Desirous of his (speedy) setting, the Kaurava warriors, bending their bows with arms, resembling the (tapering) bodies of snake sped their shafts in hundreds towards Phalguna, resembling the rays of the sun. Cutting off those shafts thus sped towards him, into two, three, or eight fragments the diadem-decked Arjuna, invincible in battle, pierced them all in that encounter. Then

Aswatthaman, bearing on his banner the mark of a lion's tail, displaying his might, began, O king, to resist Arjuna. Indeed, the son of Saradwata's daughter piercing Partha with ten shafts and Vāsudeva with seven, stayed in the track of Arjuna's car, protecting the ruler of the Sindhus. Then, many foremost ones among the Kurus, great car-warriors, all encompassed Arjuna, on all sides with a large throng of cars. Stretching their bows and shooting countless shafts, they began to protect the ruler of the Sindhus, at the command of thy son. We then beheld the prowess of the brave Partha as also the inexhaustible character of his shafts, and the might, too, of his bow *Gandiva*. Baffling with his own weapons those of Drona's son and Kripa, he pierced every one of those warriors with nine shafts. Then, Drona's son pierced him with five and twenty arrows, and Vrishasena with seven, and Duryodhana pierced him with twenty, and Karna and Salya each with three. And all of them roared at him and continued to pierce him frequently, and shaking their bows, they surrounded him on all sides. And soon they caused their cars to be drawn up in a serried line around Arjuna. Desirous of the (speedy) setting of the sun, those mighty car-warriors of the Kaurava army, endued with great activity, began to roar at Arjuna, and shaking their bows, covered him with showers of keen arrows like cloud pouring rain on a mountain. Those brave warriors, with arms resembling heavy clubs, also discharged on that occasion, O king, on Dhananjaya's body celestial weapons. Having caused an immense slaughter in thy army, the mighty and invincible Dhananjaya, of prowess incapable of being baffled came upon the ruler of the Sindhus. Karna, however, O king, with his arrows, resisted him in that battle in the very sight, O Bharata, of Bhimasena and Satwata. The mighty-armed Partha, in the very sight of all the troops, pierced the *Suta's* son, in return, with ten arrows, on the field of battle. Then Satwata, O sire, pierced Karna with three arrows. And Bhimasena pierced him with three arrows, and Partha himself, once more, with seven. The mighty car-warrior, Karna, then pierced each of those three warriors with sixty arrows. And thus, O king, raged that battle between Karna alone (on one side) and the many (on the other). The prowess, O sire, that we then beheld of the *Suta's* son was wonderful in the extreme, since, excited with wrath in battle, he singly resisted those three great car-warriors. Then the mighty-armed Phalguna, in that battle, pierced Karna, the son of Vikartana, in all his limbs with a hundred arrows. All his limbs bathed in blood, the *Suta's* son of great prowess and bravery, pierced Phalguna in return with fifty arrows. Beholding that lightness of hand displayed by him in battle, Arjuna brooked it not. Cutting off his bow, that hero, *viz.*, Dhananjaya, the son of Pritha, quickly pierced Karna in the centre of the chest with nine arrows, Then Dhananjaya, with great speed at a time, when speed was necessary shot in that battle a shaft of solar effulgence for the destruction of Karna. Drona's son, however, with a crescent-shaped arrow, cut off that shaft as it coursed impetuously (towards Karna). Thus cut off by

Aswatthaman, that shaft fell down on the earth. Endued with great prowess, the *Suta's* son, then, O king, took up another bow, and covered the son of Pandu with several thousands of arrows. Partha, however, like the wind dispersing flight of locusts, dispelled with his own arrows that extraordinary shower of arrows issuing out of Karna's bow. Then Arjuna, displaying his lightness of hands, covered Karna, in that battle, with his arrows, in the very sight of all thy troops. Karna also, that slayer of hosts, desirous of counteracting Arjuna's feat, covered Arjuna with several thousands of arrows. Roaring at each other like two bulls, those lions among men, those mighty car-warriors, shrouded the welkin with clouds of straight shafts. Each rendered invisible by the other's arrowy showers, they continued to strike each other. And they roared at each other and pierced each other with their wordy darts, saying, *'I am Partha, wait'*—or, *'I am Karna, wait', O Phalguna*! Indeed these two heroes fought with each other wonderfully, displaying great activity and skill. And the sight they presented was such that other warriors became witnesses of that battle. And applauded by *Siddhas*, *Charnas* and *Pannagas*, they fought with each other, O king, each desirous of slaying the other. Then Duryodhana, O king addressing thy warriors, said, 'Carefully protect the son of Radha! Without slaying Arjuna he would not abstain from battle. Even this is what Vrisha told me.' Meanwhile, O monarch, beholding the prowess of Karna, Arjuna, of white steeds, with four shafts shot from the bow-string drawn to the ear, despatched the four steeds of Karna to Yama's domain. And he also felled with a broad-headed arrow, Karna's charioteer from his niche in the car. And he covered Karna himself with clouds of shafts in the very sight of thy son. Thus shrouded with arrows the steedless and driverless Karna, stupefied by that arrowy shower, knew not what to do. Beholding him made carless, Aswatthaman, O king, caused him to ride on his car, and continued to fight with Arjuna. Then the ruler of the Madras pierced the son of Kunti with thirty arrows. Saradwata's son pierced Vāsudeva with twenty arrows. And he struck Dhananjaya also with a dozen shafts. And the ruler of the Sindhus pierced each with four arrows, and Vrishasena also pierced each of them, O king, with seven arrows. Kunti's son, Dhananjaya, pierced all of them in return. Indeed, piercing Drona's son with four and sixty shafts, and the ruler of the Madras with a hundred, and the Sindhu king with ten broad-headed arrows, and Vrishasena with three arrows and Saradwata's son with twenty, Partha uttered a loud shout. Desirous of baffling the vow of Savyasachin, thy warriors, excited with wrath, quickly rushed at Dhananjaya from all sides. Then Arjuna, frightening the Dhartarashtras, invoked into existence the *Varuna* weapon on all sides. The Kauravas, however, on their costly cars, pouring showers of arrows, advanced against the son of Pandu. But, O Bharata, in course of that stupefying and fierce engagement, fraught with the greatest confusion, that price, *viz.*, Arjuna, decked with diadem and gold chain never lost his senses. On the other hand, he continued to pour

showers of arrows. Desirous of recovering the kingdom and recollecting all the wrongs he had suffered for twelve years in consequence of the Kurus, the high-souled and immeasurable Arjuna darkened all the points of the compass with shafts from *Gandiva*. The welkin seemed ablaze with meteors. Innumerable crows, alighting from the sky, perched on the bodies (of dead combatants). Meanwhile, Arjuna continued to slay the foe with his *Gandiva*, like Mahadeva slaying the *Asuras* with his *Pinaka* equipped with tawny string.[1] Then the illustrious Kiritin, that subjugator of (hostile) ranks, dispersing the shafts of the foe by means of his own formidable bow, slaughtered with his arrows many foremost ones among the Kurus, mounted on their foremost of steeds and elephants. Then many kings, taking up heavy maces and clubs of iron and swords and darts and diverse other kinds of powerful weapons, assuming terrible forms, rushed suddenly against Partha in that battle. Then Arjuna, bending with his arms his formidable bow *Gandiva* which resembled the bow of Indra himself and whose twang was as loud as the roar of the clouds congregating at the end of the *Yuga*, and laughing the while, went on consuming thy troops and increasing the population of Yama's kingdom. Indeed, that hero caused those enraged warriors with their cars and elephants and with the foot-soldiers and bowmen supporting them, to be deprived of their arms and lives and thus to swell the population of Yama's domain.' "

SECTION CXLV

"Sanjaya said, 'Hearing the twang, resembling the loud call of Death himself or the frightful peal of Indra's thunder, of Dhananjaya's bow, while he stretched it, that host of thine, O king, anxious with fear and exceedingly agitated, became like the waters of the sea with fishes and *makaras* within them, ruffled into mountain-like waves and lashed into fury by the hurricane that arises at the end of the *Yuga*. Then Dhananjaya, the son of Pritha, careered in battle in such a way that he was seen at the same time to be present in all directions, displaying his wonderful weapons. Indeed, so light-handed was the son of Pandu that we could not mark when he took out his shafts, O king, when he fixed them on the bow-string, when he stretched the bow, and when he let them off. Then the mighty-armed one, O king, excited with wrath, invoked into existence the invincible *Aindra* weapon, frightening all the Bharatas. Hundreds and thousands of blazing shafts of fiery mouths, inspired by *mantras* with the force of celestial weapons, flowed from it. With those shafts resembling fire or the rays of the sun, coursing with fierce impetuosity, the welkin became incapable of being

[1]The second line of 94 I render a little freely to make the sense clearer.

gazed at, as if filled with flashing meteors. Then that darkness which had been caused by the Kaurava with their arrows, which was incapable of being dispersed even in imagination by others, the son of Pandu, careering around and displaying his prowess, destroyed by means of those shafts of his that were inspired by means of *mantras* with the force of celestial weapons, like the sun himself speedily dispersing at dawn of day the darkness of night by means of his rays. Then the puissant Arjuna, with those blazing shafts of his, sucked the lives of thy warriors like the summer sun sucking with his hot rays the waters of tanks and lakes. Indeed, showers of shafts endued with the force of celestial weapons, (shot by Arjuna) covered the hostile army like the rays of the sun covering the earth. Other arrows of fierce energy, sped (by Dhananjaya), quickly entered the hearts of (hostile) heroes, like dear friends. Indeed, those brave warriors that came in that battle before Arjuna, all perished like insects approaching a blazing fire. Thus crushing the lives of his foes and their fame, Partha careered in that battle like Death in embodied form. Heads decked with diadems, massive arms, adorned with *Angadas*, and ears with ear-rings of the foes, Partha, cut off with his shafts. The arms, with spears, of elephant-riders; those, with lances, of horsemen; those, with shields, of foot-soldiers; those with bows, of car-warriors; and those, with whips and goads, of charioteers the son of Pandu cut off. Indeed, Dhananjaya looked resplendent with his shafts of blazing points that seemed to constitute his rays, like a blazing fire with incessant sparks and rising flames. The hostile kings, mustering all their resolution, could not even gaze at Dhananjaya, that foremost of all bearers of arms, that hero equal to the chief of the gods himself, that bull among men, seen at the same time in all directions on his car, scattering his mighty weapons, dancing in the tract of his car, and producing deafening sounds with his bowstring and palms, and resembling the midday sun of scorching rays in the firmament. Bearing his shafts of blazing points, the diadem-decked Arjuna looked beautiful like a mighty mass of rain-charged clouds in the season of rains decked with a rainbow. When that perfect flood of mighty weapons was set in motion by Jishnu, many bulls among warriors sank in that frightful and unfordable flood. Strewn with infuriated elephants whose trunks or tusks had been cut off, with steeds deprived of hoofs or necks, with cars reduced to pieces, with warriors having their entrails drawn out and others with legs or other limbs cut off, with bodies lying in hundreds and thousands that were either perfectly still or moving unconsciously, we beheld the vast field, on which Partha battled, resembled the coveted arena of Death, O king, enchancing the terrors of the timid, or like the sporting ground of Rudra when he destroyed creatures in days of old. Portions of the field, strewn with the trunks of elephants cut off with razor-headed arrows, looked as if strewn with snakes. Portions, again, covered with the cut-off heads of warriors, looked as if strewn with garlands of lotuses. Variegated with beautiful head-gear and crowns, *Keyuras* and *Angadas* and ear-rings with coats of mail decked with gold, and with the trappings and other

ornaments of elephants and steeds, and scattered over with hundreds of diadems, lying here and there, and the earth looked exceedingly beautiful like a new bride. Dhananjaya then caused a fierce and terrible river full of fearful objects and enhancing the fear of the timid, to flow resembling the Vaitarani itself. The marrow and fat (of men and animals) formed its mire. Blood formed its current. Full of limbs and bones, it was fathomless in depth. The hairs of creatures formed its moss and weeds. Heads and arms formed the stones on its shores. It was decked with standards and banners that variegated its aspect. Umbrellas and bows formed the waves. And it abounded with bodies of huge elephants deprived of life, and it teemed with cars that formed hundreds of rafts floating on its surface. And the carcases of countless steeds formed its banks. And it was difficult to cross in consequence of wheels and yokes and shafts and *Akshas* and *Kuveras* of cars, and spears and swords and darts and battle-axes and shafts looking like snakes. And ravens and *kankas* formed its alligators. And jackals, forming its *Makaras*, made in terrible. And fierce vultures formed its sharks. And it became frightful in consequence of the howls of jackals. And it abounded with capering ghosts and *Pisachas* and thousands of other kinds of spirits. And on it floated countless bodies of warriors destitute of life. Beholding that prowess of Arjuna whose visage then resembled that of the Destroyer himself, a panic, such as had never occurred before, possessed the Kurus on the field of battle. The son of Pandu, then, baffling with his weapons those of the hostile heroes, and engaged in achieving fierce feats, gave all to understand that he was a warrior of fierce feats. Then Arjuna transgressed all those foremost of car-warriors, like the midday sun of scorching rays in the firmament, no one amongst the creatures there could even look at him. The shafts issuing out of the bow *Gandiva* of that illustrious hero in that battle, seemed to us to resemble a row of cranes in the welkin. Baffling with his own the weapons of all those heroes, and showing by the terrible achievements in which he was engaged that he was a warrior of fierce feats. Arjuna, desirous of slaying Jayadratha, transgressed all those foremost of car-warriors, stupefying them all by means of his shafts. Shooting his shafts on all sides, Dhananjaya, having Krishna for his charioteer, presented a beautiful sight by careering with great speed on the field of battle. The shafts in the welkin, by hundreds and thousands, of that illustrious hero, seemed to course incessantly through the sky. We never could notice when that mighty bowman took out his shafts, when indeed, that son of Pandu aimed them, and when he let them off. Then, O king, filling all the points of the compass with his shafts and afflicting all the car-warriors in battle, the son of Kunti proceeded towards Jayadratha and pierced him with four and sixty straight arrows. Then the Kuru warriors, beholding the son of Pandu proceeded towards Jayadratha, all abstained from battle. In fact, those heroes became hopeless of Jayadratha's life. Every one amongst thy warriors that rushed in that fierce battle against the son of Pandu, had his body deeply pierced, O lord, with a shaft of Arjuna. The

mighty car-warrior Arjuna, that foremost of victorious persons, with his shafts blazing as fire made thy army teem with headless trunks.[1] Indeed, O king, thus creating a perfect confusion in thy host consisting of four kinds of forces, the son of Kunti proceeded towards Jayadratha, And he pierced the son of Drona with fifty shafts and Vrishasena with three. And the son of Kunti mildly struck Kripa with nine arrows, and he struck Salya with sixteen arrows and Karna with two and thirty. And piercing the ruler of the Sindhus then with four and sixty arrows, he uttered a leonine shout. The ruler of the Sindhus, however, thus pierced by the wielder of *Gandiva* with his arrows, became filled with rage and unable to brook it, like an elephant when pierced with the hook. Bearing the device of the boar on his banner, he quickly sped towards Phalguna's car many straight shafts equipped with vulturine feathers, resembling angry snakes of virulent poison, well-polished by the hands of the smith, and shot from his bow drawn to the fullest stretch. Then piercing Govinda with three shafts, he struck Arjuna with six. And then he pierced the steeds of Arjuna with eight arrows and his standard also with one. Then Arjuna, baffling the keen arrows sped by the ruler of the Sindhus, cut off at the same time, with a pair of shafts, the head of Jayadratha's driver and the well-decked standard also of Jayadratha. Its stay cut off and itself pierced and struck with arrows, that standard fell down like a flame of fire. Meanwhile, the sun was going down quickly. Janardana then quickly addressed the son of Pandu and said, 'Behold, O Partha, the ruler of the Sindhus hath, by six mighty and heroic car-warriors, been placed in their midst! Jayadratha also, O mighty-armed one, is waiting there in fear! Without vanquishing those six car-warriors in battle, O bull among men, thou wilt never be able to slay the ruler of the Sindhus even if thou exertest thyself without intermission. I shall, therefore, resort to *Yoga* for shrouding the sun. Then the ruler of the Sindhus will (in consequence) behold the sun to have set. Desirous of life, O lord, through joy that wicked wight will no longer, for his destruction, conceal himself. Availing yourself of that opportunity, thou shouldst then, O best of the Kurus, strike him. Thou shouldst not give up the enterprise, thinking the sun to have really set.' Hearing these words, Vibhatsu replied unto Kesava, saying, 'Let it be so.' Then Krishna otherwise called Hari, possessed of ascetic powers, that lord of all ascetics, having taken recourse to *Yoga*, created that darkness. Thy warriors, O king, thinking the sun to have set were filled with delight at the prospect of Partha's laying down his life. Indeed, thy warriors, not seeing the sun, were filled with gladness. All of them stood, with heads thrown backwards. King Jayadratha also was in the same attitude. And while the ruler of the Sindhus was thus beholding the sun, Krishna, once more addressing Dhananjaya said these words, 'Behold, the heroic ruler of the Sindhus is now looking at the sun, casting off his fear of thee, O foremost one among

[1]A Kavandha is a headless trunk moving about as if endued with life. Tales are told of these headless beings drinking the blood of victims falling within their grasp.

the Bharatas! This is the hour, O mighty-armed one, for the slaughter of that wicked-souled wretch. Speedily cut off the head and make thy vow true.' Thus addressed by Kesava the valiant son of Pandu began to slaughter thy host with his arrows resembling the sun or fire in splendour. And he pierced Kripa with twenty arrows and Karna with fifty. And he struck Salya and Duryodhana each with six. And he pierced Vrishasena with eight arrows and the ruler of the Sindhus himself with sixty. And the mighty-armed son of Pandu, O king, deeply piercing with his arrows the other warriors of thy host, rushed against Jayadratha. Beholding him in their presence like a swelling fire with its tongue of flame outstretched, the protectors of Jayadratha were sorely puzzled. Then all the warriors, O king, desirous of victory bathed the son of Indra in that battle with torrents of arrows. Shrouded with incessant showers of arrows, the son of Kunti, that mighty-armed and unvanquished descendant of Kuru, became filled with rage. Then that tiger among men, *viz.*, the son of Indra, desirous of slaughtering thy host, created a thick net of arrows. Then those warriors of thine, O king, thus slaughtered in battle by that hero, abandoned the ruler of the Sindhus in fear and fled away. And they fled away in such a manner that no two persons could be seen flying together. The prowess that we then beheld of Kunti's son was extremely wonderful. Indeed, the like of what that illustrious warrior then did had never been nor will ever be. Like Rudra himself slaughtering creatures, Dhananjaya slaughtered elephants and elephant-riders, horses and horse-riders, and (car-warriors and) car-drivers. I did not in that battle, O king, see a single elephant or steed or human warrior that was not struck with Partha's shafts. Their vision blurred by dust and darkness, thy warriors became perfectly cheerless and unable to distinguish one another. Urged on by fate and with their vital limbs cut open and mangled with shafts, they began to wander or, limp, or fall down. And some amongst them, O Bharata, became paralysed and some became deathly pale. During that terrible carnage resembling the slaughter of creatures at the end of the *Yuga*, in that deadly and fierce battle from which few could escape with life, the earth became drenched with gore and the earthy dust that had arisen disappeared in consequence of the showers of blood that fell and the swift currents of wind that blew over the field. So deep was that rain of blood that the wheels of cars sank to their naves. Thousands of infuriated elephants endued with great speed, O king, of thy army, their riders slain and limbs mangled, fled away, uttering cries of pain and crushing friendly ranks with their tread. Steeds destitute of riders and foot-soldiers also, O king, fled away, O monarch, from fear, struck with the shafts of Dhananjaya. Indeed, thy soldiers, with dishevelled hair and deprived of their coats of mail, with blood streaming out of their wounds, fled away in terror, leaving the field of battle. And some, deprived of the power of motion as if their lower limbs had been seized by alligators, remained on the field. And others concealed themselves behind and under the bodies of slain elephants Routing thy host thus, O king, Dhananjaya began to strike with terrible

shafts the protectors of the ruler of the Sindhus with his arrowy showers, Karna and Drona's son and Kripa and Salya and Vrishasena and Duryodhana. So quick was he in the use of weapons that no one could mark when Arjuna took out his arrows, when he fixed them on the bowstring, when he stretched the bow and let them off. Indeed, while striking the foe, his bow was seen incessantly drawn to a circle. His arrows also were seen incessantly issuing out of his bow and scattered in all directions. Then cutting off Karna's bow as also of Vrishasena's, Arjuna felled Salya's driver from his niche in the car, with a broad-headed arrow. With many arrows that foremost of victors, *viz.*, Dhananjaya, then deeply pierced in that battle Kripa and Aswatthaman, related as uncle and nephew to each other. Sorely afflicting those mighty car-warriors of thy army thus, the son of Pandu took up a terrible arrow of fiery splendour. Looking like the thunderbolt of Indra, and inspired with divine *mantras*, that formidable arrow was capable of bearing any strain. And it had been always worshipped with incense and garlands of flowers. Duly inspiring it (by *mantras*) with the force of the thunderbolt, that descendant, of Kuru, *viz.*, the mighty-armed Arjuna, fixed it on *Gandiva*. When that arrow of fiery effulgence was fixed on the bowstring, loud shouts, O king, were heard in the welkin. Then Janardana, once more addressing Arjuna, quickly said, 'O Dhananjaya, quickly cut off the head of the wicked-souled ruler of the Sindhus! The sun is about to get at the mountain of *Asta*. Listen, however, to the words I say about the slaughter of Jayadratha. The father of Jayadratha is Vriddhakshatra known all over the world. It was after a long time that he got Jayadratha, that slayer of foes, for his son. (At the birth of the son) an incorporeal and invisible voice, deep as that of the clouds or of the drum, said unto king Vriddhakshatra. 'This thy son, O lord, amongst men in this world will become worthy of the two races (*viz.*, the Solar and the Lunar) in respect of blood, behaviour, self-restraint and the other attributes. He will become one of the foremost of Kshatriyas, and will always be worshipped by heroes. But while struggling in battle, some bull among the Kshatriyas, some conspicuous person in the world, excited with wrath, will cut off this one's head.' That chastiser of foes, *viz.*, the (old) ruler of the Sindhus, hearing these words, reflected for sometime. Overwhelmed with affection for his son, he summoned all his kinsmen and said, 'That man who will cause the head of my son to fall on the earth while the latter, struggling in battle, will be bearing a great burthen, I say that the head of that man will certainly crack into a hundred pieces.' Having spoken these words and installed Jayadratha on the throne, Vriddhakshatra, repairing to the woods, devoted himself to ascetic austerities. Endued with great energy, he is still engaged in the observance of the austerest of penances outside this very *Samantapanchaka*, O ape-bannered one! Therefore, cutting off Jayadratha's head in this dreadful battle, thou, O slayer of foes, shouldst, O Bharata, by thy fierce celestial weapon of wonderful feats, quickly throw that head decked with ear-rings upon the lap of Vriddhakshatra himself, O younger brother of the son of the Wind-god! If thou fellest Jayadratha's head on

the earth, thy own head, then, without doubt, will crack into a hundred fragments. Aided by thy celestial weapon, do thee deed in such a way that the lord of earth *viz.*, the old Sindhu king, may not know that it is done. Truly, O Arjuna, there is nothing in the three worlds which thou canst not achieve or do, O son of Vasava!' Hearing these words (of Krishna), Dhananjaya, licking the corners of his mouth, quickly shot that arrow which he had taken up for Jayadratha's slaughter, that arrow, *viz.*, whose touch resembled that of Indra's thunder, which was inspired with *mantras* and converted into a celestial weapon, which was capable of bearing any strain, and which had always been worshipped with incense and garlands. That shaft, sped from *Gandiva*, coursing swiftly, snatched Jayadratha's head away, like a hawk snatching away a smaller bird from the top of a tree. Dhananjaya, then, with his shafts, sent that head along in the welkin (without allowing it to fall down). For grieving his foes and gladdening his friends, the son of Pandu, by shooting his shafts repeatedly at it, sent that head outside the limits of *Samantapanchaka*. Meanwhile, king Vriddhakshatra, the father of thy son-in-law, endued with great energy, was, O sire, engaged in his evening prayers. Decked with black locks and adorned with ear-rings, that head of Jayadratha was thrown upon Vriddhakshatra's lap, as the latter was saying his prayers in a sitting posture. Thus thrown on his lap, that head decked with ear-rings, O chastiser of foes, was not seen by king Vriddhakshatra. As the latter, however, stood up after finishing his prayers it suddenly fell down on the earth. And as the head of Jayadratha fell down on the earth, the head of Vriddhakshatra, O chastiser of foes, cracked into a hundred pieces. At the sight of this, all creatures were filled with wonder. And all of them applauded Vasudeva and the mighty Vibhatsu.

"After, O king, the ruler of the Sindhus had been slain by the diadem-decked Arjuna, that darkness, O bull of Bharata's race, was withdrawn by Vasudeva. Thy sons with their followers, O king, thus, came to know subsequently that the darkness, they had seen, had all been an illusion produced by Vasudeva. Even thus, O king, was thy son-in-law, the ruler of the Sindhus, having caused eight *Akshauhinis* to be slaughtered, himself slain by Partha of inconceivable energy. Beholding Jayadratha, the ruler of the Sindhus slain, tears of sorrow fell from the eyes of thy sons. After Jayadratha, O king, had been slain by Partha, Kesava blew his conch and that scorcher of foes, *viz.*, the mighty-armed Arjuna also blew his; Bhimasena also, in that battle, as if for sending a message to Yudhishthira, filled the welkin with a tremendous leonine shout. Yudhishthira, the son of Dharma, hearing that tremendous shout understood that the ruler of the Sindhus had been slain by the high-souled Phalguna. With sounds of drums and other instruments he gladdened the warriors of his own army, and proceeded against the son of Bharadwaja from desire of battle. Then commenced, O king, after the sun had set, a fierce battle between Drona and the Somakas, that made the very hair stand on end. Desirous of slaying him, those mighty car-warriors after the fall of Jayadratha, fought with the

son of Bharadwaja, exerting themselves to their utmost. Indeed, the Pandavas, having got the victory by slaying the ruler of the Sindhus fought with Drona, intoxicated with success. Arjuna, also, O king, having slain king Jayadratha, fought with many mighty car-warriors of thy army. Indeed, that hero decked with diadem and garlands, having accomplished his former vow, began to destroy his foes like the chief of the celestials destroying the *Danavas*, or the sun destroying darkness.' "

SECTION CXLVI

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Tell me, O Sanjaya, what did my warriors do after the heroic ruler of the Sindhus had been slain, by Arjuna.'

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding the ruler of the Sindhus, O sire, slain in battle by Partha, Kripa, the son of Saradwat, under the influence of wrath, covered the son of Pandu with a dense shower of arrows. Drona's son also, on his car, rushed against Phalguna, the son of Pritha. Those two foremost of car-warriors began from their cars to shower from opposite directions upon the son of Pandu their keen arrows. That foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, the mighty-armed Arjuna, afflicted by those arrowy showers of (Kripa and Drona's son) felt great pain. Without desiring, however, to slay his preceptor (Kripa) as also the son of (his other preceptor) Drona, Dhananjaya, the son of Kunti, began to act like a preceptor in arms. Baffling with his own weapons those of both Aswatthaman and Kripa, he sped at them, without desiring to slay them, shafts that coursed mildly. Those shafts, however (though mildly), shot by Jaya struck the two with great force, and in consequence of their number, caused great pain to Kripa and his nephew. Then Saradwat's son, O king, thus afflicted with the arrows of Arjuna, lost all strength and swooned away on the terrace of his car. Understanding his master afflicted with shafts to be deprived of his senses, and believing him to be dead, the driver of Kripa's car bore Kripa away from the fight. And after Kripa, the son of Saradwat, had thus been borne away from the battle, Aswatthaman also, from fear, fled away from the son of Pandu. Then the mighty bowman, Partha, beholding the son of Saradwat afflicted with shafts and in a swoon, began to indulge, on his car, in piteous lamentations. With a tearful face and in great dejection of heart, he uttered these words: Beholding all this (in his mental vision), Vidura of great wisdom had, on the birth of the wretched Suyodhana, that exterminator of his race, said unto Dhritarashtra, 'Let this wretch of his race be soon killed. Owing to him, a great calamity will overtake the foremost ones of Kuru's race.' Alas, these words of the truth-telling Vidura have come to be true. It is for him that I behold my preceptor today lying on a bed of arrows. Fie on the practices of Kshatriya!

Fie on my might and prowess! Who else like me would fight with a Brahmana that is, besides his preceptor? Kripa is the son of a *Rishi*; he is, again, my preceptor; he is also the dear friend of Drona. Alas, he lieth stretched on the terrace of his car, afflicted with my arrows. Though not wishing it, I have still been the means of crushing him with my shafts. Lying senseless on the terrace of his car, he paineth my heart exceedingly. Even though he afflicted me with shafts, I should still have only looked at that warrior of dazzling splendour (without striking him in return). Struck with numerous shafts of mine, he hath gone the way of all creatures. By that he hath pained me more than even the slaughter of my own son. Behold, O Krishna, to what plight he hath been reduced, thus lying miserably and in a senseless state on his own car. Those bulls among men that give desirable objects unto their preceptors after obtaining knowledge from them, attain to godhead. Those lowest of mortals on the other hand, who, after obtaining knowledge from their preceptors strike the latter, those wicked men, go to hell. Without doubt, this act that I have done will lead me to hell. I have deeply pierced my preceptor on his car with showers of arrows. While studying the science of arms at his feet, Kripa told me in those days, 'Do not, O thou of Kuru's race, ever strike thy preceptor. That command of my righteous and high-souled preceptor I have not obeyed, for I have struck, the very Kripa himself with my shafts. I bow to that worshipful son of Gotama, to that unretreating hero. Fie on me, O thou of Vrishni's race, since I have struck even him.' While Savyasachin was thus lamenting for Kripa, the son of Radha, beholding the ruler of the Sindhu slain, rushed towards him. Seeing the son of Radha thus rushing towards Arjuna the two Panchala princes and Satyaki suddenly rushed towards him. The mighty car-warrior, Partha, beholding the son of Radha advancing, smilingly addressed the son of Devaki and said, 'Yonder cometh the son of Adhiratha against the car of Satyaki. Without doubt, he is unable to bear the slaughter of Bhurisravas in battle. Urge my steeds, O Janardana, towards the spot whither Karna cometh. Let not Vrisha (Karna) cause the Satwata hero to follow in the wake of Bhurisravas.' Thus addressed by Savyasachin, the mighty-armed Kesava, endued with great energy, replied in these opportune words, 'The mighty-armed Satyaki is singly a match for Karna, O son of Pandu! How much superior then will this bull among the Satwatas be when he is united with the two sons of Drupada! For the present, O Partha, it is not proper for thee to fight with Karna. The latter hath with him the blazing dart, like a fierce meteor, that Vasava gave him. O slayer of hostile heroes, he hath kept it for thy sake, worshipping it with reverence. Let Karna then freely proceed against the Satwata hero. I know, O son of Kunti, this wicked wight's hour, when, indeed, thou wilt, with keen shafts, throw him down from his car.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Tell me, O Sanjaya, how the battle took place between the heroic Karna and Satyaki of the Vrishni race, after the fall of Bhurisravas and of the ruler of the Sindhus. Satyaki had been carless,

upon what car then was he mounted? And how also did the two protectors of the wheels (of Arjuna's car), *viz.*, the two Panchala princes, fight?'

"Sanjaya said, 'I will describe to thee all that happened in that dreadful battle. Listen patiently to (the consequences of) thy own evil conduct. Before even the encounter, Krishna knew it in his heart that the heroic Satyaki would be vanquished by the stake-bannered (Bhurisravas). Janardana, O king, knoweth both the past and the future. For this, summoning his charioteer, Daruka, he had commanded him, saying, 'Let my car be kept equipped tomorrow.' Even this had been the command of that mighty one. Neither the gods, nor the *Gandharvas*, nor the *Yakshas*, nor the *Uragas*, nor the *Rakshasas*, nor human beings, are capable of conquering the two Krishnas. The gods with the Grandsire at their head, as also the *Siddhas*, know the incomparable prowess of those two. Listen, however, now to the battle as it happened. Beholding Satyaki carless and Karna ready for battle Madhava blew his conch of loud blare in the *Rishabha* note.[1] Daruka, hearing the blare of (Kesava's) conch, understood the meaning, and soon took that car, equipped with a lofty standard of gold, to where Kesava was. With Kesava's permission, upon that car guided by Daruka, and which resembled the blazing fire or the sun in effulgence, ascended the grandson of Sini. Ascending upon the car which resembled a celestial vehicle and unto which were yoked those foremost of steeds, capable of going everywhere at will, *viz.*, Saivya and Sugriva and Meghapushya and Valahaka, and which were adorned with trappings of gold, Satyaki rushed against the son of Radha, scattering countless shafts. The two protectors of (Arjuna's) car-wheels, *viz.*, Yudhamanyu and Uttamaujas, abandoning Dhananjaya's car, proceeded against the son of Radha. Radha's son also, O king, shooting showers of shafts, angrily rushed, in that battle, against the invincible grandson of Sini. The battle that took place between them was such that its like had never been heard to have taken place on earth or in heaven between gods, *Gandharvas*, *Asuras*, *Uragas*, or *Rakshasas*. The entire host consisting of cars, steeds, men, and elephants, abstained from the fight, Beholding, O monarch, the stunning feats of two warriors. All became silent spectators of that superhuman battle between those two human heroes, O king, and of the skill of Daruka in guiding the car. Indeed, beholding the skill of the charioteer Daruka standing on the car, as he guided the vehicle forwards, backwards, sidelong, now wheeling in circles and now stopping outright, all were amazed. The gods, the *Gandharvas*, and the *Danavas*, in the welkin, intently watched that battle between Karna and the grandson of Sini. Both of them endued with great might, each challenging the other, those two warriors put forth their prowess for the sake of their friends. Karna who looked like a celestial, and Yuyudhana, O king, rained upon each other showers of shafts. Indeed, Karna ground the grandson of Sini with his arrowy downpours, unable to put up with the slaughter (by Satyaki) of the Kuru hero, Jalasandha. Filled

[1]The second of the seven notes of the Hindu gamut.

with grief and sighing like a mighty snake, Karna, casting angry glances on the grandson of Sini in that battle, and as if burning him therewith, rushed at him furiously again and again, O Chastiser of foes! Beholding him filled with rage, Satyaki pierced him in return, shooting dense showers of arrows, like an elephant piercing (with his tusks) a rival elephant. Those two tigers among men, endued with the activity of tigers and possessed of incomparable prowess, mangled each other furiously in that battle. The grandson of Sini, then, with shafts made entirely of iron, repeatedly pierced Karna, that chastiser of foes, in all his limbs. And he also felled, with a broad-headed arrow, the charioteer of Karna from his niche in the car. And with his keen shafts, he slew the four steeds, white in hue, of Adhiratha's son. And then cutting into a hundred fragments the standard of Karna with a hundred arrows, that bull among men made Karna carless in the very sight of thy son. Then all thy warriors, O king, became cheerless. Then Vrishasena, the son of Karna, and Salya, the ruler of the Madras, and Drona's son, encompassed the grandson of Sini from all sides. Then a confusion set in, and nothing could be seen. Indeed, when the heroic Karna was made carless by Satyaki, cries of *Oh* and *Alas* arose, among all thy troops. Karna also, O king, pierced by Satwata with his arrows and exceedingly weakened ascended the car of Duryodhana, sighing deeply, remembering his friendship for thy son from his childhood and having striven to realise the promise he had made about the bestowal of sovereignty on Duryodhana. After Karna hath been made carless, thy brave sons, headed by Duhsasana, O king, were not slain by the self-restrained Satyaki because the latter wished not to falsify the vow made by Bhimasena. Desirous also of not falsifying the vow formerly made by Partha (about the slaughter of Karna), Satyaki simply made those warriors carless and weakened them exceedingly, but did not deprive them of life. It is Bhima that hath vowed the slaughter of thy sons, and it is Partha that, at the time of the second match at dice, vowed the slaughter of Karna. Although all those warriors headed by Karna made strong efforts for slaying Satyaki, yet those foremost of car-warriors, failed to slay him. Drona's son and Kritavarman and other mighty car-warriors, as also hundreds of foremost Kshatriyas, were all vanquished by Satyaki with only one bow. That hero fought, desirous of benefiting king Yudhishthira the Just, and of attaining to heaven. Indeed, Satyaki, that crusher of foes, is equal to either of the two Krishnas in energy. Smiling the while, he vanquished all thy troops, O best of men! In this world, there are only three mighty bowmen, *viz.*, Krishna, Partha, and Satyaki. There is no fourth to be seen.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Ascending on the invincible car of Vasudeva that had Daruka for its driver, Satyaki, proud of the might of his arms and equal in battle unto Vasudeva himself, made Karna carless. Did Satyaki ride any other car (after his encounter with Karna was over)? I am desirous of hearing this, O Sanjaya! Thou art skilled in narration. I regard Satyaki to be endued with unbearable prowess. Tell me all, O Sanjaya!'

"Sanjaya said, 'Hear, O king, how it had happened. The intelligent younger brother of Daruka soon brought unto Satyaki another car, duly equipped with all necessaries. With shafts attached to it by chains of iron and gold and bands of silk, decked with a thousand stars, decked with banners and with the figure of a lion on his standard, with horses, fleet as the wind and adorned with trappings of gold. yoked unto it, and with rattle deep as the roar of the clouds, that car was brought unto him. Ascending upon it, the grandson of Sini rushed against thy troops. Daruka, meanwhile, went as he listed to Kesava's side. A new car was brought for Karna also, O king, unto which were yoked four steeds of the best breed that were decked in trappings of gold and white as conchs or milk. Its *kaksha* and standard were made of gold. Furnished with banners and machines, that foremost of cars had an excellent driver. And it was furnished with a profusion of weapons of every kind. Mounting on that car, Karna also rushed against his foes. I have now told thee all that thou hadst asked me. Once more, however, O king, learn the (extent of the) destruction caused by the evil policy. Thirty one of thy sons have been slain by Bhimasena. Having Durmukha for their foremost, they were conversant with all modes of warfare. Satyaki and Arjuna also have slain hundreds of heroes with Bhimasena as their foremost, and Bhagadatta also, O sire! Even thus, O king, hath the destruction commenced, caused by thy evil counsels.' "

SECTION CXLVII

"Dhritarashtra said, 'When such was the condition of battle, between those heroes of their side and mine, what did Bhima then do? Tell me all, O Sanjaya!'

"Sanjaya said, 'After Bhimasena had been made carless, that hero, afflicted with the wordy darts of Karna and filled with rage, addressed Phalguna and said, 'In thy very sight, O Dhananjaya, Karna hath repeatedly said to me, '*Eunuch, fool, glutton, unskilled in weapons, do not fight, child, unable to bear the burden of battle!*' He that would tell me so would be slain by me. Karna hath told me those words, O Bharata! O mighty-armed one, thou knowest the vow which I have made jointly with thee. Remember the words that were then spoken by me. O foremost of men, act in such a way that that vow of mine, O son of Kunti, as also thy own vow, may not be falsified. O Dhananjaya, do that by which that vow of mine may be made true.' Hearing these words of Bhima, Arjuna of immeasurable prowess, getting near Karna in that battle, told him, 'O Karna, thou art of false fight. O son of a *Suta*, thou applaudest thy own self. Of wicked understanding, listen now to what I tell thee.

Heroes meet with either of these two things in battle, *viz.*, victory or defeat. Both of these are uncertain, O son of Radha! The case is not otherwise when Indra himself is engaged in battle. Made carless by Yuyudhana, with thy senses no longer under thy control, thou wert almost at the point of death. Remembering, however, that I had vowed to slay thee, that hero dismissed thee without taking thy life. It is true thou hadst succeeded in depriving Bhimasena of his car. Thy abuse, however, O son of Radha, of that hero was sinful. Those bulls among men that are truly righteous and brave, having vanquished a foe, never boast, nor speak ill of anybody. Thy knowledge, however, is little. It is for this, O son of a *Suta*, that thou indulged in such speeches. Then, again the abusive epithets thou didst apply to the battling Bhimasena, endued with great prowess and heroism and devoted to the practices of the righteous, were not consistent with truth. In the very sight of all the troops, of Kesava, as also of myself, thou wert many a time made carless by Bhimasena in battle. That son of Pandu, however, did not call thee a single harsh word. Since, however, thou hast addressed Vrikodara in many harsh speeches, and since thou with others hast slain the son of Subhadra out of my sight, therefore, this very day obtain the fruit of those offences of thine. It was for thy own destruction, O wicked wight, that thou didst then cut off Abhimanyu's bow; for that, O thou of little understanding, thou shalt be slain by me, with all thy followers, forces, and animals. Accomplish now all those acts which thou shouldst do, for a great calamity is impending over thee. I will slay Vrishasena in thy very sight in battle. All those other kings, again, that will fully advance against me, I will despatch unto Yama's abode. I say this truly, laying my hand on my weapon. A fool as thou art, without wisdom and full of vanity, I say that beholding thee lying on the field of battle the wicked Duryodhana will indulge in bitter lamentations.' After Arjuna had vowed the slaughter of Karna's son, a loud and tremendous uproar arose amongst the car-warriors. At that frightful time when confusion was everywhere, the thousand-rayed sun, dimming his rays, entered the Asta hill. Then, O king, Hrishikesa, stationed in the van of battle embracing Arjuna who had accomplished his vow, told him these words, 'By good luck, O Jishnu, thy great vow hath been accomplished. By good luck, that Vriddhakshatra hath been slain along with his son. The celestial generalissimo himself, O Bharata, encountering the Dhartarashtra force, would, in battle, O Jishnu, lose his senses. There is no doubt of this. Except thee, O tiger among men, I do not even in thought see the person in the three worlds that could fight with this host. Many royal warriors endued with great prowess, equal to thee or superior have been united together at Duryodhana's command. Clad in mail, they could not approach thee, encountering thy angry self in battle. Thy energy and might are equal to that of Rudra or the Destroyer himself. None else is capable of putting forth such prowess in battle as thou, O scorcher of foes, alone and unsupported, didst today put forth. Thus shall I applaud thee again after Karna

of wicked soul has been slain along with his followers. Thus shall I glorify thee when that foe of thine shall have been vanquished and slain.' Unto him Arjuna replied, 'Through thy grace, O Madhava, this vow that even the gods could with difficulty accomplish, hath been accomplished by me. Their victory is not at all a matter of wonder that have thee, O Kesava, for their lord. Through thy grace, Yudhishthira will obtain the whole earth. All this is due to thy power, O thou of Vrishni's race! This is thy victory, O lord! Our prosperity is thy victory, O lord! Our prosperity is thy care and we are thy servants, O slayer of Madhu!' Thus addressed, Krishna smiled softly, and slowly urged the steeds. And he showed unto Partha, as they came, the field of battle abounding with cruel sights.

"Then Krishna said, 'Desirous of victory in battle or world-wide fame, many heroic kings are lying on the earth, struck with thy shafts. Their weapons and ornaments lay scattered, and their steeds, cars, and elephants are mangled and broken. With their coats of mail pierced or cut open, they have come to the greatest grief. Some of them are yet alive, and some of them are dead. Those, however, that are dead, still seem to be alive in consequence of the splendour with which they are endued. Behold the earth covered with their shafts equipped with golden wings, with their numerous other weapons of attack and defence, and with their animals (deprived of life). Indeed, the earth looks resplendent with coats of mail and necklaces of gems, with their heads decked with ear-rings, and headgears and diadems, and floral wreaths and jewels worn on crowns, and *Kanthasutras* and *Angadas*, and collars of gold, and with diverse other beautiful ornaments. Strewn with *Anuskaras* and quivers, with standards and banners, with *Upaskaras* and *Adhishthanas*, with shafts and crests of cars, with broken wheels and beautiful *Akshas* in profusion, with yokes and trappings of steeds, with belts and bows and arrows, with elephants, housings, with spiked maces and hooks of iron, with darts and short arrows, with spears and pikes, with *Kundas* and clubs, with *Sataghnis* and *Bhushandis*, with scimitars and axes, with short and heavy clubs and mallets, with maces and *Kunapas*, with whips decked with gold, O bull of Bharata's race, with the bells and diverse other ornaments of mighty elephants, with floral garlands and various kinds of decorations, and with costly robes all loosened from the bodies of men and animals, the earth shines brilliantly, like the autumnal firmament with planets and stars. The lords of the earth, slain for the sake of earth, are slumbering on the earth clasping with their limbs the earth like a dear wife. Like mountains shedding through their caves and fissures streams of liquid chalk, these elephants, resembling Airavata himself and huge as mountains, are shedding profuse streams of blood through the openings in their bodies caused by weapons. Behold, O hero, those huge creatures afflicted with shafts lying on the ground in convulsions. Behold, those steeds also, lying on the ground, adorned with trappings of gold. Behold also, O Partha, those riderless and driverless cars that had at one time resembled celestial vehicles

or the vapoury forms in the evening sky, now lying on the ground, with standards and banners and *Akshas* and yokes cut into pieces, and with broken shafts and crests, O lord. Foot-soldiers also, O hero, bearing bows and shields and slain in hundreds and thousands are lying on the ground, bathed in blood and clasping the earth with every limb and their locks smeared with dust. Behold, O mighty-armed one, those warriors with bodies mangled with thy weapons. Behold the earth, strewn with Yak-tails and fans, and umbrellas and standards, and steeds and cars and elephants, and with diverse kinds of blankets, and reins of steeds, and beautiful robes and costly *Varuthas* (of cars), look, as if overspread with embroidered tapestry. Many warriors fallen from the backs of well-equipped elephants along with those creatures themselves that they had ridden, are looking like lions fallen from mountain summits struck down by thunder. Mingled with the steeds (they had ridden) and the bows (they had held), horsemen and foot-soldiers in large numbers, are lying on the field, covered with blood. Behold, O foremost of men, the surface of the earth is frightful to look at, covered as it is with large number of slain elephants and steeds and car-warriors, and miry with blood, fat, and rotten flesh in profusion, and on which dogs and wolves and *Pisachas* and diverse wanderers of the night are cantering with joy! This fame-enhancing and mighty feat on the field of battle is capable of being achieved by thee only, O puissant one, or by that chief of the gods, *viz.*, Indra himself, who in great battle slayeth the *Daityas* and the *Danavas*.'

"Sanjaya continued, "Thus showing the field of battle unto the diadem-decked Arjuna, Krishna blew his conch *Panchajanya* with the gleeful soldiers of the Pandava army (blowing their respective conchs). Having shown the field of battle unto the diadem-decked hero, that slayer of foes, *viz.*, Janardana quickly proceeded towards Ajatasatru, the son of Pandu, and informed him of the slaying of Jayadratha.' "[1]

SECTION CXLVIII

"Sanjaya said, 'After the ruler of the Sindhus had been slain by Partha, Krishna, repairing unto the king, *viz.*, Yudhishthira, the son of Dharma, worshipped the latter with a gladdened heart. And he said, 'By good luck, O king of kings, thy prosperity increaseth. O best of men, thy foe hath been slain. By good luck, thy younger brother hath accomplished his vow.' Thus addressed by Krishna, that subjugator of hostile towns, *viz.*, king

[1]The printed editions and the manuscripts do not agree with one another in respect of the order and numbering of the last dozen verses. The Bombay edition omits a few of the verses.

Yudhishthira, filled with joy, came down from his car, O Bharata! His eyes filled with tears of joy, he embraced the two Krishnas and wiping his bright and lotus-like face, said these words unto Vasudeva, and Dhananjaya, the son of Pandu, 'Ye mighty car-warriors, by good luck, I behold both of you after ye have accomplished your task. By good luck, that sinful wretch, *viz.*, the ruler of the Sindhus, hath been slain. Ye Krishnas, by good luck, ye have done that which hath filled me with great happiness. By good luck, our foes have been plunged into an ocean of grief. Thou art the sovereign lord of all the worlds, O slayer of Madhu! In the three worlds they that have thee for their preceptor can have no object incapable of accomplishment. Through thy grace, O Govinda, we will conquer our foes, like Indra conquering the *Danavas* in days of old. Be it the conquest of the world, or be it the conquest of the three worlds, everything is certain, O thou of the Vrishni race, in their case with whom thou art gratified, O giver of honours! They can have no sin, nor can they meet with defeat in battle with whom thou, O lord of the celestials, art gratified, O giver of honours! It is through thy grace, O Hrishikesa, that Sakra hath become the chief of the celestials. It is through thy grace, that blessed personage obtained on the field of battle the sovereignty of the three worlds! It is through thy grace, O lord of the celestials, that the latter obtained immortality, O Krishna, and enjoy eternal regions (of bliss). Having slain thousands of *Daityas*, with prowess having its origin in thy grace, O slayer of foes, Sakra obtained the lordship of the celestials. Through thy grace, O Hrishikesa, the mobile and immobile universe, without swerving from its (ordained) course, O hero, is engaged in prayers and *homa*![1] In the beginning, this universe, enveloped in darkness, had been one vast expanse of water. Through thy grace, O mighty-armed one, the universe became manifest, O best of men! Thou art the creator of all the worlds, thou art the Supreme Soul, and thou art immutable! They that behold thee, O Hrishikesa, are never confounded. Thou art the Supreme God, thou art the God of gods, and thou art Eternal. They that seek refuge with thee, O lord of the gods, are never confounded. Without beginning and without death, thou art Divine, the Creator of all the worlds, and immutable. They that are devoted to thee, O Hrishikesa, always tide over every difficulty. Thou art Supreme, the Ancient one, the Divine-Being, and that which is the Highest of the high. He that attaineth to that *viz.*, thy Supreme Self hath ordained for him the highest prosperity. Thou art sung in the four *Vedas*. The four *Vedas* sing of thee. Be seeking thy shelter, O high-souled one, I shall enjoy unrivalled prosperity. Thou art the Supreme God, thou art the God of the highest gods, thou art the lord of winged creatures, and the lord of all human beings. Thou art the Supremest Lord of everything. I bow to thee, O best of beings! Thou art the Lord, the Lord of lords O puissant one! Prosperity to thee, O Madhava! O thou of large eyes, O Universal soul, Thou art the origin of

[1]Everything even the inanimate creation, exists and adores the Supreme deity.

all things. He, again, that is a friend of Dhananjaya or is engaged in Dhananjaya's good, obtaineth thee that art the preceptor of Dhananjaya and attaineth to happiness.' Thus addressed by him those high-souled ones, *viz.*, Kesava and Arjuna, cheerfully said unto the king, that lord of the earth, 'The sinful king Jayadratha, hath been consumed by the fire of thy wrath. O puissant one, although the Dhartarashtra host is vast and swelleth with pride, yet, O Bharata, struck and slain, it is being exterminated. O slayer of foes, it is in consequence of thy wrath that the Kauravas are being destroyed. Having, O hero, angered thee that canst slay with thy eyes alone, the wicked-minded Suyodhana, with his friends and kinsmen, will have to lay down his life in battle. Slain before in consequence of thy ire, and struck down also by the gods themselves, the invincible Bhishma, the grandsire of the Kurus, lieth now on a bed of arrows. O slayer of foes, victory in battle is unattainable by them, and death also waiteth for them, that have thee, O son of Pandu, for their foe. Kingdom, life, dear ones, children, and diverse kinds of bliss, will soon be lost by him with whom thou, O scorcher of foes, hast been angry. I regard the Kauravas to be lost with their sons, and kinsmen, when thou, O scorcher of foes, that art observant of the duties of a king, hast been angry with them.' Then Bhima, O king, and the mighty car-warrior Satyaki, both mangled with shafts, saluted their senior. And those two mighty bowmen sat down on the ground, surrounded by the Panchalas. Beholding those two heroes filled with joy and arrived and waiting with joined hands, the son of Kunti congratulated them both, saying, 'By good luck, it is that I see you both, ye heroes, escaped with life from that sea of (hostile) troops, that sea in which Drona acted the part of an invincible alligator, and the son of Hridika that of a fierce shark. By good luck, all the kings of the earth have been vanquished (by you two).[1] By good luck, I see both of you victorious in battle. By good luck, Drona hath been vanquished in battle, and that mighty car-warrior also *viz.*, the son of Hridika. By good luck, Karna hath been vanquished in battle with barbed shafts. By good luck, Salya also was obliged to turn away from the field by you both, ye bulls among men. By good luck, I behold you both come back from battle safe and sound, ye that are foremost of car-warriors and well-skilled in battle! By good luck, I behold again, ye heroes, that have forded that sea of troops in obedience to my command, ye that went to battle impelled by the desire of honouring me! Ye are heroes delighting in battle. Ye are to me as life. By good luck, I see you both.' Having said this, the son of Pandu, O king, embraced both Yuyudhana and Vrikodara, those tigers among men, and shed tears of joy. Then, O monarch, the entire host of the Pandavas became cheerful and filled with joy. And all of them once more set their hearts on battle.' "

[1]This is a triplet in the Calcutta edition.

SECTION CXLIX

"Sanjaya said, 'Upon the fall, O king, of the ruler of the Sindhus, thy son Suyodhana, his face bedewed with tears, and himself filled with grief and breathing hot sighs like a snake whose fangs have been broken, that offender against the whole world, *viz.*, thy son, experienced bitter affliction. Beholding that great terrible slaughter of his troops caused by Jishnu and Bhimasena and Satwata in battle, he became pale, dejected and melancholy, and his eyes became filled with tears. And he came to think no warrior existed on the earth that could be compared with Arjuna. Neither Drona, nor the son of Radha, nor Aswatthaman, nor Kripa, O sire, is competent to stand before Arjuna when the latter is excited with wrath. And Suyodhana, said unto himself, 'Having vanquished in battle all the mighty car-warriors of my army, Partha slew the ruler of the Sindhus. None could resist him. This my vast host hath almost been exterminated by the Pandavas. I think, there is no one that can protect my army, no, not even Purandara himself. He, relying upon whom I have been engaged in this passage-at-arms in battle, alas, that Karna hath been defeated in battle and Jayadratha slain. That Karna relying upon whose energy I regarded Krishna as straw who came to sue me for peace, alas, that Karna hath been vanquished in battle.' Grieving so within his heart, that offender against the whole world, O king, went to Drona, O bull of Bharata's race, for seeing him. Repairing unto him, he informed Drona of that immense slaughter of the Kurus, the victory of his foes, and the dire calamity of the Dhartarashtras.[1] And Suyodhana said, 'Behold, O preceptor, this immense slaughter of kings.[2] I came to battle, placing that grandsire of mine, *viz.*, the heroic Bhishma, at our head. Having slain him, Sikhandin, his aspiration fulfilled, stayeth at the very van of all the troops, surrounded by all the Panchalas, covetous of another triumph.[3] Another disciple of thine, *viz.*, the invincible Savyasachin, having slain seven *Akshauhinis* of troops hath despatched king Jayadratha to Yama's abode. How, O preceptor, shall I be freed from the debt I owe to those allies of mine who, desirous of victory to me and ever engaged in my good, have gone to Yama's abode? Those lords of earth who had desired the sovereignty of the earth, are now lying on the earth, abandoning all their earthly prosperity. Truly, I am a coward. Having caused such a slaughter of friends, I dare not think that I shall be sanctified by performing even a hundred horse-sacrifices. I am covetous and sinful and a transgressor against righteousness. Through my acts alone, these lords of earth, in their desire for victory, have gone to Yama's abode. Why, in presence of those kings,

[1]Literally, 'the fact of the Dhartarashtras having sunk (into distress).

[2]Literally, 'of persons whose coronal locks have undergone the sacred bath.'

[3]*Praluvdhas* is explained by Nilakantha differently. He supposes that Duryodhana here characterises Sikhandin to be a deceitful fowler or hunter in consequence of the deceit with which he caused Bhishma's fall. This is far-fetched.

does not the earth yield me a hole (through which to sink), since I am so sinful in behaviour and such a fomenter of internecine dissensions![1] Alas, what will the grandsire with blood-red eyes, that invincible hero who hath conquered the other world, tell me in the midst of the kings when he meets me?[2] Behold that mighty bowman, Jalasandha, slain by Satyaki. That great car-warrior, that hero, came proudly to battle for my sake, prepared to lay down his life. Beholding the ruler of the Kamvojas slain, as also Alamvusha and many other allies of mine, what object can I have for preserving my life? Those unretreating heroes who, fighting for my sake and struggling to the utmost of their powers to vanquish my foes, have laid down their lives. I shall today, O scorcher of foes, exerting the utmost measure of my might, free myself from the debt that I owe them and gratify them with oblations of water by repairing to the Yamuna. O foremost of all bearers of arms, I tell thee truly and swear by the good acts I have performed, by the prowess I possess and by my sons, that slaying all the Panchalas with the Pandavas, I shall obtain peace of mind, or, slain by them in battle I shall repair to those regions whither those allies of mine have gone. I shall certainly proceed thither whither those bulls among men, slain, while engaged in battle for my sake, by Arjuna have gone! Our allies, seeing that they are not well-protected by us, no longer desire to stand by us. O thou of mighty arms, they now regard the Pandavas to be preferable to ourselves. Thyself, of sure aim, hast ordained our extermination in battle, for thou treatest Arjuna leniently, since he is thy disciple. It is for this that all those have been slain who had endeavoured to secure victory to us. It seems that only Karna now wishes us victory. The man of weak understanding who without duly examining another, accepteth him for a friend and engageth him in concerns that require friends for their accomplishment, is certain to suffer injury even so hath this affair of mine been managed by my best friend![3] I am exceedingly covetous, sinful, crooked-hearted, and characterised by avarice! Alas, king Jayadratha hath been slain, and Somadatta's son also of great energy, and the Abhishahas, the Surasenas, the Sivis, and the Vasatis! I shall go thither today whither those bulls among men, slain, while engaged in battle for my sake, by Arjuna, have gone. In the asbence of those bulls among men, I have no need for life. O preceptor of the sons of Pandu, let me have thy permission in this.' "

[1]I adopt the Bombay reading.

[2]The Bombay edition reads this verse differently and introduces another after it which does not occur in the Bengal texts.

[3]I am not sure whether I have rendered the 31st and the first half of 32nd correctly. The vernacular translators have made a mess of the passage. The difficulty lies with *Surhittamais*. I take it to mean that Duryodhana says, 'Karna, Sakuni, Duhsasana, with myself, had taken thee, O preceptor, for a friend, and had engaged thee in this battle. We did not, however, then know that thou art an enemy in disguise.'

SECTION CI

"Dhritarashtra said, 'After the ruler of the Sindhus had been slain in battle by Savyasachin and after the fall of Bhurisravas, what became the state of your mind? After Drona also had been thus addressed by Duryodhana in the midst of the Kurus, what did the preceptor say unto him then? Tell me all this, O Sanjaya!'

"Sanjaya said, 'Loud wails arose among thy troops, O Bharata, after the slaughter of Bhurisravas and the ruler of the Sindhus. All of them disregarded the counsels of thy son, those counsels in consequence of which leaders of men, by hundreds, were slain. As regards Drona, hearing those words of thy son, he became filled with grief. Reflecting for a short while, O monarch, he said these words in great affliction.

"Drona said, O Duryodhana, why dost thou pierce me thus with wordy shafts? I told thee before that Arjuna is incapable of defeat in battle. Protected by the diadem-decked Arjuna, Sikhandin slew Bhishma. By that feat, O thou of Kuru's race, the prowess of Arjuna in battle hath been well-tested. Beholding Bhishma who was incapable of being defeated by the gods and the *Danavas*, actually slain in battle, even then I knew that this Bharata host is doomed. Upon the fall of him whom of all persons in the three worlds, we had regarded to be the very foremost of heroes, who else is there upon whom we are to rely? Those dice, O sire, with which Sakuni formerly played in the Kuru assembly, were not dice but keen arrows capable of slaying foes. Even those arrows, O sire, sped by Jaya, are now slaying us. Though Vidura characterised them to be such, thou didst not yet understand them to be so. Those words, again, that the wise and high-souled Vidura, with tears in his eyes had then said unto thee, those auspicious words recommending peace, thou didst not then hear. That calamity which foretold hath now come. That frightful carnage, O Duryodhana, hath now come as the result of that disobedience by thee of Vidura's words. That man of foolish understanding who, disregarding the salutary words of trusted friends, followeth his own opinion, soon falls into a pitiable plight. O son of Gandhari, this great evil, *viz.*, that dragging in our very sight to the Kuru assembly of Krishna who never deserved such treatment, who hath been born in a noble race, and who practiseth every virtue. Know that all this is but little, for in the next world dire consequences yet will be thine. Vanquishing the Pandavas at dice by deceit, thou hadst sent them into the woods, attired in deer-skins. What other Brahmana, except myself, in this woold, would seek to injure those princes that are ever engaged in the practice of virtue and that are to me even as my own sons? With the approval of Dhritarashtra, in the midst of the Kuru assembly, thou hadst, with Sakuni as thy help-mate, provoked the ire of the Pandavas. United with Duhsasana, Karna then fanned that wrath. Disregarding the words of Vidura, thou hast repeatedly fanned it thyself. With resolute care, all

of you had surrounded Arjuna, resolved to stand by the ruler of the Sindhus. Why then have all of you been vanquished and why also has Jayadratha been slain? Why, when thou art alive, and Karna, and Kripa, and Salya, and Aswatthaman, O Kauravya, hath the ruler of the Sindhus been slain? For rescuing the ruler of the Sindhus, the kings (on thy side) had put forth all their fierce energy. Why, then, hath Jayadratha been slain in their midst? Relying upon me, king Jayadratha had expected his rescue from the hands of Arjuna. He, however, obtained not the rescue he had expected. I do not also see my safety for my own self. Until I succeed in slaying the Panchalas with Sikhandin, I feel like one sinking in the Dhristadyumna-mire. Having failed, O Bharata, in rescuing the ruler of the Sindhus, why dost thou pierce me thus with thy wordy shafts, seeing that I too am burning with grief? Thou seest not any longer on the field the gold standards of Bhishma of sure aim, that warrior who was never tired in battle. How, then, canst thou hope for success? When the ruler of the Sindhus and Bhurisravas also have been slain in the very midst of so many mighty car-warriors, what do you think, will the end be? Kripa, difficult of being vanquished, is still alive, O king! That he hath not followed in the track of Jayadratha, I applaud him highly for this! When I saw Bhishma himself, that achiever of the most difficult feats (in battle), that warrior who was incapable of being slain in battle by the gods with Vasava at their head, slain in thy sight, O Kaurava, as also of thy younger brother Duhsasana, I thought then, O king, that the Earth hath abandoned thee. Yonder the troops of the Pandavas and the Srinjayas, united together, are now rushing against me. For achieving thy good in battle, O son of Dhritarashtra, I will not without slaying all the Panchalas, put off my armour. O king, go and tell my son Aswatthaman who is present in battle that even at the risk of his life he should not let the Somakas alone.[1] Thou shouldst also tell him, 'Observe all the instructions thou hast received from thy father. Be firm in acts of humility, in self-restraint, in truth and righteousness. Observant of religion, profit, and pleasure, without neglecting religion and profit, thou shouldst always accomplish those acts in which religion predominates. The Brahmanas should always be gratified with presents. All of them deserve thy worship. Thou shouldst never do anything that is injurious to them. They are like flames of fire. As regards myself, I will penetrate the hostile host, O slayer of foes, for doing great battle, pierced as I am by thee with thy wordy shafts. If thou canst, O Duryodhana, go and protect those troops. Both the Kurus and the Srinjayas have been angry. They will fight even during the night.' Having said these words, Drona proceeded against the Pandavas and set himself to over-ride the energy of the Kshatriyas like the sun overshadowing the light of the stars.' "

[1] *i.e.*, 'he should, by very means in his power, avenge himself on the Somakas, those enemies of mine.'

SECTION CLI

"Sanjaya said, 'Thus urged by Drona, king Duryodhana, filled with rage set his heart on battle. And thy son, Duryodhana, then said unto Karna, 'Behold, the diadem-decked son of Pandu, with Krishna alone for helpmate, penetrated into the array formed by the preceptor, an array that the gods themselves could not pierce, and in the very sight of the illustrious Drona struggling in battle and of many other foremost of warriors, slew the ruler of the Sindhus. Behold, O son of Radha, many foremost of kings lying on the earth, slain in battle. Partha unaided by any one, in the very sight of the illustrious Drona and myself, vigorously exerting ourselves like a host of inferior animals slain by a lion. The son of Sakra hath reduced my host to a small remnant of what it was. How, indeed, could Phalguna, in spite of the resistance offered by Drona in battle, accomplish his vow by slaying the ruler of the Sindhus? If Drona had not himself willed it, O hero, how could the son of Pandu, in battle, have pierced that impenetrable array, overcoming his struggling preceptor? Truly, Phalguna is exceedingly dear to the illustrious preceptor! For this, the latter gave him admittance, without having fought with him. Behold my misfortune! Having in the first instance promised protection unto the ruler of the Sindhus, Drona, that scorcher of foes, gave unto the diadem-decked Arjuna admittance into the array! If he had in the beginning granted permission to the ruler of the Sindhus for his return home, without doubt, such an awful carnage would then have never occurred. Alas! Jayadratha, in hopes of saving his life, had desired to return home. Having obtained from Drona a promise of protection in battle, it was I, a fool that I was, who prevented him from going. Alas, today my brothers having Chitrasena for their head, have all perished in the very sight of our wretched selves.'[1]

"Karna said, 'Do not blame the preceptor. That Brahmana is fighting according to the measure of his power and courage and regardless of his very life. If Arjuna, of white steeds, having transgressed him, penetrated into our array, the slightest fault does not, for that, attach to the preceptor. Phalguna is accomplished in weapons, possessed of great activity, endued with youth; he is a hero who has mastered all arms; he is distinguished for the celerity of his movements. Armed with celestial weapons and mounted on his ape-bannered car, the reins of whose steeds again were in the hands of Krishna, cased in impenetrable armour, and taking his celestial bow *Gandiva* of unfading might, the valiant Arjuna, scattering keen arrows, and proud of the strength of his arms, transgressed Drona. There is nothing to wonder at this. The preceptor, on the other hand is, O king, old and incapable of proceeding quickly. He is also, O king, incapable of exercising his arms long. It was for this that Phalguna, of

[1]This is a triplet in the Bengal texts.

white steeds and having Krishna for his charioteer, succeeded in transgressing the preceptor. For this reason also, I do not see any fault in Drona. For all that, when Arjuna, of white steeds, penetrated into our array, having transgressed the preceptor it seems that the latter, however skilled in weapons, is incapable of vanquishing the Pandavas in battle. I think that which is ordained by Fate never occurs otherwise. And since, O Suyodhana, in spite of ourselves fighting to the utmost extent of our powers, the ruler of the Sindhus has been slain in battle, it seems that Fate is allpowerful. With thyself we had all been exerting to the utmost of our might on the field of battle. Fate, however, baffling our exertions, did not smile on us. We have always exerted to injure the Pandavas, relying both on deceit and prowess. Whatever act, O king, a person afflicted by Fate does, is frustrated by Fate, however, much the person himself may strive to achieve it. Whatever, indeed, a man endued with perseverance should do, ought to be done fearlessly. Success depends on Fate! By deceit the sons of Pritha were beguiled as also by the administration of poison, O Bharata! Burnt they were in the palace of lac, vanquished they were at dice. In accordance with the dictates of statecraft, they were exiled into the woods. All these, though done by us with care, have been baffled by Fate. Fight with resolution, O king, setting Fate at nought. Between thee and them, both striving to the best of your prowess even Fate may prove auspicious to that party which excels the other.[1] No wise measures have been adopted by the Pandavas with the aid of superior intelligence. Nor, O hero, do we see, O perpetuator of Kuru's race, that thou hast done anything unwise from want of intelligence! It is Fate that decides the result of acts, wise or unwise; Fate, ever intent on its own purposes is awake when all else sleeps. Vast was thy host, and thy warriors are many. Even thus the battle began. With their small force, much greater and consisting of men capable of smiting effectually, hath been much reduced. I fear, it is the work of Fate, that has frustrated our exertions.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'While they were discoursing thus, O king, the Pandava divisions appeared for battle. Then occurred a fierce battle between thy warriors and theirs, in which cars and elephants encountered one another. All this, however, O king, was due to thy evil policy!' "

SECTION CLII

(*Ghatotkacha-badha Parva*)

"Sanjaya said, 'That elephant force of thine, O king, swelling with might, fought everywhere, prevailing over the Pandava force. Resolved to go to

[1] I render the second line freely, following Nilakantha.

the other world, the Panchalas and the Kauravas fought with one another for admission into the swelling domains of Yama. Brave warriors, encountering brave rivals, pierced one another with arrows and lances and darts, and quickly despatched one another unto Yama's abode. Dreadful was the battle that took place between car-warriors and car-warriors who struck one another and caused a fierce flow of blood. Infuriated elephants, encountering infuriated compeers, afflicted one another with their tusks. Horsemen, solicitous of glory, pierced and cut down horsemen in that terrific melee with spears and darts and battle-axes. Foot-soldiers also O mighty-armed one, in hundreds, armed with weapons, repeatedly rushed against one another with resolute courage, O scorcher of foes! So great was the confusion that the Panchalas and the Kurus could only be distinguished from each other by the tribal, the family, and the personal names we heard them utter. The warriors, despatching one another to the other world with arrows and darts and axes, careered fearlessly on the field. With thousands of arrows, however, O king, shot by the combatants the ten points were no longer illuminated as before in consequence of the Sun having set. While the Pandavas were thus fighting, O Bharata, Duryodhana, O king, penetrated into the midst of their host. Filled with great wrath at the slaughter of the ruler of Sindhus, and resolved to lay down his life, he penetrated into the hostile army. Filling the earth with the rattle of his car-wheels and causing her to tremble therewith, thy son approached the Pandava host. Terrific was the clash that took place between him and them, O Bharata, causing a tremendous carnage of troops. Like the sun himself at midday scorching everything with his rays, thy son scorched the hostile host with his arrowy showers.[1] The Pandavas became incapable of even looking at their brother (Duryodhana). Despairing of vanquishing their foes, they set their hearts on flying away from the field. Slaughtered by thy illustrious son, armed with the bow, by means of his gold-winged arrows of blazing points, the Panchalas ran away in all directions. Afflicted with those keen shafts, the Pandava troops began to fall down on the ground. Indeed, the Pandavas had never succeeded in achieving such a feat in battle as was then achieved by thy royal son, O monarch! The Pandava host was crushed and ground by an elephant.[2] As, again, an assemblage of lotuses becomes shorn of its beauty when the water (over which it grows) is dried up by the sun and the wind, even so became the Pandava host being dried up by thy son, O Bharata, the Panchalas, with Bhimasena then with ten shafts, and each of the sons of Madri with three, and Virata and Drupada each with six, and Sikhandin with a hundred, and Dhrishtadyumna with seventy, and Yudhishthira with seven, and the Kaikeyas and the Chedis with innumerable keen shafts, and Satwata with five, and each of the (five) sons of Draupadi with three, and Ghatotkacha also with a few, he uttered a

[1]Literally, 'with shafts resembling his rays.'

[2]Or, 'as a lake overgrown with lotuses is agitated on every side by an elephant.'

leonine shout. Cutting off hundreds of other warriors and the bodies of elephants and steeds in that great battle by means of his fierce shafts, he behaved like the Destroyer himself in rage slaying created beings.[1] While engaged, however, in thus slaughtering his foes, his bow, the back of whose staff was ornamented with gold, Yudhishthira, the son of Pandu, O sire, cut off into three parts with a pair of broad-headed shafts. And Yudhishthira pierced Duryodhana himself with ten keen arrows shot with great force. Piercing through Duryodhana's vital limbs, those passed out and entered the earth in a continuous line. The troops that stood around then encompassed Yudhishthira, like the celestials encompassing Purandara for the slaughter of Vritra. Then king Yudhishthira, O sire, who is incapable of being easily defeated, shot at thy son in that battle a fierce shaft. Deeply pierced therewith, Duryodhana sat down on his excellent car. Then a loud noise arose from among the Panchala troops. Even this, O monarch, was that tremendous uproar, *viz.*, '*The king is slain!*' The fierce whizz of arrows also was heard there, O Bharata. Then Drona quickly showed himself there in that battle. Meanwhile, Duryodhana recovering his senses, had firmly grasped the bow. He then rushed towards the royal son of Pandu saying, '*Wait, Wait.*' Then the Panchalas also solicitous of victory, began to advance with speed. Desirous of rescuing the Kuru prince, Drona received them all. And the preceptor began to destroy them like the bright-rayed maker of day destroying tempest-tossed clouds. Then, O king, there occurred a fierce battle, fraught with immense carnage, between thine and theirs encountering one another from desire of fight.' "

SECTION CLIII

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Having said all those words unto my son, Duryodhana, who is ever disobedient to my commands, when that mighty bowman endued with great strength, *viz.*, the preceptor Drona, penetrated in wrath into the Pandava host, and when that hero, stationed on his car, careered over the field, how did the Pandavas check his course? Who protected the right wheel of the preceptor's car in that dreadful battle? Who also protected his left when he fiercely slaughtered the foe? Who were those brave warriors that followed that fighting hero at his back? Who were those, then, that stood in front of that car-warrior? When that unvanquished and great bowman, that foremost of all bearers of weapons, dancing along the track of his car, entered the Pandavas host, I think, his

[1]Sixteen lines, occurring after this in the Bombay edition, have been omitted in the Calcutta edition.

foes felt an excessive and unseasonable cold. I think, they trembled like kine exposed to wintry blasts. How did that bull among car-warriors, who consumed all the troops of the Panchalas like a raging conflagration, meet with his death?'

"Sanjaya said, 'Having slain the ruler of the Sindhus in the evening, Partha, after his meeting with Yudhishthira and the great bowman, *viz.*, Satyaki, both proceeded towards Drona. Then Yudhishthira, and Bhimasena, the son of Pandu, each with a separate division of the army, quickly proceeded against Drona. Similarly, the intelligent Nakula, and the invincible Sahadeva, and Dhrishtadyumna with his own division, and Virata, and the ruler of the Salwas, with a large force, proceeded against Drona in battle. Similarly, king Drupada, the father of Dhrishtadyumna, protected by the Panchalas proceeded, O king, against Drona. And the sons of Draupadi, and the *Rakshasa* Ghatotkacha, accompanied by their forces, proceeded against Drona of great splendour. The Prabhadraka-Panchalas also six thousand strong, and all effectual smiters, proceeded against Drona placing Sikhandin at their head. Other foremost of men and mighty car-warriors among the Pandavas, uniting together, O bull among men, proceeded against Drona. When those heroic warriors, O bull among the Bharatas, proceeded to battle, the night became pitch dark, enhancing the terrors of the timid. And during that hour of darkness, O king, many were the warriors that laid down their lives. And that night also proved the death of many elephants and steeds and foot-soldiers. On that night of pitch darkness, yelling jackals everywhere inspired great fear with their blazing mouths. Fierce owls, perching on the standards of Kauravas and hooting therefrom, foreboded fears. Then, O king, a fierce uproar arose among the troops. Mingling with the loud beat of drums and cymbals, grunts of elephants, neighings of steeds, and stampings of horse-hoofs, that uproar spred everywhere. Then, in that hour of evening, fierce was the battle that took place between Drona, O king, and all of the Srinjayas. The world having been enveloped in darkness, nothing could be noticed. The welkin was covered with the dust raised by the combatants. Blood of man and horse and elephant mingled together. The earthy dust then disappeared. All of us became perfectly cheerless. During that night, like the sounds of a burning forest of bamboos on a mountain, frightful sounds were heard of clashing weapons. With the sounds of *Mridangas* and *Anakas* and *Vallakis* and *Patahas*,[1] with the shouts (of human beings) and the neigh (of steeds), a dreadful confusion set in everywhere, O lord! When the field of battle was enveloped in darkness, friends, O king, could not be distinguished from foes. All were possessed with a madness in that night. The earthen dust that had arisen, O king, was soon allayed with showers of blood. Then, in consequence of golden coats of mail and the bright ornaments of the warriors, that darkness was dispelled. The Bharata host then, adorned with gems and gold (and abounding with darts and

[1]Drums of diverse kinds and sizes.

standards), looked like the firmament in the night, O bull of Bharata's race, bespangled with stars. The field of battle then resounded with the yells of jackals and the cawings of crows, with the grunts of elephants, and the shouts and cries of the warriors. Those sounds, mingling together, produced a loud uproar, making the hair stand on end. That uproar filled all the points of the compass like the report of Indra's thunder. At dead of night, the Bharata host seemed illuminated with the *Angadas*, the ear-rings, the cuirasses, and the weapons of combatants. There elephants and cars, adorned with gold, looked in that night like clouds charged with lightning. Swords and darts and maces and scimitars and clubs and lances and axes, as they fell, looked like dazzling flashes of fire. Duryodhana was the gust of wind that was the precursor (of that tempest-like host). Cars and elephants constituted its dry clouds. The loud noise of drums and other instruments formed the peal of its thunders. Abounding with standards, bows formed to lightning flashes. Drona and the Pandavas formed its pouring clouds. Scimitars and darts and maces constituted its thunders. Shafts formed its downpour, and weapons (of other kinds) its incessant gusts of wind. And the winds that blew were both exceedingly hot and exceedingly cold. Terrible, stunning and fierce, it was destructive of life. There was nothing that could afford shelter from it.[1] Combatants, desirous of battle entered into that frightful host on that dreadful night resounding with terrible noises, enhancing the fears of the timid and the delight of heroes. And during the progress of that fierce and dreadful battle in the night, the Pandus and the Srinjayas, united together, rushed in wrath against Drona. All these, however, O king, that advanced right against the illustrious Drona, were either obliged to turn back or despatched to the abode of Yama. Indeed, on that night, Drona alone pierced with his shafts, elephants in thousands and cars in tens of thousands and millions of millions of foot-soldiers and steeds.' "

SECTION CLIV

"Dhritarashtra said, "When the invincible Drona, of immeasurable energy, unable to bear (the slaughter of Jayadratha), wrathfully entered into the midst of the Srinjayas, what did all of you think? When that warrior of immeasurable soul, having said those words unto my disobedient son, Duryodhana, so entered (the hostile ranks), what steps did Partha take? When after the fall of the heroic Jayadratha and of Bhurisravas, that unvanquished warrior of great energy, that scorcher of foes, *viz.*, the unconquerable Drona, proceeded against the Panchalas, what did Arjuna

[1]The Bombay reading is *apalavam* and not *viplatam*.

think? What also did Duryodhana think as the most seasonable step that he could adopt? Who were they that followed that boon-giving hero, that foremost of regenerated ones? Who were those heroes, O *Suta*, that stood behind that hero while engaged in battle? Who fought in his van, while he was employed in slaughter? I think, all the Pandavas, afflicted with the arrows of Bharadwaja's son, were, O *Suta*, like lean kine trembling under a wintry sky. Having penetrated into the midst of the Panchalas how did that great bowman, that scorcher of foes, that tiger among men, meet with his death?[1] When on that night all the troops, united together, and all the great car-warriors combined were being separately ground (by Drona), who were those intelligent men amongst you that were present there? Thou sayest that my troops were slain or huddled together, or vanquished, and that my car-warriors were made carless in those encounters. While those combatants became cheerless and were being ground by the Pandavas, what did they think when they sank in such affliction on that dark night? Thou sayest that the Pandavas were hearty and exceedingly hopeful, and that mine were melancholy and heartless and panic-stricken. How, O Sanjaya, couldst thou mark the distinction on that night between the Kurus and the unretreating Pa1thas?'

"Sanjaya said, 'During the progress, O king, of that fierce night-battle, the Pandavas along with the Somakas all rushed against Drona. Then Drona, with his swift-going shafts, despatched all the Kaikeyas and the sons of Dhrishtadyumna into the world of spirits. Indeed, all those mighty car-warriors, O king, that advanced right against Drona, all those lords of the earth, were despatched (by him) into the region of the dead. Then king Sivi, of great prowess, filled with rage, proceeded against that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, the heroic son of Bharadwaja, while the latter was thus employed in grinding (the hostile combatants). Beholding that great car-warrior of the Pandavas advancing, Drona pierced him with ten shafts made entirely of iron. Sivi, however, pierced Drona in return with thirty shafts, winged with *Kanka* feathers. And smiling the while, he also, with a broad-headed shaft felled the driver of Drona's car. Drona then, slaying the steeds of the illustrious Sivi as also the driver of his car, cut off from his trunk Sivi's head with head-gear on it. Then Duryodhana quickly sent unto Drona a driver for his car. The reins of his steeds having been taken up by the new man, Drona once more rushed against his foes. The son of the ruler of the Kalingas, supported by the Kalinga troops, rushed against Bhimasena, filled with rage at the slaughter of his sire by the latter, Having pierced Bhima with five shafts he once more pierced him with seven. And he struck Visoka (the driver of Bhima's car) with three shafts and the latter's standard with one. The Vrikodara, filled with rage, leaping from his own car to that of his foe, slew with only his fists that angry hero of the Kalingas. The bones of that prince thus slain in battle by the mighty son of Pandu with only his fists, fell down on the earth separated

[1]This is a triplet in all the editions.

from one another. Karna and the brother of the slain prince, (and others), could not brook that act of Bhima. All of them began to strike Bhimasena with keen shafts resembling snakes of virulent poison. Abandoning then that car of the foe (upon which he stood), Bhima proceeded to the car of Dhruva,[1] and crushed, by a blow of his fist, that prince who had been striking him incessantly. Thus struck by the mighty son of Pandu. Dhruva fell down. Having slain him, O king, Bhimasena of great strength, proceeding to the car of Jayarata, began to roar repeatedly like a lion. Dragging Jayarata then with his left arm, while, employed in roaring, he slew that warrior with a slap of his palm in the very sight of Karna. Then Karna hurled at the son of Pandu, a dart decked with gold. The Pandava, however, smiling the while, seized with his hand that dart. And the invincible Vrikodara in that battle hurled that very dart back at Karna. Then Sakuni, with a shaft that had drunk oil, cut off that dart as it coursed towards Karna. Having achieved these mighty feats in battle, Bhima, of wonderful prowess, came back to his own car and rushed against thy troops. And while Bhima was thus advancing, slaughtering (thy troops) like the Destroyer himself in rage, thy sons, O monarch, attempted to resist that mighty-armed hero. Indeed, those mighty car-warriors covered him with a dense shower of arrows. Then Bhima, smiling the while, despatched in that battle, with his shafts, the driver and the steeds of Durmada unto the abode of Yama. Durmada, at this, quickly mounted upon the car of Dushkarna. Then those scorchers of foes, *viz.*, the two brothers, riding on the same car, both rushed against Bhima in the front rank of battle, like the Regent of the waters and Surya rushing against Taraka, that foremost of *Daityas*. Then thy sons, Durmada and Dushkarna, mounting on the same car, pierced Bhima with shafts. Then in the very sight of Karna, of Aswatthaman, of Duryodhana, of Kripa, of Somadatta, and of Valhika, the son of Pandu, that chastiser of foes, by a stamp of his foot, caused that car of the heroic Durmada and Dushkarna to sink into the earth. Filled with rage, Bhima struck with his fists those mighty and brave sons of thine, *viz.*, Durmada and Dushkarna, and crushed them therewith and roared aloud. Then cries of *Oh* and *Alas* arose among the troops. And the kings, beholding Bhima said, 'That is Rudra who is fighting in Bhima's form among the Dhartarashtras.' Saying these words, O Bharata, all the kings fled away, deprived of their senses and urging the animals they rode to their greatest speed. Indeed, no two of them could be seen running together. Then, when on that night a great carnage had been caused among the (Kaurava) army, the mighty Vrikodara, with eyes beautiful as the full-blown lotus, highly applauded by many bulls among kings, repairing unto Yudhishthira, paid his regards unto him. Then the twins (Nakula and Sahadeva), and Drupada and Virata, and the Kaikeyas, and Yudhishthira also, felt great joy. And all of them paid their adorations unto Vrikodara even as the celestials did unto Mahadeva after Andhaka had been slain.

[1]The brother of the Kalinga prince.

Then thy sons, all equal unto the sons of Varuna, filled with rage and accompanied by the illustrious Preceptor and a large number of cars, foot-soldiers, and elephants encompassed Vrikodara on all sides from desire of fight. Then, O best of kings, on that terrible night, when everything was enveloped in darkness, as thick as a cloud, a dreadful battle took place between those illustrious warriors, delightful to wolves and crows and vultures.' "

SECTION CLV

"Sanjaya said, 'After his son (Bhurisravas) had been slain by Satyaki while the former was sitting in *Praya*, Somadatta, filled with rage, said unto Satyaki these words, 'Why, O Satwata, having abandoned those Kshatriya duties ordained by the high-souled gods, hast thou betaken thyself to the practices of robbers? Why would one that is observant of Kshatriya duties and possessed of wisdom, strike in battle a person that is turning away from the fight, or one that has become helpless, or one that has laid aside his weapons, or one that beggeth for quarters? Two persons, indeed, among the Vrishnis are reputed to be the foremost of great car-warriors, *viz.*, Pradyumna of mighty energy and thou also, O Satyaki! Why then didst thou behave so cruelly and sinfully towards one that had sat on *Praya* and that had his arms cut off by Partha? Take now in battle the consequence of that act of thine, O thou of wicked behaviour! I shall today, O wretch, putting forth my prowess, cut off thy head with a winged arrow. I swear, O Satwata, by my two sons, by what is dear to me, and by all my meritorious acts, that, if before this night passes away, I do not slay thee, that art so proud of thy heroism, with thy sons and younger brothers, provided Jishnu, the son of Pritha, does not protect thee, then let me sink into terrible hell, O wretch of Vrishni's race!' Having said these words, the mighty Somadatta, filled with rage, blew his conch loudly and uttered a leonine roar. Then Satyaki, of eyes like lotus-petals and teeth like those of a lion, possessed of great strength, and filled with rage, said these words unto Somadatta, 'O thou of Kuru's race, whether battling with thee or with others, I do not in my heart ever experience the slightest fear. If, protected by all the troops, thou fightest with me, I would not, even then experience on thy account, any pain, O thou of Kuru's race! I am ever observant of Kshatriya practices. Thou canst not, therefore, frighten me with only words smacking of battle or with speeches that insult the good. If, O king, thou wishest to fight with me today, be cruel and strike me with keen shafts and I will also strike thee.

[1]*Patanipam* is explained by Nilakantha as something that causes the *patana* or downfall of a person hence *sin*.

Thy son, the mighty car-warrior Bhurisravas, O king, had been slain. Sala also, and Vrishasena, have been crushed by me. Thee also today I shall slay, with thy sons and kinsmen. Stay with resolution in battle, for thou, O Kaurava, art endued with great strength. Thou art already slain in consequence of the energy of that drum-bannered king Yudhishthira in whom are always charity, and self-restraint, and purity of heart, compassion, and modesty, and intelligence, and forgiveness, and all else that is indestructible. Thou shalt meet with destruction along with Karna and Suvala's son. I swear by Krishna's feet and by all my good acts that, filled with rage, I shall, with my shafts, slay thee with thy sons in battle. If thou fliest away from battle, then mayst thou have safety.' Having thus addressed each other, with eyes red in wrath, those foremost of men began to shoot their shafts at each other. Then with a thousand cars and ten thousand horses, Duryodhana took his station, encompassing Somadatta. Sakuni also, filled with rage, and armed with every weapon and surrounded by his sons and grandsons as also by his brothers, that were equal to Indra himself in prowess (did the same). Thy brother-in-law, O king, young in years and of body hard as the thunder-bolt, and possessed of wisdom, had a hundred thousand horses of the foremost valour with him. With these he encompassed the mighty bowman Somadatta. Protected by those mighty warriors, Somadatta covered Satyaki (with clouds of shafts). Beholding Satyaki thus covered with clouds of straight shafts, Dhrishtadyumna proceeded towards him in rage and accompanied by a mighty force. Then, O king, the sound that arose there of those two large hosts striking each other, resembled that of many oceans lashed into fury by frightful hurricanes. Then Somadatta pierced Satyaki, with nine arrows. Satyaki, in return, struck that foremost of Kuru warriors with nine arrows. Deeply pierced in that battle by the mighty and firm bowman (Satyaki), Somadatta sat down on the terrace of his car and lost his senses in a swoon, Beholding him deprived of his senses, his driver, with great speed, bore away from the battle that great car-warrior, *viz.*, the heroic Somadatta. Seeing that Somadatta, afflicted with Yuyudhana's shafts, had lost his senses, Drona rushed with speed, desiring to slay the Yadu hero. Beholding the Preceptor advance, many Pandava warriors headed by Yudhishthira surrounded that illustrious perpetuator of Yadu's race from desire of rescuing him. Then commenced a battle between Drona and the Pandavas, resembling that between Vali and the celestials for acquiring sovereignty of the three worlds. Then Bharadwaja's son of great energy shrouded the Pandava host with clouds of arrows and pierced Yudhishthira also. And Drona pierced Satyaki with ten arrows, and the son of Prishata with twenty. And he pierced Bhimasena with nine arrows and Nakula with five, and Sahadeva with eight, and Sikhandin with a hundred. And the mighty-armed hero pierced each of the (five) sons of Draupadi with five arrows. And he pierced Virata with eight arrows and Drupada with ten. And he pierced Yudhamanyu with three arrows and Uttamaujas with six in that encounter. And piercing many other com-

batants, he rushed towards Yudhishthira. The troops of Pandu's son, slaughtered by Drona, ran away in all directions, from fear, O king, with loud wails. Beholding that host slaughtered by Drona, Phalguna, the son of Pritha, with wrath excited a little, quickly proceeded towards the preceptor. Beholding then that Drona was also proceeding towards Arjuna in that battle, that host of Yudhishthira, O king, once more rallied. Then once more occurred a battle between Drona and the Pandavas. Drona, surrounded, O king, on all sides, by thy sons, began to consume the Pandava host, like fire consuming a heap of cotton. Beholding him radiant like the sun and endued with the splendour of a blazing fire, and fiercely and continually, O king, emitting his ray-like arrows, with bow incessantly drawn to a circle and scorching everything around like the sun himself, and consuming his foes, there was none in that army that could check him. The shafts of Drona cutting off the head of all those that ventured to approach him in the face, penetrated into the earth. Thus slaughtered by that illustrious warrior, ths Pandava host, once more fled away in fear in the very sight of Arjuna. Beholding that force, O Bharata, thus routed on that night by Drona, Jishnu asked Govinda to proceed towards Drona's car. Then he of Dasarha's race urged those steeds, white as silver or milk or the *Kunda* flower, or the moon, towards the car of Drona. Bhimasena also, beholding Phalguna proceed towards Drona, commanded his own charioteer, saying, 'Bear me towards Drona's division.' Hearing those words of Bhima, his driver Visoka urged his steeds, following in the wake, O chief of the Bharatas, of Jishnu, of sure aim. Beholding the two brothers resolutely proceeding towards Drona's division, the mighty car-warriors among the Panchalas, the Srinjayas, the Matsyas, the Chedis, the Karushas, the Kosalas, and the Kaikeyas, O king, all followed them. Then, O monarch, took place a terrible battle that made the hair stand on end. With two mighty throngs of cars, Vibhatsu and Vrikodara attacked thy host; the former on the right and the latter in the front. Seeing those tigers among men, *viz.*, Bhimasena and Dhananjaya (thus engaged), Dhrishtadyumna, O monarch, and Satyaki of great strength, rushed behind. Then, O king, an uproar arose there in consequence of the two hosts striking each other, that resembled the noise made by many seas lashed into fury by a tempest. Beholding Satyaki in battle, Aswatthaman, filled with rage at the slaughter of Somadatta's son, rushed furiously against that Satwata hero at the van of battle. Seeing him rush in that battle against the car of Sini's grandson, Bhimasena's son, the gigantic *Rakshasa*, Ghatotkacha, endued with great strength, rushed at him, riding on a huge and terrible car made of black iron covered with bear-skins. Both the height and the width of that large car measured thirty *nalwas*.[1] Equipped with machines set in proper places it was; its rattle resembled that of a mighty mass of clouds. No steeds or elephants were yoked unto it, but, instead, beings that looked like elephants.[2] On its tall standard

[1] A *nalwa* measured four hundred cubits.

[2] Nilakantha explains that there were *Pisachas*.

perched a prince of vultures with outstretched wings and feet, with eyes wide-expanded, and shrieking awfully. And it was equipped with red flags and decked with the entrails of various animals. And that huge vehicle was furnished with eight wheels. Riding on it, Ghatotkacha was surrounded by a full *Akshauhini* of fierce-looking *Rakshasas* armed with lances and heavy clubs and rocks and trees. Seeing him advance with uplifted bow, resembling the mace-armed Destroyer himself in the hour of universal dissolution, the hostile kings were struck with fear. At sight of that prince of *Rakshasas*, *viz.*, Ghatotkacha, looking like a mountain summit of terrible aspect, frightful, possessed of terrible teeth and fierce face, with arrow-like ears and high cheek-bones, with stiff hair rising upwards, awful eyes, sunken belly, blazing mouth, wide as a chasm, and diadem on his head, capable of striking every creature with fear, possessing jaws wide-open like those of the Destroyer, endued with great splendour and capable of agitating all foes, advancing towards them, thy son's host, afflicted with fear, became highly agitated like the current of the Ganga agitated into fierce eddies by (the action of) the wind. Terrified by the leonine roar uttered by Ghatotkacha, elephants began to eject urine and the kings began to tremble. Then, thrown by the *Rakshasas* who had become more powerful in consequence of the night, there began to fall on the field of battle a thick shower of stones. And a ceaseless shower of iron wheels and *Bhundis* and darts and lances and spears and *Sataghnis* and axes also fell there. Beholding that fierce and awful battle, the kings, thy sons, and Karna, also exceedingly pained, fled away. Only the proud son of Drona, ever boastful of his might in arms, stood fearlessly. And he soon dispelled that illusion that had been created by Ghatotkacha. Upon the destruction of his illusion, Ghatotkacha in rage sped fierce shafts (Aswatthaman). These pierced the son of Drona. like angry snakes speedily piercing through an ant-hill. Those arrows, having pierced through the body of Aswatthaman, dyed with blood and quickly entered the earth like snakes into an ant-hill. The light-handed Aswatthaman, however, of great prowess, filled with wrath, pierced Ghatotkacha with ten arrows. Ghatotkacha, deeply pierced in his vital parts by Drona's son, and feeling great pain, took up a wheel having a thousand spokes. Its edge was sharp as a razor, and it was replendent as the rising sun. And it was decked with diverse gems and diamonds. Desirous of slaying him, the son of Bhimasena hurled that wheel at Aswatthaman. And as that wheel coursed swiftly towards Drona's son, the latter cut it into fragments by means of his shafts. Baffled, it fell down on the earth, like the hope cherished by an unfortunate man. Beholding his wheel baffled, Ghatotkacha quickly covered the son of Drona with his shafts, like Rahu swallowing the sun. Meanwhile, Ghatotkacha's son endued with great splendour and looking like a mass of antimony, checked the advancing son of Drona like the king of mountain (Meru) checking the (course of the) wind. Afflicted with showers of shafts by Bhimasena's grandson, *viz.*, the brave Anjanaparvan, Aswatthaman looked like the mountain Meru

bearing a torrent of rain from a mighty cloud. Then Aswatthaman, equal unto Rudra or Upendra in prowess, became filled with rage. With one shaft he cut off the standard of Anjanaparvan. With two others, his two drivers, and with three others, his *Trivenuka*. And he cut off the *Rakshasa's* bow with one arrow, and his four steeds with four other arrows, Made carless, Anjanaparvan took up a scimitar. With another keen shaft, Aswatthaman cut off in two fragments that scimitar, decked with golden stars, in the *Rakshasa's* hand. The grandson of Hidimva then, O king, whirling a gold adorned mace, quickly hurled it at Aswatthaman. Drona's son, however, striking it with his shafts, caused it to fall down on the earth. Soaring up then into the sky, Anjanaparvan began to roar like a cloud. And from the welkin he showered trees upon his foe. Like the sun piercing a mass of clouds with his rays, Aswatthaman then began to pierce with his shafts the son of Ghatotkacha, that receptacle of illusions, in the welkin. Gifted with great energy, the *Rakshasa* once more came down on his gold decked car. He then looked like a high and beautiful hill of antimony on the surface of the earth. The son of Drona then slew that son of Bhima's son, *viz.*, Anjanaparvan, cased in an iron coat of mail, even as Mahadeva had slain in days of yore the *Asura* Andhaka. Beholding his mighty son slain by Aswatthaman, Ghatotkacha, coming unto the son of Drona, fearlessly addressed the heroic son of Saradwata's daughter, who was then consuming the Pandava troops like a raging forest-conflagration, in these words:

"Ghatotkacha said, 'Wait, Wait, O son of Drona! Thou shalt not escape me with life! I shall slay thee today like Agni's son slaying *Krauncha*.'

"Aswatthaman said, 'Go, O son, and fight with others, O thou that hast the prowess of a celestial. It is not proper, O son of Hidimva, that sire should battle with son.[1] I do not cherish any grudge against thee, O son of Hidimva! When, however, one's ire is excited, one may kill one's own self.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Having heard these words, Ghatotkacha, filled with grief on account of the fall of his son, and with eyes red as copper in wrath, approached Aswatthaman and said, 'Am I a dastard in battle, O son of Drona, like a vulgar person, that thou dost frighten me thus with words? Thy words are improper. Verily, I have been begotten by Bhima in the celebrated race of the Kurus. I am a son of the Pandavas, those heroes that never retreat from battle. I am the king of the *Rakshasas*, equal to the Ten-necked (Ravana) in might. Wait, wait, O son of Drona! Thou shalt not escape me with life. I shall today, on the field of battle, dispel thy desire for fight.' Having thus replied unto Aswatthaman, that mighty *Rakshasa* with eyes red as copper in rage, rushed furiously against the son of Drona, like a lion against a prince of elephants. And Ghatotkacha began to shower upon that bull among car-warriors, *viz.*, Drona's

[1]Aswatthaman and the Pandavas were like brothers, for both were disciples of Drona Ghatotkacha, therefore, having been Bhima's son was Aswatthaman's brother's son.

son, shafts of the measure of *Aksha* of battle car, like a cloud pouring torrents of rain. Drona's son however, with his own shafts, checked that arrowy shower before it could reach him. At that time, it seemed that another encounter was taking place in the welkin between shafts (as the combatants). The welkin, then, during the night, shone resplendent with the sparks caused by the clash of those weapons, as if with (myriads of) flies. Observing that his illusion was dispelled by Drona's son, proud of his prowess in battle, Ghatotkacha, once more making himself invisible, created an illusion. He assumed the form of a high mountain, crowded with cliffs and trees, and possessing fountains from which ceaselessly flowed spears and lances and swords and heavy clubs. Beholding that mountain-like mass of antimony, with countless weapons falling from it, Drona's son was not at all moved. The latter invoked into existence the *Vajra* weapon.[1] The prince of mountains, then, struck with that weapon, was quickly destroyed. Then the *Rakshasa*, becoming a mass of blue clouds in the firmament, decked with rainbow, began furiously to shower upon Drona's son in that battle a downpour of stones and rocks. Then that foremost of all persons acquainted with weapons, *viz.*, Aswatthaman, aiming the *Vayavya* weapon, destroyed that blue cloud which had risen on the firmament. Drona's son, that foremost of men, covering then all the points of the compass with his shafts, slew a hundred thousand car-warriors. He then beheld Ghatotkacha fearlessly coming towards him with bent bow and accompanied by a large number of *Rakshasas* that resembled lions or infuriated elephants of great strength, some riding on elephants, some on cars, and some on steeds. The son of Hidimva was accompanied by those fierce followers of his, with frightful faces and heads and necks. Those *Rakshasas* consisted of both *Paulastyas* and *Yatudhanas*.[2] Their prowess was equal to that of Indra himself. They were armed with diverse kinds of weapons and were cased in diverse kinds of armour. Of terrible visage, they swelled with rage. Ghatotkacha came to battle, accompanied by those *Rakshasas*, who were, indeed, incapable of being easily defeated in battle. Beholding them, thy son, Duryodhana, became exceedingly cheerless. Unto him the son of Drona said, 'Wait, O Duryodhana! Thou needst have no fear. Stand aside with these thy heroic brothers and these lords of earth, endued with the prowess of Indra. I will slay thy foes. Defeat thou shalt not have. I tell thee truly. Meanwhile, assure thy troops.'

"Duryodhana said, 'I do not regard what thou sayest to be at all wonderful, since thy heart is large. O son of Gautama's daughter, thy regard for us is great.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Having said those words unto Aswatthaman, he then addressed the son of Suvala, saying, 'Dhananjaya is engaged in battle surrounded by a hundred thousand car-warriors of great valour. Go

[1] *i.e.*, the weapon endued with the force of the thunder.

[2] Different species of *Rakshasas*.

thou against him, with sixty thousand cars. Karna also, and Vrishasena and Kripa, and Nila, and the Northerners, and Kritavarman, and the sons of Purumitra, and Duhsasana, and Nikumbha, and Kundabhedin, and Puranjaya and Dridharatha, and Hemakampana, and Salya, and Aruni, and Indrasena, and Sanjaya, and Vijaya, and Jaya, and Purakrathin, and Jayavarman, and Sudarsana, these will follow thee, with sixty thousand foot-soldiers. O uncle, slay Bhima and the twins and king Yudhishthira the Just, like the chief of the celestials slaying the *Asuras*. My hope of victory is in thee. Already pierced by Drona's son with shafts, all their limbs have been exceedingly mangled. Slay the sons of Kunti, O uncle, like Kartikeya slaying the *Asuras*.' Thus addressed by thy son, Sakuni proceeded quickly to destroy the Pandavas, filling thy son's heart, O king, with delight.

"Meanwhile, O king, the battle that took place between the *Rakshasas* and the son of Drona on that night was exceedingly terrible like that between Sakra and Prahlada (in days of old). Ghatotkacha, filled with rage, struck Drona's son in the chest with ten powerful shafts fierce as poison or fire. Deeply pierced with those shafts by the son of Bhimasena, Aswatthaman trembled on the terrace of his car like a tall tree shaken by the tempest. Once more Ghatotkacha, with a broad-headed shaft, quickly cut off the bright bow that was in the hands of Drona's son. The latter, then, taking up another bow capable of bearing of great strain, showered keen arrows (upon his foe) like a cloud pouring torrents of rain. Then the son of Saradwat's daughter, O Bharata, sped many sky-ranging and foe-slaying arrows, winged with gold, towards the sky-ranging *Rakshasa*. Afflicted with those shafts of Aswatthaman, that vast force of broad-chested *Rakshasas* looked like a herd of infuriated elephants afflicted by lions. Consuming with his arrows those Rakshasas with their steeds, drivers, and elephants, he blazed forth like the adorable Agni while consuming creatures at the end of the *Yuga*. Having burnt with his shafts a full *Akshauhini* of *Rakshasa* troops, Aswatthaman shone resplendent like the divine Maheswara in heaven after the burning of the triple city.[1] That foremost of victors, *viz*., Drona's son, having burnt thy foes, shone brilliantly like the blazing *Yuga*-fire after having burnt all creatures at the end of the *Yuga*. Then Ghatotkacha, filled with rage, urged that vast Rakshasa force on, saying, 'Slay the son of Drona!' That command of Ghatotkacha was obeyed by those terrible Rakshasa of bright teeth, large faces, frightful aspects, gaping mouths, long tongues and eyes blazing with wrath. Causing the earth to be filled with their loud leonine roars, and armed with diverse kinds of weapons, they rushed against the son of Drona for slaying him. Endued with fierce prowess, those Rakshasas, with eyes red in wrath, fearlessly hurled at Aswatthaman's head hundreds and thousands of darts, and *Sataghnis*, and spiked maces, and *Asanis* and long lances, and axes, and scimitars, and maces, and short arrows and heavy

[1] *Tripura*, belonging to an *Asura* of the same.

clubs, and battle-axes, and spears, and swords, and lances, and polished Kampanas and *Kunapas*, and *Hulas*, and rockets, and stones, and vessels of (hot) treacle, and *thunas* made of black iron, and mallets, all of terrible forms and capable of destroying foes. Beholding that thick shower of weapons falling upon the head of Drona's son, thy warriors were much pained. The son of Drona, however, fearlessly destroyed with his whetted shafts endued with the force of the thunder that frightful shower of weapons looking like a risen cloud. Then the high-souled son of Drona, with other weapons, equipped with golden wings and inspired with *mantras* speedily slew many Rakshasas. Afflicted with those shafts, that vast force of broad-chested Rakshasas looked like a herd of infuriated elephants afflicted by lions. Then those mighty Rakshasas, thus afflicted Drona's son. became filled with fury and rushed against the former. The prowess that the son of Drona then showed was exceedingly wonderful, for the feat he achieved is incapable of being achieved by any other being among living creatures, since, alone and unsupported, that warrior acquainted with high and mighty weapons burnt that Rakshasa force with his blazing shafts in the very sight of that prince of Rakshasas. Whilst consuming that Rakshasa force, Drona's son in that battle shone resplendent like the *Samvartaka* fire, while burning all creatures at the end of the *Yuga*. Indeed, amongst those thousands of kings and those Pandavas, O Bharata, there was none, except that mighty prince of the Rakshasa, *viz*., the heroic Ghatotkacha, capable of even looking at the son of Drona in that battle, who was thus employed in consuming their ranks with his shafts, resembling snakes of virulent poison. The Rakshasa, O chief of the Bharatas, with eyes rolling in wrath, striking his palms, and biting his (nether) lip, addressed his own driver, saying, 'Bear me towards the son of Drona.' Riding on that formidable car equipped with triumphal banners, that slayer of foes once more proceeded against Drona's son. desirous of a single combat with the latter. Endued with terrible prowess, the Rakshasa, uttering a loud leonine roar, hurled in that encounter at Drona's son, having whirled it (previously), a terrible *Asani* of celestial workmanship, and equipped with eight bells.[1] Drona's son, however, jumping down from his car, having left his bow thereon, seized it and hurled it back at Ghatotkacha himself. Ghatotkacha, meanwhile, had quickly alighted from his car. That formidable *Asani*, of dazzling effulgence, having reduced to ashes the Rakshasa's vehicle with steeds and drivers and standard, entered the earth, having pierced her through. Beholding that feat of Drona's son, *viz*., his having jumped down and seized that terrible *Asani* of celestial workmanship, all creatures applauded it. Proceeding then, O king, to Dhrishtadyumna's car, Bhimasena's son, taking up a terrible bow that resembled the large bow of Indra himself, once more shot many keen shafts at the illustrious son of Drona. Dhrishtadyumna also fearlessly shot at Aswatthaman's chest many foremost

[1] *Asani* literally means the thunder. Probably, some kind of iron mace.

of shafts, equipped with wings of gold and resembling snakes of virulent poison. Then Drona's son shot arrows and long shafts by thousands. These two heroes, however, *viz.*, Ghatotkacha and Dhrishtadyumna, struck and baffled Aswatthaman's shafts by means of their own shafts whose touch resembled that of fire. The battle then that took place between those two lions among men (Ghatotkacha on the one side) and the son of Drona (on the other) became fierce in the extreme and gladdened all the combatants, O bull of Bharata's race! Then, accompanied by a thousand cars, three hundred elephants, and six thousand horses, Bhimasena arrived at that spot. The virtuous son of Drona, however, endued as he was with prowess that knew no fatigue, continued to fight with the heroic son of Bhima and with Dhrishtadyumna supported by his followers.[1] The prowess then that Drona's son displayed on that occasion was exceedingly wonderful, in as much as, O Bharata, none else amongst all creatures is capable of accomplishing such feats. Within the twinkling of an eye, he destroyed, by means of his sharp shafts, a full *Akshauhini* of Rakshasa troops with steeds, drivers, cars, and elephants, in the very sight of Bhimasena and Hidimva's son and Prishata's son and the twins and Dharma's son and Vijaya and Achyuta.[2] Deeply struck with the straight-going shafts (of Aswatthaman), elephants fell down on elephants on the earth like crestless mountains. Strewn all around with the lopped off trunks of elephants, that moved still in convulsions, the earth looked as if overspread with moving snakes. And the earth looked resplendent with golden staves and royal umbrellas, like the firmament at the end of the *Yuga*, bespangled with planets and stars and many moons and suns. And Drona's son caused a bloody river of impetuous current to flow there. The blood of elephants and steeds and combatants formed its water; tall standards its frogs; drums formed its large tortoises; umbrellas, its rows of swans, yak-tails in profusion, *Kankas* and vultures, its crocodiles; weapons its fishes; large elephants the stones and rocks on its banks; elephants and steeds, its sharks; cars, its unstable and broad banks; and banners, its beautiful rows of trees. Having shafts for its (smaller) fishes, that frightful river had lances and darts and swords for snakes; marrow and flesh for its mire, and trunkless bodies floating on it for its rafts. And it was choked with the hair (of men and animals) for its moss. And it inspired the timid with cheerlessness and fear. And bloody waves were seen on its surface. Rendered frightful by means of the foot-soldiers with which it teemed, Yama's abode, was the ocean towards which it flowed. Having slain the Rakshasas, Drona's son then began to afflict the son of Hidimva with arrows. Filled once more with rage, the puissant son of Drona having pierced those mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, the Parthas including Vrikodara and the sons of Prishata, slew Suratha,

[1]The Bengal texts read *Utkrisha-vikramas*. The correct reading seems to be *Aklishta-vikramas*. Then again *Sahanujam* seems to be inaccurate. I follow the Bombay reading *Sahanugam*.

[2]*Achyuta*, when used as a proper noun, refers to Krishna. It means of unfading glory and 'the immortal.'

one of the sons of Drupada. Then he slew in that battle Suratha's younger brother named Satrunjaya. And then he slew Valanika and Jayanika, and Jaya. And once more, with a keen shaft, Drona's son' uttering a leonine roar, slew Prishdhra, and then proud Chandrasena. And then he slew with ten arrows the ten sons of Kuntibhoja. Then, O king, Drona's son despatched Srutayus to the abode of Yama. With three other keen shafts, equipped with beautiful wings and red eyes, he despatched the mighty Satrunjaya to the region of Sakra.[1] Then Aswatthaman, filled with rage, fixed on his bowstring a fierce and straight arrow. Drawing the string to his ear, he quickly shot that fierce and excellent arrow resembling the rod of Death himself, aiming at Ghatotkacha. That mighty shaft, equipped with beautiful wings, passing through the chest of that *Rakshasa*, O lord of the earth, entered the earth, piercing through it, Ghatotkacha thereupon fell down on the car. Beholding him fallen down and believing him to be dead, the mighty car-warrior Dhrishtadyumna took him away from the presence of Drona's son and caused him to be placed upon another car. Thus, O king, that car-force of Yudhishthira turned away from the fight. The heroic son of Drona having vanquished his foes, uttered a loud roar. And he was worshipped by all men and all thy sons, O sire.'[2] The earth, strewn all around with the fallen bodies of dead *Rakshasas*, pierced and mangled with hundreds of arrows, became fierce looking and impassable, as if strewn with mountain summits. The *Siddhas* and *Gandharvas* and *Pisachas*, and *Nagas*, and birds, and *Pitris* and ravens and large numbers of cannibals and ghosts, and *Apsaras* and celestials, all combined in highly applauding the son of Drona.' "

SECTION CLVI

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding the sons of Drupada, as also those of Kuntibhoja, and *Rakshasas* too in thousands, slain by the son of Drona, Yudhishthira and Bhimasena, and Dhrishtadyumna, the son of Prishata, and Yuyudhana, uniting together, set their hearts firmly on battle. Then Somadatta, once more filled with rage upon beholding Satyaki in that battle, covered the latter, O Bharata, with a dense shower of arrows. Then took place a battle, fierce and exceedingly wonderful to behold, between thy warriors and those of the foe, both parties being solicitous of victory. Fighting on behalf of Satyaki, Bhima pierced the Kaurava hero with ten shafts. Somadatta, however, in return, pierced that hero with a hundred arrows. Then Satwata, filled with rage, pierced with ten keen shafts,

[1]Sight differences are observable between the Bengal and the Bombay texts as regards the last three verses.

[2]This is a triplet.

endued with the force of the thunder, that old warrior afflicted with grief on account of the death of his son, and who was, besides, endued with every estimable virtue like Yayati, the son of Nahusha. Having pierced him with great force, he struck him once more with seven arrows. Then, fighting for the sake of Satyaki, Bhimasena hurled at the head of Somadatta a new, hard and terrible *Parigha*. Satyaki also filled with rage, shot at Somadatta's chest, in that battle, an excellent shaft, keen and equipped with goodly wings and resembling fire itself in splendour. The *Parigha* and the shaft, both terrible, fell simultaneously upon the body of the heroic Somadatta. That mighty car-warrior, thereupon, fell down. Beholding his son (Somadatta) thus fallen into a swoon, Valhika rushed at Satyaki scattering showers of arrows like a cloud in season. Then Bhima, for Satyaki's sake, afflicted the illustrious Valhika with nine shafts and pierced him therewith at the van of battle. Then the mighty-armed son of Pratipa, Valhika, filled with great fury, hurled a dart at the chest of Bhima, like Purandara himself hurling the thunder. Struck therewith, Bhima trembled (on his car) and swooned away. The mighty warrior then, recovering his senses, hurled a mace at his opponent. Hurled by the son of Pandu, that mace snatched away the head of Valhika, who, thereupon, fell down lifeless on the earth, like a tree struck down by lightning. Upon the slaughter of that bull among men, *viz.*, the heroic Valhika, ten of thy sons, each of whom was equal unto Rama, the son of Dasaratha, in prowess, began to afflict Bhima. They were Nagadatta, and Dridharatha, and Viravahu, and Ayobhuja, and Dridha, and Suhasta, and Viragas and Pramatha, and Ugrayayin. Beholding them Bhimasena became filled with rage. He then took up a number of arrows, each capable of bearing a great strain. Aiming at each of them one after another, he sped those arrows at them, striking each in his vital part. Pierced therewith, they fell down from their cars, deprived of energy and life, like tall trees from mountain cliffs broken by a tempest. Having with those ten shafts slain those ten sons of thine, Bhima shrouded the favourite son of Karna with showers of arrows. Then the celebrated Vrikaratha, brother of Karna, pierced Bhima with many arrows. The mighty Pandava, however, soon disposed of him effectually. Slaying next, O Bharata, seven car-warriors among thy brother-in-law, with his shafts, the heroic Bhima pressed Satachandra down into the earth. Unable to bear the slaughter of the mighty car-warrior Satachandra, Sakuni's brothers, *viz.*, the heroic Gavaksha and Sarabha and Bibhu, and Subhaga and Bhanudatta, those five mighty car-warriors, rushing towards Bhimasena, attacked him with their keen shafts. Thus attacked with those shafts, like a mountain with torrents of rain.'[1] Bhima slew those five mighty kings with five shafts of his. Beholding those heroes slain many great kings began to waver.

"Then Yudhishthira, filled with wrath, began to destroy thy ranks, in the sight, O sinless one, of the Pot-born (Drona) and of thy sons. Indeed,

[1]This is a triplet.

with his shafts, Yudhishthira began to despatch to the regions of Yama the Amvashthas, the Malavas, the brave Trigartas and the Sivis. And cutting off the Abhishahas, the Surasenas, the Valhikas, and the Vasatis, he caused the earth to be miry with flesh and blood. And he also despatched within a trice, by means of many shafts, to Yama's domains, the Yaudheyas, the Malavas, and large numbers, O king, of the Madrakas. Then a loud uproar arose in the vicinity of Yudhishthira's car, amid which was heard, 'Slay', 'Seize', 'Capture', 'Pierce', 'Cut into pieces'! Beholding him thus slaying and routing thy troops, Drona, urged on by thy son, shrouded Yudhishthira with showers of shafts. Drona filled with great wrath, struck Yudhishthira with the *Vayavya* weapon. The son of Pandu, however, baffled that celestial weapon with a similar weapon of his own. Seeing his weapon baffled, the son of Bharadwaja, filled with greath wrath and desirous of slaying the son of Pandu, sped at Yudhishthira diverse celestial weapons such as the *Varuna*, the *Yamya*, the *Agneya*, the *Tvashtra*, and the *Savitra*. The mighty-armed Pandava, however, conversant with morality, fearlessly baffled all those weapons of the Pot-born that were hurled or in course of being hurled at him. Then the Pot-born, striving to accomplish his vow and desirous also for thy son's good, to slay the son of Dharma, invoked into existence, O Bharata, the *Aindra* and the *Prajapatya* weapons. Then that foremost one of Kuru's race, Yudhishthira, of the gait of the elephant or the lion, of broad chest and large and red eyes, and endued with energy scarcely inferior (to that of Drona) invoked into existence the *Mahendra* weapon. With that he baffled the weapon of Drona. Seeing all his weapons baffled, Drona, filled with wrath and desirous of accomplishing the destruction of Yudhishthira, invoked into existence the *Brahma* weapon. Enveloped as we then were by a thick gloom, we could not observe what passed. All creatures also, O monarch, were filled with great fright. Beholding the *Brahma* weapon uplifted, Kunti's son, Yudhishthira, O king, baffled it with a *Brahma* weapon of his own. Then, all the foremost warriors applauded those two bulls among men, *viz.*, Drona and Yudhishthira, those great bowmen acquainted with every mode of warfare. Abandoning Yudhishthira, Drona then, with eyes red as copper in rage, began to consume the division of Drupada with the *Vayavya* weapon. Oppressed by Drona, the Panchalas fled away from fear, in the very sight of Bhimasena and of the illustrious Partha. Then the diadem-decked (Arjuna) and Bhimasena, checking that flight of their troops, suddenly encountered that hostile force with two large throngs of cars. Vibhatsu attacking the right and Vrikodara the left, Bharadwaja's son was encountered, with two mighty showers of shafts. Then the Kaikeyas, the Srinjayas, and the Panchalas of great energy followed the two brothers, O king, accompained by the Matsyas and the Satwatas. Then the Bharata host, slaughtered by the diadem-decked (Arjuna) and overcome with sleep and darkness, began to break. Drona, and thy son himself, endeavoured to rally them. The combatants, however, O king, were incapable of being then checked in their flight.' "

SECTION CLVII

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding that vast host of the Pandavas swelling with rage and regarding it to be incapable of being resisted, thy son Duryodhana, addressing Karna, said these words, 'O thou that art devoted to friends, that hour hath now come in respect of thy friends (when thy help is most needed). O Karna, save in battle all my warriors. Our combatants are now encompassed on all sides by the Panchalas, the Kaikeyas, the Matsyas, and the mighty car-warriors of the Pandavas, all filled, with rage and resembling hissing snakes. Yonder the Pandavas, solicitous of victory, are roaring in joy. The vast car-force of the Panchalas is possessed of the prowess of Sakra himself.'

"Karna replied, 'If Purandara himself were to come hither for saving Partha, quickly vanquishing even him, I would slay that son of Pandu. I tell thee truly. Be cheered, O Bharata! I will slay the son of Pandu and all the assembled Panchalas, I will give thee victory, like Pavaka's son giving victory unto Vasava. I shall do what is agreeable to thee in this battle that has begun. Amongst all the Parthas, Phalguna is the strongest. At him I will hurl the fatal dart of Sakra's workmanship. Upon the death of that great bowman, his brothers, O giver of honour, will either surrender themselves unto thee or once more retire into the forest. When I am alive, O Kauravya, never indulge in any grief. I will vanquish in battle all the Pandavas united together and all the Panchalas, the Kaikeyas, and the Vrishnis assembled together. Making porcupines of them by means of my arrowy showers, I will give thee the earth.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'While Karna was uttering those words, Kripa, the mighty armed son of Saradwat, smiling the while, addressed the *Suta's* son in these words, 'Thy speech is fair, O Karna! If words alone could lead to success, then with thee, O son of Radha, as his protector, this bull among the Kurus would be considered to have the amplest measure of protection. Thou boastest much, O Karna, in the presence of the Kuru chief, but thy prowess is seldom witnessed, nor, indeed, any result (of thy boastful speeches). Many a time have we seen thee encounter the sons of Pandu in battle. On every one of those occasions, O *Suta's* son, thou hast been vanquished by the Pandavas. While Dhritarashtra's son was being taken away (as a captive) by the *Gandharvas*, all the troops fought on that occasion except thy single self, who was the first to fly away. In Virata's city also, all the Kauravas, united together, including thyself and thy younger brother were vanquished by Partha in battle. Thou art not a match for even one of the sons of Pandu, *viz.*, Phalguna, on the field of battle. How then canst thou venture to vanquish all the sons of Pandu with Krishna at their head? Thou indulgest in too much brag, O *Suta's* son! Engage thyself in battle without saying anything. To put forth prowess without indulging in brag is the duty of good men. Ever roaring aloud, O *Suta's* son like the dry clouds of autumn, thou showest

thyself, O Karna to be without substance. The king, however, does not understand it. Thou roarest, O son of Radha, as long as thou seest not the son of Pritha. These thy roars disappear when thou seest Partha near. Indeed, thou roarest as long as thou art out of the range of Phalguna's shafts. Those roars of thine disappear when thou art pierced with Partha's shafts. Kshatriyas evince their eminence by means of their arms; Brahmanas, by means of speech; Arjuna evinces his by means of the bow; but Karna, by the castles he builds in the air. Who is there that will resist that Partha who gratified Rudra himself (in battle)?' Thus railed at by Saradwat's son, Karna, that foremost of smiters, answered Kripa in the following strain, 'Heroes always roar like clouds in the season of rains, and like steeds put in the soil, quickly yield fruits. I do not see any fault in heroes that take great burdens on their shoulders, indulging in boastful speeches on the field of battle. When a person mentally resolves to bear a burden, Destiny itself aids him in the execution. Wishing in my heart bear a great burden, I always summon sufficient resolution. If, slaying the sons of Pandu with Krishna and Satwatas in battle, I indulge in such roars, what is it to thee, O Brahmana? They that are heroes never roar fruitlessly like autumnal clouds. Conscious of their own might, the wise indulge in roars! In my heart I am determined to vanquish in battle today Krishna and Partha united together and fighting with resolution! It is for this that I roar, O son of Gotama! Behold the fruit of these my roars, O Brahmana! Slaying the son of Pandu in battle, with all their followers, Krishna and Satwatas, I will bestow on Duryodhana the whole earth without a thorn in it.'

"Kripa said, 'Little do I reckon, O *Suta's* son, these delirious saying of thine discovering thy thoughts, not deeds. Thou always speakest in depreciation of the two Krishnas and king Yudhishthira the just. He, O Karna, is certain, to have the victory who hath on his side those two heroes skilled in battle. Indeed, Krishna and Arjuna are incapable of being defeated by the celestials, the *Gandharvas,* the *Yakshas*, human beings, the *Nagas*, and the birds, all clad in mail. Yudhishthira, the son of Dharma is devoted to the Brahmanas. He is truthful in speech and self-restrained. He reverences the *Pitris* and the deities. He is devoted to the practice of truth and righteousness. He is, again, skilled in weapons. Possessed of great intelligence, he is also grateful. His brothers are all endued with great might and well-practised in all weapons. They are devoted to the service of their seniors. Possessed of wisdom and fame, they are also righteous in their practices. Their kinsmen and relatives are all endued with the prowess of Indra. Effectual smiters, they are all exceedingly devoted to the Pandavas. Dhrishtadyumna, and Sikhandin and Janamejaya, the son of Durmuksha and Chandrasen, and Madrasen, and Kritavarman, Dhruva, and Dhara and Vasuchandra, and Sutejana, the sons of Drupada, and Drupada himself, conversant with high and mighty weapons, and the king of the Matsyas also, with his younger brothers, all resolutely struggling for their sake, and Gajanika, and Virabhadra, and Sudarsana, and Srutadhwaja, and Valanika,

and Jayanika, and Jayapriya, and Vijaya and Labhalaksha, and Jayaswa, and Kamaratha, and the handsome brothers of Virata, and the twins (Nakula and Sahadeva), and the (five) sons of Draupadi, and the *Rakshasa* Ghatotkacha, are all fighting for the Pandavas. The sons of Pandu, therefore, will not meet with destruction. These and many other hosts (of heroes) are for the sons of Pandu. Without doubt, the entire universe, with the celestials, *Asuras*, and human beings, with all the tribes of *Yaksha* and *Rakshas* and with all the elephants and snakes and other creatures, can be annihilated by Bhima and Phalguna by the prowess of their weapons. As regards Yudhishthira also, he can, with angry eyes only, consume the whole world. How, O Karna, canst thou venture to vanquish those foes in battle for whom Sauri of immeasurable might hath clad himself in mail? This, O *Suta's* son, is a great folly on thy part, since thou always venturest to contend with Sauri himself in battle.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Thus addressed (by Kripa), Karna the son of Radha, O bull of Bharata's race, smiling the while, said these words unto the preceptor Kripa, the son of Saradwat, 'The words thou hast spoken about the Pandavas, O Brahmana, are all true. These and many other virtues are to be seen in the sons of Pandu. It is true also that the Parthas are incapable of being vanquished by the very gods with Vasava at their head, and the *Daityas*, the *Yakshas*, and the *Rakshasas*. For all that I will vanquish the Parthas with the help of the dart given me by Vasava. Thou knowest, O Brahmana, that the dart given by Sakra is incapable of being baffled. With that I will slay Savyasachin in battle. Upon Arjuna's fall, Krishna and the uterine brothers of Arjuna will never be able to enjoy the (sovereignty of the) earth without Arjuna (to aid them). All of them, therefore, will perish. This earth then, with her seas, will remain subject to the chief of the Kurus, O Gautama, without costing him any efforts. In this world everything, without doubt, becomes attainable by policy. Knowing this, I indulge in these roars, O Gautama! As regards thyself, thou art old, a Brahmana by birth, and unskilled in battle. Thou bearest much love for the Pandavas. It is for this thou insultest me thus. If, O Brahmana, thou tellest me again such words as these, I shall, then, drawing out my scimitar, cut off thy tongue, O wretch! Thou desirest, O Brahmana, to applaud the Pandavas, for frightening all the troops and the Kauravas, O thou of wretched understanding! As regards this also, O Gautama, listen to what I say. Duryodhana, and Drona, and Sakuni, and Durmukha, and Jaya, and Duhsasana, and Vrishasena, and the ruler of the Madras, and thyself too and Somadatta and Drona's son, and Vivinsati,—all these heroes skilled in battle,—are here, clad in mail. What foe is there, endued with even the prowess of Sakra, that would vanquish these in battle? All those I have named are heroes, skilled in weapons, endued with great might, solicitous of admission into heaven, conversant with morality, and skilled in battle. They would slay the very gods in fight. These will take their places on the field for slaying the Pandavas, clad in mail on behalf of Duryodhana desirous of victory. I regard victory

to be dependent on destiny, even in the case of the foremost of mighty men. When the mighty-armed Bhishma himself lieth pierced with a hundred arrows, as also Vikarna, and Jayadratha, and Bhurisravas, and Jaya, and Jalasandha, and Sudakshina, and Sala; that foremost of car-warriors, and Bhagadatta of great energy, I say, when these and many others, incapable of being easily vanquished by the very gods, heroes all and mightier (than the Pandavas), lie on the field of battle, slain by the Pandavas, what dost thou think, O wretch among men, but that all this is the result of destiny? As regards them also, *viz.*, the foes of Duryodhana, whom thou adorest, O Brahmana, brave warriors of theirs, in hundreds and thousands, have been slain. The armies of both the Kurus and the Pandavas are diminishing in numbers; I do not, in this, behold the prowess of the Pandavas! With them, O lowest of men, whom thou always regardest to be so mighty, I shall strive, to the utmost extent of my might, to contend in battle, for Duryodhana's good. As regards victory, that depends on destiny.' "

SECTION CLVIII

"Sanjaya said, 'Seeding his uncle thus addressed in harsh and insulting words by the *Suta's* son, Aswatthaman, uplifting his scimitar, furiously rushed towards the latter. Filled with fury, Drona's son rushed towards Karna, in the very sight of the Kuru king, like a lion at an infuriated elephant.

"And Aswatthaman said, 'O lowest of men, Kripa was speaking of the virtues truly possessed by Arjuna. Of wicked understanding as thou art, thou rebukest, however, my brave uncle from malice. Possessed with pride and insolence, thou braggest today of thy prowess, not regarding any of the world's bowmen in battle![1] Where was thy prowess and where were thy weapons when vanquishing thee in battle the wielder of *Gandiva* slew Jayadratha in thy very sight? Vainly, O wretch of a *Suta*, dost thou indulge in thy mind the hope of vanquishing him who formerly contended in battle with Mahadeva himself. The very gods with the *Asuras* united together and with Indra at their head had failed to vanquish Arjuna, that foremost of all wielders of weapons, having Krishna only for his ally. How then, O *Suta*, hopest thou, aided by these kings, to vanquish that foremost of heroes in the world, *viz.*, the unvanquished Arjuna, in battle? Behold, O Karna of wicked soul, (what I do to thee) today! O lowest of men, O thou of wretched understanding, I shall presently sever thy head from thy trunk.'

[1]In the second line of 4, *utsedha* and not *udvrita* is the true reading. So also *kanchit* and not *kinchit*. The paraphrase, according to Nilakantha, in *kanchit dhanurdharam na ganayan, etc.*

"Sanjaya continued, 'Thus saying, Aswatthaman made a furious rush at Karna. The king himself, of great energy, and Kripa, that foremost of men, held him fast. Then Karna said, 'Of wicked understanding, this wretch of a Brahmana thinks himself brave and boasts of his prowess in battle. Set him at liberty, O chief of the Kurus. Let him come in contact with my might.'

"Aswatthaman said, 'O son of a *Suta*, O thou of wicked understanding, this (thy fault) is pardoned by us. Phalguna, however, will quell this risen pride of thine.'

"Duryodhana said, 'O Aswatthaman, quell thy wrath. It behoveth thee, O giver of honours, to forgive. Thou shouldst not, O sinless one, be angry with the *Suta's* son. Upon thee and Karna and Kripa and Drona and the ruler of the Madras and Suvala's son resteth a great burthen. Drive away thy wrath, O best of Brahmanas! Yonder, all the Pandava troops are approaching from desire of fight with Radha's son. Indeed, O Brahmana, yonder they come, challenging us all.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Thus pacified by the king, the high-souled son of Drona, O monarch, whose ire had been excited, suppressed his wrath and forgave (Karna). Then the preceptor Kripa, of noble heart, who is of a quite disposition, O monarch, and mild temper, therefore, returned soon unto him, said these words.'

"Kripa said, 'O *Suta's* son of wicked heart, this (thy fault) is pardoned by us. Phalguna, however, will quell this thy risen pride.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Then the Pandavas, O king, and the Panchalas, celebrated for their prowess, uniting together approached in thousands, uttering loud shouts; Karna also, that foremost of car-warriors, endued with great energy, surrounded by many foremost ones among the Kuru warriors and resembling Sakra in the midst of the celestials, waited, drawing his bow and relying on the might of his own arms. Then commenced a battle between Karna and the Pandavas. O king, that was exceedingly dreadful and characterised by loud leonine roars. Then Pandavas, O monarch, and the Panchalas, celebrated for their prowess, beholding the mighty-armed Karna, loudly shouted, saying, '*There is Karna*,' '*Where is Karna in this fierce battle*.'—'*O thou of wicked understanding, O lowest of men, fight with us!*'—Others, beholding the son of Radha said, with eyes expanded in wrath, 'Let this arrogant wretch of little understanding, this son of a *Suta*, be slain by the allied kings. He hath no need to live. This sinful man is always very hostile to the Parthas. Obedient to the counsels of Duryodhana, this one is the root of these evils. Slay him.' Uttering such words, great Kshatriya car-warriors, urged by Pandu's son, rushed towards him, covering him with a dense shower of arrows, for slaying him. Beholding all those mighty Pandavas thus (advancing), the *Suta's* son, trembled not, nor experienced any fear. Indeed, seeing that wonderful sea of troops, resembling Death himself, that benefactor of thy sons, *viz.*, the mighty and light-handed Karna, never vanquished in battle, O bull of Bharata's race, began, with clouds of shafts, to resist that force on all sides. The Pandavas

also fought with the foe, shooting showers of shafts. Shaking their hundreds and thousands of bows they fought with Radha's son, like the *Daityas* of old fighting with Sakra. The mighty Karna, however, with a dense arrowy shower of his own dispelled that downpour of arrows caused by those lords of earth on all sides. The battle that took place between them, and in which each party counteracted the feats of the other, resembled the encounter between Sakra and the *Danavas* in the great battle fought of yore between the gods and the *Asuras*. The lightness of arm that we then behold of the *Suta's* son was wonderful in the extreme, inasmuch as, all his foes, fighting resolutely, could not strike him in that battle. Checking the clouds of arrows shot by the (hostile) king, that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, Radha's son, sped terrible arrows marked with his own name at the yokes, the shafts, the umbrellas, the cars, and the steeds (of his foes). Then those kings, afflicted by Karna and losing their coolness, began to wander on the field like a herd of kine affiicted with cold. Struck by Karna, large numbers of steeds and elephants and car-warriors were seen there to drop down deprived of life. The whole field, O king, became strewn with the fallen heads and arms of unreturning heroes. With the dead, the dying, and the wailing warriors, the field of battle, O monarch, assumed the aspect of Yama's domain. Then Duryodhana, O king, witnessing the prowess of Karna, repaired to Aswatthaman and addressing him, said, 'Behold, Karna, clad in mail, is engaged with all the (hostile) kings. Behold, the hostile army, afflicted with the arrows of Karna, is being routed like the *Asura* army overwhelmed with the energy of Kartikeya. Seeing his army vanquished in battle by that intelligent Karna, yonder cometh Vibhatsu from desire of slaying the *Suta's* son. Let such steps, therefore, be taken as may prevent the son of Pandu from slaying that mighty car-warrior *viz.*, *Suta's* son, in the very sight of us all.' (Thus addressed), Drona's son, and Kripa, and Salya, and that great car-warrior, *viz.*, the son of Hridika, beholding the son of Kunti coming (towards them) like Sakra himself towards the *Daitya* host, all advanced against Partha for rescuing the *Suta's* son. Meanwhile, Vibhatsu, O monarch, surrounded by the Panchala, advanced against Karna, like Purandara proceeding against the *Asura* Vritra.'[1]

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Beholding Phalguna excited with fury and looking like the Destroyer himself, as he appears at the end of the *Yuga* what, O *Suta*, did Vikartana's son Karna do next? Indeed, the mighty car-warrior Karna, the son of Vikartana, had always challenged Partha. Indeed, he had always said that he was competent to vanquish the terrible Vibhatsu. What then, O *Suta*, did that warrior do when he thus suddenly met his ever deadly foe?'[2]

"Sanjaya continued, 'Beholding the son of Pandu rushing towards him like an elephant towards a rival elephant, Karna fearlessly proceeded

[1] 47 is a triplet.

[2] The Bengal reading *sudakshinas* at the end of 49 dose not seem to be correct. I adopt the Bombay reading *sudarnnam.*

against Dhananjaya. Partha, however, soon covered Karna who was thus advancing with great impetuosity, with showers of straight shafts, equipped with wings of gold. Karna also covered Vijaya with his shafts. The son of Pandu then once more shrouded Karna with clouds of arrows. Then Karna, filled with rage, pierced Arjuna with three shafts. The mighty car-warrior, Arjuna, beholding Karna's lightness of hand, could not brook it. That scorcher of foes shot at the *Suta's* son thirty straight shafts, whetted on stone and equipped with blazing points. Endued with great might and energy, he also pierced him, in rage, with another long arrow on the wrist of his left arm, smiling the while. Karna's bow then dropped from that arm of his, which had thus been pierced with great force. Then the mighty Karna, taking up that bow within the twinkling of an eye, once more covered Phalguna with clouds of shafts, displaying great lightness of hand. Dhananjaya then, O Bharata, smiling the while, baffled with his own shafts, that arrowy shower shot by the *Suta's* son. Approaching each other, those two great bowmen, desirous of counteracting each other's feats, continued to cover each other with showers of shafts. The battle that took place between them, *viz.*, Karna and the son of Pandu, became exceedingly wonderful, like that between the two wild elephants for the sake of a she-elephant in her season. Then the mighty bowman Partha, beholding Karna's prowess, quickly cut of the latter's bow at the handle. And he also despatched the four steeds of the *Suta's* son to Yama's abode with a number of broad-headed shafts. And that scorcher of foes also cut off from the trunk the head of Karna's driver. Then, the son of Pandu and Pritha pierced the bowless, the steedless, and the driverless Karna with four shafts. Then that bull among men Karna, afflicted with those shafts, specially jumping down from that steedless car, mounted upon that of Kripa. Beholding the son of Radha vanquished, thy, warriors, O bull of Bharata's race, fled away in all directions. Seeing them fly away, king Duryodhana himself checked them and said these words, 'Ye heroes, do not fly away. Ye bulls among Kshatriyas, stay in battle. I myself will now advance for slaying Partha in battle. I myself will slay Partha with the assembled Panchalas. While I shall fight with the wielder of *Gandiva* today, Partha will behold my prowess to resemble that of the Destroyer himself at the end of the *Yuga*. Today the Parthas shall behold my shafts shot in thousands to resemble flights of locusts. The combatants shall behold me today shooting, bow in hand, dense showers of shafts, like torrents of rain poured by the clouds at the end of the summer season. I shall today vanquish Partha with my straight shafts. Stay, ye heroes, in battle, and remove your fear of Phalguna. Encountering my prowess, Phalguna shall never be able to bear it, like the ocean, the abode of *makaras*, unable to overcome the continents.' Thus saying, the king proceeded in rage, his eyes red in wrath, surrounded by a large host, towards Phalguna. Beholding the mighty-armed Duryodhana thus proceeding, Saradwat's son, approaching Aswatthaman, said these words, 'Yonder, the mighty-armed Duryodhana, deprived of his

senses by wrath, desireth to fight with Phalguna, like an insect desiring to rush into a blazing fire. Before this foremost of kings layeth down his life, in our very sight, in this battle with Partha, prevent him (from rushing into the encounter). The brave Kuru king can remain alive in battle as long only as he doth not place himself within the range of Partha's shafts. Let the king be stopped before he is consumed into ashes by the terrible shafts of Partha, that resemble snakes just freed from their sloughs. When we are here, O giver of honours, it seems to be highly improper that the king should himself go to battle to fight, as if he had none to fight for him. The life of this descendant of Kuru will be in great danger if he engages in battle with the diademdecked (Arjuna), like that of an elephant contending with a tiger.' Thus addressed by his maternal uncle, Drona's son, that foremost of all wielders of weapons, quickly repaired unto Duryodhana and addressing him, said these words, 'When I am alive, O son of Gandhari, it behoveth thee not to engage thyself in battle, disregarding me, O descendant of Kuru, that am ever desirous of thy good. Thou needst not be at all anxious about vanquishing Partha. I will check Partha! Stand here, O Suyodhana.'

"Duryodhana said, 'The preceptor (Drona) always protecteth the sons of Pandu, as if they are his own sons. Thou also always never interferest with those my foes. Or, it may be due to my misfortune, that thy prowess never becometh fierce in battle. This may be due also to thy affection for Yudhishthira or Draupadi. I myself am ignorant of the true reason. Fie on my covetous self, for whose sake all friends, desirous of making me happy, are themselves vanquished and plunged into grief. Except thee, O son of Gotama's daughter, what foremost of all wielders of weapons of there, what warrior, indeed, equal to Mahadeva himself in battle, that would not, though competent, destroy the foe? O Aswatthaman, be pleased with me and destroy my enemies. Neither the gods nor the *Danavas* are capable of staying within the range of thy weapons, O son of Drona, slay the Panchalas and the Somakas with all their followers. As regards the rest, we will slay them, protected by thee. Yonder, O Brahmana, the Somakas and the Panchalas, possessed of great fame, are careering amid my troops like a forest-conflagration. O mighty-armed one, check them as also the Kailkeyas, O best of men, else, protected by the diadem-decked (Arjuna), they will annihilate us all. O Aswatthaman, O chastiser of foes, go thither with speed. Whether thou accomplishest it now or afterwards, that feat, O sire, should be accomplished by thee. Thou hast been born, O mighty-armed one, for the destruction of the Panchalas. Putting forth thy prowess, thou shalt make the world destitute of Panchalas. Even thus the reverend ones crowned with (ascetic) success, have said. It will be as they have said. Therefore, O tiger among men, slay the Panchalas with all their followers. The very gods with Vasava at their head are incapable of staying within the range of thy weapons, what need be said then of the Parthas and the Panchalas? These words of mine are true. I tell thee truly, O hero, that the Pandavas

united with the Somakas are no match for thee in battle! Go, O mighty-armed one! Let there be no delay. Behold, our army, afflicted with Partha's shafts, is breaking and flying away. Thou art competent, O mighty-armed one, aided by thy own celestial energy, to afflict, O giver of honours, the Pandavas and the Panchalas.' "

SECTION CLIX

"Sanjaya said, 'Thus addressed by Duryodhana, Drona's son, that warrior difficult of defeat in battle, set his heart upon destroying the foe, like Indra bent upon destroying the *Daityas*. The mighty-armed Aswatthaman answered thy son, saying, 'It is even so as thou sayest, O descendant of Kuru! The Pandavas are always dear to both myself and my father. So also are we both dear unto them. Not so, however, in battle. We will, according to the measure of our might, fearlessly contend in battle, reckless of our lives. Myself, Karna, Salya, Kripa, and Hridika's son, could, O best of kings, destory the Pandava host within the twinkling of an eye. The Pandavas also, O best of the Kurus, could within the twinkling of an eye, destroy the Kaurava host, if, O mighty-armed one, we were not present in battle. We are fighting with the Pandavas to the best of our might, and they also are fighting with us to the best of their might. Energy, encountering energy, is being neutralised, O Bharata! The Pandava army is incapable of being vanquished as long as the sons of Pandu are alive. This that I tell thee is true. The sons of Pandu are endued with great might. They are, again, fighting for their own sake. Why should not they, O Bharata, be able to slay thy troops. Thou, however, O king, art exceedingly covetous. Thou, O Kaurava, art deceitful. Thou art vainglorious and suspicious of everything. For this, thou suspectest even us. I think, O king, thou art wicked, of sinful soul, and an embodiment of sin. Mean and of sinful thoughts, thou doubtest us and others. As regards myself, fighting with resolution for thy sake, I am prepared to lay down my life. I will presently go to battle for thy sake, O chief of the Kurus. I will fight with the foe and slay a large number of the enemy. I will fight with the Panchalas, the Somakas, the Kaikeyas, and the Pandavas also, in battle, for doing what is agreeable to thee, O chastiser of foes. Scorched with my arrows today, the Chedis, the Panchalas, and the Somakas, will fly away on all sides like a herd of kine afflicted by a lion. Today, the royal son of Dharma with all the Somakas, beholding my prowess, will regard the whole world to be filled with Aswatthamans. Dharma's son, Yudhishthira, will become exceedingly cheerless, beholding the Panchalas and Somakas slain (by me) in battle. I will, O Bharata, slay all those that will approach me in battle. Afflicted with the might

of my arms, none of them, O hero, will escape me today with life.' Having said so unto thy son, Duryodhana, the mighty-armed (Aswatthaman) proceeded to battle, and afflicted all bowmen. That foremost of all living beings thus sought to achieve what was agreeable to thy sons. The son of Gotama's daughter, then addressing the Panchalas and the Kaikeyas, said unto them, 'Ye mighty car-warriors, strike ye all at my body. Displaying your lightness in the use of arms, fight ye with me coolly.' Thus addressed by him, all those combatants, O king, poured showers of weapons upon Drona's son like clouds pouring torrents of rain. Baffling that shower, Drona's son in that battle, slew ten brave warriors amongst them, in the very sight, O lord, of Dhrishtadyumna and the sons of Pandu. The Panchalas and the Somakas then, thus worked in battle, abandoned the son of Drona and fled away in all directions. Beholding those brave warriors, *viz.*, the Panchalas and the Somakas, flying away, Dhrishtadyumna, O king, rushed against Drona's son in that battle. Surrounded then by a hundred brave and unreturning car-warriors mounted upon cars, decked with gold, and the rattle of whose wheels resembled the roar or rain-charged clouds, the mighty car-warrior Dhrishtadyumna, the son of the Panchala king, beholding his warriors slain, addressed Drona's son and said these words, 'O foolish son of the preceptor, what is the use of slaying vulgar combatants. If thou art a hero, fight then with me in battle. I will slay thee. Wait for a moment without flying away.' Saying thus, Dhrishtadyumna of great prowess struck the preceptor's son with many keen and terrible arrows capable of piercing the very vitals. Those swiftly-coursing shafts, equipped with golden wings and keen points, and capable of piercing the body of every foe proceeding in a continuous line, penetrated into Aswatthaman's body, like freely-roaming bees in search of honey entering a flowering tree. Deeply pierced and swelling with rage, like a trodden snake, the proud and fearless son of Drona, arrow in hand, addressed his foe, saying, 'O Dhrishtadyumna, wait for moment, without leaving my presence.' Soon shall I despatch thee to Yama's abode with my keen shafts.' Having said these words, that slayer of hostile heroes, *viz.*, the son of Drona, displaying great lightness of hands, covered the son of Prishata from every side with clouds of arrows. Thus covered in that encounter (with arrows) by Drona's son, the Panchala prince, difficult to defeat in battle, said 'Thou knowest not of my origin, O Brahmana, or of my vow. O thou of wicked understanding, having first slain Drona himself, I will not, therefore, slay thee today when Drona himself is still alive. O thou of wicked understanding, after this night passeth away and bringeth in the fair dawn, I shall first slay thy sire in battle and then despatch thee also to the region of Spirits. Even this is the wish entertained by me. Standing before me, display, therefore, till then, the hatred thou bearest towards the Parthas, and the devotion thou cherishest for the Kurus. Thou shalt not escape from me with life. That Brahmana who, abandoning the practices of a Brahmaña, devoteth himself to the practices of a Kshatriya, becomes slayable by all Kshatriyas even as thou,

C lowest of men.' Thus adressed by Prishata's son in language so harsh and insulting that best of Brahmanas Aswatthaman mustered all his rage and answered, saying, 'Wait, Wait!' And he gazed at Prishata's son apparently burning him with his eyes. Sighing (in rage) like a snake, the preceptor's son, then, covered Dhrishtadyumna in that battle (with a shower of arrows). The mighty-armed son of Prishata, however, that best of car-warriors, surrounded by all the Panchala troops, though thus struck with arrows in that encounter by Drona's son, did not tremble, relying as he did on his own energy. In return, he sped many arrows at Aswatthaman. Both engaged in a gambling match in which the stake was life itself, those heroes, unable to brook each other, resisted each other and checked each other's arrowy showers. And those great bowmen shot dense showers of shafts all around. Beholding that fierce battle, inspiring terror, between Drona's and Prishata's son, the *Siddhas* and *Charanas* and other sky-ranging beings applauded them highly. Filling the welkin and all the points of the compass with clouds of shafts, and creating a thick gloom therewith, those two warriors continued to fight with each other, unseen (by any of us). As if dancing in that battle, with their bows drawn to circles, resolutely aspiring to slay each other, those mighty-armed warriors, inspiring fear in every heart, fought wonderfully and with remarkable activity and skill. Applauded by thousands of foremost warriors in that battle, and thus resolutely engaged in fight like two wild elephants in the forest, both the armies, beholding them, became filled with delight. And leonine shouts were heard there, and all the combatants blew their conchs. And hundreds and thousands of musical instruments began to be sounded. That fierce fight, enhancing the terror of the timid, seemed only for a short time to be waged equally. Then Drona's son, O king, making a rush, cut off the bow, and standard, and umbrella, and the two *Parshni* drivers, and the principal driver, and the four steeds, of the high-souled son of Prishata. And that warrior of immeasurable soul then caused the Panchalas in hundreds and thousands, by means of his straight shafts, to fly away. Beholding those feats of Drona's son, resembling those of Vasava himself in battle, the Pandava host, O bull of Bharata race, began to tremble in fear. Slaying a hundred Panchalas with a hundred arrows, and three foremost of men with three keen arrows, in the very sight of Drupada's son and of Phalguna, that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, the son of Drona, slew a very large number of Panchalas that stayed before him. The Panchalas then, as also the Srinjayas, thus disconcerted in battle, fled away leaving Drona's son, with their banners torn. Then that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, the son of Drona, having vanquished his foes in battle, uttered a loud roar like that of a mass of clouds at the end of summer. Having slain a large number of foes, Aswatthaman looked resplendent like the blazing fire at the end of the *Yuga*, after having consumed all creatures. Applauded by all the Kauravas after having defeated thousands of foes in battle, the valiant son of Drona beamed forth in beauty, like the chief of the celestials himself after vanquishing his foes'."

SECTION CLX

"Sanjaya said, 'Then king Yudhishthira, and Bhimasena, the son of Pandu, O monarch, encompassed Drona's son on all sides. Seeing this, king Duryodhana, aided by Bharadwaja's son, rushed against the Pandavas in that encounter. Then commenced a battle that was fierce and terrific, enhancing the fears of the timid. Yudhishthira, in wrath began to despatch vast numbers of Amvashthas, Malavas, Vangas, Sivis, and Trigartas, to the domain of the dead. Bhima also, mangling the Abhishahas, the Surasenas, and other Kshatriyas difficult to defeat in battle, made the earth miry with blood. The diademdecked (Arjuna) of white steeds despatched, O king, the Yaudheyas, the Mountaineers, the Madrakas, and the Malavas also, to the regions of the dead. Forcibly struck with swiftly-coursing shafts, elephants began to fall down on the earth like double-crested hills. Strewn with the lopped-off trunks elephants that still moved in convulsions, the earth seemed as if covered with moving snakes. Covered with the fallen umbrellas of kings that were adorned with gold, the field of battle looked resplendent like the firmament at the end of the *Yuga* bespangled with suns, moons and stars. About this time a fierce uproar arose near Drona's car, in the midst of which could be heard the words, '*Slay*', '*Strike fearlessly*', '*Pierce*', *cut in pieces*'. Drona, however, filled with rage, began to destory by means of the *Vayavya* weapon the foes about him, like a mighty tempest destroying gathering masses of clouds. Thus treated by Drona, the Panchalas fled away, from fear, in the very sight to Bhimasena and the high-souled Partha. Then the diadem-decked (Arjuna) and Bhimasena soon checked the flight of their troops and accompanied by a large car-force attacked the vast force of Drona. Vibhatsu attacking the right and Vrikodara the left, they both poured on Bharadwaja's son two dense showers of arrows. The mighty car-warriors among the Srinjayas and the Panchalas, with the Matsyas and the Somakas, O king, followed the two brothers thus engaged (in that encounter with Drona). Similarly, many foremost of car-warriors, skilled in smiting, belonging to thy son, accompanied by a large force, proceeded towards Drona's car (for supporting the latter). Then the Bharata host, slaughtered by the diadem-decked (Arjuna) and overcome with and afflicted by the darkness, began to break. Thy son himself, and Drona, both endevoured to rally them. Thy troops, however, O king, could not be checked in their flight. Indeed, that vast host, slaughtered by the shafts of Pandu's son, began to fly away in all directions in that hour when the world was enveloped with gloom. Many kings, abandoning the animals and vehicles they rode, fled away on all sides, O monarch, overwhelmed with fear'."

SECTION CLXI

"Sanjaya said 'Beholding Somadatta shaking his large bow, Satyaki, addressing his driver, said, 'Bear me towards Somadatta. I tell thee truely, O *Suta,* that I shall not return from battle today without having slain that foe, *viz.*, that worst of the Kurus, the son of Valhika'. Thus addressed, the charioteer then urged to battle those fleet steeds of the Sindhu breed, white as conch and capable of bearing every weapon. Those steeds endued with the speed of the wind or the mind, bore Yuyudhana to battle like the steeds of Indra, O king, bearing the latter in days of yore when he proceeded to quell the *Danavas.* Beholding the Satwata hero thus advancing quickly in battle Somadatta, O king, fearlessly turned towards him. Scattering showers of shafts like the clouds pouring torrents of rain, he covered the grandson of Sini like the clouds covering the sun. Satyaki also, O bull of Bharata's race, in that encounter fearlessly covered that bull amongst the Kurus with showers of shafts. Then Somadatta pierced that hero of Madhu's race with sixty shafts in the chest. Satyaki, in turn, O king, pierced Somadatta with many whetted arrows. Mangled by each other with each-other's shafts, those two warriors looked resplendent like a couple of flowering *Kinsukas* in the season of spring. Dyed all over with blood, those illustrious warriors of the Kuru and the Vrishni races looked at each other with their glances. Riding on their cars that coursed in circles, those grinders of foes, of terrible countenances, resembled two clouds pouring torrents of rain. Their bodies mangled and pierced all over with arrows, they looked, O king, like two porcupines. Pierced with countless shafts, equipped with wings of gold, the two warriors looked resplendent, O monarch, like a couple of tall trees covered with fire-flies. Their bodies looking bright with the blazing arrows sticking to them, those two mighty car-warriors looked in that battle like two angry elephants decked with burning torches. Then, O monarch, the mighty car-warrior, Somadatta, in that battle, cut off with a crescent-shaped arrow the large bow of Madhava. With great speed also, at a time when speed was of the utmost consequence, the Kuru hero then pierced Satyaki with five and twenty shafts, and once again with ten. Then Satyaki, taking up a tougher bow, quickly pierced Somadatta with five shafts. With another broad-headed arrow, Satyaki also, O king, smiling the while, cut off the golden standard of Valhika's son. Somadatta, however, beholding his standard cut down, fearlessly pierced the grandson of Sini with five and twenty arrows. Satwata also, excited with rage, cut off with a razor-faced arrow the bow of Somadatta, in that encounter. And he also pierced Somadatta who then resembled a snake without fangs, with a hundred straight arrows, equipped with wings of gold. The mighty car-warrior Somadatta, then, who was endued with great strength taking up another bow, began to cover Satyaki (with showers of shafts). Satyaki too, inflamed with rage, pierced Somadatta

with many shafts. Somadatta, in return, afflicted Satyaki with his arrowy showers. Then Bhima coming to the encounter, and fighting on behalf of Satyaki, struck Valhika's son with ten shafts. Somadatta, however, fearlessly struck Bhimasena with many whetted arrows. Then Satyaki, inflamed with rage, aiming at Somadatta's chest, shot a new and terrible *Parigha* equipped with a golden staff and hard as the thunder. The Kuru warrior, however, smiling the while, cut off that terrible *Parigha* advancing with speed against him in two parts. That formidable *Parigha* of iron, then, thus cut off into two fragments, fell down like so many crests of a mountain riven by thunder. Then Satyaki, O king, with a broad-headed arrow, cut off in that encounter Somadatta's bow, and then with five arrows, the leathern fence that cased his fingers. Then, O Bharata, with four other shafts he speedily despatched the four excellent steeds of the Kuru warrior to Yama's presence. And then that tiger among car-warriors with another straight shaft, smiling the while, cut off from his trunk the head of Somadatta's driver. Then he sought at Somadatta himself a terrible shaft of fiery effulgence, whetted on stone, steeped in oil, and equipped with wings of gold. That excellent and fierce shaft, shot by the mighty grandson of Sini, quickly fell like a hawk, O Lord, upon the chest of Somadatta. Deeply pierced by the mighty Satwata, the great car-warrior Somadatta, O monarch, fell down (from his car) and expired. Beholding the great car-warrior Somadatta slain there, thy warriors with a large throng of cars rushed against Yuyudhana. Meanwhile, the Pandava also, O king, with all the Prabhadrakas and accompanied by a large force, rushed against Drona's army. Then Yudhishthira, excited with wrath, began, with his shafts, to strike and rout the troops of Bharadwaja's son at the very sight of the latter. Beholding Yudhishthira thus agitating his troops, Drona, with eyes red in wrath, furiously rushed against him. The preceptor, then pierced the son of Pritha with seven keen arrows. Yudhishthira, in return, excited with wrath, pierced the preceptor with five arrows. Deeply pierced by the son of Pandu, the mighty bowman (Drona), licking the corners of his mouth for a moment, cut off both the standard and the bow of Yudhishthira. With great speed, at a time when speed was of the utmost consequence, that best of kings, whose bow had been cut off, took up another bow that was sufficiently tough and hard. The son of Pandu then pierced Drona with his steeds, driver, standard, and car, with a thousand arrows. All this seemed exceedingly wonderful. Afflicted with the strokes of those arrows and feeling great pain, Drona, that bull among Brahmanas, sat down for a while on the terrace of his car. Recovering his senses, sighing like a snake, and filled with great rage, the preceptor invoked into existence the *Vayavya* weapon. The valiant son of Pritha, bow in hand, fearlessly baffled that weapon with a similar weapon of his in that encounter. And the son of Pandu also cut in two fragments the large bow of the Brahmana. Then Drona, that grinder of Kshatriyas, took up another bow. That bull of Kuru's race, Yudhishthira, cut off that bow also, with many keen shafts. Then

Vasudeva, addressing Yudhishthira, the son of Kunti, said, 'Listen, O mighty-armed Yudhishthira, to what I say. Cease, O best of the Bharatas, to fight with Drona. Drona always striveth to seize thee in battle. I do not think it fit that thou shouldst fight with him. He who hath been created for Drona's destruction will, without doubt, slay him. Leaving the preceptor, go where king Suyodhana is. Kings should fight with kings, they should not desire to fight with such as are not kings. Surrounded, therefore, by elephants and steeds and cars, repair thou thither, O son of Kunti, where Dhananjaya with myself, aided by a small force, and Bhima also, that tiger among men, are fighting with the Kurus'. Hearing these words of Vasudeva, king Yudhishthira the just, reflecting for a moment, proceeded to that part of the field where that slayer of foes, *viz.*, Bhima, engaged in fierce battle, was slaughtering thy troops like the Destroyer himself with wide-open mouth. Making the earth resound with the loud rattle of his car, which resembled the roar of the clouds at the end of summer, king Yudhishthira the just, the (eldest) son of Pandu, took up the flank of Bhima, engaged in the slaughter of the foe. Drona also on that night, began to consume his foes, the Panchalas' ".

SECTION CLXII

"Sanjaya said, 'During the progress of that fierce and terrible battle, when the world was enveloped with darkness and dust, O king, the combatants, as they stood on the field, could not see one another. Those foremost of Kshatriyas fought with each other, guided by conjectures and the personal and other names (they uttered). And during the progress, O lord, of that terrible carnage of car-warriors and elephants and steeds and foot-soldiers[1], those heroes, *viz.*, Drona and Karna and Kripa, and Bhima and Prishata's son and Satwata, afflicted one another and the troops of either party, O bull of Bharata's race. The combatants of both armies, oppressed all around by those foremost of car-warriors, during the hour of darkness, fled away on all sides. Indeed, the warriors, broke and fled away in all directions with hearts perfectly cheerless. And as they fled away in all directions, they underwent a great carnage. Thousands of foremost car-warriors also, O king, slaughtered one another in that battle. Unable to see anything in the dark, the combatants became deprived of their senses. All this was the result of the evil counsels of thy son. Indeed, at that hour when the world was enveloped in darkness, all

[1]The Bombay edition reads the first line of 3 differently. The Bengal reading is also defective. The correct reading seems to be *Rathanaga* instead of *Naranaga*.

creatures, O Bharata, including even the foremost of warriors, overcome with panic, were deprived of their senses in that battle."[1]

"Dhritarashtra said, 'What became the state of your mind then when, afflicted by that darkness, ye all were deprived of your energy and furiously agitated by the Pandavas! How also, O Sanjaya, when everything was enveloped in darkness, did the Pandava troops as also mine once more became visible?'

"Sanjaya conttnued, 'Then the remnant of the army (of the Kaurava), under the orders of their leaders, were once more disposed in (compact) array. Drona placed himself at the van, and Salya at the rear. And Drona's son and Sakuni, the son of Suvala, placed themselves on the right and the left flanks. And king Duryodhana himself, O monarch, on that night, busied himself in protecting all the troops. Cheering all the foot-soldiers, O king, Duryodhana said unto them, 'Laying aside your great weapons, take ye all blazing lamps in your hands.' Thus commanded by that best of kings, the foot-soldiers joyfully took up burning lamps. The gods and *Rishis*, *Gandharvas* and celestial *Rishis*, and the diverse tribes of *Vidyadharas* and *Apsaras*, and *Nagas* and *Yakshas* and *Uragas* and *Kinnaras*, stationed on the welkin also joyfully took up blazing lamps. Many lamps, filled with sweet-scented oil, were seen to fall from the Regents of the cardinal and the subsidiary points of the compass. For Duryodhana's sake, many such were seen to come from Narada and Parvata in especial, lighting up that darkness. The (Kaurava) army then, disposed in compact array, looked resplendent, on that night with the light of those lamps, the costly ornaments (on the persons of combatants), and the blazing celestial weapons as those were shot or hurled by it. On each car were placed five lamps, and on each infuriated elephant three.[2] And upon each horse was placed a large lamp. Thus was that host lighted up by the Kuru warriors.[3] Set in their places within a short time, those lamps speedily lighted up thy army. Indeed, all the troops, thus made radiant by the foot-soldiers with oil-fed lamps in their hands, looked beautiful like clouds in the nocturnal sky illumined by flashes of lightning. When the Kuru host had thus been illuminated, Drona, endued with the effulgence of fire, scorching everything around, looked radiant, O king, in his golden armour, like the midday sun of blazing ray. The light of those lamps began to be reflected from the golden ornaments, the bright cuirasses and bows, and the well-tempered weapons of the combatants. And maces twined with strings, and bright *Parighas*, and cars and shafts and darts, as they coursed along, repeatedly created, O Ajamidha, by their reflection myriads of lamps. And umbrellas and yak-tails and scimitars and blazing brands, O king, and necklaces of gold, as these were whirled or moved,

[1]This is a Triplet.

[2]Instead of *mattagaje*, the Bombay edition reads *tatragaje*.

[3]There seems to be a mistake in this *sloka* in its reference to the Pandavas. The reading, however, that occurs in all the printed edition, is the same. In one manuscript I find *Kaurava-yodhavargais* (which I adopt) for *Pandava-Kauraveyais*.

reflecting that light, looked exceedingly beautiful. Illuminated by the light of those lamps and irradiated by the reflection from weapons and ornaments, that host, O king, blazed up with splendour. Well-tempered and beautiful weapons, red with blood, and whirled by heroes, created a blazing effulgence there, like flashes of lightning in the sky at the end of summer. The faces of warriors, impetuously pursuing foes for striking them down and themselves trembling in the ardour of the rush, looked beautiful like masses of clouds urged on by the wind. As the splendour of the sun becomes fierce on the occasion of the conflagration of a forest full of trees, even so on that terrible night became the splendour of that fierce and illuminated host. Beholding that host of ours illumined, the Parthas also, with great speed, stirring up the foot-soldiers throughout their army, acted like ourselves. On each elephant, they placed seven lamps; on each car, ten; and on the back of each steed they placed two lamps; and on the flanks and rear (of their cars) and on their standard also, they placed many lamps. And on the flanks of their host, and on the rear and the van, and all around and within, many other lamps were lighted. The Kurus having done the same, both the armies were thus lighted. Throughout the host, the foot-soldiers became mingled with elephants and cars and cavalry. And the army of Pandu's son was also illuminated by others (than foot-soldiers) standing with blazing torches in their hands.[1] With those lamps that host became firecely effulgent, like a blazing fire made doubly resplendent by the dazzling rays of the maker of day. The splendour of both the armies, over-spreading the earth, the welkin, and all the points of the compass, seemed to increase. With that light, thy army as also theirs became distinctly visible. Awakened by that light which reached the skies, the gods, the *Gandharvas*, the *Yakshas*, the *Rishis* and other crowned with (ascetic) success, and the *Apsaras*, all came there. Crowded then with gods and *Gandharvas*, and *Yakshas*, and *Rishis* crowned with (ascetic) success, and *Apsaras*, and the spirits of slain warriors about to enter the celestial regions, the field of battle looked like a second heaven. Teeming with cars and steeds and elephants, brilliantly illumined with lamps, with angry combatants and horses slain or wandering wildly, that vast force of arrayed warriors and steeds and elephants looked like the arrays of the celestials and the *Asuras* in days of old. The rush of darts formed the fierce winds; great cars, the cloud; the neigh and grunt of steeds and elephants, the roars; shafts, the showers; and the blood of warriors and animals, the flood, of that tempest like nocturnal encounter between those god-like men. In the midst of that battle, that foremost of Brahmanas, *viz.*, the high-souled Aswatthaman, scorching the

[1]The second line of 30, as it occurs in the Bengal texts, is adopted by me. A slight difference of reading occurs between the Bengal and the Bombay editions.

Pandavas, O ruler of men, resembled the midday sun at the end of the season of rains, scorching everything with his fierce ray.' "[1]

SECTION CLXIII

"Sanjaya said, 'When the field of battle which had before been enveloped in darkness and dust had thus become illuminated, heroic warriors encountered one another, desirous of taking one another's life.[2] Encountering one another in battle, O king, those combatants, armed with lances and swords and other weapons, gazed at one another under the influence of rage. With thousands of lamps blazing all around and with the more blazing lamps of the gods and the *Gandharvas*, set upon golden stands decked with jewels, and fed with fragrant oil, the field of battle, O Bharata, looked resplendent like the firmament bespangled with stars. With hundreds upon hundreds of blazing brands, the earth looked exceedingly beautiful. Indeed, the earth seemed to be in a conflagration, like what happens at the universal destruction.[3] All the points of the compass blazed up with those lamps all around and looked like trees covered by fire-flies at an evening in the season of rains. Heroic combatants, then, O king, engaged in battle with heroic rivals. Elephants engaged with elephants, and horsemen with horsemen, and car-warriors with car-warriors, filled with joy, on that fierce night at the command of thy son. The clash of the two armies both consisting of four kinds of forces, became terrible. Then Arjuna, O monarch, began, with great speed, to destroy the Kaurava ranks, weakening all the kings.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'When the invincible Arjuna, excited with wrath and unable to brook (the feats of the Kurus), penetrated into the army of my son, what became the state of your minds? Indeed, when that scorcher of foes entered into their midst, what did the soldiers think? What steps also did Duryodhana think fit to be adopted then? Who were those chastisers of foes that proceeded in that battle against that hero? Indeed,

[1] As regards almost every one of these *slokas*, differences of reading are observable between the Bengal texts and the Bombay edition. The readings of the Bombay edition are almost uniformly better. Then, again, many of those verses are disfigured with syntactical pleonasms and other grave errors. Abounding with tiresome repetitions that scarcely attract notice amid the variety of synonyms with which the language of the original abounds and amid also the melodious flow of the rhythm, the defects become glaring in translation. At the latter, however, of faithfulness, I have been obliged to sacrifice elegance, in rendering this section.

[2] The Bengal reading *tatha loka* is incorrect. The Bombay text correctly reads *tadaloka*. Then also, instead of the Bengal reading *rajasacaa samavrite* (which is faulty), the true reading is *raja tamasa vrite*.

[3] *Lokanamabhave* is explained by Nilakantha as *pralaya-kale*.

when Arjuna, of white steeds, entered (our army), who were they that protected Drona? Who guarded the right wheel and who the left wheel of Drona's car? Who were those heroes that protected the rear of that battling hero? Indeed, when Bharadwaja's son proceeded, slaying the foe (along his route), who were they that proceeded in his van? That mighty and invincible bowman who penetrated into the midst of the Panchalas, that tiger among men endued with great valour, who proceeded, as if dancing, along the track of his car, and consumed large throngs of Panchala cars by means of his shafts like a raging conflagration; alas, how did that Drona meet with his death? Thou always speakest of my foes as cool and unvanquished and cheerful and swelling with might in battle. Thou dost not, however, speak of mine in such words. On the other hand, thou describest them to be slain, pale, and routed, and thou speakest of my car-warriors, as always deprived of their cars in all the battles they fight!'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Understanding the wishes of Drona who was bent on battle, Duryodhana, on that night, O king, addressing his obedient brothers, *viz.*, Vikarna and Chitrasena and Suparsva and Durdharsha and Dirghavahu, and all those that followed them, said those words, 'Ye heroes of great valour, struggling with resolution, all of you protect Drona from the rear. The son of Hridika will protect his right and Sala his left.' Saying this, thy son then urged forward placing them at the van, the remnant of the brave and mighty Trigarta car-warriors, saying, 'The preceptor is merciful. The Pandavas are fighting with great resolution. While engaged in slaughtering the foe in battle, protect him well, uniting together. Drona is mighty in battle; is endued with great lightness of hand and great valour. He can vanquish the very gods in battle,—what need then be said of the Pandavas and the Somakas? All of you, however, united together and struggling with great resolution in this terrible battle, protect the invincible Drona from that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, Dhrishtadyumna. Except Dhrishtadyumna, I do not see the man amongst all the warriors of the Pandavas that can vanquish Drona in battle. I, therefore, think that we should, with our whole soul, protect the son of Bharadwaja. Protected (by us), he is sure to slay the Somakas and the Srinjayas, one after another. Upon the slaughter of all the Srinjayas at the head of the (Pandava) army, Drona's son without doubt, will slay Dhrishtadyumna in battle. Similarly, the mighty car-warrior Karna will vanquish Arjuna in battle. As regards Bhimasena and others clad in mail, I will subjugate them all in fight. The rest of the Pandavas deprived of energy, will be easily defeated by the warriors. It is evident, my success then will last for ever. For these reasons, protect the mighty car-warrior Drona in battle.' Having said these words, O chief of the Bharatas, thy son Duryodhana, urged his troops on that night of terrible darkness. Then commenced a battle, O chief of the Bharatas, between the two hosts. O monarch, both actuated by the desire of victory. Arjuna began to afflict the Kauravas, and the Kauravas began to afflict Arjuna, with diverse

kinds of weapons. Drona's son covered the ruler of the Panchalas, and Drona himself covered the Srinjaya, with showers of straight shafts in that battle. And as the Pandava and the Panchala troops (on the one side) and the Kaurava troops (on the other), O Bharata, were engaged in slaughtering each other, there arose a furious uproar on the field. The battle that took place on that night was so terrible and fierce that its like had never been previously witnessed by ourselves or those gone before us.' "

SECTION CLXIV

"Sanjaya said, 'During the progress of that terrible nocturnal engagement, O king, which was fraught with an indiscriminate carnage, Dharma's son Yudhishthira, addressed the Pandavas, the Panchalas, and the Somakas. Indeed, O king, for the destruction of men, cars, and elephants, king Yudhisthira commanded his own troops, saying, 'Proceed ye against Drona only, for slaying him!'[1] At the command of the king, O monarch, the Panchalas and the Somakas rushed against Drona alone, uttering terrible shouts. Ourselves excited with rage, and loudly roaring in return, rushed against them, to the best of our prowess, courage, and might, in battle. Kritavarman, the son of Hridika, rushed against Yudhishthira, as the latter was advancing against Drona, like an infuriated elephant against an infuriated compeer. Against Sini's grandson who advanced scattering arrowy showers all around, rushed, O king, the Kuru warrior Bhuri, that grinder (of foes) in battle. Karna, the son of Vikartana, O king, resisted that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, Pandu's son, Sahadeva, as the letter advanced for getting at Drona. King Duryodhana, in that battle, himself rushed against that foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, Bhimasena, advancing on his car like the Destroyer. Sakuni, the son of Suvala, O king, proceeding quickly, resisted that foremost of warriors, *viz.*, Nakula, who was conversant with every kind of battle. Kripa, the son of Saradwat, O king, resisted Sikhandin in that battle, that foremost of car-warrior, as the latter advanced on his car. Duhsasana, O king, contending vigorously, resisted Prativindhya as the letter advanced with resolution (on his car), drawn by steeds looking like peacocks. Aswatthaman, O monarch, resisted Bhimasena's son, *viz.*, *Rakshasa* (Ghatotkacha) acquainted with a hundred kinds of illusion, as the latter advanced. Vrishasena in that battle resisted the mighty Drupada with his troops and followers as the latter advanced for getting at Drona. The ruler of the Madras, O king, excited with wrath resisted Virata, O Bharata, as the latter quickly advanced for the slaughter of Drona; Chitrasena, in that battle, resisted, with great force and shooting

[1]A different reading occurs in the Bombay edition.

many shafts, Nakula's son, Satanika, as the latter advanced for slaying Drona. The prince of the *Rakshasas*, *viz.*, Alambhusha, O king, resisted Arjuna, that foremost of car-warriors, as the latter advanced. Dhrishtadyumna, the prince of the Panchalas, cheerfully resisted the great bowman Drona as the latter was engaged in slaughtering the foe. As regards the mighty car-warriors of the Pandavas, that advanced (against Drona), other car-warriors of thy army, O king, resisted them with great force. Elephant riders, speedily encountering elephant riders in that dreadful battle, began to fight, with each other and grind each other by thousands. At dead of night, O monarch, as the steeds rushed against each other with impetuosity, they looked like winged hills. Horsemen, O monarch, encountered horsemen, armed with lances and darts and swords, and uttering loud shouts. Large numbers of men slaughtered one another in heaps, with maces and short clubs and diverse other weapons. Kritavarman, the son of Hridika, excited with wrath, resisted Dharma's son, Yudhishthira, like continents resisting the swelling sea. Yudhishthira, however, piercing Hridika's son with five arrows, once more pierced him with twenty, and addressing him, said, 'Wait, Wait.' Then Kritavarman, O sire, excited with warth, cut off with a broad-headed shaft, the bow of king Yudhishthira the just and pierced the latter with seven arrows. Taking up another bow, that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, Dharma's son, pierced the son of Hridika in the arms and chest with ten arrows. Then that warrior of Madhu's race, thus pierced, O sire, by Dharma's son in that battle, trembled with rage and afflicted Yudhishthira with seven shafts. Then Pritha's son cutting off his enemy's bow as also the leathern fence that cased his hands, sped at him five keen shafts whetted on stone. Those fierce shafts, piercing through the latter's costly armour, decked with gold, entered the earth like snakes into an ant-hill. With the twinkling of an eye, Kritavarman, taking up another bow, pierced the son of Pandu with sixty arrows and once more with ten. Of immeasurable soul, the son of Pandu, then placing his large bow on his car, sped at Kritavarman a dart resembling a snake. That dart decked with gold, shot by the son of Pandu, piercing through Kritavarman's right arm, entered the earth. Meanwhile, Pritha's son, taking up his formidable bow, shrouded the son of Hridika with showers of straight shafts. Then brave Kritavarman, that great car-warrior among the Vrishnis, within less than the twinkling of an eye, made Yudhishthira steedless and driverless and carless. Thereupon, the eldest son of Pandu took up a sword and a shield. Then he, of Madhu's race, cut off both those weapons in that battle. Yudhishthira then, taking up a fierce lance, equipped with a gold-decked staff, quickly sped it, in that battle, at the illustrious son of Hridika. Hridika's son, however, smiling the while, and displaying great lightness of hand, cut off into two fragments that lance hurled from the arms of Yudhishthira, as it coursed impetuously towards him. He then covered the son of Dharma with a hundred arrows in that encounter. Excited with wrath, he then cut off the latter's coat of mail with showers of shafts. Yudhishthira's armour,

decked with gold, cut off by Hridika's son with his shafts, dropped down from his body, O king, like a cluster of stars dropping down from the firmament. His armour cut off, himself deprived of car and afflicted with the shafts of Kritavarman, Dharma's son, Yudhishthira, quickly retreated from battle. The mighty car-warrior Kritavarman, then, having vanquished Yudhishthira, the son of Dharma, once more began to protect the wheel of Drona's car.' "

SECTION CLXV

"Sanjaya said, 'Bhuri, O king, in that battle, resisted that foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, the grandson of Sini, who advanced like an elephant towards a lake full of water. The Satyaki, excited with wrath, pierced his foe in chest with five keen shafts. At this, the latter's blood began to flow. The Kuru warrior in that encounter similarly pierced with great speed the grandson of Sini, that hero difficult of defeat in battle, with ten shafts in the chest. Those warriors, drawing their bows to their fullest stretch, and with eyes red in wrath, began, O king, to mangle each other in that combat. The arrowy downpours of those two warriors, both excited with rage and resembling Death himself or the sun scattering his rays, were exceedingly terrible. Shrouding each other with shafts, each stayed before the other in that battle. For a short while that battle proceeded equally. Then, O king, the grandson of Sini, excited with rage and smiling the while, cut off the bow of the illustrious Kuru warrior in that battle. Having cut off his bow, Satyaki quickly pierced him in the chest with nine keen arrows and addressing him, said, 'Wait! Wait!' That scorcher of foes deeply pierced his mighty foe, quickly took up another bow and pierced the Satwata warrior in return. Having pierced the Satwata hero with three shafts, O monarch, Bhuri, then, similing the while, cut off his foe's bow with a sharp and broad-headed shaft. His bow being cut off, Satyaki, O king, maddened with rage, hurled an impetuous dart at the broad chest of Bhuri. Pierced with that dart, Bhuri fell down from his excellent car, covered with blood, like the sun dropping down from the firmament. Beholding him thus slain, the mighty car-warrior Aswatthaman, O Bharata, rushed impetuously against grandson of Sini. Having addressed Satyaki, O king, saying, 'Wait, Wait,' he shrouded him with showers of shafts, like the clouds pouring torrents of rain on the crest of Meru. Beholding him rushing towards the car of Sini's grandson, the mighty car-warrior Ghatotkacha, O king, uttering a loud roar, addressed saying, 'Wait, Wait, O son of Drona! Thou shalt not escape from me with life. I will presently slay thee like the six-faced (Karttikeya) slaying (the *Asura*) Mahisha. I shall today, on the field, purge thy heart of all desire of

battle.' Having said these words, that slayer of hostile heroes, *viz.*, the *Rakshasa* (Ghatotkacha), with eyes red like copper in wrath, rushed furiously against the son of Drona, like a lion rushing against a prince of elephants. And Ghatotkacha sped at his foe shafts of the measure of the *Aksha* of a car, and covered that bull among car-warriors therewith, like clouds pouring torrents of rain. With his own shafts resembling snakes of virulent poison, Drona's son, however, in that battle, quickly dispelled that arrowy shower before it could reach him. He then pierced that chastiser of foes, *viz.*, Ghatotkacha, that prince of the *Rakshasas*, with hundreds of keen and swift-coursing arrows, all capable of penetrating into the very vitals. Thus pierced with those shafts by Aswatthaman, that *Rakshasas*, on the field of battle, looked beautiful, O monarch, like a porcupine with quills erect on its body. Then the valiant son of Bhimasena, filled with rage, mangled the son of Drona with many fierce arrows, whizzing through the air with the roar of thunder. And he rained on Aswatthaman a perfect shower of arrows of diverse kinds; some, equipped with heads like razors; some, shaped as the crescent; some, only pointed; some, frog-faced; some, with heads resembling the boar's ear; some, barbed; and some of other species.[1] Like the wind dispersing mighty masses of clouds, Drona's son, O king, without his senses being agitated, destroyed with his own terrible arrows, inspired by *mantras* with the force of celestial weapons, that fierce, unbearable and unrivalled shower of weapons, whose sound resembled the roar of thunder, and which fell incessantly upon him. It seemed then that another encounter was taking place in the welkin between weapons (as the combantants), which was terrible, and which, O king, filled the warriors with awe. With the sparks all around, generated by the clash of the weapons, shot by those two warriors, the welkin looked beautiful as illumined by myriads of fire-flies in the evening. Drona's son then, filling all the points of the compass with his shafts, shrouded the *Rakshasa* himself, for doing what was agreeable to thy sons. Then commenced a battle once more between Drona's son and the *Rakshasa* on that night of thick darkness, which resembled the encounter between Sakra and Prahlada. Then Ghatotkacha, filled with rage, struck Drona's son, in that battle, on the chest with ten shafts, each resembling the *Yuga*-fire. Deeply pierced the *Rakshasa*, the mighty son of Drona began to tremble in that battle like a tall tree shaken by the wind. Supporting himself by holding the flagstaff, he swooned away. Then all thy troops, O king, uttered cries of *Oh* and *Alas*. Indeed, O monarch, all thy warriors then regarded Drona's son as slain. Beholding Aswatthaman in that plight, the Panchalas and the Srinjayas in that battle uttered leonine roars. Then that crusher of foes, *viz.*, the mighty car-warrior Aswatthaman, recovering his senses, forcibly drawing the bow with his left hand, stretching the bowstring to his ear, quickly shot a

[1] *Nalikas*, as used here, appear to have been some species of shafts. In an earlier note, relying on other authorities, I took it to mean some kind of air-gun.

terrible shaft resembling the rod of Yama himself, aiming at Ghatotkacha. That excellent shafts, fierce and equipped with golden wings, piercing through the chest of the *Rakshasa*, entered the earth, O king. Deeply pierced, O monarch, by Drona's son who was proud of his prowess in battle, that prince of *Rakshasas*, endued with great strength, sat down on the terrace of his car. Beholding Hidimva's son deprived of his senses, his charioteer, inspired with fear, speedily removed him from the field, bearing him away from the presence of Drona's son. Having pierced that prince of *Rakshasas*, *viz.*, Ghatotkacha, in that encounter thus, Drona's son, that mighty car-warrior, uttered a loud roar. Worshipped by thy sons as also by all thy warriors, O Bharata, Aswatthaman's body blazed up like the midday sun.

"As regards Bhimasena who was battling in from of Drona's car king Duryodhana himself pierced him with many whetted shafts. Bhimasena, however, O Bharata, pierced him in return with nine arrows. Duryodhana, then, pierced Bhimasena with twenty arrows. Covered with each other's arrows on the field of battle, those two warriors looked like the sun and the moon covered with clouds in the firmament. Then king Duryodhana, O chief of Bharatas, pierced Bhima with five winged arrows and said, 'Wait! Wait !' Bhima then, cutting off his bow as also his standard with keen shafts, pierced the Kuru king himself with ninety straight arrows. Then, Duryodhana filled with rage, taking up a more formidable bow, O chief of the Bharatas, afflicted Bhimasena, at the van of battle, with many whetted shafts, in the very sight of all the bowmen. Baffling those shafts shot from Duryodhana's bow, Bhima pierced the Kuru king with five and twenty short arrows. Duryodhana then, O sire, excited with warth, cut off Bhimasena's bow with a razor-faced arrow and pierced Bhima himself with ten shafts in return. Then the mighty Bhimasena, taking up another bow, quickly pierced the king with seven keen shafts. Displaying great lightness of hand, Duryodhana cut off even that bow of Bhima. The second, the third, the fourth, and the fifth, bow that Bhima took up were similary cut off. Indeed, O king, thy son, proud of his prowess and desirous of victory, cut off Bhima's bow as soon as the latter took up one. Seeing his bows repeatedly cut off, Bhima then hurled, in that battle, a dart made wholly of iron and hard as the thunder. That dart blazing as a flame of fire, resembled the sister of Death. The Kuru king, however, in the very sight of all the warriors and before the eyes of Bhima himself, cut in three fragments that dart, which coursed towards him through the welkin with the splendour of fire and dividing it, as it were by a straight line such as is visible on the head of a woman parting her tresses. Then Bhima, O king, whirling his heavy and blazing mace, hurled it with great force at the car of Duryodhana. That heavy mace speedily crushed the steeds, the driver, and the car also, of thy son in that encounter. Thy son, then, O monarch, afraid of Bhima and shrinking within the narrowest compass, ascended another car, *viz.*, that of the illustrious Nandaka. Then Bhima, regarding Suyodhana to have been slain

amid the darkness of that night, uttered a loud leonine roar challenging the Kauravas. Thy warriors regarded the king to be slain. All of them uttered loud cries of *Oh* and *Alas*. Hearing the wails of the affrighted warriors and the roars of the high souled Bhima, O king, king Yudhishthira also regarded Suyodhana to have been slain. And the eldest son of Pandu, thereupon, rushed quickly to the spot where Vrikodara, the son of Pritha, was. And the Panchalas, the Srinjayas, the Matsyas, the Kaikeyas, and the Chedis, speedily advanced, with all their might against Drona from desire of slaying him. There also occurred a dreadful battle between Drona and the enemy. And the combatants of both sides were enveloped in thick gloom and struck and slew one another'."

SECTION CLXVI

"Sanjaya said, 'Karna, the son of Vikartana,[1] O king, resisted the mighty car-warrior Sahadeva in that battle, who advanced from desire of getting at Drona. Piercing the son of Radha with nine shafts, Sahadeva once more pierced that warrior with nine straight arrows. Karna then pierced Sahadeva in return with a hundred straight shafts, and displaying great lightness in hand, cut off the latter's stringed bow. Then the valiant son of Madri, taking up another bow, pierced Karna with twenty arrows. This feat of his seemed exceedingly wonderful. Then Karna, slaying Sahadeva's steeds with many straight shafts, speedily despatched the latter's driver with a broad-headed shaft, to Yama's abode. This carless Sahadeva then took up a sword and a shield. Even those weapons were cut off by Karna smiling the while. Then the mighty Sahadeva, in that encounter, sped towards the car of Vikartana's son, a heavy and terrible mace decked with gold. Karna, then with his shafts, quickly cut off that mace which hurled by Sahadeva, coursed towards him impetuously, and caused it to fall down on the earth. Beholding his mace cut off, Sahadeva quickly hurled a dart at Karna. That dart also was cut off by Karna. The son of Madri, then, quickly jumping down from his excellent car, and blazing with wrath upon beholding Karna stationed before him, took up a car-wheel and hurled it at the son of Adhiratha. The *Suta's* son, however, with many thousands of arrows, cut off that wheel coursing towards him like the uplifted wheel of Death. When that wheel had been cut off, Sahadeva, O sire, aiming at Karna, hurled at him the shafts of his car, the traces of his steeds, the yokes of his cars, the limbs of elephants and

[1] *Vaikartana* may also mean one who has peeled off his skin of natural armour. To preserve dramatic propriety, the Hindu commentators explain it in this sense when it occurs in any such passage, for the real origin of Karna, *viz.*, his procreation by the deity of the sun, became known after his death.

steeds and dead human bodies. Karna cut off all these with his shafts. Seeing himself deprived of all weapons, Madri's son, Sahadeva, struck by Karna with many shafts, left the battle. Pursuing him for a while, the son of Radha, O bull of Bharata's race, smilingly addressed Sahadeva and said these cruel words, 'Do not, O hero, fight in battle with those that are superior to thee. Fight with thy equals, O son of Madri! Do not mistrust my words.' Then touching him with the horn of his bow, he once more said, 'Yonder, Arjuna is fighting resolutely with the Kurus in battle. Go there, O son of Madri, or return home if thou likest.' Having said those words, Karna, that foremost of car-warriors, smilingly proceeded on his car against the troops of the king of the Panchalas. The slayer of foes, that mighty car-warrior, devoted to truth, slew not the son of Madri although he had got the opportunity, recollecting the words of Kunti. Sahadeva, then, heartless and afflicted with arrows, and pierced with the wordy darts of Karna, no longer cherished any love for life. That mighty car-warrior then quickly ascended the car of Janamejaya, the illustrious prince of the Panchalas.' "

SECTION CLXVII

"Sanjaya said, 'The ruler of the Madras shrouded on all sides, with clouds of shafts, Virata with his troops, who was proceeding quickly for getting at Drona. The battle that took place between those two great bowmen resembled, O king, that between Vala and Vasava in days of yore. The ruler of the Madras, O monarch, with great activity, struck Virata, that commander of a large division, with a hundred straight shafts. King Virata, in return, pierced the ruler of the Madras with nine keen arrows, and once more with three and seventy, and once again with a hundred. The ruler of the Madras, then, slaying the four steeds yoked unto Virata's car, cut down with a couple of shafts, the latter's umbrella and standard. Quickly jumping down from that steedless car, the king stood, drawing his bow and shooting keen shafts. Beholding his brother deprived of his steeds, Satanika quickly approached him on his car in the very sight of all the troops. The ruler of the Madras, however, piercing the advancing Satanika with many shafts, despatched him to the abode of Yama. Upon the fall of the heroic Satanika, Virata, that commander of a large division, ascended the fallen hero's car, decked with standard and garlands.[1] Opening his eyes wide, and with prowess doubled by wrath, Virata quickly covered the car of the ruler of the Madras with winged arrows. The

[1]The secone line of 9 is read differently in the Calcutta edition. I adopt the Bombay reading.

ruler of the Madras then, excited with rage, deeply pierced Virata, that commander of a large division, in the chest, with a hundred straight shafts. Deeply pierced by the mighty ruler of the Madras, that great car-warrior, *viz.*, Virata, sat down on the terrace of his car and swooned away. His driver, then, beholding him mangled with shafts in that encounter, bore him away. Then that vast force, O Bharata, fled away on that night, oppressed by hundreds of arrows of Salya, that ornament of battle. Beholding the troops flying away, Vasudeva and Dhananjaya quickly advanced to that spot, O monarch, where Salya was stationed. Then that prince of the *Rakshasas*, *viz.*, Alamvusha, O king, riding upon a foremost car, harnessed with eight steeds, having terrible-looking *Pisachas* of equine faces yoked unto it, furnished with blood-red banners, decked with floral garlands made of black iron, covered with bear-skins, and possessing a tall standard over which perched a terrible, fierce-looking. and incessantly shrieking vulture, of spotted wings and wide-open eyes, proceeded against those advancing heroes. That *Rakshasa*, O king, looked beautiful like a loose heap of antimony, and he withstood the advancing Arjuna, like Meru withstanding a tempest, scattering showers of arrows, O monarch, upon Arjuna's head. The battle then that commenced between the *Rakshasa* and that human warrior, was exceedingly fierce. And it filled all the spectators there, O Bharata, with wonder. And it conduced to the joy also of vultures and crows, of ravens and owls and *Kanakas* and jackals. Arjuna struck Alamvusha with six shafts and then cut off his standard with ten sharp arrows. With a few other arrows, he cut off his driver, and with some others his *Trivenu*, and with one more, his bow, and with four others his four steeds. Alamvusha strung another bow, but that also Arjuna cut off in two fragments. Then, O bull of Bharata's race, Partha pierced that prince of the *Rakshasas* with four keen arrows. Thus pierced, the *Rakshasas* fled away in fear. Having vanquished him, Arjuna quickly proceeded towards the spot where Drona was, shooting as he went, many shafts, O king, at men, elephants, and steeds. Slaughtered O monarch, by the illustrious son of Pandu, the combatants fell down on the ground, like trees laid low by a tempest. Thus treated by the illustrious son of Pandu, all of them fled like a frightened herd of deer.'"

SECTION CLXVIII

"Sanjaya said, 'Thy son, Chitrasena, O Bharata, resisted (Nakula's son) Satanika who was engaged in scorching thy host with his keen shafts. Nakula's son pierced Chitrasena with five arrows. The letter then pierced the former in return with ten whetted shafts. And once more Chitrasena, O monarch, in that battle pierced Satanika in the chest with nine keen

shafts. Then the son of Nakula with many straight shafts cut Chitrasena's armour from off his body. This feat of his seemed exceedingly wonderful. Divested of his armour, thy son, O king, looked exceedingly beautiful, like a snake, O monarch, having cast off his slough at the proper season. Then Nakula's son, with many keen shafts, cut off the struggling Chitrasena's standard, and then his bow, O monarch, in that encounter. His bow cut off in that combat, and deprived also of his armour, that mighty car-warrior, then, O king, took up another bow capable of piercing every foe. Then Chitrasena, that mighty car-warrior amongst the Bharata's, quickly pierced the son of Nakula with many straight arrows. Then mighty Satanika, excited with rage, O Bharata, slew the four steeds of Chitrasena and then his driver. The illustrious Chitrasena, endued with great strength, jumping down from that car, afflicted the son of Nakula with five and twenty arrows. Then Nakula's son with a crescent-shaped arrow, cut off in that combat the gold-decked bow of Chitrasena while the latter was engaged in thus striking him. Bowless and carless and steedless and driverless, Chitrasena then quickly ascended the car of the illustrious son Hridika.

"Vrishasena, O king, rushed with great speed, scattering shafts in hundreds, against the mighty car-warrior Drupada, advancing at the head of his troops against Drona.[1] Yajnasena, in that encounter pierced that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, the son of Karna in the arms and the chest, O lord, with sixty arrows. Vrishasena, then, excited with rage, quickly pierced Yajnasena, standing on his car, with many shafts in the centre of the chest. Those two warriors mangled by arrows, and with shafts sticking to their bodies, looked beautiful like a couple of procupines with their quills erect. Bathed in blood in consequence of the wounds caused by those straight arrows of keen points and golden wings, they looked exceedingly beautiful in that dreadful encounter. Indeed, the spectacle they presented was that of a couple of beautiful and radiant *Kalpa* trees or of a couple of *Kinsukas* rich with their flowery burthens. Then Vrishasena, O king, having pierced Drupada with nine arrows, once more pierced him with seventy, and then again with three other arrows. Then shooting thousands of arrows, Karna's son, O monarch, looked beautiful in that battle, like a cloud pouring torrents of rain. Then Drupada, inflamed with wrath, cut off Vrishasena's bow into two fragments, with a broad-headed arrow, sharp and well-tempered. Taking, then, another gold-decked bow that was new and strong, and drawing out of his quiver a strong, whetted, well-tempered, sharp and broad-headed arrow, and fixing it on his string, and carefully aiming it at Drupada, he let it off with great force, inspiring all the Somakas with fear. That arrow, piercing through the breast of Drupada, fell on the surface of the earth. The king (of the Panchalas), then, thus pierced through with Vrishasena's arrow, swooned away. His driver, then, recollecting his own duty, bore him away from

[1]In the second line of 13, *Avyayatturnam* instead of *Maharaja* is the correct reading.

the field. After the retreat, O monarch, of that mighty car-warrior of the Panchalas. the (Kaurava) army, on that terrible night, rushed furiously against Drupada's troops whose coats of mail had been cut off by means of the arrows of the foe. In consequence of the blazing lamps dropped by the combatants all around, the earth, O king, looked beautiful like the cloudless firmament bespangled with planets and stars. With the fallen *Angadas* of the combatants, the earth looked resplendent, O king, like a mass of clouds in the rainy season with flashes of lightning. Afflicted with the fear of Karna's son, the Panchalas fled away on all sides, like the *Danavas* from fear of Indra in the great battle of yore between the gods and the *Asuras*. Thus afflicted in battle by Vrishasena, the Panchalas and the Somakas, O monarch, illumined by lamps, looked exceedingly beautiful.[1] Having vanquished them in battle, Karna's son looked beautiful like the son, O Bharata, when he reaches the meridian. Amongst all those thousands of kings of thy side and their the valiant Vrishasena then seemed to be the only resplendent luminary. Having defeated in battle many heroes and all the mighty car-warriors among the Somakas, he quickly proceeded, O king, to the spot where king Yudhishthira was stationed.

"Thy son Duhsasana proceeded against that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, Prativindhya, who was advancing (against Drona), scorching his foes in battle. The encounter that took place between them, O king, looked beautiful, like that of Mercury and Venus in the cloudless firmament. Duhsasana pierced Prativindhya, who was accomplishing fierce feats in battle, with three arrows on the forehead. Deeply pierced by that mighty bowman, thy son, Prativindhya, O monarch, looked beautiful like a crested hill. The mighty car-warrior Prativindhya, then, piercing Duhsasana with three arrows, once more pierced him with seven. Thy son, then, O Bharata, achieved there an exceedingly difficult feat, for he felled Prativindhya's steeds with many arrows. With another broad-headed arrow he also felled the latter's driver, and then his standard. And then he cut off, O king, into a thousand fragments the car of Prativindhya, armed with the bow. Excited with rage, O lord, thy son also cut off, with his straight shafts, into numberless fragments the banner, the quivers, the strings, and the traces (of his antagonist's car). Deprived of his car, the virtuous Prativindhya stood, bow in hand, and contended with thy son scattering numberless arrows. Then Duhsasana, displaying great lightness of hand, cut off Prativindhya's bow. And then he afflicted his bowless antagonist with ten shafts. Beholding their brother, (Prativindhya) in that plight, his brothers, all mighty car-warriors, rushed impetuously to that spot with a large force. He then ascended the resplendent of Sutasoma. Taking up another bow, he continued, O king, to pierce thy son. Then many warriors on thy side, accompained by a large force, rushed impetuously and surrounded thy son (for rescuing him). Then commenced a

[1]This *sloka* seems to be a vicious one.

fierce battle between thy troops and theirs, O Bharata, at that dreadful hour of midnight, increasing the population of Yama's kingdom.' "

SECTION CLXIX

"Sanjaya said, 'Against Nakula who was engaged in smiting thy host, Suvala's son (Sakuni) in wrath, rushed with great impetuosity and addressing him, said, 'Wait! Wait!' Each enraged with the other and each desirous of slaying the other, those two heroes struck each other with shafts sped from their bows drawn to their fullest stretch. Suvala's son in that encounter displayed the same measure of skill that Nakula displayed, O king, in shooting showers of arrows. Both pierced with arrows, O king, in that battle, they looked beautiful like a couple of porcupines with quills erect on their bodies. The armour of each cut off by means of shafts with straight points and golden wings, and each bathed in blood, those two warriors looked resplendent in that dreadful battle like two beautiful and brilliant *Kalpa* trees, or like two flowering *Kinsukas* on the field of battle. Indeed, O king, those two heroes in that encounter, both pierced with arrows, looked beautiful like a couple of *Salmali* trees with prickly thorns on them. Casting oblique glances at each other, with eyes expanded in rage, whose corners had become red, they seemed to scorch each other by those glances. Then thy brother-in-law, excited with wrath, and smiling the while, pierced Madri's son in the chest with a barbed arrow of keen point. Deeply pierced by that great bowman, *viz.*, thy brother-in-law, Nakula sat down on the terrace of his car and swooned away. Beholding his proud foe, that mortal enemy of his in that plight, Sakuni uttered a roar loud as that of the clouds at the end of summer. Recovering consciousness, Nakula, the son of Pandu, once more rushed against Suvala's son, like the Destroyer himself of wide-open mouth. Inflamed with rage, O bull of Bharata's race, he pierced Sakuni with sixty arrows, and more with a hundred long shafts at the centre of his chest. He then cut off Sakuni's bow with arrow fixed thereon, into two fragments, at the handle. And then cutting off in a trice Sakuni's standard, he caused it to fall down on the earth. Piercing next Sakuni's thigh with keen, sharp, and well-tempered shafts, Nakula, the son of Pandu, caused him to fall down on the terrace of his car, clasping his flag-staff, like an amorous man clasping his mistress. Beholding that brother-in-law of thine laid low and deprived of consciouness, O sinless one, his driver quickly bore him away from the van of battle. The Parthas, then, and all their followers, uttered a loud roar. Having vanquished his foes, Nakula, that scorcher of foes, addressing his driver, said, 'Beat me to the host commanded by Drona.' Hearing these words of Madri's son, his driver proceeded to

the spot, O king, where Drona was stationed.[1] Against mighty Sikhandin proceeding towards Drona, Kripa resolutely advanced with great impetuosity. That chastiser of foes, *viz.*, Sikhandin, then, smiling the while, pierced with nine arrows the son of Gotama thus advancing against him towards the vicinity of Drona. Then the preceptor, Kripa, that benefactor of thy sons, piercing Sikhandin first with five arrows, once more pierced him with twenty. The combat that took place, O monarch, between them, was exceedingly dreadful, like that between Samvara and the chief of the celestials in the battle between the gods and the *Asuras*. Those heroic and mighty car-warriors, both invincible in battle, covered the welkin with their arrows, like clouds covering the welkin on the expiry or summer. Terrible of itself, that night, O chief of the Bharatas, became more terrible still to the heroic combatants engaged in battle. Indeed, of terrible aspects and inspiring all sorts of fear, that night became, as it were, death-night (of all creatures). Then Sikhandin, O king, cut off, with a crescent-shaped arrow, the large bow of Gotama's son and shot at the latter many whetted shafts. Inflamed with wrath, O monarch, Kripa then sped at his antagonist a fierce dart, equipped with a golden shaft and keen point, and polished by the hands of the smith. Sikhandin, however, cut it off with ten shafts as it coursed towards him. That dart, then, decked with gold (thus cut off), fell down on the earth. Then Gautama, foremost of men, taking up another bow, O king, covered Sikhandin with a large number of whetted shafts. Thus covered in that battle by the illustrious son of Gotama, Sikhandin, that foremost of car-warriors sank on the terrace of his car. Beholding him thus weakened, Kripa in that encounter, struck him with many arrows, from desire of slaying him, O Bharata! (Sikhandin then was borne away by his driver). Beholding that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, the son of Yajnasena retreating from battle, the Panchalas and the Somakas surrounded him on all sides (for rescuing him). Similarly, thy sons also surrounded that foremost of Brahmans, Kripa, with a large force. Then commenced a battle once more, between car-warriors, O king, that struck one another. The uproar that rose became loud as the roaring of clouds, O Bharata, caused by rushing horsemen and elephants, O monarch, smiting one another down. Then, O king, the field of battle looked exceedingly fierce. With the tread of rushing infantry the earth began to tremble, O monarch, like a lady shaken with fear. Car-warriors, mounting on their cars, rushed impetuously, attacking compeers by their thousands, O king, like crows seizing winged insects (in the air). Similarly, mighty elephants with winy exudation down their bodies, pursuing similar elephants, encountered them, O Bharata, furiously. So also, horsemen, coming upon horsemen, and foot-soldiers angrily encountered one another in that battle. At dead of night, the sound of reteating and the rushing of troops and of those coming again to the encounter became deafening. The blazing lamps also, placed on cars and elephants and steeds, seemed,

[1] *Yena* and *tena* here are equal to *yatra* and *tatra*.

O king, large meteors falling from the firmament. That night, O chief of the Bharatas, lightened up by those lamps looked like day, O king, on the field of battle. As the sun, encountering the thick gloom, destroys it completely, even so the thick gloom of the battle was destroyed by those blazing lamps. Indeed, the welkin, the earth, the cardinal and the subsidiary points of the compass, enveloped by dust and darkness, became once more illuminated by that light. The splendour of weapons and coats of mail, and of the jewels of illustrious heroes, became overshadowed, by the light of those blazing lamps. During the progress of that fierce battle at night, none of the combatants, O Bharta, could know the warriors of his own side. Sire, O chief of the Bharatas, slew son, and son, from ignorance, slew sire, and friend slew friend. And relatives slew relatives, and maternal uncles slew sisters' sons, and warriors slew warriors of their own side, and foes slew their own men, in that battle, O Bharata. In that dreadful nocturnal encounter, O king, all fought furiously, ceasing to have any regard for one another.' "

SECTION CLXX

"Sanjaya said, 'In that fierce and terrible battle, Dhrishtadyumna, O king, proceeded against Drona. Holding his formidable bow and repeatedly stretching his bowstring, the Panchala prince rushed towards Drona's car decked with gold. And as Dhrishtadyumna proceeded for accomplishing the destruction of Drona, the Panchalas and the Pandavas, O king, surrounded him. Beholding Drona, that foremost of preceptors, thus assailed, thy son, resolutely contending in battle, protected Drona on all sides. Then those two oceans of troops encountered each other on that night, looked like two terrible oceans lashed into fury by tempest, with all living creatures within them exceedingly agitated. Then the prince of the Panchalas, O king, quickly pierced Drona in the chest with five arrows and uttered a leonine roar. Drona, however, O Bharata, piercing his foe in return with five and twenty arrows in that battle, cut off, with another broad-headed arrow, his bright bow. Forcibly pierced by Drona, O bull of Bharata's race, Dhrishtadyumna, quickly casting aside his bow, bit his (nether) lip in rage. Indeed, O monarch, the valiant Dhrishtadyumna, excited with wrath, took up another formidable bow for accomplishing the destruction of Drona. That slayer of hostile heroes, that warrior endued with great beauty, stretching that formidable bow to his ear, shot a terrible shaft capable of taking Drona's life. That shaft, thus sped by the mighty prinee in that fierce and dreadful battle, illumined the whole army like the risen sun. Beholding that terrible shaft, the gods, the *Gandharvas*, and the *Danavas*, said these words, O king, *viz.*,

'*Prosperity to Drona!*' Karna, however, O king, displaying great lightness of hand cut off into dozen fragments that shaft as it coursed towards the preceptor's car. Thus cut off into many fragments, O king, that shaft of Dhrishtadyumna, O sire, quickly fell down on the earth like a snake without poison. Having cut off with his own straight shafts those of Dhrishtadyumna in that battle, Karna then pierced Dhrishtadyumna himself with many sharp arrows. And Drona's son pierced him with five, and Drona himself with five, and Salya pierced him with nine, and Duhsasana with three. And Duryodhana pierced him with twenty arrows and Sakuni with five. Indeed, all those mighty car-warriors quickly pierced the prince of the Panchalas. Thus was he pierced by these seven heroes in that battle exerting themselves for the rescue of Drona. The prince of the Panchalas, however, pierced every one of these heroes with three arrows. Indeed, O king, Dhrishtadyumna, in that dreadful battle, quickly pierced Drona himself, and Karna, and Drona's son, and thy son. Thus pierced by that bowman, those warriors, fighting together, pierced Dhrishtadyumna again in that encounter, uttering loud roars the while. Then Drumasena, excited with wrath, O king, pierced the Panchala prince with a winged arrow, and once again quickly with three other arrows. And addressing the prince, he said, 'Wait! Wait!' Dhrishtadyumna then pierced Drumasena in return with three straight arrows, in the encounter, which were equipped with wings of gold, steeped in oil, and capable of taking the life of him at whom they are sped. With another broad-headed shaft, the prince of the Panchalas then, in that battle, cut off from Drumasena's trunk the latter's head decked with bright ear-rings of gold. That head, with (the lower) lip bit (in rage), fell on the ground like a ripe palmyra fruit separated from the stalk by the action of a strong wind. Once again, piercing all those warriors with keen shafts, that hero, with some broad-headed shafts, cut off the bow of Radha's son, that warrior conversant with all modes of warfare. Karna could not book that cutting off of his bow, like a fierce lion incapable of brooking the cutting off of his tail. Taking up another bow, Karna, with eyes red in rage, and breathing hard, covered mighty Dhrishtadyumna with clouds of arrows. Beholding Karna excited with rage, those heroes, *viz.*, those six bulls among car-warriors, quickly encompassed the prince of the Panchalas from desire of slaying him. Seeing the latter in front of those six foremost warriors of thy side, all thy troops, O lord, regarded him to be already within the jaws of the Destroyer. Meanwhile, Satyaki, of the Dasarha race, scattering his shafts as he proceeded, reached the spot where, the valiant Dhrishtadyumna was battling. Beholding that invincible warrior of the Satwata race advancing, Radha's son pierced him in that battle with ten arrows. Satyaki, then, O king, pierced Karna with ten shafts in the very sight of all those heroes, and addressing him, said, 'Do not fly away but stay before me.' The encounter then, that took place between mighty Satyaki and the industrious Karna, resembled, O king, that between Vali and Vasava (in

the days of yore). That bull among Kshatriyas, *viz.*, Satyaki, terrifying all the Kshatriyas with the rattle of his car, pierced the lotus-eyed Karna in return (with many arrows). Making the earth tremble with the twang of his bow, the mighty son of the *Suta*, O monarch, contended with Satyaki. Indeed, Karna pierced the grandson of Sini in return with hundreds of long, and barbed, and pointed, and tall-toothed, and razor-headed arrows and diverse other shafts. Similarly, that foremost one of Vrishni's race, Yuyudhana, in that battle, shrouded Karna with his arrows. For a time that battle proceeded equally. Then thy son, O monarch, placing Karna at their head, all pierced Satyaki from every side with keen arrows. Resisting with his own weapons those of them all and of Karna also, O lord, Satyaki quickly pierced Vrishasena in the centre of the chest. Pierced with that arrow, the valiant Vrishasena, of great splendour, quickly fell down on his car, casting aside his bow. Then Karna, believing that mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, Vrishasena, slain, became scorched with grief on account of the death of his son and began to afflict Satyaki with great force. Thus afflicted by Karna, the mighty car-warrior Yuyudhana, with great speed, repeatedly pierced Karna with many shafts. Once more piercing Karna with ten arrows, and Vrishasena with five, the Satwata hero cut off the leathern fences and the bows of both sire and son. Then those two warriors, stringing two other bows, capable of inspiring enemies with terror, began to pierce Yuyudhana from every side with keen shafts. During the progress of that fierce conflict that was so destructive of heroes the loud twang of *Gandiva*, O king, was heard over every other sound. Hearing then the rattle of Arjuna's car as also that twang of *Gandiva*, the *Suta's* son, O king, said these words unto Duryodhana, 'Slaughtering our entire army and the foremost of heroic warriors and many mighty bowmen among the Kauravas, Arjuna is loudly twanging his bow. The rattle also of his car is heard, resembling the roar of the thunder. It is evident, the son of Pandu is achieving feats worthy of his own self. This son of Pritha, O monarch, will grind our large host. Many of our troops are already breaking. No one stays in battle. Indeed, our army is being dispersed like a risen mass of clouds dispersed by the wind. Encountering Arjuna, our host breaks like a boat on the ocean. The loud wails, O king, of the foremost of warriors, O monarch, flying away from the field, or falling down in consequence of the arrows sped from *Gandiva*, are being heard. Hear, O tiger among car-warriors, the sound of drums and cymbals near Arjuna's car at dead of night, resembling the deep roll of thunder in the welkin. Hear also the loud wails (of afflicted combatants) and the tremendous leonine shouts, and diverse other noises in the vicinity of Arjuna's car. Here, however, this Satyaki, this foremost one of the Satwata race, stayeth amid us. If this object of our aim can be struck down, we can then vanquish all our foes. Similarly, the son of the Panchala king is engaged with Drona. He is encompassed on all sides by many heroic and foremost of car-warriors. If we can slay Satyaki and Dhrishtadyumna, the son of Prishata without doubt, O king, victory will

be ours. Surrounding these two heroes, these two mighty car-warriors, as we did the son of Subhadra we will strive, O king, to slay them, *viz.*, this son of Vrishni's race and this son of Prishata. Savyasachin, O Bharata, is before us, coming towards this division of Drona, knowing that Satyaki is engaged here with many chief among the Kurus. Let a large number of our foremost of car-warriors proceed thither, so that Partha may not be able to come to the rescue of Satyaki, now encompassed by many. Let these great heroes speedily shoot clouds of shafts with great force, so that Satyaki of Madhu's race may by speedily despatched to Yama's abode.' Ascertaining this to be the opinion of Karna, thy son, addressing Suvala's son in the battle, like the illustrious Indra addressing Vishnu, said these words, 'Surrounded by ten thousand unretreating elephants and ten thousand cars also, proceed against Dhananjaya! Duhsasana and Durvishaha and Suvahu and Dushpradharshana—these will follow thee, surrounded by a large number of foot-soldiers. O uncle, slay those great bowmen, *viz.*, the two Krishnas, and Yudhishtira, and Nakula, and Sahadeva, and Bhima, the son of Pandu. My hope of victory resteth on thee, like that of the gods on their chief Indra. O uncle, slay the son of Kunti, like (Kartikeya) slaying the *Asuras*.' Thus addressed and urged by thy son, Sakuni, clad in mail, proceeded against the Parthas, accompanied by a large force as also by thy sons, in order to consume the sons of Pandu. Then commenced a great battle between the warriors of thy army and the foe. When Suvala's son, O king, (thus) proceeded against the Pandavas, the *Suta's* son, accompanied by a large force, quickly advanced against Satyaki, shooting many hundreds of shafts. Indeed, thy warriors, combining together, encompassed Satyaki. Then Bharadwaja's son, proceeding against the car of Dhrishtadyumna, fought a wonderful and fierce battle at dead of night, O bull of Bharata's race, with the brave Dhrishtadyumna and the Panchalas.'"

SECTION CLXXI

"Sanjaya said, 'Then all those kings of thy army, incapable of being easily defeated in battle, angrily proceeded against Yuyudhana's car, unable to brook (his feats). Mounting on their well-equipped cars, O king, that were decked with gold and jewels, and accompanied also by cavalry and elephants, they encompassed the Satwata hero. Hemming him on all sides those mighty car-warriors, challenging that hero, uttered loud leonine roars. Those great heroes, desirous of slaying him of Madhu's race, poured their keen arrows on Satyaki of invincible prowess. Beholding them thus advancing with speed towards him, that slayer of hostile hosts, *viz.*, the mighty-armed grandson of Sini, took up and shot many shafts. The heroic and great bowman Satyaki, invincible in battle, cut off many

heads with his fierce and straight arrows. And he of Madhu's race also cut off the trunks of many elephants, the necks of many seeds, and arms decked with *Angadas* of many warriors, by means of razor-faced arrows. With the fallen yak-tails and white umbrellas, O Bharata, the field of battle became almost full, and resembled the firmament, O lord, with stars. The wails of the host thus slaughtered in battle, O Bharata, by Yuyudhana, became as loud as those of shrieking ghosts (in hell). With that loud uproar the earth became filled, and the night became fiercer and more terrible. Beholding his host, afflicted with Yuyudhana's arrows breaking, and hearing that tremendous uproar at dead of night making the hair stand on end, thy son, that mighty car-warrior, addressing his driver, repeatedly said, 'Urge the steeds to that spot whence this uproar cometh.' Then king Duryodhana, that firm bowman, above all modes of warfare, rushed against Yuyudhana. Madhava pierced Duryodhana with a dozen blood-drinking shafts, sped from his bow drawn to its fullest stretch. Thus afflicted with arrows by Yuyudhana first, Duryodhana, excited with rage, pierced the grandson of Sini in return with ten arrows. Meanwhile, the battle that raged between the Panchalas and all thy troops presented an exceedingly wonderful sight. Then the grandson of Sini, excited with rage in that battle, pierced thy son, that mighty car-warrior, with eighty shafts, in the chest. He then, with other shafts, despatched Duryodhana's steeds to Yama's abode. And that slayer of foes then quickly felled his antagonist's driver from the car. Thy son, O monarch, staying on that steedless car, shot many keen arrows towards Satyaki's car. The grandson of Sini, however, displaying great lightness of hand, O king, cut off those fifty shafts sped in that battle by thy son. Then Madhava, with a broad-headed shafts suddenly cut off in that encounter the formidable bow of thy son in the handle, Deprived of both his car and bow, that puissant ruler of men then mounted quickly upon the bright car of Kritavarman. Upon Duryodhana's retreat, the grandson of Sini, O monarch, afflicted and routed thy army at dead of night.

"Sakuni, meanwhile, O king, encompassing Arjuna on all sides with many thousands of cars and several thousands of elephants, and many thousands of steeds, began to fight desperately. Many of them hurled towards Arjuna celestial weapons of great power. Indeed, those Kshatriyas fought with Arjuna, incurring the certitude of death. Arjuna, however, excited with rage, checked those thousands of cars and elephants and steeds, and ultimately caused those foes to turn back. Then Suvala's son, with eyes red as copper with rage, deeply pierced Arjuna, that slayer of foes, with twenty shafts. And once more shooting a hundred shafts, he checked the progress of Partha's great car. Then Arjuna, O Bharata, pierced Sakuni with twenty arrows in that battle. And he pierced each of the great bowmen with three arrows. Checking all of them with his arrows, O king, Dhananjaya slew those warriors of thy army with excellent shafts, endued with the force of thunder.[1] Strewn with lopped off arrows,

[1]In the first line of 30 *Vanaganais* and not *Vanaganan* is the true reading.

O monarch, and (dead) bodies by thousands, the earth looked as if covered with flowers. Indeed, strewn with the heads of Kshatriyas, heads that were decked with diadems and handsome noses and beautiful ear-rings and (nether) lips bit in rage and wide open eyes,—heads that were graced with collars and crowned also with gems, and which, while life was in them, spoke sweet words,—the earth looked resplendent as if strewn with hillocks overspread with *Champaka* flowers. Having achieved that fierce feat, and pierced Sakuni once more, struck Uluka with an arrow in that battle. Piercing Uluka thus in the sight of his sire, *viz.*, Suvala's son, Arjuna uttered a loud roar, filling the earth therewith. Then the son of Indra cut off Sakuni's bow. And then he despatched his four steeds to Yama's abode. Then Suvala's son, O bull of Bharata's race, jumping down from his car, quickly ascended the car of Uluka. Then those two mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, sire and son, both riding on the same car, showered their arrows on Partha like two risen clouds pouring torrents of rain on a mountain. The son of Pandu then piercing both those warriors with keen shafts, afflicted and caused thy troops to fly away in hundreds and thousands. Like a mighty mass of clouds dispersed on all sides by the wind, that army of thine, O monarch, was dispersed on all sides. Indeed, that host, O chief of the Bharatas, thus slaughtered on the night, fled away in all directions, afflicted with fear and in the very sight (of their leaders). Many abandoning the animals they rode, other urging their animals to their greatest speed, turned back from the battle, inspired with fear, during that fierce hour of darkness. Having vanquished thy warriors thus, O bull of Bharata's race, Vasudeva and Dhananjaya cheerfully blew their conchs.

"Dhrishtadyumna, O monarch, piercing Drona with three arrows, quickly cut off the latter's bowstring with a sharp arrow. Throwing down that bow on the earth, heroic Drona, that grinder of Kshatriyas, took up another that was exceedingly tough and strong. Piercing Dhrishtadyumna then with five arrows, Drona pierced his driver also, O bull of Bharata's race, with five arrows. Checking Drona with his arrows, the mighty car-warrior Dhrishtadyumna began to destroy the Kaurava host, like Maghavat destroying the *Asura* army. During the slaughter of thy son's army, O sire, a terrible river, having blood for its current, began to flow. And it ran between the two hosts, bearing away men and steeds and elephants along its current. And it resembled, O king, the *Vaitarani* that flows, O lord, towards the domains of Yama. Agitating and routing thy army, the valiant Dhrishtadyumna, endued with great energy, blazed forth like Sakra in the midst of the celestials. Then Dhrishtadyumna and Sikhandin blew their large conchs, as also the twins (Nakula and Sahadeva), and Vrikodara, the son of Pandu. Thus those fierce warriors, vanquished thousands of kings on thy side that were endued with great energy, at the sight of thy son and of Karna and the heroic Drona and Drona's son O monarch!' "

SECTION CLXXII

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding his own army routed while being slaughtered by those illustrious heroes, thy son, well-acquainted with words, O monarch, quickly repairing unto Karna and Drona, that foremost of all victors in battle, wrathfully said these words, 'This battle has been set on foot by you two in rage, having seen the ruler of the Sindhus slain by Savyasachin. You are beholding with indifference the slaughter of my army by the forces of the Pandavas, although you two are fully competent to vanquish those forces. If you two now abandon me, you should have, in the beginning, told me of it, '*We two shall vanquish the sons of Pandu in battle.*' Even these were the words, ye givers of honours, that ye then said unto me. Hearing these words of yours, I sanctioned these proceedings. I would never have provoked these hostilities with the Parthas,—hostilities that are so destructive of heroic combatants (if ye had told me othewise). If I do not deserve to be abandoned by you two, ye bulls among men, then fight according to the true measure of your prowess, ye heroes endued with great prowess.' Thus pierced by the goad of speech of thy son, those two heroes once more engaged in battle, like two snakes vexed with sticks. Then those two foremost of car-warriors, those two bowmen above all bowmen in the world, rushed with speed against the Parthas headed by the grandson of Sini and by others. Similarly, the Parthas uniting together, and accompanied by all their troops, advanced against those two heroes, who were roaring repeatedly. Then the great bowman, Drona, that foremost of all wielders of weapons, excited with rage, quickly pierced (Satyaki), that bull amongst the Sinis, with ten arrows. And Karna pierced him with ten arrows, and thy son with seven, and Vrishasena pierced him with ten, and Suvala's son with seven. In that impervious wall of Kauravas around the grandson of Sini, these also stationed themselves, encompassing him. Beholding Drona slaughtering the Pandava army in that battle, the Somakas quickly pierced him from every side with showers of arrows. Then Drona began to take the lives of Kshatriyas, O monarch, like the sun destroying darkness around him by his rays. We then heard, O monarch, a loud uproar amongst the Panchalas, who called upon one another, while they were being slaughtered by Drona. Some abandoning sons, some sires, some brothers, some uncles, some their sister's sons, some their relatives and kinsmen, fled away with speed, for saving their own lives. Some, again, deprived of their senses, ran against Drona himself. Indeed, many were the combatants of the Pandava army that were then despatched to the other world. Thus afflicted by that illustrious hero, the Pandava host, that night, O king, fled away, throwing down their blazing torches all around, in the very sight of Bhimasena and Arjuna and Krishna and the twins and Yudhishthira and Prishata's son. The world being enveloped in darkness, nothing could be seen. In consequence of the light that was amongst the Kaurava troops, the flight of the foe could

be ascertained. Those mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, Drona and Karna, O king, pursued the flying host, scattering numerous shafts. Seeing the Panchalas slaughtered and routed, Janardana becoming cheerless, said these words unto Phalguna, 'Dhrishtadyumna and Satyaki, accompanied by the Panchalas, had proceeded against those great bowmen, *viz.*, Drona and Karna, shooting many shafts. This large host of ours hath been broken and routed (by them) with showers of arrows. Though their flight is sought to be checked, they are still incapable of being rallied, O son of Kunti!—Beholding the host fly away, through fear, ye Pandava warriors, cast away your fears! Accompanied by all the forces and arraying them in good order, both of us, with uplifted weapons, are even now proceeding against Drona and the *Stua's* son for withstanding them.' Then Janardana beholding Vrikodara advancing, once more addressed Arjuna, the son of Pandu, as if for gladdening him, in these words, 'Yonder Bhima, who taketh delight in battle, surrounded by the Somakas and the Pandavas, is coming against those mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, Drona and Karna. Supported by him, as also by the many mighty car-warriors among the Pandavas, fight now, O son of Pandu, for assuring all your troops.'[1] Then those two tigers among men, *viz.*, the son of Pandu and he of Madhu's race, approaching Drona and Karna, took up their station at the head of battle.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Then that vast force of Yudhishthira once more returned to battle, proceeding to the place where Drona and Karna were grinding their foes in battle. At dead of night, a fierce enconuter took place, resembling that of two oceans swelling at moon-rise. Then the warriors of thy army, throwing away from their hands the blazing lamps held by them, fought with the Pandavas fearlessly and madly. On that terrible night when the world was enveloped with gloom and dust, the combatants fought with one another, guided only by the names they utterred. The names utterred by the kings contending in battle, were heard, O monarch, there, like what happens, O king, at a Swayamvara or self-choice. Suddenly, a silence overspread the field of battle, and lasted for a moment. Then, again, a loud uproar was heard made by the angry combatants, victors and vanquished. Thither where blazing lamps were seen, O bull of Kuru's race, thither rushed those heroes like insects (towards a blazing fire). And as the Pandavas, O king, and the Kauravas, contended with each other in battle, the darkness of night thickened around them.' "

[1]The second line of 30 is read differently in the Calcutta edition. In consequence also of some differences between two printed editions, 30 of the Calcutta text is 32 of the Bombay text.

SECTION CLXXIII

"Sanjaya said, 'Then Karna, that slayer of hostile heroes, beholding Prishata's son in battle, struck him on the chest with ten shafts capable of penetrating into the very vitals. Dhrishtadyumna quickly pierced Karna in return in that great battle, with five shafts, and addressing him, said, 'Wait! Wait!' Shrouding each other in that dreadful combat with showers of arrows, O king, they once more pierced each other with keen shafts, sped from bows drawn to their fullest stretch. Then Karna, in that battle, despatched to Yama's abode the driver and the four steeds of Dhrishtadyumna, that foremost warrior among the Panchalas. He then cut off his enemy's foremost bow with keen arrows, and felled, with a broad-headed shaft the latter's driver from his niche in the car. Then the valiant Dhrishtadyumna, deprived of car, steeds, and driver, quickly jumped down from his car and took up a mace. Though struck all the while with straight shafts by Karna, the Panchala prince, approaching Karna, slew the four steeds of the latter. Turning back with great speed, that slayer of hosts, *viz.*, the son of Prishata, quickly ascended the car of Dhananjaya. Mounting upon that car, the mighty car-warrior Dhrishtadyumna desired to proceed towards Karna. Dharma's son (Yudhishthira), however, bade him desist. Then Karna endued with great energy, mingling his leonine shouts with it twanged his bow loudly and blew his conch with great force. Beholding Prishata's son vanquished in battle, those mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, the Panchalas and the Somakas, excited with rage, and taking up all kinds of weapons, proceeded, making death itself their goal, towards Karna, from desire of slaughtering him. Meanwhile, Karna's driver had yoked other steeds unto his master's car, that were white as conchs, endued with great speed, of the Sindhu breed, and well-broken. Then Karna of sure aim, contending with vigour, afflicted those mighty car-warriors among the Panchalas with his shafts like a cloud pouring torrents of rain upon a mountain. The Panchala host, thus afflicted by Karna, fled away in fear, like a doe frightened by a lion. Horsemen were seen falling from their horses, and elephant-riders from their elephants, O monarch, and car-warriors from cars, all around. In that dreadful battle, Karna cut off with razor-faced arrows the arms of flying combatants and heads decked with ear-rings. And he cut off, O king, the thighs of others that were on elephants or on the back of steeds, or on the earth, O sire! Many mighty car-warriors, as they fled away, felt not their loss of limbs or the injury in their animals, in that battle. Slaughtered by terrible shafts, the Panchalas and the Srinjayas took the motion of even a straw for Karna (so great was their fright). Deprived of their senses, the warriors took their flying friends for Karna and fled away from these in fear. Karna pursued the broken and retreating host, O Bnarata, shooting his shafts on all sides. Indeed, in that battle, the retreating warriors, deprived of their senses, were slaughtered

with mighty weapons by that illustrious hero, Karna. Others, only looked at by Drona, fled away on all sides. Then king Yudhishthira, beholding his army flying away, and regarding retreat to be advisable, addressed Phalguna and said, 'Behold that mighty bowman, Karna stationed there like Rudra himself armed with his bow. Behold him scorching everything around like the blazing sun himself, at this fierce hour, this dead of night. These wails are being incessantly heard, O Partha, of thy helpless friends who are uttering them, mangled by the shafts of Karna. The manner in which Karna is aiming and letting off his shafts is such that no interval can be noticed between the two acts. He will, O Partha, annihilate all our friends. Do that now, Dhananjaya, about the slaughter of Karna, which, according to thy judgment, should next be done and the time for which may have come.' Thus addressed (by Yudhishthira), Partha said unto Krishna, 'The royal son of Dharma is frightened today by the prowess of Karna. When Karna's division is thus acting (towards us) repeatedly, do thou speedily adopt that course which should now be adopted. Our army is flying away, O slayer of Madhu, our troops, broken and mangled with Drona's shafts and frightened by Karna, are unable to make a stand. I see Karna careering fearlessly. Our foremost of car-warriors are flying away. Karna is scattering his keen shafts. I cannot, like a snake incapable of putting up with the tread of a human being upon its body, bear to see him thus careering at the head of battle, before my eyes, O tiger of Vrishni's race. Proceed, therefore, to that spot where the mighty car-warrior Karna is. I will either kill him, O slayer of Madhu, or let him slay me."[1]

"Vasudeva said, 'I behold Karna, O son of Kunti, that tiger among men, that warrior of superhuman prowess, careering in battle like the chief of the celestials himself. O Dhananjaya, there is none else capable of advancing against him in battle, save thee, O tiger among men, and the *Rakshasa* Ghatotkacha. I do not, however, O sinless one, regard the time to have come, O mighty-armed one, for thee to encounter the *Suta's* son in battle. The blazing dart, resembling a mighty meteor, given him by Vasava, is still with him, O thou of mighty arms, kept for thee with care, by the *Suta's* son. He keepeth that dart by him, and hath now assumed a terrible form. As regards Ghatotkacha, he is always devoted to you and desirous of your good. Let the mighty Ghatotkacha proceed against the son of Radha. Endued with the prowess of a celestial, he has been begotten by the mighty Bhima. With him are celestial weapons as also those used by *Rakshasa*. The latter soon came before him, clad in mail, and armed, O king, with sword, arrow, and bow. Saluting Krishna and also Dhananjaya, the son of Pandu, he proudly said, 'Here I am, command me.' Then he of Dasarha's race, addressed Hidimva's son, that *Rakshasa* of blazing mouth and fiery eyes and body of the hue of clouds, and said these words, 'Listen, O Ghatotkacha, attend to what

[1]In the Bengal texts this is a triplet.

I say. The time is come for the display of thy prowess, and not of anybody else. Be thou the raft in this battle to the sinking Pandavas. Thou hast diverse weapons, and many kinds of *Rakshasa* illusion. Behold, O son of Hidimva, the army of the Pandavas is being beaten by Karna on the field of battle, like a herd of kine by the herdsman. Yonder, the mighty bowman Karna, endued with great intelligence and steady prowess, is scorching the foremost of Kshatriyas among the divisions of the Pandava host. Afflicted by his fiery arrows, the Pandava warriors are incapable of standing in front of that firm bowman who is shooting showers of mighty shafts. Afflicted at dead of night by the *Suta's* son with his arrowy showers, the Panchalas are flying away like a herd of deer afflicted by a loin. Except thee, O thou of terrible prowess, there is none else that can withstand the *Suta's* son who is thus engaged in battle. Aided by thy energy and might, do thou, O mighty-armed one, accomplish that which is worthy of thy own self, of thy maternal race, and of thy sires. It is even for this, O son of Hidimva, that men desire children, *viz.*, for being rescued from difficulties. Do thou now rescue thy kinsmen. O Ghatotkacha, sires desire sons for achieving their own objects. Children, those sources of good, are expected to rescue their sires both here and hereafter. Illustrious thou art, and thy might in battle is terrible and unrivalled while contending in battle, there is none equal to thee. O scorcher of foes, be thou the means by which the Pandavas who are routed by Karna with his shafts this night, and who are now sinking in the Dhartarashtra ocean, may safely reach the shore. At night, *Rakshasas*, again, become endued with unlimited prowess, great might, and great courage. They become (at such an hour) warriors of great valour and incapable of defeat. Slay Karna in battle, at this dead of night, aided by thy illusions. The Parthas, with Dhrishtadyumna, will dispose of Drona.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Hearing those words of Kesava, Vibhatsu also, O Kauravya, said these words unto that chastiser of foes, *viz.*, the *Rakshasa* Ghatotkacha, 'O Ghatotkacha, thyself, the long-armed Satyaki, and Bhimasena, the son of Pandu, these three, in my judgement, are the foremost ones among all our warriors. Go and encounter Karna in single combat this night. The mighty car-warrior Satyaki will protect thy rear. Assisted by Satwata hero, slay brave Karna in battle, as Indra in days of old had slain (the *Asura*) Taraka, aided by (the celestial generalissimo) Skanda.'

"Ghatotkacha said, 'I am match for Karna, as also for Drona, O Bharata, or for any illustrious Kshatriya accomplished in weapons. This night I shall fight such a battle with the *Suta's* son as will form the subject of talk as long as the world lasts. Tonight, I will spare neither the brave nor the timid nor those that will, with joined hands, pray for quarter. Following the *Rakshasa* usage, I shall slay all.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Having said these words, that slayer of hostile heroes, *viz.*, the son of Hidimva, rushed against Karna in that dreadful fight frightening thy troops. The *Suta's* son, that tiger among men,

smilingly received that angry warrior of blazing mouth and blazing locks. The battle then that took place between Karna and that *Rakshasa*, both roaring against each other, O tiger among kings, resembled that between Indra and Prahlada (in days of yore).' "

SECTION CLXXIV

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding the mighty-armed Ghatotkacha, O king, proceeding towards the car of *Suta's* son, Karna for slaughtering him in battle, thy son Duryodhana addressing Duhsasana, said these words, 'The *Rakshasa*, seeing the prowess of Karna in battle, is speedily advancing against him. Resist that mighty car-warrior. Surrounded by a mighty force proceed to that spot where the mighty Karna, the son of Vikartana, is contending with the *Rakshasa* in battle. O giver of honours, surrounded by troops and exerting thyself vigorously, protect Karna in battle. Let not the terrible *Rakshasa* slay Karna in consequence of our carelessness. Meanwhile, O king, Jatasura's mighty son, that foremost of smiters, approaching Duryodhana, said unto him, 'O Duryodhana, commanded by thee, I desire to slay, with their followers, thy foes of celebrity, *viz.*, the Pandavas, those warriors incapable of being easily defeated in battle. My father was mighty Jatasura, that foremost of *Rakshasa*. Formerly, having performed some *Rakshasa* slaying incantations, the despicable sons of Pritha slew him. I desire to worship my dead sire by offering him the blood of his foes, and their flesh, O monarch! It behoveth thee to grant me permission.' The king, thus addressed, became exceedingly delighted and said unto him repeatedly, 'Aided by Drona and Karna and others, I am quite competent to vanquish my foes. Commanded, however, by me, O *Rakshasa*, go thou to battle and slay Ghatotkacha in the fight—that *Rakshasa* of fierce deeds, born of man, ever devoted to the welfare of the Pandavas, and always slaying our elephants and steeds and car-warriors in battle, himself all the while staying in the welkin, O, despatch him to Yama's abode.' Saying, 'so be it,' and summoning Ghatotkacha to the fight, Jatasura's son shrouded the son of Bhimasena with diverse kinds of weapons. The son of Hidimva, however, alone and unsupported began, to grind Alamvusha and Karna and the vast Kuru host, like the tempest crushing a mass of clouds. Seeing then the power of (Ghatotkacha's) illusion, the *Rakshasa* Alamvusha covered Ghatotkacha with showers of diverse kinds of arrows. Having pierced Bhimasena's son with many shafts, Alamvusha, without losing any time, began to afflict the Pandava host with his arrows. Thus afflicted by him, O Bharata, the Pandava troops, at dead of night, broke and fled away like clouds dispersed by a tempest. Similarly, thy host also, mangled with the shafts of Ghatot-

kacha, fled away at dead of night, O king, in thousands, throwing down their torches. Alamvusha then, excited with great wrath, struck Bhimasena's son in that dreadful battle with many shafts, like a driver striking an elephant. Then Ghatotkacha cut off into minute fragments the car, the driver, and all the weapons of his foe and laughed frightfully. Then, like the clouds pouring torrents of rain on the mountains of Meru, Ghatotkacha poured showers of arrows on Karna, Alamvusha and all the Kurus. Afflicted by the *Rakshasa*, the Kuru host became exceedingly agitated. The four kinds of forces, of which thy army consisted, began to press and crush one another. Then Jatasura's son, carless and driverless, wrathfully struck Ghatotkacha, in that battle, with his fists. Thus struck, Ghatotkacha trembled like a mountain with its trees and creepers and grass at the time of an earthquake. Then Bhimasena's son, mad with rage, raising his own foe-slaying arm that resembled a spiked mace, dealt a severe blow on Jatasura's son. Crushing him then in rage, Hidimva's son quickly threw him down, and seizing him with his two arms he began to press him with great force upon the earth. Then Jatasura's son freeing himself from Ghatotkacha, rose up and assailed Ghatotkacha with great impetuosity. Alamvusha also, dragging and throwing down the *Rakshasa* Ghatotkacha, in that battle, began to crush him in rage on the surface of the earth. The battle then that took place between those two roaring and gigantic warriors, *viz.*, Ghatotkacha and Alamvusha, became exceedingly fierce and made the hair stand on end. Endeavouring to prevail over each other by means of their powers of illusion, those two proud warriors, endued with great energy, fought with each other like Indra and Virochana's son. Becoming fire and ocean, and, once more, Garuda and Takshaka, and once again, a cloud and a tempest, and then thunder and a large mountain, and once again, an elephant and then Rahu and the sun, they thus displayed a hundred different kinds of illusion, solicitous of destroying each other. Indeed, Alamvusha and Ghatotkacha fought most wonderfully, striking each other with spiked clubs and maces and lances and mallets and axes and short clubs and mountain-cliffs. Riding on horseback or on elephants, on foot or on car, those foremost of *Rakshasas*, both endued with large powers of illusion, fought with each other in battle. Then Ghatotkacha, O king, desiring to slay Alamvusha, roared aloft in rage and then alighted with great quickness like a hawk. Seizing then that gigantic prince of *Rakshasas*, *viz.*, Alamvusha, who thus struggled with him, he pressed him down on the earth, like Vishnu slaying (the *Asura*) Maya in battle. Taking a scimitar of wonderful appearance, Ghatotkacha, of immeasurable prowess, then cut off from his trunk, O king, his fierce and mighty foe's terrible head that was still uttering awful roars. Seizing that blood-dyed head by the hair, Ghatotkacha quickly proceeded towards Duryodhana's car. Approaching (the Kuru king), the mighty-armed *Rakshasa*, smiling the while, threw upon Duryodhana's car that head with frightful face and hair. Uttering then a fierce roar, deep as that of the clouds in the season of rains, he addressed Duryodhana

O king, and said, 'This thy ally is now slain, he, that is, whose prowess thou hadst beheld! Thou shalt see the slaughter of Karna again, and then thy own. One that is observant of these three, *viz.*, morality, profit and pleasure, should never see with empty hands a king, a Brahmana, or a woman.[1] Live cheerfully till that time when I slay Karna.' Having said these words, he then, O king, proceeded towards Karna, shooting hundreds of keen arrows upon the head of Karna. The battle then that took place between that human warrior and that *Rakshasa*, was fierce and terrible, O king, and exceedingly wonderful.' "

SECTION CLXXV

"Dhritarashtra said, 'How, indeed, did that battle take place when at dead of night Vikartana's son, Karna, and the *Rakshasa* Ghatotkacha encountered each other? What aspect did that fierce *Rakshasa* then present? What kind of car did he ride, and what was the nature of his steeds and what of his weapons? What was the size of his steeds, of the standard of his car, and of his bow? What was the kind of armour he wore, and what head-gear had he on? Asked by me, describe all this, for thou art skilled in narration, O Sanjaya!'

"Sanjaya said, 'Of blood-red eyes, Ghatotkacha was of gigantic form. His face was of the hue of copper. His belly was low and sunken. The bristles on his body all pointed upwards. His head was green. His ears were like arrows. His cheek-bones were high. His mouth was large, extending from ear to ear. His teeth were keen, and four of these were high and pointed. His tongue and lips were very long and of a coppery hue. His brows were long-extending. His nose was thick. His body was blue, and neck red. Tall as a hill, he was terrible to behold. Of gigantic frame, gigantic arms, and gigantic head, he was endued with great might. Ugly and of hard limbs, the hair on his head was tied upwards in a frightful shape. His hips were large and his navel was deep. Of gigantic frame, the circumference of his body, however, was not great. The ornaments on his arms were proportionate. Possessed of great powers of illusion, he was decked also in *Angadas*. He wore a cuirass on his breast like a circle of fire on the breast of a mountain. On his head was a bright and beautiful diadem made of gold, with every part proportionate and beautiful, and looking like an arch. His ear-rings were bright as the morning sun, and his garlands were made of gold and exceedingly bright. He had on his body a gigantic armour of brass of great effulgence. His car was decked with a hundred tinkling bells, and on his standard waved

[1] It is for this that I see thee with this head as a tribute.

numerous blood-red banners. Of prodigious proportions, and of the measure of a *nalwa*, that car was covered with bear-skins. Equipped with all kinds of mighty weapons, it possessed a tall standard and was adorned with garlands, having eight wheels, and its clatter resembled the roar of the clouds. His steeds were like infuriated elephants, and possessed of red eyes; of terrible aspect, they were variegated in hue, and endued with great speed and might. Above all fatigue, and adorned with long manes and neighing repeatedly, they bore that hero to battle. A *Rakshasa* of terrible eyes, fiery mouth, and blazing ear-rings, acted as his driver, holding the reins, bright as the rays of the sun, of his steeds in battle. With that driver he came to battle like Surya with his driver Aruna. Looking like a high mountain encircled with a mighty cloud, a very tall standard, that touched the heavens, was set up on his car. A carnivorous and awful vulture of blood-red body perched on it. He came, forcibly drawing his bow whose twang resembled the thunder of Indra, and whose string was very hard, and which measured a dozen cubits in length and one cubit in breadth.[1] Filling all the points of the compass with shafts of the measure of the *Aksha* of a car, the *Rakshasa* rushed against Karna on that night that was so destructive of heroes. Staying proudly on his car, as he stretched his bow, the twang that was heard resembled that sound of the roaring thunder. Frightened by him, O Bharata, all thy troops trembled like the surging waves of the ocean. Beholding that frightful *Rakshasa* of horrible eyes advancing against him, Radha's son, as if smiling, withstood him speedily. And Karna proceeded against the smiling *Rakshasa*, smiting him in return from a near point, like an elephant against an elephant or the leader of a bovine herd against the leader of another herd. The collision that took place between them, *i.e.*, Karna and the *Rakshasa*, O king, became terrible and resembled that between Indra and Samvara. Each taking a formidable bow of loud twang, struck and covered the other with powerful shafts. With straight shafts sped from bows drawn to their fullest stretch, they mangled each other, piercing their coats of mail made of brass. With darts of the measure of *Akshas*, and shafts also they continued to mangle each other, like a couple of tigers or of mighty elephants with their teeth or tusks. Piercing each other's body, aiming shafts at each other, scorching each other with clouds of arrows, they became incapable of being gazed at. With limbs pierced and mangled with shafts, and bathed in streams of blood, they looked like two hills of chalk with rivulets running down their breasts. Those two mighty car-warriors, both struggling vigorously, both with limbs pierced with keen-pointed shafts, and each mangling the other, failed, however to make each other tremble. For a long time, that nocturnal combat between Karna and the *Rakshasas* in which both seemed to sport, making life itself the stake, continued equally. Aiming keen shafts and shooting them to the utmost measure of his might, the twang of Ghatotkacha's bow inspired both friends and foes

[1] An *arani* is a cubit measuring from the elbow to the end of the little figure.

with fear.[1] At that time, O king, Karna could not prevail over Ghatotkacha. Seeing this, that foremost of all persons acquainted with weapons, invoked into existence celestial weapons. Beholding a celestial weapon aimed at him by Karna, Ghatotkacha, that foremost of *Rakshasas* invoked into existence his *Rakshasa* illusion. He was seen surrounded by a large force of terrible-looking *Rakshasas*, armed with lances, large rocks and hills and clubs.[2] Beholding Ghatotkacha advancing with a mighty weapon uplifted (in his hands) like unto the Destroyer himself of all creatures armed with his fierce and fatal club, all the kings there were struck with fear. Terrified at the leonine roars uttered by Ghatotkacha, the elephants passed urine all the combatants trembled with fear. Then there fell on all sides a thick rain of rocks and stones poured incessantly by the *Rakshasas*, who had, in consequence of midnight, became inspired with greater strength.[3] Iron wheels and *Bhusundis*, and darts, and lances and spears and *Sataghnis* and axes also began to fall incessantly. Beholding that fierce and terrible battle, all the kings, as also thy sons and the combatants, fled away in fear. Only one amongst them, *viz.*, Karna, proud of the power of his weapons, and feeling a noble pride, trembled not. Indeed with his shafts he destroyed that illusion invoked into existence by Ghatotkacha. Beholding his illusion dispelled, Ghatotkacha, filled with rage began to shoot deady shafts from desire of slaying the *Suta's* son. Those shafts, bathed in blood, piercing through Karna's body in that dreadful battle, entered the earth like angry snakes. Then the valiant son of the *Suta*, filled with rage and possessed of great lightness of hands, prevailing over Ghatotkacha pierced the latter with ten shafts. Then Ghatotkacha, thus pierced by the *Suta's* son in his vital parts and feeling great pain, took up a celestial wheel having a thousand radii. The edge of that wheel was sharp as a razor. Possessed of the splendour of the morning sun, and decked with jewels and jems, Bhimasena's son hurled that wheel at the son of Adhiratha, desirous of making an end of the latter. That wheel, however, of great power and hurled also with great might, was cut off into pieces by Karna with his shafts, and fell down, baffled of its object, like the hopes and purposes of an unfortunate man. Filled with rage upon beholding his wheel baffled, Ghatotkacha covered Karna with showers of shafts, like Rahu covering the sun. The *Suta's* son, however, endued with the prowess of Rudra or of Indra's younger brother or of Indra, fearlessly shrouded Ghatotkacha's car in a moment with winged arrows. Then Ghatotkacha, whirling a gold-decked mace, hurled it at Karna. Karna, however, with his shafts, cutting it off, caused it to fall down. Then soaring into the sky and roaring deep like a mass of clouds, the gigantic *Rakshasa* poured from the welkin a perfect shower of trees. Then Karna pierced with his shafts Bhima's son in the sky,

[1]Both reading, *viz.*, *asaktam* and *asaktam* are correct. The former means engaged' the latter, 'to the measure of his might!'

[2]The second line of 85 is differently in the Bombay edition.

[3]*Rakshasas* at certain hours were believed to be inspired with greater strength.

that *Rakshasa* acquainted with illusions, like the sun piercing with his rays a mass of clouds. Slaying then all the steeds of Ghatotkacha, and cutting also his car into a hundred pieces, Karna began to pour upon him his arrows like a cloud pouring torrents of rain. On Ghatotkacha's body there was not even two finger's breadth of space that was not pierced with Karna's shafts. Soon the *Rakshasa* seemed to be like a porcupine with quills erect on his body. So completely was he shrouded with shafts that we could not in that battle, any longer see either the steeds or the car or the standard of Ghatotkacha or Ghatotkacha himself. Destroying then by his own weapon, the celestial weapon of Karna, Ghatotkacha, endued with the power of illusion, began to fight with the *Suta's* son, aided by his powers of illusion. Indeed, he began to fight with Karna, aided by his illusion and displaying the greatest activity. Showers of shafts fell from an invisible source from the welkin. Then Bhimasena's son, endued with great prowess of illusion, O foremost of the Kurus, assumed a fierce from, aided by those powers, began to stupefy the Kauravas, O Bharata! The valiant *Rakshasa*, assuming many fierce and grim heads, began to devour the celestial weapons of the *Suta's* son. Soon again, the gigantic *Rakshasa*, with a hundred wounds on his body seemed to lie cheerlessly, as if dead, on the field. The Kaurava bulls then, regarding Ghatotkacha deed, uttered loud shouts (of joy). Soon, however, he was seen on all sides, careering in new forms. Once more, he was seen to assume a prodigious form, with a hundred heads and a hundred stomachs, and looking like the Mainaka mountain.[1] Once again, becoming small about the measure of the thumb, he moved about transversely or soared aloft like the swelling surges of the sea. Tearing through the earth and rising on the surface, he dived again into the waters. Once seen here, he was next seen at a different place. Descending then from the welkin, he was seen standing, clad in mail, on a car decked with gold, having wandered through earth and sky and all the points of the compass, aided by his powers of illusion. Approaching then the vicinity of Karna's car, Ghatotkacha, with his ear-rings waving, fearlessly addressed the *Suta's* son, O monarch, and said, 'Wait a little, O *Suta's* son. Whither shalt thou go with life, avoiding me. I shall today, on the field of battle, quell thy desire of fight.' Having said those words, that *Rakshasas*, of cruel prowess and eyes red like copper in wrath, soared aloft into the sky and laughed aloud. Like a lion smiting a prince of elephants, he began to strike Karna, pouring upon him a shower of shafts, each of the measure the *Aksha*, of a car. Indeed, he poured that arrowy shower upon Karna, that bull among car-warriors, like a cloud pouring torrrents of rain on a mountain, Karna destroyed that shower of arrows from a distance. Beholding his illusion destroyed by Karna, O bull of Bharata's race, Ghatotkacha once more created an illusion and made himself invisible. He became a high mountain with many summits and abounding with tall

[1]Mainaka the son of Himavat, has a hundred heads

trees. And from that mountain incessantly issued streams of lances and spears and swords and clubs. Seeing that mountain, which resembled a mighty mass of antimony, with its streams of fierce weapons, on the welkin, Karna was not at all agitated. Smiling the while, Karna invoked into existence a celestial weapon. Cut off with that weapon, that huge mountain was destroyed. Then he fierce Ghatotkacha, becoming a blue cloud with a rainbow, in the welkin, began to pour upon the *Suta's* son a shower of stones. Vikartana's son, Karna, who was called also Vrisha, that foremost of all persons acquainted with weapons, aiming a *Vayavya* weapon, destroyed that dart-cloud. Then covering all the points of the compass with innumerable shafts, he destroyed a weapon that had been aimed at him by Ghatotkacha. The mighty son of Bhimasena then laughing loudly in that battle, once more invoked into existence an all-powerful illusion against the mighty car-warrior Karna. Once more beholding that foremost of warriors, *viz.*, Ghatotkacha, fearlessly approaching him, surrounded by a large number of *Rakshasas* that resembled lions and tigers and infuriated elephants in prowess, some riding on elephants, some on cars, and some on horseback, all armed with diverse weapons and clad in diverse kinds of mail and diverse kinds of ornaments; in fact, beholding Ghatotkacha surrounded by those fierce Rakshasas like Vasava by the Maruts, the mighty bowman Karna began to battle with him fiercely. Then Ghatotkacha piercing Karna with five shafts, uttered a terrible roar frightening all the kings. Once more shooting an *Anjalika* weapon, Ghatotkacha quickly cut off the bow of Karna's hand along with the arrowy shower the latter had shot. Karna then taking out another bow that was strong and capable of bearing a great strain and that was as large as Indra's bow, drew it with great force. Then Karna shot some foe-slaying shafts of golden wings at those sky-ranging Rakshasas. Afflicted with those shafts, the large foes of broad chested Rakshasas looked agitated like a herd of wild elephants afflicted by a lion. Destroying with his shafts those Rakshasas along with their steeds and diverse elephants, the puissant Karna looked like the divine Agni consuming all creatures at the time of the universal dissolution. Having destroyed that Rakshasa host, the *Suta's* son looked resplendent like the god Maheswara in heaven after having consumed the triple city (of the *Asuras*). Among those thousands of kings on the Pandava side, O sire, there was not a single one, O monarch, that could even look at Karna then, save the mighty Ghatotkacha, that prince of Rakshasas, who was endued with terrible energy and strength, and who, inflamed with rage, then looked like Yama himself. From his eyes, as he was excited with wrath, flames of fire seemed to emit, like blazing drops of oil from a couple of burning brands. Striking his palm against palm and biting his nether lip, the Rakshasa was once more seen on a car that had been created by his illusion, and unto which were yoked a number of asses, looking like elephants and having the faces of *Pisachas*. Excited with wrath, he addressed his driver, saying, 'Bear me towards the *Suta's*

Then that foremost of car-warriors proceeded on that terrible-looking car of his, for once more fighting a single combat with the *Suta's* son, O king! The *Rakshasa*, excited with rage, hurled at the *Suta's* son an *Asani* of Rudra's workmanship, terrible and furnished with eight wheels. Karna, placing his bow on his car, jumped down on the earth and seizing that *Asani* hurled it back at Ghatotkacha. The latter, however, had quickly descended from his car (before the weapon could reach it). The *Asani*, meanwhile, of great effulgence, having reduced the Raksha's car to ashes, with it steeds, driver, and standard, piercing through the earth, disappeared within its bowels, at which the gods were filled with wonder. Then all creatures applauded Karna, who, having jumped down from his car, had seized that *Asani*. Having achieved that feat, Karna once more ascended his car. The *Suta's* son, that scorcher of foes, then began to shoot his shafts. Indeed, O giver of honours, there is none else amongst all living creatures who can accomplish what Karna accomplished in that frightful battle. Struck by Karna with shafts like a mountain with torrents of rain, Ghatotkacha once more disappeared from the field of battle like the melting forms of vapour in the sky. Contending in this way, the gigantic Rakshasa, that slayer of foes, destroyed the celestial weapons of Karna by means of his activity as also his power of illusion. Seeing his weapons destroyed by the Rakshasa, aided by his powers of illusion, Karna, without being inspired with fear, continued to fight with the cannibal. Then, O monarch, the mighty son of Bhimasena excited with wrath, divided his own self into many parts, frightening all the mighty car-warriors (of the Kuru army). Then there came on the field of battle lions, and tigers, and hyenas, and snakes with fiery tongues, and birds with iron beaks. As regards Ghatotkacha himself, struck with the keen arrows that were sped from Karna's bow, that huge Rakshasa, looking like (Himavat) the prince of mountains, disappeared then and there. Then many Rakshasas and *Pisachas* and *Yatudhanas*, and large numbers of wolves and leopards, of frightful faces rushed towards Karna for devouring him. These approached the *Suta's* son, uttering fierce howls for frightening him. Karna pierced every one of those monsters with many swift-winged and terrible shafts that drank their blood. At last, using a celestial weapon, he destroyed that illusion of the Rakshasa. He then, with some straight and fierce shafts, struck the steeds of Ghatotkacha. These, with broken and maimed limbs, and their backs cut by those shafts, fell down on the earth, in the very sight of Ghatotkacha. The son of Hidimva, seeing his illusion dispelled, once more made himself invisible, saying unto Karna, the son of Vikartana, 'I will presently compass thy destruction.' "

SECTION CLXXVI

"Sanjaya said, 'During the progress of that battle between Karna and the Rakshasa, the valiant Alayudha, that prince of Rakshasa, appeared (on the field). Accompanied by a large force, he approached Duryodhana. Indeed, surrounded by many thousands of frightful Rakshasas of diverse forms and endued with great heroism, he appeared (on the field) recollecting his old quarrel (with the Pandavas). His kinsmen, that valiant Vaka, who ate Brahmanas, as also Kirmira of great energy, and his friend Hidimva, had been slain (by Bhima). He had waited for a long time, brooding over his old quarrel. Learning now that a nocturnal battle was raging, he came, impelled by the desire of slaying Bhima in fight, like an infuriated elephant or an angry snake. Desirous of battle, he addressed Duryodhana and said, 'It is known to thee, how my kinsmen, the Rakshasa Vaka and Kirmira and Hidimva have been slain by Bhima. What shall I say more, the virgin Hidimva was formerly deflowered by him, disregarding us and the other Rakshasas. I am here, O king, to slay that Bhima with all his followers, steeds, cars, and elephants, as also that son of Hidimva with friends. Slaying today all the sons of Kunti, Vasudeva and others that walk before them, I will devour them with all their followers. Command all thy troops to desist from battle. We will fight with the Pandavas.'

"Hearing these words of his, Duryodhana became very glad. Surrounded by his brothers, the king, accepting the words of the Rakshasa, said, 'Placing thee with thine in the van, we will fight the foe. My troops will not stand as indifferent spectators since their enmity has not cooled.' That bull amongst Rakshasa, saying, 'Let it be so,' unto the king, speedily proceeded against Bhima, accompanied by his cannibal force. Endued with a blazing form, Alayudha rode a car bright like the sun. Indeed, O monarch, that car of his was similar to Ghatotkacha's car. The rattle also of Alayudha's car was as deep as that of Ghatotkacha's, and it was decked with many arches. That large car was covered with bear-skins, and its measure was a *nalwa*. His steeds, like those of Ghatotkacha, were endued with great speed, resembled elephants in shape, and had the voice of asses. Subsisting on flesh and blood and gigantic in size, a hundred of them were yoked unto his vehicle. Indeed, the rattle of his car, like that of his rival, was loud and strong, and its string was as hard. His shafts also, winged with gold and whetted on stone, were as large as Ghatotkacha's, being of the measure of *Akshas*. The heroic Alayudha was as mighty-armed as Ghatotkacha, and the standard of his car, endued with the splendour of the sun or fire, was, like Ghatotkacha's, pierced upon by vultures and ravens. In form, he was more handsome than Ghatotkacha, and his face, agitated (with warth) looked blazing. With blazing *Angadas* and blazing diadem and garlands, decked with floral wreaths and headgear and sword armed with mace and *Bhushundis* and short clubs and ploughs and bows and arrows, and with skin black and hard as that of the elephant,

riding on that car prossessed of the splendour of fire, he looked, while employed in afflicting and routing the Pandava host, like a roving cloud in the welkin, decked with flashes of lighting. (As Alayudha came to battle), the principal kings of the Pandava army endued with great might, and armed with (sword and) shield, and clad in mail, engaged in fight, O king, with joyous hearts.' "

SECTION CLXXVII

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding Alayudha of terrible deeds come to battle, all the Kauravas became filled with delight. Similarly, thy sons having Duryodhana for their head, (were filled with delight) like raftless men desirous of crossing the ocean when they meet with a raft. Indeed, the kings in the Kuru army then regarded themselves as persons reborn after death.[1] They all offered a respectful welcome to Alayudha, During the progress of that terrible and superhuman battle between Karna and the Rakshasa at night,—a battle which though fierce was yet delightful to behold,—the Panchalas, with all the other Kshatriyas, smilingly looked on as spectators. Meanwhile, thy soldiers, O king, though protected (by their leaders) all over the field and Drona and Drona's son and Kripa and others, uttered loud wails, saying, 'All is lost!' Indeed, beholding those feats of Hidimva's son on the field of battle, all thy warriors were agitated with fear, and uttering cries of woe became almost deprived of their senses. Thy troops, O king, became hopeless of Karna's life. Then Duryodhana, beholding Karna fallen into great distress, summoned Alayudha and said unto him, 'Yonder Vikartana's son, Karna, is engaged with the son of Hidimva, and is accomplishing such feats in battle as are worthy of his might and prowess. Behold those brave kings slain by the son of Bhimasena, struck with diverse kinds of weapons (and lying on the field) like trees broken by an elephant. Amongst all my royal warriors, let this be thy share in battle, allotted by me, with thy permission, O hero, displaying thy prowess, slay thou this Rakshasa. O crusher of foes, see that this wretch *viz.*, Ghatotkacha, may not, relying on his powers of illusion, slay Karna, the son of Vikarana, before thou finishest him.' Thus addressed by the king, that Rakshasa of fierce prowess and mighty arms, saying, 'So be it,' rushed against Ghatotkacha. Then Bhimasena's son, O lord, abandoning Karna, began to grind his advancing foe with arrows. The battle that took place then between those angry Rakshasa princes, resembled that between two infuriated elephants in the forest, fighting for the sake of the same she-elephant in her season. Freed then from the Rakshasa, Karna,

[1] *i.e.*, they thought they obtained a new lease of life.

that foremost of car-warriors, rushed against Bhimasena, riding on his car of solar effulgence. Beholding Ghatotkacha engaged with Alayudha in battle and afflicted like the leader of a bovine herd when engaged with a lion, Bhima, that foremost of smiters, disregarding the advancing Karna, rushed towards Alayudha, riding on his car of solar effulgence and scattering clouds of shafts. Seeing Bhima advance, Alayudha, O lord, abandoning Ghatotkacha, proceeded against Bhima himself. Then Bhima, that exterminator of Rakshasas, impetuously rushed towards him, O lord, and covered that prince of the Rakshasas with shafts. Similarly, Alayudha, that chastiser of foes, repeatedly covered the son of Kunti with straight shafts whetted on stone. All the other Rakshasas also, of terrible forms and armed with diverse weapons solicitous for the victory of thy sons, rushed against Bhimasena. The mighty Bhimasena, thus assailed by them, pierced each of them with five whetted shafts. Then those Rakshasas of wicked understanding, thus received by Bhimasena, uttered loud wails and fled away on all sides. The mighty Rakshasa, beholding his followers frightened by Bhima, rushed impetuously against Bhima and covered him with shafts. Then Bhimasena, in that battle, weakened his foe by means of many keen-pointed arrows. Amongst those arrows sped at him by Bhima, Alayudha speedily cut off some and seized others in that battle. Then Bhima of terrible prowess, looking steadily at that prince of the Rakshasas, hurled at him with great force a mace endued with the impetuosity of thunder. That mace, coursed towards him like a flame of fire, and the cannibal struck it with a mace of his own, where-upon the latter (baffling the former) proceeded towards Bhima. Then, the son of Kunti covered that prince of Rakshasas, with showers of shafts. The Rakshasa, with his own keen shafts, baffled all those shafts of Bhima. Then all those Rakshasa warriors, of terrible forms, rallying and returning to battle, at the command of their leader, began to slay the elephants (of Bhima's force). The Panchalas and the Srinjayas, the steeds and huge elephants (of Bhima's army), exceedingly afflicted by the Rakshasas, became much agitated. Beholding that terrible battle (fought between Bhima and the Rakshasa), Vasudeva, that foremost of men addressing Dhananjaya, said these words, 'Behold, the mighty-armed Bhima is succumbing to that prince of Rakshasas. Quickly proceed in Bhima's wake, without thinking of anything else, O son of Pandu. Meanwhile, let Dhrishtadyumna and Sikhandin, and Yudhamanyu and Uttamaujas, these mighty car-warriors, uniting with the son of Draupadi, proceed against Karna. Let Nakula and Sahadeva and the valiant Yuyudhana, O son of Pandu, at thy command, slay the other Rakshasas! As regards thyself, O mighty armed one, do thou resist this division having Drona at its head. O thou of mighty arms, great is the danger that threatens us now.' After Krishna had said so, those foremost of car-warriors, as cammanded, proceeded against Karna, the son of Vikartana, and against the other Rakshasas (fighting for the Kurus). Then with some shafts resembling snakes of virulent poison and sped from his bow drawn to its fullest stretch, the valiant prince of the Rakshasas

cut off Bhima's bow. The mighty cannibal next, in the very sight of Bhima, O Bharata, slew the latter's steeds and driver with some whetted shafts. Steedless and driverless, Bhima, descending from the terrace of his car, uttered a loud roar and hurled a heavy mace at his foe.' That heavy mace, as it coursed impetuously towards him with a terrible sound, the mighty cannibal baffled with a mace of his own. The latter then uttered a loud roar. Beholding that mighty and terrible feat of that prince of Rakshasas, Bhimasena filled with joy, seized another fierce mace. The battle then that took place between that human warrior and that Rakshasa, became dreadful. With the clash of their descending maces, the earth trembled violently. Casting aside their maces, they once more encountered each other. They struck each other with their clenched fists, falling with the sound of thunder. Excited with rage, they encountered each other with car-wheels, and yokes, and *Akshas* and *Adhishthanas*, and *Upaskaras*, in fact, with anything that came in their way. Encountering each other thus and both covered with blood, they looked like a couple of infuriated elephants of gigantic size. Then, Hrishikesa, ever devoted to the good of the Pandavas, beholding that combat, despatched Hidimva's son for protecting Bhimasena.' "

SECTION CLXXVIII

"Sanjaya said, 'Seeing Bhima in that battle assailed by the cannibal, Vasudeva, approaching Ghatotkacha, said unto him these words, 'Behold, O mighty-armed one, Bhima is violently assailed by the Rakshasa in battle, in the very sight of all the troops and of thyself, O thou of great splendour! Abandoning Karna for the present, quickly slay Alayudha, O mighty armed one! Thou can afterwards slay Karna.' Hearing these words of him of Vrishni's race, the valiant Ghatotkacha, abandoning Karna, encountered Alayudha, that prince of cannibals and brother of Vaka. The battle then that took place at night between those two cannibals, *viz.*, Alayudha and the son of Hidimva became fierce and dreadful, O Bharata. Meanwhile, the mighty car-warrior Yuyudhana, and Nakula, and Sahadeva, pierced with keen shafts the warriors of Alayudha, those terrible-looking and heroic Rakshasas, armed with bows. The diadem-decked Vibhatsu, O king, in that battle, shooting his arrows on all sides, began to overthrow many foremost of Kshatriyas. Meanwhile, Karna, O king, in that battle agitated many kings and many mighty car-warriors amongst the Panchalas headed by Dhrishtadyumna and Sikhandin and others. Beholding them slaughtered (by Karna), Bhima, of terrible prowess, rushed speedily towards Karna, shooting his shafts in that battle. Then those warriors also, *viz.*, Nakula and Sahadeva and the mighty car-

warrior, Satyaki, having slain the Rakshasas, proceeded to that place where the *Suta's* son was. All of them, then, began to fight with Karna, while the Panchalas encountered Drona. Then Alayudha, excited with rage, struck Ghatotkacha, that chastiser of foes, on the head, with a gigantic *Parigha*. With the stroke of that *Parigha*, the mighty son of Bhimasena, endued with great prowess, seemed to be in a state of partial swoon and sat down motionless. Recovering consciousness, the latter, then, in that encounter, hurled at his foe a gold-decked mace adorned with a hundred bells and looking like a blazing fire. Hurled forcibly by that achiever of fierce feats, that mace crushed into pieces the steeds, the driver, and the loud-rattling car of Alayudha. Having recourse to illusion, the latter, then, jumped down from that car of his, whose steeds and wheels and *Akshas* and standard and *Kuvara* had all been crushed into pieces. Relying on his illusion, he poured a copious shower of blood. The sky then seemed to be overspread with a mass of black clouds adorned with flashes of lightning. A thunder-storm was then heard, accompanied with loud reports and loud roars of clouds. Loud sounds also of *chat*, *chat*, were heard in that dreadful battle. Beholding that illusion created by the Rakshasa Alayudha, the Rakshasa Ghatotkacha, soaring aloft, destroyed it by means of his own illusion. Alayudha, beholding his own illusion destroyed by that of his foe, began to pour a heavy shower of stones on Ghatotkacha. That terrible shower of stones, the valiant Ghatotkacha dispelled by means of a shower of arrows. They then rained on each other diverse weapons, such as iron *Parighas* and spears and maces and short clubs and mallets, and *Pinakas* and swords and lances and long spears and *Kampanas*, and keen shafts, both long and broad-headed, and arrows and discs and battle-axes, and *Ayogudas* and short-arrows, and weapons with heads like those of kine, and *Ulukhalas*. And they struck each other, tearing up many kinds of large-branched trees such as *Sami* and *Pilu* and *Karira* and *Champaka*, O Bharata, and *Inguidi* and *Vadari* and flowering *Kovidara* and *Arimeda* and *Plaksha* and banian and peepul, and also with diverse mountain-summits and diverse kinds of metals. The clash of those trees and mountain-summits became very loud like the roar of driving thunder. Indeed, the battle that took place between Bhima's son and Alayudha, was, O king, dreadful in the extreme, like that in days of old, O monarch, between Vali and Sugriva, those two princes among the monkeys. They struck each other with shafts and diverse other kinds of fierce weapons, as also with sharp scimitars. Then the mighty Rakshasas, rushing against each other, seized each other by the hair. And, O king, those two gigantic warriors, with many wounds on their bodies and blood and sweat trickling down, looked like two mighty masses of clouds pouring rain. Then rushing with speed and whirling the Rakshasas on high and dashing him down, Hidimva's son cut off his large head. Then taking that head decked with a pair of ear-rings, the mighty Ghatotkacha uttered a loud roar. Beholding the gigantic brother of Vaka, that chastiser of foes, thus slain, the Panchalas and the Pandavas began to

utter leonine shouts. Then, upon the fall of the Rakshasa, the Pandavas beat and blew thousands of drums and ten thousands of conchs. That night then clearly indicated the victory of the Pandavas. Illumined with torches all around, and resounding with the noise of musical instruments, the night looked exceedingly resplendent. Then the mighty son of Bhimasena threw down the head of the slain Alayudha before Duryodhana. Duryodhana, beholding the heroic Alayudha slain, became, O Bharata, filled with anxiety, for all his troops. Alayudha, having come to Duryodhana of his own accord remembering his former quarrel, had said unto him that he would slay Bhima in battle. The Kuru king had regarded Bhima's slaughter to be certain, and had believed that his brothers would all be long-lived. Beholding that Alayudha slain by Bhimasena's son, the king regarded Bhima's vow (about the slaughter of himself and his brothers) already fulfilled.' "

SECTION CLXXIX

"Sanjaya said, 'Having slain Alayudha, the *Rakshasa* Ghatotkacha became filled with delight. Standing at the head of the army he began to utter diverse kinds of shouts. Hearing those loud roars of his that made elephants tremble, a great fear, O monarch, entered into the hearts of thy warriors. Beholding the mighty son of Bhimasena engaged with Alayudha, the mighty-armed Karna rushed against the Panchalas. He pierced Dhrishtadyumna and Sikhandin, each with ten strong and straight shafts sped from his bow drawn to its fullest stretch. With a number of other powerful shafts, the *Suta's* son then caused Yudhamanyu and Uttamaujas, and the great car-warrior Satyaki to tremble. The bows of those warriors also, O king, while they were engaged in striking Karna from all sides, were seen to be drawn into circles. On that night, the twang of their bow-strings and the rattle of their car-wheels (mingling together), became loud and deep as the roar of the clouds at the close of summer. The nocturnal battle, O monarch, resembled a gathering mass of clouds. The twang of bow-string and the rattle of car-wheels constituted its roar. The bows (of warriors) constituted its lightning flashes; and showers of shafts formed its downpour of rain. Standing immovable like a hill and possessed of the strength of a prince of mountains, that grinder of foes, *viz.*, Vikartana's son, Karna, O king, destroyed that wonderful shower of arrows shot at him. Devoted to the good of thy sons, the high-souled Vaikartana, in the battle, began to strike his foes with lances endued with the force of thunder, and with whetted shafts, equipped with beautiful wings of gold. Soon the standard of some were broken and cut down by Karna, and the bodies of others pierced and mangled by

him with keen arrows; and soon some were deprived of drivers, and some of their steeds. Exceedingly afflicted by the *Suta's* son in that battle, many of them entered the force of Yudhishthira. Beholding them broken and compelled to retreat, Ghatotkacha became mad with rage. Mounted on that excellent car of his that was decked with gold and jewels, he uttered a leonine roar and approaching Vikartana's son, Karna, pierced him with shafts endued with the force of thunder. Both of them began to cover the welkin with barbed arrows, and cloth-yard shafts, and frog-faced arrows, and *Nalikas* and *Dandas* and *Asanis* and arrows bearing heads like the calf's tooth or the boar's ear, and broad-headed shafts, and shafts pointed like horns, and others bearing heads like razors. The welkin, covered with that arrowy shower, looked, in consequence of those gold-winged shafts of blazing splendour coursing horizontally through it, as if hung with garland of beautiful flowers. Each endued with prowess equal to that of the other, they struck each other equally with powerful weapons. None could, in that battle, find any mark of superiority in either of those excellent heroes. Indeed, that battle between the son of Surya and Bhima's son, characterised by a thick and heavy shower of weapons, looked exceedingly beautiful and presented almost an unrivalled sight like the fierce encounter between Rahu and Surya in the welkin.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'When Ghatotkacha, O king, that foremost of all persons conversant with weapons, found that he could not prevail over Karna, he invoked into existence a fierce and mighty weapon. With that weapon, the *Rakshasa* first slew the steeds of Karna and then the latter's driver. Having achieved that feat, Hidimva's son quickly made himself invisible.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'When the *Rakshasa* fighting by deceitful means thus disappeared, tell me, O Sanjaya, what the warriors of my army thought.'

"Sanjaya said, 'Seeing the *Rakshasa* disappear, all the Kauravas loudly said, 'Appearing next, the Rakshasa, fighting deceitfully, will certainly slay Karna.' Then Karna, endued with wonderful lightness in the use of weapons, covered all sides with showers of shafts. The welkin being covered with the darkness caused by that thick arrowy shower, all creatures became invincible. So great was the lightness of hand displayed by the *Suta's* son, that none could mark when he touched his quivers with his fingers, when he fixed his arrows on the bowstring, and when he aimed and sped them off. The entire welkin seemed to be shrouded with his arrows. Then a fierce and terrible illusion was invoked into existence by the Rakshas in the welkin. We beheld in the sky what appeared to us to be a mass of red clouds resembling the fierce flame of a blazing fire. From that cloud issued flashes of lightning, and many blazing brands, O Kuru king! And tremendous roars also issued therefrom, like the noise of thousands of drums beat at once. And from it fell many shafts winged with gold, and darts, lances and heavy clubs, and other similar weapons, and battle-axes, and scimitars washed with oil, and axes of blazing edges,

and spears, and spiked maces emitting shining rays, and beautiful maces of iron, and long darts of keen points, and heavy maces decked with gold and twined round with strings, and Sataghnis, all around. And large rocks fell from it, and thousands of thunderbolts with loud report, and many hundreds of wheels and razors of the splendour of fire. Karna shooting showers of shafts, failed to destroy that thick and blazing downpour of darts and lances and clubs. Loud became the uproar then of falling steeds slain by those shafts, and mighty elephants struck with thunder, and great car-warriors deprived of life by other weapons. Afflicted by Ghatotkacha with that terrible shower of arrows all around, that host of Duryodhana was seen to wander in great pain over the field. With cries of *Oh* and *Alas*, and exceedingly cheerless, that wandering host seemed on the point of being annihilated. The leaders, however, in consequence of the nobility of their hearts, fled not away with faces turned from the field. Beholding that exceedingly frightful and awful shower of mighty weapons, caused by the *Rakshasa's* illusion, falling upon the field, and seeing their vast army incessantly slaughtered, the sons became inspired with great fear. Hundreds of jackals with tongues blazing like fire and terrible yells, began to cry. And, O king, the (Kaurava) warriors beholding the yelling Rakshasas, became exceedingly distressed. Those terrible Rakshasas with fiery tongues and blazing mouths and sharp teeth, and with forms huge as hills, stationed in the welkin, with darts in grasp looked like clouds pouring torrents of rain. Struck and crushed with those fierce shafts and darts and lances and maces and spiked clubs of blazing splendour; and thunder-bolts and *Pinakas* and *Asanis* and disci and *Sataghnis*, the (Kaurava) troops began to fall down. The Rakshasas began to pour upon the warriors of thy son long darts, and treacle and *Sataghnis*, and *Sthunas* made of black iron and twined with strings of jute. Then all the combatants became stunned. Brave warriors, with weapons broken or lossened from their grasp, or deprived of heads, or with fractured limbs began to fall down on the field. And in consequence of the falling rocks, steeds and elephants and cars began to be crushed. Those *Yatudhanas* of terrible forms created by Ghatotkacha with the aid of his powers of illusion pouring that thick shower of mighty weapons spared neither those that were terrified nor those that begged for quarter. During that cruel carnage of Kuru heroes, brought on by Death himself, during that extermination of Kshatriyas the Kaurava warriors suddenly broke and fled with speed, crying aloud, 'Fly, ye Kauravas! All is lost! The gods Indra at their head are slaying us for the sake of the Pandavas!' At that time there was none that could rescue the sinking Bharata troops. During that fierce uproar and rout and extermination of the Kauravas, the camps losing their distinctive features, the parties could not be distinguished from each other. Indeed, during that terrible rout in which the soldiers showed no regard for one another, every side of the field, when looked at, seemed to be empty. Only Karna, O king, could be seen there, drowned in that shower of weapons. Then Karna covered the welkin

with his shafts, contending with that celestial illusion of the Rakshasa. The *Suta's* son, endued with modesty and achieving the most difficult and noble feats, did not lose his senses in that battle. Then, O king, all the Saindhavas and Valhikas affrightedly looked at Karna who kept his senses in that fight. And they all worshipped him, while they looked at the triumph of the Rakshasa. Then a *Sataghni* equipped with wheels, hurled by Ghatotkacha, slew the four steeds of Karna simultaneously. These dropped down on the ground, on their knees, deprived of life, teeth, eyes, and tongues. Then jumping down from his steedless car and seeing the Kauravas flying away, and beholding his own celestial weapon baffled by the Rakshasa illusion, Karna, without losing his senses, turned his mind inwards and began to reflect on what he should next do. At that time all the Kauravas, beholding Karna and that terrible illusion (of the Rakshasa) cried out saying, 'O Karna, slay the Rakshasa soon with thy dart. These Kauravas and the Dhartarashtras are on the point of being annihilated. What will Bhima and Arjuna do to us? Slay this wretched Rakshasa at dead of night, who is consuming us all. They that will escape from this dreadful encounter to-day will fight with the Parthas in battle. Therefore, slay this terrible Rakshas now with that dart given thee by Vasava. O Karna, let not these great warriors, the Kauravas, these princes that resemble Indra himself, be all destroyed in this nocturnal battle.' Then Karna, seeing the Rakshasa alive at dead of night, and the Kuru army struck with fear, and hearing also the loud wails of the latter set his heart upon hurling his dart. Inflamed with rage like a wrathful lion and unable to brook the assaults of the Rakshasa, Karna took up that foremost of victory-giving and invincible darts, desirous of compassing the destruction of Ghatotkacha. Indeed, that dart, O king, which he had kept and adored for years for (achieving) the slaughter of Pandu's son in battle, that foremost of darts which Sakra himself had given to the *Suta's* son in exchange for the latter's ear-rings, that blazing and terrible missible twined with strings and which seemed to thirst for blood, that fierce weapon which looked like the very tongue of the Destroyer or the sister of Death himself, that terrible and effulgent dart, Naikartana, was now hurled at the Rakshasa. Beholding that excellent and blazing weapon capable of piercing the body of every foe, in the hands of the *Suta's* son, the Rakshasa began to fly away in fear assuming a body gigantic as the foot of the Vindhya mountains. Indeed, seeing that dart in Karna's hand, all creatures in the sky, O king, uttered loud cries. Fierce winds began to blow, and thunders with loud report began to fall on the earth. Destroying that blazing illusion of Ghatotkacha and piercing right through his breast that resplendent dart soared aloft in the night and entered a starry constellation in the firmament. Having fought, using diverse beautiful weapons, with many heroic Rakshasa and human warriors, Ghatotkacha, then uttering diverse terrible roars, fell, deprived of life with that dart of Sakra. This also is another exceedingly wonderful feat that the Rakshasa accomplished for the

destruction of his foes, that at a time when his heart was pierced by that dart, he shone resplendent, O king, like a mighty mountain or a mass of clouds. Indeed, having assumed that terrible and awful form, Bhimasena's son of frightful deeds fell down. When dying, O king, he fell upon a portion of thy army and pressed those troops down by the weight of his own body. Quickly falling down, the Rakshasa with his gigantic and still increasing body, desirous of benefiting the Pandavas, slew a full *Akshauhini* of thy troops while he himself breathed his last. Then a loud uproar arose there made up of leonine shouts and blare of conchs and the beat of drums and cymbals. The Kauravas indeed, beholding the illusion of the Rakshasa destroyed and the Rakshasa himself slain uttered loud shouts of joy. Then Karna, worshipped by the Kurus as Sakra had been by the Maruts upon the slaughter of Vritra, ascended behind the car of thy son, and becoming the observed of all, entered the Kuru host.' "

SECTION CLXXX

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding Hidimva's son slain and lying like a riven mountain, all the Pandavas became filled with grief and began to shed copious tears. Only Vasudeva filled with transports of delight, began to utter leonine shouts, grieving the Pandavas. Indeed, uttering loud shouts he embraced Arjuna. Tying the steeds and uttering loud roars, he began to dance in a transport of joy, like a tree shaken by a tempest. Then embracing Arjuna once more, and repeatedly slapping his own armpits, Achyuta endued with great intelligence once more began to shout, standing on the terrace of the car. Beholding those tokens of delight that Kesava manifested, Dhananjaya, O king, with heart in grief, addressed him, saying, 'O slayer of Madhu, thou showest great joy at a time scarcely fit for it, indeed on an occasion for sorrow caused by the death of Hidimva's son. Our troops are flying away, beholding Ghatotkacha slain. We also are filled with anxiety in consequence of the fall of Hidimva's son. O Janardana, the cause must be very grave when at such a time thou feelest such joy. Therefore, O foremost of truthful men, asked by me, tell me truly (what that cause is). Indeed, if it be not a secret, it behoveth thee, O chastiser of foes, to say it unto me. O slayer of Madhu, tell me what has removed thy gravity today. This act of thine, O Janardana, this lightness of heart, seems to me like the drying up of the ocean or the locomotion of Meru.'

"Vasudeva said, 'Great is the joy I feel. Listen to me, Dhananjaya! This that I will tell thee will immediately dispel thy sorrow and infuse delight into thy heart. O thou of great splendour, know, O Dhananjaya, that Karna, his dart being baffled through Ghatotkacha, is already slain

in battle. The man does not exist in this world that could not stay before Karna armed with that dart and looking like Kartikeya in battle. By good luck, his (natural) armour had been taken away. By good luck, his ear-rings also had been taken away. By good luck, his infallible dart also is now baffled, through Ghatotkacha. Clad in (natural) coat of mail and decked with his (natural) ear-rings, Karna, who had his senses under control, could singly vanquish the three worlds with the very gods. Neither Vasava, nor Varuna the lord of the waters, nor Yama, could venture to approach him. Indeed, if that bull among men had his armour and ear-rings, neither thyself, bending the *Gandiva*, nor myself, uplifting my discus, called *Sudarsana*, could vanquish him in battle. For thy good, Karna was divested of his ear-rings by Sakra with the help of an illusion. Similarly was that subjugator of hostile towns deprived of his (natural) armour. Indeed, because Karna, cutting off his (natural) armour and his brilliant ear-rings, gave them unto Sakra, it is for that he came to be called *Vaikartana*. Karna now seems to me to be like an angry snake of virulent poison stupefied by power of incatation, or like a fire of mild flames. From that time, O mighty-armed one, when the high-souled Sakra gave that dart unto Karna in exchange for the latter's ear-rings, and celestial armour, that dart, *viz.*, which has slain Ghatotkacha, from that time, Vrisha, having obtained it, had always regarded thee as slain in battle! But though diprived of that dart, O sinless one, I swear to thee that hero is still incapable of being slain by anybody else save thee. Devoted to Brahmanas, truthful in speech, engaged in penances, observant of vows, kind even unto foes, for these reasons Karna is called Vrisha. Heroic in battle, possessed of mighty arms and with bow always uplifted, like the lion in the forest depriving leaders of elephantine herds of their pride, Karna always deprives the greatest car-warriors of their pride on the field of battle, and resembles the mid-day sun at whom none can gaze. Contending with all the illustrious and foremost of warriors of thy army, O tiger among men, Karna, while shooting his arrowy showers, looked like the autumnal sun with his thousand rays. Indeed, incessantly shooting showers of shafts like the clouds pouring torrents of rain at the end of summer, Karna is like a pouring cloud charged with celestial weapons. He is incapable of being vanquished in battle by the gods, he would mangle them in such a way that their flesh and blood would fall copiously on the field. Deprived, however, of his armour as also of his ear-rings, O son of Pandu, and divested also of the dart given him by Vasava, Karna is now like a man (and no longer like a god). There will occur one opportunity for his slaughter. When his car-wheels will sink in the earth, availing thyself of that opportunity, thou shouldst slay him in that distressful situation. I will make thee a sign beforehand. Warned by it, thou shouldst act. The vanquisher of Vala himself, that foremost of heroes, wielding his thunder, is incapable of slaying the invincible Karna while the latter stands weapon in hand. Indeed, O Arjuna, for thy good, with the aid of diverse contrivances I have slain, one after

another, Jarasandha and the illustrious ruler of the Chedis and the mighty-armed *Nishada* of the name of Ekalavya. Other great Rakshasas having Hidimva and Kirmira and Vaka for their foremost, as also Alayudha, that grinder of hostile troops, and Ghatotkacha, that crusher of foes and warrior of fierce deeds, have all been slain.' "

SECTION CLXXXI

"Arjuna said, 'How, O Janardana, for our good, and by what means, were those lords of the earth, *viz.*, Jarasandha and the others, slain?'

"Vasudeva said, 'If Jarasandha, and the ruler of the Chedis, and the mighty son of the Nishada king, had not been slain, they would have become terrible. Without doubt, Duryodhana would have chosen those foremost of car-warriors (for embracing his side). They had always been hostile to us, and, accordingly, they would all have adopted the side of the Kauravas. All of them were heroes and mighty bowmen accomplished in weapons and firm in battle. Like the celestials (in prowess), they would have protected Dhritarashtra's sons. Indeed, the *Suta's* son, and Jarasandha, and the ruler of the Chedis, and the son of the Nishada adopting the son of Suyodhana, would have succeeded in conquering the whole earth. Listen, O Dhananjaya, by what means they were slain. Indeed, without the employment of means, the very gods could not have conquered them in battle. Each of them, O Partha, could fight in battle with the whole celestial host protected by the Regents of the world. (On one occasion), assailed by Valadeva, Jarasandha, excited with wrath, hurled for our destruction a mace capable of slaying all creatures. Endued with the splendour of fire, that mace coursed towards us dividing the welkin like the line on the head that parts the tresses of a woman, and with the impetuosity of the thunder hurled by Sakra. Beholding that mace thus coursing towards us the son of Rohini hurled the weapon called *Sthunakarna* for baffling it. Its force destroyed by the energy of Valadeva's weapon, that mace fell down on the earth, splitting her (with its might) and making the very mountains tremble. There was a terrible Rakshasa of the name Jara, endúed with great prowess. She, O prince, had united that slayer of foes, and, therefore, was the latter called *Jarasandha*. *Jarasandha* had been made up of two halves of one child. And because it was Jara that had united those two halves, it was for this that he came to be called *Jarasandha*.[1] That Rakshasa woman, O Partha, who was there within the earth, was slain with her son and kinsmen by means of that mace and the weapon of *Sthunakarna*. Deprived of his mace in that great battle, Jara-

[1]Literally means, "united by Jara."

sandha was afterwards slain by Bhimasena in thy presence, O Dhananjaya.[1] If the valiant Jarasandha had stood armed with his mace, the very gods with Indra at their head could not have slain him in battle. O best of men! for thy good, the Nishada's son also, of prowess incapable of being baffled, was, by an act of guile, deprived of his thumb by Drona, assuming the position of his preceptor. Proud and endued with steady prowess, the Nishada's son, with fingers cased in leathern gloves, looked resplendent like a second Rama. Undeprived of thumb, Ekalavya, O Partha, was incapable of being vanquished in battle by the gods, the *Danavas*, the *Rakshasas*, and the *Uragas* (together). Of firm grasp, accomplished in weapons, and capable of shooting incessantly day and night, he was incapable of being looked at by mere men. For thy good, he was slain by me on the field of battle. Endued with great prowess, the ruler of the Chedis was slain by me before thy eyes. He also was incapable of being vanquished in battle by the gods and the *Asuras* together. I was born to slay him as also the other enemies of the gods, with thy assistance, O tiger among men, from desire of benefiting the world. Hidimva and Vaka and Kirmira have all been slain by Bhimasena. All those Rakshasas were endued with might equal to that Ravana and all of them were destroyers of Brahmanas and sacrifices. Similarly, Alayudha, possessed of large powers of illusion, had been slain by Hidimva's son. Hidimva's son also, I have slain by the employment of means, *viz.*, through Karna with his dart. If Karna had not slain him with his dart in great battle, I myself would have had to slay Bhima's son Ghatotkacha. From desire of benefiting you, I did not slay him before. That Rakshasa was inimical to Brahmanas and sacrifices. Because he was a destroyer of sacrifices and of a sinful soul, therefore hath he been thus slain. O sinless one, by that act as a means, the dart given by Sakra, hath also been rendered futile. O son of Pandu, they that are destroyers of righteousness are all slayable by me. Even that is the vow made by me, for establishing righteousness. Whither the *Vedas* and truth and self-restraint and purity and righteousness and modesty and prosperity and wisdom and forgiveness are always to be met with, thither I myself always remain. Thou needst not be at all anxious about Karna's slaughter. I will tell you the means by which you will slay him. Vrikodara also will succeed in slaying Suyodhana. I will tell thee, O son of Pandu, the means by which that will have to be compassed. Meanwhile, the uproar made by the hostile army is increasing. Thy troops also are flying away on all sides. Having achieved their objects, the Kauravas are destroying thy host. Indeed, Drona, that foremost of all smiters, is scorching us in battle.' "

[1]Nilakantha thinks that *Sagadaya* in one word, meaning 'deprived of the both *Pakshasas* and the mace.' This is far-fetched.

SECTION CLXXXII

"Dhritarashtra said, 'When the *Suta's* son had such a dart as was sure to slay one person, why did he not hurl it at Partha, to the exclusion of all others? Upon Partha's slaughter by means of that dart, all the Srinjayas and the Pandavas would have been slain. Indeed, upon Phalguna's death, why should not the victory have been ours? Arjuna has made a vow to the effect that summoned to battle he would never refuse to accept the challenge. The *Suta's* son should have, therefore, summoned Phalguna to battle. Tell me, O Sanjaya, why did not Vrisha then engaging Phalguna in single combat, slay the latter with that dart given him by Sakra? Without doubt, my son is destitute of both intelligence and conusellors? That sinful wretch is constantly baffled by the foe. How should he then succeed in vanquishing his enemies? Indeed, that dart which was such a mighty weapon and upon which rested his victory, alas, that dart, hath, by Vasudeva, been made fruitless through Ghatotkacha. Indeed, it hath been snatched from Karna, like a fruit from the hand of a cripple, with a withered arm, by a strong person. Even so hath that fatal dart been rendered fruitless through Ghatotkacha. As in a fight between a boar and a dog, upon the death of either, the hunter is the party profited, I think, O learned one, that even so was Vasudeva the party to profit by the battle between Karna and Hidimva's son. If Ghatotkacha had slain Karna in battle, that would have been a great gain for the Pandavas. If, on the other hand, Karna had slain Ghatotkacha, that too would have been a great gain to them in consequence of the loss of Karna's dart. Endued with great wisdom, that lion among men, *viz.*, Vasudeva, reflecting in this way, and for doing what was agreeable to and good for the Pandavas, caused Ghatotkacha to be slain by Karna in battle.'

"Sanjaya said, 'Knowing the feat that Karna desired to achieve, the slayer of Madhu, the mighty-armed Janardana, O king, commanded the prince of the Rakshasas, Ghatotkacha of mighty energy, to engage in single combat with Karna for rendering, O monarch, the latter's fatal dart fruitless. All this, O king, is the result of thy evil policy! We would certainly have achieved success, O perpetuator of Kuru's race, if Krishna had not (thus) rescued the mighty car-warrior Partha from Karna's hands. Indeed, Partha would have been destroyed with his steeds, standard, and car, in battle, Oh Dhritarashtra, if that master, that lord of *Yogins*, *viz.*, Janardana had not saved him. Protected by diverse means, O king, and well-aided by Krishna, Partha approaching his foes, vanquished that fatal dart, otherwise that weapon would have quickly destroyed the son of Kunti like the lightning destroying a tree.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'My son is fond of quarrel. His advisers are foolish. He is vain of his wisdom. It is for that, that this certain means of Arjuna's death hath been baffled. Why, O *Suta*, did not Duryodhana, or that foremost of all wielders, *viz.*, Karna, possessed of great intelligence,

hurl that fatal dart at Dhananjaya? Why, O son of Gavalgana, didst thou too forget this great object, possessed as thou art of great wisdom, or why didst not thou remind Karna of it?'

"Sanjaya said, 'Indeed, O king, every night this formed the subject of deliberation with Duryodhana and Sakuni and myself and Duhsasana. And we said unto Karna, 'Excluding all other warriors, O Karna, slay Dhananjaya. We would then lord it over the Pandu's and the Panchalas as if these were our slaves. Or, if upon Partha's fall, he of Vrishni's race appoints another amongst the sons of Pandu (in this place for carrying on the fight), let Krishna himself be slain. Krishna is the root of the Pandavas, and Partha is like their risen trunk. The other sons of Pritha are like their branches, while the Panchalas may be called their leaves. The Pandavas have Krishna for their refuge, Krishna for their might, Krishna for their leader. Indeed, Krishna is their central support even as the moon is of the constellations. Therefore, O *Suta's* son, avoiding the leaves and branches and trunk, slay that Krishna who is everywhere and always the root of the Pandavas. Indeed, if Karna had slain him of Dasarha's race, *viz.*, that delighter of the Yadavas, the whole earth, O king, would, without doubt, have come under thy control. Truly, O monarch, if that illustrious one, that delighter of both the Yadavas and the Pandavas, could be made to lie down on the earth, deprived of life, then certainly, O monarch, the entire earth with the mountains and forests would have owned thy supremacy. We rose every morning, having formed such a resolution in respect of that Lord of the very gods, *viz.*, Hrishikesa of immeasurable energy. At the time of battle, however, we forget our resolution. Kesava always protected Arjuna, the son of Kunti. He never placed Arjuna before the *Suta's* son in battle. Indeed, Achyuta always placed other foremost of car-warriors before Karna, thinking how that fatal dart of ours might be made fruitless by ourselves. O lord! When, again, the high-souled Krishna protected Partha in this manner from Karna, why, O monarch, would not that foremost of beings protect his own self? Reflecting well, I see that there is no person in the three worlds who is able to vanquish that chastiser of foes, *viz.*, Janardana, that hero bearing the discus in hand.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'That tiger among car-warriors, *viz.*, Satyaki of prowess incapable of being baffled, asked the mighty-armed Krishna about the great car-warrior, Karna, saying, 'O Janardana, even this had been Karna's firm resolution, *viz.*, that he would hurl that dart of immeasurable energy at Phalguna. Why, however, did not the *Suta's* son actually hurt it then at him?'

"Vasudeva said, 'Duhsasana and Karna and Sakuni and the ruler of the Sindhus, with Duryodhana at their head, had frequently debated on this subject. Addressing Karna, they used to say, 'O Karna, O great bowman, O thou of immeasurable prowess in battle, O foremost of all victors, this dart should not be hurled at any one else than that great car-warrior, *viz.*, Kunti's son, Partha or Dhananjaya. He is the most celebrated amongst

them, like Vasava amongst the gods. He being slain, all the other Pandavas with the Srinjayas will be heartless like fireless celestials![1]' Karna having assented to this, saying 'So be it' (the desire of) slaughtering the wielder of *Gandiva*, O bull amongst the Sinis, was ever present in Karna's heart. I, however, O foremost of warriors, always used to stupefy the son of Radha. It was for this that he did not hurl the dart at Pandu's son, owning white steeds. As long as I could not baffle that means of Phalguna's death, I had neither sleep, nor joy in my heart, O foremost of warriors! Beholding that dart, therefore, rendered futile through Ghatotkacha, O bull amongst the Sinis, I regarded Dhananjaya today to have been rescued from within the jaws of Death. I do not regard my sire, my mother, yourselves, my brothers, ay, my very life, so worthy of protection as Vibhatsu in battle. If there be anything more precious than the sovereignty of the three worlds, I do not, O Satwata, desire (to enjoy) it without Pritha's son, Dhananjaya (to share it with me). Beholding Dhananjaya, therefore, like one returned from the dead, these transports of delight, O Yuyudhana, have been mine. It was for this that I had despatched the *Rakshasa* unto Karna for battle. None else was capable of withstanding, in the night, Karna in battle.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Even thus did Devaki's son who is ever devoted to Dhananjaya's good and to what is agreeable to him, speak unto Satyaki on that occasion.' "

SECTION CLXXXIII

"Dhritarashtra said, 'I see, O sire, that this act of Karna and Duryodhana and Suvala's son, Sakuni, and of thyself, in especial, hath been very much against the dictates of policy. Indeed, when you knew that dart could always slay one person in battle, and that it was incapable of being either borne or baffled by the very gods with Vasava at their head, why then, O Sanjaya, was it not hurled by Karna at Devaki's son, or Phalguna, while he was engaged with this in battle before?'

"Sanjaya said, 'Returning from battle every day, O monarch, all of us, O foremost one of Kuru's race, used to debate in the night and say unto Karna. Tomorrow morning, O Karna, this dart should he hurled at either Kesava or Arjuna.' When, however, the morning came, O king, through destiny, both Karna and the other warriors forgot that resolution. I think destiny to be supreme, since Karna, with that dart in his hands, did not slay in battle either Partha or Devaki's son, Krishna. Indeed,

[1]Fire being the mouth of the celestials, without fire, the celestials become mouthless. Thus Nilakantha.

because his understanding was afflicted by destiny itself, it is for this that he did not, stupefied by the illusion of the gods, hurl that fatal dart of Vasava, though he had it in his hand, at Devaki's son, Krishna for his destruction or at Partha endued with prowess like Indra's, O lord!'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Ye are destroyed by destiny, by your own understanding, and by Kesava. Vasava's dart is lost, having effected the slaughter of Ghatotkacha who was as insignificant as straw. Karna, and my sons, as all the other kings, through his highly impolitic act, have already entered the abode of Yama. Tell me now how the battle once more raged between the Kurus and the Pandavas after the fall of Hidimva's son. How did they that rushed against Drona, arrayed in order of battle and well-skilled in smiting, *viz.*, the Srinjaya and the Panchalas, fight? How, indeed, did the Pandus and Srinjaya withstand the smiting Drona, when the latter proceeding against them, penetrated into their host, excited with warth at the slaughter of Bhurisravas and Jayadratha, reckless of his very life, and resembling a yawning tiger or the Destroyer himself with wide open mouth? What also did they do in battle, O sire, *viz.*, Drona's son and Karna and Kripa and others headed by Duryodhana that protected the preceptor? Tell me, O Sanjaya, how my warriors in that battle covered with their shafts Dhananjaya and Vrikodara who were solicitous of slaying Bharadwaja's son. How, indeed, did these excited with wrath at the death of the ruler of the Sindhus, and those at the death of Ghatotkacha, each side unable to brook their loss, fight that nocturnal battle?'

"Sanjaya said, 'Upon the slaughter, that night, O king, of the *Rakshasa*, Ghatotkacha, by Karna, thy troops, filled with joy, uttered loud shouts. In that dark hour of the night, they fell impetuously upon the Pandava troops and began to slay them. Seeing all this, king Yudhishthira became exceedingly cheerless, O chastiser of foes. The mighty-armed son of Pandu, then addressed Bhimasena and said, 'O thou of mighty arms, resist Dhritarashtra host. In consequence of the slaughter of Hidimva's son, a great stupefaction overwhelms me.' Having ordered Bhimasena thus, he sat down on his car. With tearful face and sighing repeatedly, the king became exceedingly cheerless at the sight of Karna's prowess. Beholding him so afflicted, Krishna said these words, 'O son of Kunti, let not such grief be thine. Such cheerlessness does not become thee, O chief of the Bharatas, as it does an ordinary person. Rise, O king, and fight. Bear the heavy burden, O lord! If cheerlessness overtakes thee, our victory becomes uncertain.' Hearing these words of Krishna, Dharma's son, Yudhishthira, wiping his eyes with his hands, replied unto Krishna, saying, 'O thou of mighty arms, the excellent path of duty is not unknown to me. The dire consequences of a Brahmana's slaughter are his that forgets the services he receives at other's hands. Whilst we were living in the woods the high-souled son of Hidimva, although then a mere child did us many services, O Janardana! Learning that Partha, having white steeds, had departed for the acquisition of weapons, that great bowman

(*viz.*, Ghatotkacha), O Krishna, came to me at Kamyaka. He dwelt with us till Dhananjaya's reappearance. Whilst proceeding over many inaccessible fastnessess, he himself carried on his back the tired princess of Panchala. The feats he achieved, O lord, show that he was skilled in all modes of warfare. Indeed, that high-souled one accomplished many difficult feats for my benefit. My affection for Ghatotkacha, that prince of the *Rakshasas* is twice that, O Janardana, which I naturally bear towards Sahadeva. That mighty-armed one was devoted to me. I was dear to him, and he was dear to me. It is for this that, scorched by grief, O thou of Vrishni's race, I have become so cheerless. Behold, O thou of Vrishni's race, our troops afflicted and routed by the Kauravas. Behold, those mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, Drona and Karna, are contending earnestly in battle. Behold, the Pandava host crushed at dead of night, like an extensive forest of heath by a couple of infuriated elephants. Disregarding the might of Bhimasena's son, as also the variety of weapon that Partha bears, the Kauravas are putting forth their prowess, Yonder, Drona and Karna and king Suyodhana, having slain the *Rakshasa* in battle, are uttering loud roars. How, O Janardana, when we are alive and thyself too, could Hidimva's son be slain while engaged with the *Suta's* son? Having caused a great slaughter amongst us, and in the very sight of Savyasachin, Karna, O Krishna, hath slain Bhimasena's son of great strength, the *Rakshasa*, Ghatotkacha. When Abhimanyu was slain by the wicked Dhartarashtras, the mighty car-warrior Savyasachin, O Krishna, was not present in that battle. We also were all held in check by the illustrious ruler of the Sindhus. Drona, with his son (Aswatthaman), became the cause of that act. The preceptor himself told Karna the means of Abhimanyu's slaughter. While Abhimanyu was battling with the sword it was the preceptor himself that cut off that weapon. And while fallen into such distress, Kritavarman most cruelly slew the steeds and the two *Parshni* drivers (of the boy). Other great bowmen then despatched the son of Subhadra. For a little offence, O Krishna, was the ruler of the Sindhus slain by the wielder of *Gandiva*. O foremost one among the Yadavas, that act did not give me great joy. If the slaughter of foes is just and should be achieved by the Pandavas, then Drona and Karna should have been slain before this. This is what I think. O bull among men, those two are the root of our woes. Obtaining those two (as his allies) in battle, Suyodhana has become confident. Indeed, when it was Drona that should have been slain or the *Suta's* son with his followers, the mighty-armed Dhananjaya slew the Sindhu king whose connection with the affair was very remote. The punishment of the *Suta's* son should certainly by undertaken by me. I shall, therefore, O hero, now fight for slaying the *Suta's* son. The mighty-armed Bhimasena is now engaged with Drona's division.' Having said these words, Yudhishthira quickly proceeded against Karna, holding his formidable bow and blowing his conch fiercely. Then, surrounded by a Panchala and Prabhadraka force of a thousand cars, three hundred elephants and five thousand horses,

Sikhandin speedily followed in the wake of the king. Then the mail-clad Panchalas and the Pandavas headed by Yudhishthira beat their drums and blew their conchs. At this time Vasudeva of mighty arms, addressing Dhananjaya said, 'Filled with wrath, yonder proceedeth Yudhishthira with great speed from desire of slaying the *Suta's* son. It is not proper that thou shouldst rely upon him in this.' Having said these words, Hrishikesa quickly urged the steeds. Indeed, Janardana followed in the wake of the king who was now at a distance. At that time, seeing Dharma's son, Yudhishthira, whose mind was afflicted by grief and who seemed to be scorched as if by fire, rush with speed from desire of slaying the *Suta's* son, Vyasa approached him and said these words.'[1]

"Vyasa said, 'By good luck, Phalguna liveth still although he had encountered Karna in battle. Indeed, Karna had kept his dart, desirous of slaying Savyasachin, O bull of Bharata's race, by good luck Jishnu did not engage in single combat with Karna. Each of them in that case challenging the other, would have shot his celestial weapons on all sides. The weapons of the *Suta's* son would have been destroyed by Arjuna. The former then afflicted by the latter, would certainly have hurled Indra's dart in that battle. O Yudhishthira! O foremost one of Bharata's race, (if this had come to pass), then great would have been thy grief. O giver of honours, by good luck the *Rakshasa* hath been slain in battle by the *Suta's* son. Indeed, Ghatotkacha hath been slain by death himself making the dart of Vasava an instrument only. For thy good it is, O sire, that the *Rakshasa* hath been slain in battle. Do not yield to anger, O foremost one of Bharata's race, and do not set thy heart on grief. O Yudhishthira, this is the end of all creatures in this world. Uniting with thy brothers and all the illustrious kings (of the host), fight with the Kauravas in battle, O Bharata! On the fifth day from this, the earth will be thine. O tiger among men, always think of virtue. With a cheerful heart, O son of Pandu, practise kindness (to all creatures), penances, charity, forgiveness, and truth. Victory is there where righteousness is. Having said these words unto the son of Pandu, Vyasa made himself invisible there and then.' "[2]

SECTION CLXXXIV

(*Drona-vadha Parva*)

"Sanjaya said, 'Thus addressed by Vyasa, the heroic king Yudhishthira the just refrained, O bull of Bharata's race, from himself seeking to slay

[1]This is a triplet in the Bengal texts.

[2]66 is a triplet in the Bengal texts.

Karna. In consequence, however of the slaughter of Ghatotkacha by the *Suta's* son that night, the king became filled with grief and anger. Beholding thy vast host held in check by Bhima, Yudhishthira, addressing Dhrishtadyumna, said, 'Resist the Pot-born! O scorcher of foes, thou hadst, clad in mail, and armed with bow and arrows and scimitar, sprung from fire, for the destruction of Drona! Cheerfully rush thou to battle, thou needst have no fear. Let also Janamejaya and Sikhandin and Durmukha's son and Yasodhara, rush in wrath against the Pot-born on every side. Let Nakula and Sahadeva and the sons of Draupadi and the Prabhadrakas, and Drupada and Virata with their sons and brothers, and Satyaki and the Kaikeyas and the Pandavas and Dhananjaya, rush with speed against Bharadwaja's son, from desire of slaying him. Let also all our car-warriors and all the elephants and horses we have, and all our foot-soldiers, overthrow the mighty car-warrior Drona in battle.' Thus ordered by the illustrious son of Pandu, all of them rushed impetuously against the Pot-born from desire of slaughtering him. Drona, however, that foremost of all wielders of arms, received in battle all those Pandava warriors thus rushing towards him suddenly with great force and perseverance. The king Duryodhana, desiring to protect Drona's life, rushed, filled with wrath, against the Pandavas, with great force and perseverance. Then commenced the battle between the Kurus and the Pandavas who roared at each other. The animals of both hosts as also the warriors were all tired. The great car-warriors also, O king, with eyes closing in sleep and worn out with exertion in battle, knew not what to do. That night of nine hours, so terrible and awful[1] and so destructive of creatures, appeared to them to be everything.[2] While they were being thus slain and mangled by one another, and while sleep sat heavy on their eyes, it became midnight. All the Kshatriyas became cheerless. Thy troops, as also those of the foe, had no more weapons and arrows. Passing the time thus (most of), the warriors (of both armies) endued with modesty and energy and observant of the duties of their order, din not abandon their divisions. Others, blind with sleep, abandoning their weapons, laid themselves down. Some laid themselves down on the backs of elephants, some on cars, and some on horseback, O Bharata! Blind with sleep, they became perfectly motionless, O king. Other warriors (that were yet awake) in that battle, despatched these to Yama's abode. Others, deprived of their senses, and dreaming in sleep, slew themselves, that is, their own comrades, as also foes. Indeed, these fought in that dreadful battle, uttering various exclamations. Many warriors, O monarch, of our army, desirous of continuing the fight with the foe, stood with eyes drowsy with sleep. Some brave warriors, during that terrible hour of darkness, though blind with sleep, yet gliding along the field, slew one another in that battle. Many

[1] *Triyama*, literally, consisting of three *Yamas*, a *Yama* being a watch of three hours. The first hour and a half of the night and the last hour and a half, being regarded as twilight, the night, truly as such, with the ancient Hindoos, consisted of only nine hours.

[2] Literally, 'of a thousand *Yamas*.'

amongst the foe, entirely stupefied by slumber, were slain without their being conscious (of the strokes that launched them into eternity). Beholding this condition of the soldiers, O bull among men, Vibhatsu in a very loud voice, said these words: 'all of you, with your animals, are worn out with exertion and blind with sleep. Ye warriors, ye are enveloped in darkness and with dust. Therefore, if ye like, ye may rest. Indeed, here, on the field of battle close your eyes for a while. Then when the moon will rise, ye Kurus and Pandavas, ye may again, having slept and taken rest, encounter each other for the sake of heaven.' Hearing these words of the virtuous Arjuna, the virtuous warriors (of the Kuru army) assented to the suggestion, and addressing one another, loudly said, 'O Karna, O Karna, O king Duryodhana, abstain from the fight. The Pandava host hath ceased to strike us.' Then at those words of Phalguna, uttered loudly by him, the Pandava army as also thine, O Bharata, abstained from battle. Indeed, these noble words of Partha were highly applauded by the gods, the high-souled *Rishis*, and all the gladdened soldiers. Applauding those kind words, O Bharata, all the troops, O king, worn out with exertion, laid themselves down for sleep, O bull of Bharata's race. Then that army of thine, O Bharata, happy at the prospect of rest and sleep, sincerely blessed Arjuna saying, 'In thee are the *Vedas* as also all weapons! In thee are intelligence and prowess! In thee, O mighty armed one, are righteousness and compassion for all creatures, O sinless one! And since we have been comforted by thee, we wish thy good, O Partha! Let prosperity be to thee! Soon do thou get, O hero, those objects that are dear to thy heart!' Blessing him thus, O tiger among men, those great car-warriors, overcome with sleep, became silent, O monarch! Some laid themselves down on horseback, some on the car-boxes, some on the necks of elephants, and some on the bare ground. Many men, with their weapons and maces and swords and battle axes and lances and with their armours on, laid themselves down for sleep, apart from one another. Elephants, heavy with sleep, made the earth cool with the breath of their nostrils, that passed through their snake-like trunks spotted with dust. Indeed, the elephants, as they breathed on the ground, looked beautiful like hills scattered (on the field of battle) over whose breasts hissed gigantic snakes. Steeds, in trappings of gold and with manes mingling with their yokes, stamping their hoofs made even grounds uneven. Thus every one, O king, slept there with the animal he rode. Thus steeds and elephants and warriors, O bull of Bharata's race, very much worn out with exertion, slept, abstaining from battle. That slumbering host, deprived of sense and sunk in sleep, then looked like a wonderful picture drawn on canvas by skilful artists. Those Kshatriyas, decked in ear-rings and endued with youth, with limbs mangled by shafts, and immersed in sleep, having laid themselves down on the coronal globes of elephants, looked as if they were lying on the deep bosom of beautiful ladies. Then the moon, that delighter of eye and lord of lilies, of hue white as the cheeks of a beautiful

lady, rose, adorning the direction presided over by Indra.[1] Indeed, like a lion of the Udaya hills, with rays constituting his manes of brilliant yellow, he issued out of his cave in the east, tearing to pieces the thick gloom of night resembling an extensive herd of elephants.[2] That lover of all assemblage of lilies (in the world), bright as the body of Mahadeva's excellent bull, full-arched and radiant as Kama's bow, and delightful and charming as the smile on the lips of a bashful bride, bloomed in the firmament.[3] Soon, however, that divine lord having the hare for his mark showed himself shedding brighter rays around. Indeed, the moon, after this seemed to gradually emit a bright halo of far-reaching light that resembled the splendour of gold. Then the rays of that luminary, dispelling the darkness by their splendour, slowly spread themselves over all the quarters, the welkin, and the earth. Soon, therefore, the world became illuminated. The unspeakable darkness that had hidden everything quickly fled away. When the world was thus illuminated into almost daylight by the moon, amongst the creatures that wander at night, some continued to roam about and some abstained. That host, O king, awakened by the rays of the sun. Indeed, that sea of troops was awakened by the rays of the moon bloomed (into life) like an assemblage of lotuses expanded by the rays of the sun. Indeed, that sea of troops was awakened by the risen moon like the ocean swelling up in agitated surges at the rise of that luminary. Then, O king, the battle once more commenced on earth, for the destruction of the earth's population, between men that desired to attain to heaven.' "

SECTION CLXXXV

"Sanjaya said, 'At this time Duryodhana, under the influence of wrath, approached Drona and addressing him said these words, for inspiring him with joy and provoking his anger.'

"Duryodhana said, 'No mercy should have been shown to our foes while they were heartless and worn out with toil and taking rest, especially when they are all of sure aim. Desirous of doing what is agreeable to thee, we showed them kindness by then letting them alone. The tired Pandavas, however (having taken rest), have become stronger. As regards ourselves, we are, in every respect, losing in energy and strength. The

[1]The moon is called the lord of lilies because the water-lily is seen to bloom at moonrise just as the sun is called the lord of the lotuses because the lotus blooms at sun-rise. Th direction presided over by Indra means the East.

[2]*Dasatakasha-kkupa* means the *Kakup* or direction presided by him of a thousand eyes; hence the East.

[3]Instead of *Vrishodara*, the Bombay text reads *Vrishottama*, which I adopt.

Pandavas, protected by thee, are constantly gaining prosperity. All weapons that are celestial and all those that appertain to *Brahma* exist in thee. I tell thee truly, that neither the Pandavas, nor ourselves, nor any other bowmen in the world, can be a match for thee while thou art engaged in battle. O foremost of regenerate ones, thou art acquainted with all weapons. Without doubt, by means of thy celestial weapons thou art capable of destroying the (three) worlds with the gods, the *Asuras*, and the *Gandharvas*. The Pandavas are all afraid of thee. Thou, however, forgivest them, remembering that they were thy pupils, or, perhaps, owing to my ill luck.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Thus rebuked and angered by thy son, Drona, O king, wrathfully addressed Duryodhana and said these words: 'Although I am so old, O Duryodhana, I am still exerting myself in battle to the utmost extent of might. All these men are unacquainted with weapons. I am, however, well-versed in them. If, from desire of victory, I slay these men, there can be no more ignoble act for me to do. That, however, which is in thy mind, be it good or bad, I will accomplish, O Kaurava, at thy command. It will not be otherwise. Putting forth my prowess in battle and slaying all the Panchalas, I will doff my armour, O king! I swear this to thee truly. Thou thinkest that Arjuna, the son of Kunti, was worn out in battle. O mighty-armed Kaurava! Listen to what I truly say regarding his prowess. If Savyasachin's wrath is excited, neither *Gandharvas*, nor *Yakshas* nor *Rakshasas* can venture to bear him. At Khandavas, he encountered the divine chief of the celestials himself. The illustrious Arjuna, with his shafts baffled the pouring Indra. *Yakshas*, and *Nagas*, and *Daityas*, and all others proud of their might, were slain by that foremost of men. That also is known to thee. On the occasion of the tale of cattle, the *Gandharvas* headed by Chitrasena and others were vanquished by him. That firm bowman rescued you, while you were being carried away by those *Gandharvas*. *Nivatakavachas* also, those enemies of the celestials, that were unslayable in battle by the celestials, themselves, were vanquished by that hero. Thousands of *Danavas* dwelling in Hiranyapura, that tiger among men vanquished. How can human beings then withstand him? O monarch, thou hast seen with thy own eyes how this host of thine, although exerting themselves so heroically, hath been destroyed by the son of Pandu.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Unto Drona who was thus applauding Arjuna, thy son, O king, angered thereat, once more said these words: 'Myself and Duhsasana, and Karna, and my maternal uncle, Sakuni, dividing this Bharata host into two divisions (and taking one with us), shall to-day slay Arjuna in battle.' 'Hearing these words of his, Bharadwaja's son, laughing, sanctioned that speech of the king and said, 'Blessings to thee! What Kshatriya is there that would slay that bull amongst Kshatriyas, that unslayable one, *viz.*, the bearer of *Gandiva*, that hero blazing forth with energy? Neither the Lord of treasures, nor Indra, nor Yama, nor the *Asuras*, *the Uragas*, and the *Rakshasas* can slay Arjuna

armed with weapons. Only they that are fools say such words as those thou hast said, O Bharata! Who is there that would return home in safety, having encountered Arjuna in battle? As regards thyself, thou art sinful and cruel and suspicious of everybody. Even them that are employed in thy welfare, thou art ready to rebuke in this way. Go thou against the son of Kunti, for withstanding him for thy own sake. Thou art a well-born Kshatriya. Thou seekest battle. Why dost thou cause all these unoffending Kshatriyas to be slain? Thou art the root of this hostility. Therefore, go thou against Arjuna. This thy maternal uncle is possessed of wisdom and observant of Kshatriya duties. O son of Gandhari, let this one addicted to gambling proceed against Arjuna in battle. This one, skilled in dice, wedded to deception, addicted to gambling, versed in cunning and imposture, this gambler conversant with the ways of deceiving, will vanquish the Pandavas in battle! With Karna in thy company, thou hadst often joyfully boasted, from folly and emptiness of understanding, in the hearing of Dhritarashtra, saying, '*O sire, myself, and Karna, and my brother Duhsasana, these three, uniting together, will slay the sons of Pandu in battle.*' This thy boast was heard in every meeting of the court. Accomplish thy vow, be truthful in speech, with them. There thy mortal foe, the son of Pandu, is staying before thee. Observe the duties of a Kshatriya. Thy slaughter at the hands of Jaya would be worthy of every praise. Thou hast practised charity. Thou hast eaten (everything ever desired by thee). Thou hast obtained wealth to the measure of thy wish. Thou hast no debts. Thou hast done all that one should do. Do not fear. Fight now with the son of Pandu.' These words said, the battle commenced.' "

SECTION CLXXXVI

"Sanjaya said, 'When three-fourths of that night had worn away, the battle, O king, once more commenced between the Kurus and the Pandavas. Both sides were elated with joy. Soon after, Aruna, the charioteer of Surya, weakening the splendour of the moon, appeared, causing the welkin to assume a coppery hue. The east was soon reddened with the red rays of the sun that resembled a circular plate of gold. Then all the warriors of the Kuru and the Pandava hosts, alighting from cars and steeds and vehicles borne by men, stood, with joined hands, facing the sun, and uttered the prayers of the twilight of dawn. The Kuru army having been divided into two bodies, Drona, with Duryodhana before him, proceeded (with one of those divisions) against the Somakas, the Pandavas, and the Panchalas. Beholding the Kuru host divided into two bodies, Madhava addressed Arjuna and said, 'Keeping thy foes to thy left, place this division (commanded by Drona) to thy right. Obedient to the counsels of Madhava in

respect of the Kurus, Dhananjaya moved to the left of those two mighty bowmen, *viz.*, Drona, and Karna. Understanding the intentions of Krishna, that subjugator of hostile cities, *viz.*, Bhimasena, addressing Partha who was then staying at the van of battle, said these words:

"Bhimasena said, 'O Arjuna, O Vibhatsu, listen to these words of mine. The time for that object for which Kshatriya ladies bring forth sons has now come. If at such a time thou dost not strive to win prosperity, thou shalt then act meanly like a veritable wretch. Putting forth thy prowess, pay the debt thou owest to Truth, Prosperity, Virtue, and Fame! O foremost of warriors, pierce this division, and keep these to thy right.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Thus urged by Bhima and Kesava, Savyasachin prevailing over Drona and Karna, began to resist the foe all round. Many foremost of Kshatriyas (among the Kurus), putting forth all their prowess, failed to withstand Arjuna who advanced at the very van of his troops, and who, like a raging conflagration, was consuming the foremost ones among his foes. Then Duryodhana and Karna, and Sakuni, the son of Suvala, covered Kunti's son, Dhananjaya, with showers of shafts. Baffling the weapons of all those warriors, that foremost of all persons well-skilled in weapons, O monarch, covered them (in return) with his shafts. Aiming at their weapons with his (and thus baffling them all), Arjuna, endued with great lightness of hand and possessing a complete control over his senses, pierced every one of those warriors with ten keen-pointed shafts. The welkin was then covered with dust. Thick showers of arrows fell. Darkness set in, and a loud and terrible uproar arose. When such was the state of things, neither the welkin, nor the earth, nor the points of the compass, could any longer be seen. Stupefied by the dust, all the troops became blind. Neither the foe, O king, nor we, could distinguish each other. For this reason, the kings began to fight, guided by conjecture and the names they uttered. Deprived of their cars, car-warriors, O king, encountering one another, lost all order and became a tangled mass. Their steeds killed and drivers slain, many of them, becoming inactive, preserved their lives and looked exceedingly affrighted. Slain steeds with riders deprived of lives were seen to lie on slain elephants as if stretched on mountain-breasts. Then Drona, moving away from that battle towards the north took up his station there, and seemed to resemble a smokeless fire. Beholding him move away from the battle towards the north, the Pandava troops, O king, began to tremble. Indeed, beholding Drona resplendent and handsome and blazing with energy, the enemy, inspired with fright became pale and wavered on the field, O Bharata! While summoning the hostile army to battle, and looking like an elephant in rut, the enemy became perfectly hopeless of vanquishing him, like the *Danavas* hopeless of vanquishing Vasava. Some among them became perfectly cheerless, and some, endued with energy, became inspired with wrath. And some were filled with wonder, and some became incapable of brooking (the challenge). And some of the kings squeezed their hands, and some deprived of their senses by rage, bit their lips. And some whirled

their weapons, and some rubbed their arms; and some, possessed of great energy and souls under complete control, rushed against Drona. The Panchalas particularly, afflicted with the shafts of Drona, O monarch, though suffering great pain, continued to contend in battle.[1] Then Drupada and Virata proceeded, in that battle, against Drona, that invincible warrior, who was thus careering on the field. Then, O king, the three grandsons of Drupada, and those mighty bowmen, *viz.*, the Chedis, also proceeded against Drona in that encounter. Drona, with three sharp shafts, took the lives of the three grandsons of Drupada. Deprived of lives, the princes fell down on the earth. Drona next vanquished in that battle the Chedis, the Kaikeyas, and the Srinjayas. That mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, the son of Bharadwaja, then vanquished all Matsyas. Then Drupada, filled with wrath, and Virata, in that battle, shot showers of shafts, O king, at Drona. Baffling that arrowy shower, Drona, that grinder of Kshatriyas, covered both Drupada and Virata with his shafts. Shrouded by Drona, both those warriors, with rage, began to pierce him on the field of battle with their arrows. Then Drona, O monarch, filled with wrath and desire of revenge, cut off, with a couple of broad-headed shafts, the bows of both his antagonists. Then Virata, filled with wrath, sped in that encounter ten lances and ten shafts at Drona from desire of slaying him. And Drupada, in anger, hurled at Drona's car a terrible dart made of iron and decked with gold and resembling a large snake. Drona cut off, with a number of sharp and broad-headed arrows, those ten lances (of Virata), and with certain other shafts that dart (of Drupada) decked with gold and stones of *lapis lazuli*. Then that grinder of foes, *viz.*, the son of Bharadwaja, with a couple of well-tempered and broad-headed shafts, despatched both Drupada and Virata unto the abode of Yama. Upon the fall of Virata and Drupada, and the slaughter of the Kshatriyas, the Chedis, the Matsyas, and the Panchalas, and upon the fall of those three heroes, *viz.*, the three grandsons of Drupada, the high-souled Dhrishtadyumna, beholding those feats of Drona, became filled with rage and grief, and swore in the midst of all the ear-warriors, saying, 'Let me lose merits of all my religious acts as also my Kshatriya and *Brahma* energy, if Drona escape me today with life, or if he succeed in vanquishing me![2]' Having taken that oath in the midst of all the bowmen, that slayer of hostile heroes, *viz.*, the prince of the Panchalas, supported by his own division, advanced against Drona. The Panchalas then began to strike Drona from one side, and Arjuna from another. Duryodhana, and Karna, and Sakuni, the son of Suvala, and the uterine brothers of Duryodhana (stationed), according to their precedence, began to protect Drona in battle. Drona being thus protected in battle by those illustrious warriors, the Panchalas though struggling vigorously, could not

[1]In the first line of 31, the Bengal texts read *Rajanam* probably referring to Drupada. The correct reading, however, is *Rujendra* in the vocative case as in the Bombay edition.

[2]I render this a little too freely. The form of the oath is, 'Let that man lose, etc. whom Drona escapes today with life or whom Drona vanquishes today."

even gaze at him. Then Bhimasena, O sire, became highly angry with Dhrishtadyumna and, O bull among men, that son of Pandu pierced Dhrishtadyumna with these fierce words:[1]

"Bhimasena said, 'What man is there who being regarded as a Kshatriya and who taking his birth in the race of Drupada and who being the foremost of all persons possessing a knowledge of weapons, would only thus look at his foe stationed before him? What man having seen his sire and son slain, and especially, having sworn such an oath in the midst of the king, would thus be indifferent to his enemy? Yonder stands Drona like a fire swelling with its own energy. Indeed, with bow and arrows constituting his fuel, he is consuming with his energy all the Kshatriyas. Soon will he annihilate the Pandava army. Stand ye (as spectators) and behold my feat. Against Drona himself will I proceed. Having said these words, Vrikodara, filled with rage, penetrated into Drona's array, began to afflict and rout that host. Then the panchala prince Dhrishtadyumna, also, penetrating into that large host, engaged himself with Drona in battle. The battle became furious. Such a fierce encounter we had never seen or heard of before, O king, as that which now took place at sunrise of that day. The cars, O sire, were seen to be entangled with one another. The bodies of embodied creatures deprived of lives were scattered all over the field. Some, while proceeding towards another part of the field, were, on the way, assailed by others. Some, while flying away, were struck on their backs, and others on their sides. That general engagement continued to rage fiercely. Soon, however, the morning sun rose.' "

SECTION CLXXXVII

"Sanjaya continued, 'The warrior, O king, thus clad in mail on the field of battle, adored the thousand-rayed Aditya as he rose at morn. When the thousand-rayed luminary, of splendour bright, as burning gold, arose, and the world became illumined, the battle once more commenced. The same soldiers that were engaged with each other before the sunrise, once more fought with each other, O Bharata, after the rise of the sun. Horsemen engaged with car-warriors, and elephants with horsemen, and foot-soldiers with elephants and horsemen with horsemen, O bull of Bharata's race. Sometimes, unitedly and sometimes separately, the warriors, fell upon one another in battle. Having fought vigorously in the night, many, tired with exertion, and weak with hunger and thirst became deprived of their senses. The uproar made of the blare of conchs, the beat of drums,

[1]This, in the Bengal texts, is a triplet.

the roar of elephants, and the twang of out-stretched bows drawn with force touched the very heavens, O king! The noise made also by rushing infantry and falling weapons, and neighing steeds and rolling cars, and shouting and roaring of warriors, became tremendous. That loud noise increasing every minute, reached the heavens. The groans and wails of pain, on falling and fallen foot-soldiers and car-warriors and elephants, became exceedingly loud and pitiable as these were heard on the field. When the engagement became general, both side slew each other's own men and animals. Hurled from the hands of heroes upon warriors and elephants, heaps of swords were seen on the field, resembling heaps of cloths on the washing ground. The sound, again, of uplifted and descending swords in heroic arms resembled that of cloths thrashed for wash. That general engagement then, in which the warriors encountered one another with swords and scimitars and lances and battle-axes, became exceedingly dreadful. The heroic combatants caused a river there, that ran its course towards the regions of the dead. The blood of elephants and steeds and human beings formed its current. Weapons formed its fish in profusion. It was miry with blood and flesh. Wails of grief and pain formed its roar. Banners and cloth formed its froth. Afflicted with shafts and darts, worn with exertion, spent with toil on the (previous) night, and exceedingly weakened, elephants and steeds, with limbs perfectly motionless, stood on the field. With their arms (in beautiful attitudes) and with their beautiful coats of mail, and heads decked with beautiful ear-rings, the warriors, adorned with implements of battle, looked exceedingly resplendent.[1] At that time, in consequence of the carnivorous animals and the dead and the dying, there was no path for the cars all over the field. Afflicted with shafts steeds of the noblest breed and high mettle, resembling elephants (in size and strength), worn out with toil, were seen to tremble with great effort, as they drew vehicles whose wheels had sunk in the earth. The whole of that host, O Bharata, resembling the ocean for vastness, then became agitated, and afflicted, inspired with terror, with the exception only of Drona and Arjuna. Those two became the refuge, these two became the saviours, of the warriors of their respective sides. Others, encountering these two proceeded to the abode of Yama. Then the vast host of the Kurus became greatly agitated, and the Panchalas, huddled together, became no longer distinguishable. During that great carnage of the Kshatriyas on earth, on that field of battle, enhancing the terrors of the timid and looking like a crematorium neither Karna, nor Drona, nor Arjuna, nor Yudhishthira, nor Bhimasena, nor the twins, nor the Panchala prince, nor Satyaki, nor Duhsasana, nor Drona's son, nor Duryodhana nor Suvala's son, nor Kripa, nor the ruler of the Madras, nor Kritavarman, nor others, nor my own self, nor the earth, nor points of the compass, could be seen, O king, for all of them, mingled with the troops, were shrouded by clouds of dust. During the

[1]I adopt the Bombay reading of the first line of this verse.

progress of that fierce and terrible battle, when that dusty cloud arose, all thought that night had once more come over the scene. Neither the Kauravas, nor the Panchalas, nor the Pandavas, could be distinguished, nor the points of the compass, nor the welkin, nor the earth, nor even land noruneven land. The warriors, desirous of victory, slew foes and friends, in fact, all whom they could perceive by the touch of their hands. The earthly dust that had arisen was soon dispelled by the winds that blew, and drenched by the blood that was shed. Elephants and steeds and car-warriors and foot-soldiers, bathed in blood, looked beautiful like the (celestial) forest of *Parijata*. Then Duryodhana, Karna, Drona and Duhsasana, these four (Kaurauas) warriors engaged in battle with four of the Pandava warriors, Duryodhana and his brothers, encountered the twins (Nakula and Sahadeva). And Radha's son engaged himself with Vrikodara, and Arjuna with the son of Bharadwaja; all the troops, from every side, looked on that terrible encounter. The car-warriors (of both armies quietly) beheld that beautiful, that superhuman engagement between those fierce and foremost of car-warriors conversant with every mode of warfare, riding on their own beautiful cars that performed diverse delightful evolutions. Endued with great prowess, struggling vigorously, and each solicitous of vanquishing the other, they covered each other with showers of shafts, like the clouds at the close of summer (pouring torrents of rain). Those bulls among men, riding on their cars of solar effulgence, looked beautiful like congregated masses of clouds in the autumnal sky. Then those warriors, O monarch, filled with wrath and desire of revenge, mighty bowmen all, challenging, rushed at one another with great vigour like infuriated leaders of elephantine herds. Verily, O king, death does not take place till its hour comes, since all those warriors did not simultaneously perish in that battle. Strewn with lopped off arms and legs, and heads decked with beautiful ear-rings, and bows and arrows and lances and scimitars and battle-axes and (other kinds of) axes, and *Nalihas* and razor-headed arrows and cloth-yard shafts and darts and diverse kinds of beautiful armour, and beautiful cars broken into pieces, and slain elephants and standardless cars broken like cities, and vehicles dragged hither and thither with the speed of the wind by driverless steeds in great fright, and a large number of well-decked warriors of great courage, and fallen fans and coats of mail and standards, and ornaments and robes and fragrant garlands, and chains of gold and diadems and crowns and head-gears and rows of bells, and jewels worn on breasts, and cuirasses and collars and gems that adorn head-gears, the field of battle looked beautiful like the firmament bespangled with stars.'

'Then there occured an encounter between Duryodhana, filled with wrath and desire of revenge, and Nakula filled with the same feelings. Madri's son cheerfully shooting hundreds of shafts, placed thy son on his right. At this loud cheers were bestowed upon him. Placed on the right by his cousin-brother in wrath, thy son king Duryodhana, filled with rage, began, in battle, to wonderfully counteract Nakula from that very side.

Thereupon, Nakula, endued with great energy and acquainted with the diverse course (in which a car may be conducted), began to resist thy son who was engaged in counteracting him from his right. Duryodhana, however, afflicting Nakula with showers of shafts and resisting him on every side, caused him to turn back. All the troops applauded that feat (of thy son). Then Nakula, addressing thy son, said, 'Wait, Wait, recollecting all his woes caused by thy evil counsels.' "

SECTION CLXXXVIII

"Sanjaya said, 'Then Duhsasana, filled with wrath, rushed against Sahadeva, causing the earth to tremble with the fierce speed of his car, O Madri's son, however, that crusher of foes, with a broad-headed arrow, quickly cut of the head, decked with the head-gear of his rushing antagonist's driver. From the celerity with which that act was accomplished by Sahadeva, neither Duhsasana nor any of the troops knew that the driver's head had been cut off. The reins being no longer held by anybody, the steeds ran at their will. It was then that Duhsasana knew that his driver had been slain. Conversant with the management of steeds, that foremost of car-warriors, himself restraining his steeds in that battle fought beautifully and with great activity and skill. That feat of his was applauded by friends and foes, since riding on that driverless car, he careered fearlessly in that battle. Then Sahadeva pierced those steeds with keen shafts. Afflicted with those shafts, they quickly ran away, careering hither and thither. For catching hold of the reins, he once laid aside his bow, and then he took up his bow for using it, lying aside the reins. During those opportunities the son of Madri covered him with arrows. Then Karna, desirous of rescuing thy son, rushed to that spot. Thereupon, Vrikodara, with great care, pierced Karna in the chest and arms with three broad-headed shafts sped from his bow drawn to its fullest stretch. Struck with those shafts like a snake with a stick, Karna stopped and began to resist Bhimasena, shooting keen shafts. Thereupon, a fierce battle took place between Bhima and Radha's son. Both of them roared like bulls, and the eyes of both were expanded (with rage). Excited with wrath, and rushing towards each other, with great speed, they roared at each other. Those two delighters, in battle were then very close to each other. So near were they that they could not easily shoot their shafts at each other. Thereupon, an encounter with maces happened. Bhimasena speedily broke with his mace the *Kuvara* of Karna's car. That feat of his, O king, seemed highly wonderful. Then the valiant son of Radha, taking up a mace, hurled it at Bhima's car. Bhima, however, broke it with the mace of his own. Then taking up a heavy mace, once more, Bhi-a

hurled it at Adhiratha's son. Karna struck that mace with numerous shafts of beautiful wings, sped with great force, and once again with other shafts. Thus struck with Karna's shafts, the mace turned back towards Bhima, like a snake afflicted with incantations. With the rebound of that mace, the huge standard of Bhima, broke and fell down. Struck with that same mace, Bhima's driver also became deprived of his senses. Then Bhima, mad with rage, sped eight shafts at Karna, and his standard and bow, and leathern fence, O Bharata. The mighty Bhimasena, that slayer of hostile heroes, with the greatest care, O Bharata, cut off, with those keen shafts, the standards, the bow, and the leathern fence of Karna. The latter then, *viz.*, the son of Radha, taking up another invincible and gold-decked bow, shot a number of shafts, and quickly slew Bhima's steeds of the hue of bears, and then his two drivers. When his car was thus injured, Bhima, that chastiser of foes, quickly jumped into the car of Nakula like a lion jumping down upon a mountain summit.'

"Meanwhile, Drona and Arjuna, those two foremost of car-warriors, preceptor and pupil, both skilled in weapon, O monarch, fought with each other in battle, stupefying the eyes and minds of men with their lightness in the use of weapons and the sureness of their aim, and with the motions of their cars. Beholding that battle, the like of which had never been witnessed before, between preceptor and pupil, the other warriors abstained from fighting with each other and trembled. Each of those heroes, displaying beautiful revolutions of his car, wished to place the other on his right. The warriors present there beheld their prowess and became filled with wonder. Indeed, that great battle between Drona and the son of Pandu resembled that, O monarch, between a couple of hawks in the welkin for the sake of a piece of meat. Whatever feats Drona performed for vanquishing the son of Kunti, were all counteracted by Arjuna's performing similar feats. When Drona failed to gain any ascendency over the son of Pandu, the son of Bharadwaja, that warrior acquainted with the course of all weapons, invoked into existence the *Aindra*, the *Pasupata*, the *Tvashtra*, the *Vayavya*, and the *Yamya* weapons. As soon as those weapons, issued from Drona's bow, Dhananjaya destroyed them quickly. When his weapons were thus duly destroyed by Arjuna with his own weapons, Drona shrouded the son of Pandu with the mightiest of celestial weapons. Every weapon, however, that Drona shot at Partha from desire of vanquishing the latter, was shot by Partha in return for baffling it. Seeing all his weapons, even the celestial ones, duly baffled by Arjuna, Drona applauded the latter in his heart. That chastiser of foes, O Bharata, regarded himself superior to every person in the world acquainted with weapons, in consequence of Arjuna having been his pupil. Thus resisted by Partha in the midst of all those illustrious warriors, Drona, struggling with vigour, cheerfully resisted Arjuna (in return), wondering all the while. Then the celestials and *Gandharvas* in thousands, and *Rishis* and bodies of *Siddhas*, were seen on all sides in the welkin. Filled with (those as also with) *Apsaras* and *Yakshas* and *Rakshasas*, it once more seemed that the welkin

was darkened by gathering clouds. An invisible voice, fraught with the praises of Drona and the high-souled Partha, was heard to repeatedly course through the firmament. When in consequence of the weapons shot by Drona and Partha all sides seemed ablaze with light, the *Siddhas* and the *Rishis* that were present, said, 'This is no human nor *Asura*, nor *Rakshasa*, nor celestial, nor *Gandharva* battle. Without doubt this is a high *Brahma* encounter. This battle is exceedingly beautiful and highly wonderful. We have never seen or heard of its like. Now, the preceptor prevails over the son of Pandu, and then the son of Pandu prevails over Drona. No one can find any difference between them. If Rudra, dividing his own self into two portions, fights, himself with himself, then may an instance be had to match this. Nowhere else can an instance be found to match it. Science, gathered in one place, exists in the preceptor; science and means are in the son of Pandu. Heroism, in one place, is in Drona; heroism and might are in the son of Pandu. None of these warriors can be withstood by foes in battle. If they wish, both of them can destroy the universe with the gods. Beholding those two bulls among men, all invisible and visible creatures said these words. The high-souled Drona then, in that battle, invoked into existence the *Brahma* weapon, afflicting Partha and all invisible beings. Thereupon, the earth with the mountains and waters and trees trembled. Fierce winds began to blow. The seas swelled in agitation. The combatants of the Kurus and the Pandava armies, as also all other creatures, became inspired with fear, when that illustrious warrior uplifted that weapon. The Partha, O monarch, fearlessly baffled that weapon by a *Brahma* weapon of his own, at which all that agitation in nature was speedily pacified. At last, when none of them could vanquish his antagonist in combat, a general engagement took place between the hosts, causing a great confusion on the field. During the progress of that dreadful battle between Drona and the son of Pandu (as also of that general engagement), once more, O king, nothing could be distinguished. The welkin became covered with dense showers of shafts, as if with masses of clouds, and creatures ranging in the air could no longer find a passage through their element."

SECTION CXC

"Sanjaya said, 'During that fearful carnage of men and steeds and elephants, Duhsasana, O king, encountered Dhrishtadyumna. Mounted upon his golden car and exceedingly afflicted with the shafts of Duhsasana, the Panchala prince wrathfully showered his shafts upon thy son's steeds. Covered with the shafts of Prishata's son, O king, Duhsasana's car, with standard and driver, soon became invisible. Afflicted with those showers

of arrows, Duhsasana, O monarch, became unable to stay before the illustrious prince of the Panchalas. Forcing, by means of his shafts, Duhsasana to turn back Pritha's son, scattering his arrows, proceeded against Drona in that battle. At the time Hridika's son, Kritavarman, with three of his uterine brothers, appeared on the scene and attempted to oppose Dhrishtadyumna. Those bulls among men, however, *viz.*, the twins, Nakula and Sahadeva following in the wake of Dhrishtadyumna who was thus proceeding like a blazing fire towards Drona, began to protect him. Then, all those great car-warriors, endued with might and excited with rage, began to strike one another, making death their goal. Of pure souls and pure conduct, O king, and keeping heaven in view, they fought according to righteous methods, desirous of vanquishing one another. Of stainless lineage and stainless acts, and endued with great intelligence, those rulers of men, keeping heaven in view, fought fair battles with another. There was nothing unfair in that fight and no weapon was used that was regarded as unfair. No barbed arrows, nor those called *nalikas*, nor those that are poisoned, nor those with heads, made of horns, nor those equipped with many pointed heads, nor those made of the bones of bulls and elephants, nor those having two heads, nor those having rusty heads, nor those that are not straight going, were used by any of them.[1] All of them used simple and fair weapons and desired to win both fame and region of great blessedness by fighting fairly. Between those four warriors of thy army and those three of the Pandava side, the battle that took place was exceedingly dreadful but divested of everything unfair. Then Dhrishtadyumna, exceedingly quick in the use of weapons, beholding those brave and mighty car warriors of thy army checked by the twins (Nakula and Sahadeva), proceeded towards Drona. Checked by those two lions among men, those four heroic warriors encountered the former like the wind assailing a couple of mountains (standing on their way). Each of the twins—those great car-warriors—was engaged with a couple of arrows against Drona. Beholding the invincible prince of the Panchalas proceeding against Drona, and those four heroes (of his own army) engaged with the twins, Duryodhana, O monarch, rushed to that spot, scattering showers of blood-drinking arrows. Seeing this, Satyaki quickly approached the Kuru king. Those two tigers among men, *viz.*, the two descendants of Kuru and Madhu, approaching each other, became desirous of striking each other in battle. Recalling to mind their behaviour towards each other in childhood and reflecting with pleasure on the same, they gazed at each other and smiled repeatedly. Then king Duryodhana (mentally), blaming his own conduct, addressed his ever dear friend Satyaki, and said, 'Fie on wrath, O friend, and fie on vindictiveness! Fie on Kshatriya usage, and fie on might and prowess, since thou aimest thy weapons at me, and I too am aiming at thee, O bull of Sini's

[1]All these arrows inflicted bad wounds and could not be easily extracted. Shafts of crooked courses were condemned because the combatants could not easily baffle them, not knowing at whom they would fall.

race! In those days thou wert dearer to me than life itself, and I also was such to thee! Alas, all those acts of childhood that I remember, of both thyself and mine, became quite insignificant in the field of battle! Alas, moved by wrath and convetousness, we are here to-day for fighting against each other, O thou of the Satwata race!' Unto him who said those words, O king, Satyaki, conversant with high weapons, taking up some keen arrows, smilingly replied, 'This is no assembly, O prince, nor the abode of our preceptor, where in former days we sported together.' Duryodhana answered, 'Where have those sports of our childhood gone, O bull of Sini's race, and, alas, how has this battle now come upon us? It seems that the influence of Time is irresistible. (Urged though we are) by desire of wealth, what use, however, have we of wealth that, assembled together, we are now engaged in battle, moved by the avarice of wealth.'

"Sanjaya said, 'Unto king Duryodhana who said so, Satyaki replied, 'This has always been the usage of the Kshatriyas that they have to fight even against their preceptors. If I am dear to thee, O king, then slay me without any delay. Through thee, O bull of Bharata's race, I shall then enter the region of the righteous. Exhibit, without delay, all thy might and prowess. I do not desire to witness this great calamity of friends.' Having replied and reasoned thus, Satyaki, O monarch, fearlessly and in utter disregard of life, quickly advanced against Duryodhana. Beholding him advance, thy son received him; indeed, O king, thy son poured on him of Sini's race a perfect shower of arrows. Then commenced a terrible battle between those lions of Kuru's and Madhu's races, resembling an encounter between an elephant and a lion. Then Duryodhana, filled with wrath, pierced the invincible Satyaki with many keen arrows, shot from his bow drawn to its fullest stretch. Satyaki quickly pierced the Kuru prince in return with fifty keen shafts in that battle and once more with twenty, and again with ten shafts. Then, in that encounter, O king, thy son, smiling the while, pierced Satyaki in return with thirty arrows shot from his bowstring drawn to his ear. Shooting then a razor-headed arrow, he cut off in twain the bow, with arrow fixed thereon, of Satyaki. Endued with great lightness of hand, the latter then, taking up a tougher bow, shot showers of shafts at thy son. As those lines of arrows advanced for compassing the death of Duryodhana, the latter, O king, cut them in pieces, at which the troops shouted loudly. With great swiftness, the Kuru king afflicted Satyaki with three and seventy shafts, equipped with wings of gold and steeped in oil and shot from his bow drawn to its fullest stretch. All those arrows of Duryodhana, as also his bow, with arrow fixed thereon, Satyaki quickly cut off. The Satwata hero then poured showers of shafts on his antagonist. Deeply pierced by Satyaki and feeling great pain, Duryodhana, O king, in great distress, sought shelter in another car. Having rested awhile and refreshed himself, thy son once more advanced against Stayaki, sooting showers of shafts at the latter's car. Smilingly, O king, Satyaki ceaselessly shot multitudes of shafts at Duryodhana's car.

The shafts of both mingled with one another in the welkin. In consequence of those arrows thus shot by both, falling fast on every side, loud sounds, like those of a raging fire consuming a mighty forest, arose there. With thousands of arrows shot by both, the earth was densely covered. The welkin also became filled therewith. Beholding then that foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, that hero of Madhu's race, to be mightier than Duryodhana, Karna rushed to that spot, desirous of rescuing thy son. Mighty Bhimasena, however, could not brook that attempt of Karna. He, therefore, quickly proceeded against Karna, shooting innumerable shafts. Cutting off all those shafts of Bhima with the greatest ease, Karna cut off Bhima's bow, arrows and driver also, with his own shafts. Then, Pandu's son, Bhima, filled with rage, took up a mace and crushed the bow, standard, and driver of his antagonist in that encounter. The mighty Bhima also broke one of the wheels of Karna's car. Karna, however, stood on that car of his, which had one of his wheels broken, immovable as (Meru), the king of mountains. That beautiful car of his which had now only one wheel, was borne by his steeds, like the single wheeled car of Surya, drawn by the seven celestial steeds. Incapable of brooking the feats of Bhimasena, Karna continued to fight with the latter, using diverse kinds of shafts in profusion and diverse kinds of other weapons in that encounter. Bhimasena also filled with wrath, continued to fight with the *Suta's* son. When the engagement became general and confused, (Yudhishthira) the son of Dharma, addressing all the foremost of warriors among the Panchalas and the Matsyas, said, 'They that are our life, they that are our heads, they amongst us that are endued with great strength, those bulls among men are all engaged with the Dhartarashtras. Why do ye then stand thus, as if stupefied and deprived of your senses? Proceed thither where those car-warriors of my army are fighting. Driving away your fears and keeping in view the duties of Kshatriyas (engage in fight), for then conquering or slain ye will gain desirable goals. If you prove victors, you may perform diverse sacrifices with profuse gifts to Brahmanas. If, on the other hand, you are slain, becoming then equals of the celestials, you will win many regions of blessedness. Thus urged by the king, those heroic and mighty car-warriors engaged in battle, observant of Kshatriya duties, quickly proceeded against Drona. The Panchalas then, from one side, assailed Drona with innumerable arrows, while others headed by Bhimasena began to resist him from another side. The Pandavas had three crooked-minded mighty car-warriors amongst them. They were Bhimasena and the twins (Nakula and Sahadeva). These addressed Dhananjaya loudly and said, 'Rush, O Arjuna, with speed and drive away the Kurus from Drona's vicinity. If the preceptor can be derived of his protectors, the Panchalas may then slay him easily.' Thus addressed, Partha suddenly rushed against the Kauravas, while Drona rushed agaist the Panchalas headed by Dhrishtadyumna. Indeed, on that the fifth day (of Drona's command) those heroic combatants, O Bharata, were grounded and crushed with great-celerity (by Bharadwaja's son.)"

SECTION CXCI

"Sanjaya said, 'Then Drona caused a great carnage among the Panchalas, like the slaughter caused by Sakra himself in rage amongst the *Danavas* in the days of yore. The great car-warriors of the Pandava army, endued with might and energy, though slaughtered, O king, by Drona's weapons, were not yet afraid of Drona in that battle. Indeed, O monarch, those mighty car-warriors, *viz.*, the Panchalas and the Srinjayas, all rushed against Drona himself, for fighting with him. Loud and fierce were the yells they uttered as they rushed towards Drona for encompassing him on all sides and were slaughtered by him with shafts and darts. Beholding the slaughter of the Panchalas in that battle by the illustrious Drona, and seeing his weapons overwhelm all sides, fear entered the hearts of the Pandavas. Beholding that dreadful carnage of steeds and human beings in that battle, the Pandavas, O monarch, became hopeless of victory. (They began to say unto each other) 'Is it not evident that Drona, that warrior conversant with the mightiest of weapons, will consume us all like a raging conflagration consuming a heap of straw in the season of spring? There is none competent to even look at him in battle. Conversant with the ways of morality, Arjuna (who alone is a match for him) will not fight with him.' Beholding the sons of Kunti afflicted with the shafts of Drona and inspired with fear, Kesava, endued with great intelligence and, devoted to their welfare, addressed Arjuna and said, 'This foremost of all bowmen is incapable of being ever vanquished by force in battle, by the very gods with Vasava at their head. When, however, he lays aside his weapons, he becomes capable of being slain on the field even by human beings. Casting aside virtue, ye sons of Pandu, adopt now some contrivance for gaining the victory, so that Drona of the golden car may not slay us all in battle. Upon the fall of (his son) Aswatthaman he will cease to fight, I think. Let some man, therefore, tell him that Aswatthaman, hath been slain in battle.' This advice, however, O king, was not approved by Kunti's son, Dhananjaya. Others approved of it. But Yudhishthira accepted it with great difficulty. Then the mighty-armed Bhima, O king, slew with a mace a foe-crushing, terrible and huge elephant named Aswatthaman, of his own army, belonging to Indravarman, the chief of the Malavas. Approaching Drona then in that battle with some bashfulness Bhimasena began to exclaim aloud, 'Aswatthaman hath been slain.' That elephant named Aswatthaman having been thus slain, Bhima spoke of Aswatthaman's slaughter. Keeping the true fact within his mind, he said what was untrue, Hearing those highly disagreeable words of Bhima and reflecting upon them, Drona's limbs seemed to dissolve like sands in water. Recollecting however, the prowess of his son, he soon came to regard that intelligence as false. Hearing, therefore, of his slaughter, Drona did not become unmanned. Indeed, soon recovering his senses, he became comforted, remembering that his son was incapable of being resisted by foes. Rushing towards the son of Prishata

and desirous of slaying that hero who had been ordained as his slayer, he covered him with a thousand keen shafts, equipped with *kanka* feathers. Then twenty thousand Panchala car-warriors of great energy covered him, while he was thus careering in battle, with their shafts. Completely shrouded with those shafts, we could not any longer see that great car-warrior who then resembled, O monarch, the sun, covered with clouds in the season of rains. Filled with wrath and desirous of compassing the destruction of those brave Panchalas, that mighty car-warrior, that scorcher of foes, *viz.*, Drona, dispelling all those shafts of the Panchalas, then invoked into existence the *Brahma* weapon. At that time, Drona looked resplendent like a smokeless, blazing fire. Once more filled with rage the valiant son of Bharadwaja slaughtering all the Somakas, seemed to be invested with great splendour. In that dreadful battle, he felled the heads of the Panchalas and cut off their massive arms, looking like spiked maces and decked with golden ornaments. Indeed, those Kshatriyas, slaughtered in battle by Bharadwaja's son fell down on the earth and lay scattered like trees uprooted by the tempest. In consequence of fallen elephants and steeds, O Bharata, the earth, miry with flesh and blood, became impassable. Having slain twenty thousand Panchala car-warriors, Drona, in that battle, shone resplendent like a smokeless, blazing fire. Once more filled with rage, the valiant son of Bharadwaja cut off, with a broad-headed arrow, the head of Vasudana from his trunk. Once more slaying five hundred Matsyas, and six thousand elephants, he slew ten thousand steeds. Beholding Drona stationed on the field for the extermination of the Kshatriya race, the *Rishis* Viswamitra, and Jamadagni, and Bharadwaja, and Gautama, and Vasishtha, and Kasyapa, and Atri, and the *Srikatas*, the *Prisnis*, Garga, the *Valkhilyas*, the *Marichis*, the descendants of Bhrigu and Angiras, and diverse other sages of subtle forms quickly came thither, with the Bearer of sacrificial libations at their head, and, desirous of taking Drona unto the region of Brahman, addressed Drona, that ornament of battle, and said, 'Thou art fighting utrighteously. The hour of thy death is come. Laying aside thy weapons in battle, O Drona, behold us stationed here. After this, it behoveth thee not to perpetrate such exceedingly cruel deeds. Thou art versed in the *Vedas* and their branches. Thou art devoted to the duties enjoined by truth, especially, thou art a Brahmana. Such acts do not become thee. Lay aside thy weapons. Drive away the film of error that shrouds thee. Adhere now to the eternal path. The period for which thou art to dwell in the world of men is now full. Thou hast, with the *Brahma* weapon, burnt men on earth that are unacquainted with weapons. This act that thou hast perpetrated, O regenerate one, is not righteous. Lay aside thy weapons in battle without delay, O Drona, do not wait longer on earth. Do not, O regenerate one, perpetrate such a sinful act.' Hearing these words of their as also those spoken by Bhimasena, and beholding Dhrishtadyumna before him, Drona became exceedingly cheerless in battle. Burning with grief and exceedingly afflicted, he enquired of Kunti's son Yudhishthira

as to whether his son (Aswatthaman) had been slain or not. Drona firmly believed that Yudhishthira would never speak an untruth even for the sake of the sovereignty of the three worlds. For this reason, that bull among Brahmanas asked Yudhishthira and not any body else. He had hoped for truth from Yudhishthira from the latter's infancy.

"Meanwhile, O monarch, Govinda, knowing that Drona, that foremost of warriors, was capable of sweeping all the Pandavas off the face of the earth, became much distressed. Addressing Yudhishthira he said, 'If Drona fighteth, filled with rage, for even half-a-day, I tell thee truly, thy army will then be annihilated. Save us, then, from Drona. under such circumstances, falshood is better than truth. By telling an untruth for saving a life. one is not touched by sin. There is no sin in untruth spoken unto women, or in marriages, or for saving king, or for rescuing a Brahmana.'[1] While Govinda and Yudhishthira were thus talking with each other, Bhimasena (addressing the king) said, 'As soon, O monarch, as I heard of the means by which the high-souled Drona might be slain, putting forth my prowess in battle, I immediately slew a mighty elephant, like unto the elephant of Sakra himself, belonging to Indravarman, the chief of the Malavas, who was standing within thy army. I then went to Drona and told him, 'Aswatthaman has been slain, O Brahmana! Cease, then, to fight. Verily, O bull among men, the preceptor did not believe in the truth of words. Desirous of victory as thou art, accept the advice of Govinda. Tell Drona, O King, that the son of Saradwat's daughter is no more. Told by thee, that bull among Brahmanas will never fight. Thou, O ruler of men, art reputed to be truthful in the three worlds.' Hearing those words of Bhima and induced by the counsels of Krishna, and owing also to the inevitability of destiny, O monarch, Yudhishthira made up his mind to say what he desired. Fearing to utter an untruth, but earnestly desirous of victory, Yudhishthira distinctly said that Aswatthaman was dead, adding indistinctly the world *elephant* (after the name), Before this, Yudhishthira's car had stayed at a height of four fingers' breadth from the surface of the earth; after, however, he had said that untruth, his (vehicle and) animals touched the earth. Hearing those words from Yudhishthira, the mighty car-warrior Drona, afflicted with grief, for the (supposed) death of his son, yielded to the influence of despair. By the words, again, of the *Rishis*, he regarded himself a great offender against the high-souled Pandavas. Hearing now about the death of his son, he became perfectly cheerless and filled with anxiety; upon beholding Dhrishtadyumna, O king, that chastiser of foes could not fight as before.' "

[1]This verse is omitted in the Bombay text. There can be no doubt, however, about its genuineness.

SECTION CXCII

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding Drona filled with great anxiety and almost deprived of his senses by grief, Dhrishtadyumna, the son of the Panchala king, rushed at him. That hero had, for the destruction of Drona, been obtained by Drupada, that ruler of men, at a great sacrifice, from the Bearer of sacrificial libations. Desirous of slaying Drona, he now took up a victory-giving and formidable bow whose twang resembled the roll of the clouds, whose string was possessed of great strength, and which was irrefragable and celestial. And he fixed on it a fierce arrow, resembling a snake of virulent poison and possessed of the splendour of fire. That arrow, resembling a fire of fierce flame, while within the circle of his bow, looked like the autumnal sun of great splendour within a radiant circle. Beholding that blazing bow bent with force by Prishata's son, the troops regarded that to be the last hour (of the world). Seeing that arrow aimed at him, the valiant son of Bharadwaja thought that the last hour of his body had come. The preceptor prepared with care to baffle that shaft. The weapons, however, of that high-souled one, O monarch, no longer appeared at his bidding.[1] His weapons had not been exhausted although he had shot them ceaselessly for four days and one night. On the expiry, however, of the third part of that of the fifth day, his arrows became exhausted. Seeing the exhaustion of his arrows and afflicted with grief on account of his son's death, and in consequence also of the unwillingness of the celestial weapons to appear at his bidding, he desired to lay aside his weapons, as requested by the words of the *Rishis* also. Though filled with great energy, he could not however, fight as before. Then taking up another celestial bow that Angiras had given him, and certain arrows that resembled a Brahmana's curse, he continued to fight with Dhrishtadyumna. He covered the Panchala prince with a thick shower of arrows. and filled with rage, mangled his angry antagonist. With his own keen shafts he cut off in a hundred fragments those of the prince as also the latter's standard and bow. He then his antagonist's driver. Then Dhrishtadyumna, smiling, took up another bow, and pierced Drona with a keen shaft in the centre of the chest. Deeply pierced therewith and losing his self-possession in that encounter, that mighty bowman, then, with a sharp and broad-headed arrow, once more cut off Dhrishtadyumna's bow. Indeed, the invincible Drona then cut off all the we-a pons, O king, and all the bows that his antagonist had, with the exception only of his mace and sword. Filled with rage, he then pierced the angry Dhrishtadyumna, O chastiser of foes, nine keen arrows, capable of taking the life of every foe. Then the mighty car-warrior Dhrishtadyumna, of immeasurable soul, invoking into existence the *Brahma* weapon, caused the steeds of his own car to be mingled with those of his foes. Endued with the speed of

[1]The celestial weapons were all living agents that appeared at the bidding of him who knew to invoke them. They abandoned, however, the person whose death was imminent, although invoked with the usual formulae.

the wind, those steeds that were red and of the hue of pigeons, O bull of Bharata's race, thus mingled together, looked exceedingly beautiful. Indeed, O king, those steeds thus mingled together on the field of battle, looked beautiful like roaring clouds in the season of rains, charged with lightning. Then that twice-born one of immeasurable soul cut off the shaft-joints, the wheel–joints, and (other) car-joints of Dhrishtadyumna. Deprived of his bow, and made carless and steedless and driverless, the heroic Dhrishtadyumna, fallen into great distress, grasped a mace. Filled with rage, the mighty car-warrior, Drona, of unbaffled prowess, by means of a number of keen shafts, cut off that mace, while it was on the point of being hurled at him. Beholding his mace cut off by Drona with arrows, that tiger among men, (*viz.*, the Panchala prince), took up a spotless sword and a bright shield decked with a hundered moons. Without doubt, under those circumstances, the panchala prince determined to make an end of that foremost of preceptors, that high-souled warrior. Sometimes, sheltering himself in his car-box and sometimes riding on his car-shafts, the prince moved about, uplifiting his swords and whirling his bright shield. The mighty car-warrior Dhrishtadyumna, desirous of achieving, from folly, a difficult feat, hoped to pierce the chest of Bharadwaja's son in that battle. Sometimes, he stayed upon the yoke, and sometimes under the haunches of Drona's red steeds. These movements of his were highly applauded by all the troops. Indeed, while he stayed amid the trappings of the yoke or behind those red steeds, Drona found no opportunity to strike him. All this seemed exceedingly wonderful. The movements of both Drona and Prishata's son in that battle resembled the fight of hawk careering through the welkin for a piece of meat. Then Drona, by means of a dart pierced the white steeds of his antagonist, one after another, not striking, however, the red ones amongst them (that belonged to himself)[1]. Deprived of life, those steeds of Dhrishtadyumna fell down upon the earth. Thereupon, the red steeds of Drona himself, O king, where freed from the entanglements of Dhrishtadyumna's car. Beholding his steeds slain by that foremost of Brahmanas, Prishata's sons, that mighty car-warrior, that foremost of fighters, could not brook it. Though deprived of his car, still that foremost of all swordsmen, armed with his sword, sprang towards Drona, O monarch, like Vinata's son (Garuda) making a swoop at a snake. The form, O king, of Dhrishtadyumna at that time, when he sought to slay the son of Bharadwaja,resembled the form of Vishnu himself in days of yore when at the point of slaying Hiranyakasipu. He performed diverse evolutions, in fact, O Kauravya, the son of Prishata, careering in that battle, exhibited the well-known one and twenty different kinds of motion. Armed with the sword, and shield in hand, Prishata's son wheeled about and whirled his sword on high, and made side thrusts, and rushed forward. and ran sideways, and leapt high, and assailed the flanks of his antagonists and receded backwards, and closed with his foes, and pressed them hard. Having practised them well, he also showed the evolutions called *Bharata*, *Kausika Satwata*, as he careered

[1]I adopt the Bombay reading.

in that battle for compassing the destruction of Drona. Beholding those beautiful evolutions of Dhrishtadyumna, as he careered on the field, sword and shield in hand, all the warriors, as also the celestials assembled there, were filled with wonder. The regenerate Drona then, shooting a thousand arrows in the thick of fight, cut off the sword of Dhrishtadyumna as also his shield, decked with a hundred moons. Those arrows that Drona shot, while fighting from such a near point, were of the length of a span. Such arrows are used only in close fight. None else have arrows of that kind, except Kripa, and Partha, and Aswatthaman and Karna, Pradyumna and Yuyudhana; Abhimanyu also had such arrows. Then the preceptor, desirous of slaying his disciple who was unto him even as his own son, fixed on his bow-string a shaft endued with great impetuosity. That shaft, however, Satyaki cut off by means of ten arrows, in the very sight of thy son as also of the high-souled Karna, as thus rescued Dhrishtadyumna who was on the point of succumbing to Drona. Then Kesava and Dhananjaya beheld Satyaki of prowess incapable of being baffled, who, O Bharata, was thus careering in the car-tracks (of the Kuru warriors) and within the range of the shafts of Drona and Karna and Kripa. Saying, '*Excellent*, *Excellent*!' both of them loudly applauded Satyaki of unfading glory, who was thus destroying the celestial weapons of all those warriors. Then Kesava and Dhananjaya rushed towards the Kurus. Addressing Krishna, Dhananjaya said, 'Behold, O Kesava, that perpetuator of Madhu's race, *viz.*, Satyaki of true prowess, sporting before the preceptor and those mighty car-warriors and gladdening me and the twins and Bhima and king Yudhishthira. With skill acquired by practice and without insolence, behold that enhancer of the fame of the Vrishnis, *viz.*, Satyaki, careering in battle, sporting the while with those mighty car-warriors. All these troops, as also the *Siddhas* (in the welkin), beholding him invincible in battle, are filled with wonder, and applauding him, saying, '*Excellent*, *Excellent!*' Indeed, O king, the warriors of both armies all applauded the Satwata hero, for his feats.' "

SECTION CXCIII

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding those feats of the Satwata hero, Duryodhana and others, filled with rage, quickly encompassed the grandson of Sini on all sides. Kripa and Karna, of also thy sons, O sire, in that battle, quickly approaching the grandson of Sini, began to strike him with keen arrows. Then king Yudhishthira, and the two other Pandavas, *viz.*, the two sons of Madri and Bhimasena of great might surrounded Satyaki (for protecting him). Karna, and the mighty car-warrior Kripa, and Duryodhana and others, all resisted Satyaki, pouring showers of arrows on him. The grand-

son of Sini, however, contending with all those car-warriors, baffled, O monarch, that terrible downpour of arrows, so suddenly created by his foes. Indeed, in that dreadful battle, Satyaki, by means of his own celestial weapons, duly resisted all those celestial weapons aimed at him by those illustrious warriors. The field of battle became full of many cruel sights upon that encounter of those royal combatants, resembling that scene of yore when Rudra, filled with rage, had destroyed all creatures. Human arms and heads and bows, O Bharata, and umbrellas displaced (from cars), and yak-tails, were seen lying in heaps on the field of battle. The earth became quickly strewn with broken wheels and cars, and massive arms lopped off from trunks, and brave horsemen deprived of life. And, O foremost one among the Kurus, large number of warriors, mangled with falling arrows, were seen in that great battle to roll and writhe on the ground in agony of the last spasms of death. During the progress of that terrible battle, resembling the encounter in days of old between the celestials and the *Asuras*, king Yudhishthira the just, addressing his warriors, said, Putting forth all your vigour, rush, ye great car-warriors, against the Pot-born! Yonder the heroic son of Prishata is engaged with Drona! He is endeavouring to the utmost of his might, to slay the son of Bharadwaja. Judging from the aspect he is presenting in this great battle, it is evident that filled with rage, he will today overthrow Drona. Uniting together, all of you fight with the Pot-born.' Thus ordered by Yudhishthira, the mighty car-warriors of the Srinjayas all rushed with great vigour to slay the son of Bharadwaja. That mighty car-warrior, *viz.*, Bharadwaja's son, quickly rushed against those advancing warriors, knowing for certain that he would die. When Drona, of sure aim, thus proceeded, the earth trembled violently. Fierce winds began to blow, inspiring the (hostile) ranks with fear. Large meteors fell, seemingly issuing out of the sun, blazing fiercely as they fell and foreboding great terrors. The weapons of Drona, O sire, seemed to blaze forth. Cars seemed to produce loud rattles, and steeds to shed tears. The mighty car-warrior, Drona, seemed to be divested of his energy. His left eye and left hand began to twitch. Beholding Prishata's son, again, before him, and bearing in mind the words of the *Rishis* about his leaving the world for heaven, he became cheerless. He then desired to give up life by fighting fairly. Encompassed on all sides by the troops of Drupada's son, Drona began to career in battle, consuming large numbers of Kshatriyas. That grinder of foes, having slain four and twenty thousand Kshatriyas, then despatched to Yama's abode ten times ten thousand, by means of his shafts of keen points. Exerting himself with care, he seemed to stand in that battle like a smokeless fire. For the extermination of the Kshatriya race, he then had recourse to the *Brahma* weapon. Then the mighty Bhima, beholding the illustrious and irresistible prince of the Panchalas carless and weaponless, quickly proceeded towards him. Beholding him striking at Drona from a near point, that grinder of foes took up Dhrishtadyumna on his own car and said unto him, 'Save thee there is no other man that can

venture to fight with the preceptor. Be quick to slay him. The burden of his slaughter rests upon thee.' Thus addressed by Bhima, the mighty-armed Dhrishtadyumna speedily took up a strong, a new and a superb bow capable of bearing a great strain. Filled with rage, and shooting his arrows in that battle at the irresistible Drona, Dhrishtadyumna covered the preceptor, desirous of withstanding him. Those two ornaments of battle then, both foremost of fighters and both filled with rage, invoked into existence the *Brahma* and diverse other celestial weapons. Indeed, O king, Dhrishtadyumna covered Drona with many mighty weapons in that encounter. Destroying all the weapons of Bharadwaja's son, the Panchala prince, that warrior of unfading glory, began to slay the Vasatis, the Sivis, the Valhikas and the Kurus, that is, them, who protected Drona in that battle. Indeed, O king, shooting showers of arrows on all sides, Dhrishtadyumna at that time looked resplendent like the sun himself shedding his thousands of rays. Drona, however, once more cut off the prince's bow and pierced the vitals of the prince himself with many arrows. Thus pierced, the prince felt great pain. Then Bhima, of great wrath, holding the car of Drona, O monarch, slowly said these words unto him: 'If wretches amongst Brahmanas, discontented with the avocations of their own order, but well-versed in arms, did not fight, the Kshatriya order then would not have been thus exterminated. Abstention from injury to all creatures hath been said to be the highest of all virtues. The Brahmana is the root of that virtue. As regards thyself, again, thou art the foremost of all persons acquainted with *Brahma*. Slaying all those *Mlecchas* and other warriors, who, however, are all engaged in the proper avocations of their order, moved thereto by ignorance and folly, O Brahmana, and by the desire of wealth for benefiting sons and wives; indeed, for the sake of an only son, why dost thou not feel ashamed? He for whom thou hast taken up weapons, and for whom thou livest, he, deprived of life, lieth today on the field of battle, unknown to thee and behind thy back. King Yudhishthira the just hath told thee this. It behoveth thee not to doubt this fact.' Thus addressed by Bhima, Drona laid aside his bow. Desirous of laying aside all his weapons also, Bharadwaja's son of virtuous soul said aloud, 'O Karna, Karna, O great bowman, O Kripa, O Duryodhana, I tell you repeatedly, exert yourselves carefully in battle. Let no injury happen to you from the Pandavas. As regards myself, I lay aside my weapons.' Saying these words, he began loudly to take the name of Aswatthaman. Laying aside his weapons then in that battle, and sitting down on the terrace of his car, he devoted himself to *Yoga* and assured all creatures, dispelling their fears. Beholding that opportunity, Dhrishtadyumna mustered all his energy. Laying down on the car his formidable bow, with arrow fixed on the bow-string, he took up a sword, and jumping down from his vehicle, rushed quickly against Drona. All creatures, human beings and others, uttered exclamation of woe, beholding Drona thus brought under Dhrishtadyumna's power. Loud cries of *Oh* and *Alas* were uttered, as also those of *Oh* and *Fie*. As regards Drona himself,

abandoning his weapons, he was then in a supremely tranquil state. Having said those words he had devoted himself to *Yoga*. Endued with great effulgence and possessed of high ascetic merit, he had fixed his heart on that Supreme and Ancient Being, *viz.*, Vishnu. Bending his face slightly down, and heaving his breast forward, and closing his eyes, and resting on the quality of goodness, and disposing his heart to contemplation, and thinking on the monosyllable *Om*, representing. *Brahma*, and remembering the puissant, supreme, and indestructible God of gods, the radiant Drona of high ascetic merit, the preceptor (of the Kurus and the Pandavas) repaired to heaven that is so difficult of being attained even by the pious. Indeed, when Drona thus proceeded to heaven it seemed to us that there were then two suns in the firmament. The whole welkin was ablaze and seemed to be one vast expanse of equal light when the sun-like Bharadwaja, of solar effulgence, disappeared. Confused sounds of joy were heard, uttered by the delighted celestials. When Drona thus repaired to the region of Brahman, Dhrishtadyumna stood, unconscious of it all, beside him. Only we five amongst men beheld the high-souled Drona rapt in *Yoga* proceed to the highest region of blessedness. These five were myself, Dhananjaya, the son of Pritha, and Drona's son, Aswatthaman, and Vasudeva of Vrishni's race, and king Yudhishthira the just, the son of Pandu. Nobody else, O king, could see that glory of the wise Drona, devoted to *Yoga*, while passing out of the world. In fact, all human beings were unconscious of the fact that the preceptor attained to the supreme region of *Brahman*, a region mysterious to the very gods, and one that is the highest of all. Indeed, none of them could see the preceptor, that chastiser of foes, proceed to the region of *Brahman*, devoted to *Yoga* in the company of the foremost of *Rishis*, his body mangled with arrows and bathed in blood, after he had laid aside his weapons. As regards Prishata's son, though everybody cried *fie* on him, yet casting his eyes on the lifeless Drona's head, he began to drag it. With his sword, then, he lopped off from his foe's trunk that head,—his foe remained speechless the while. Having slain Bharadwaja's son. Dhrishtadyumna was filled with great joy, and uttered leonine shouts, whirling his sword. Of a dark complexion, with white locks hanging down to his ears, that old man of five and eighty years of age, used, for thy sake only, to career on the field of battle with the activity of a youth of sixteen. The mighty-armed Dhananjaya, the son of Kunti, (before Drona's head was cut off) had said, 'O son of Drupada, bring the preceptor alive, do not slay him. He should not be slain.' Even thus all the troops also had cried out. Arjuna, in particular, melted with pity, had cried out repeatedly. Disregarding, however, the cries of Arjuna as also those of all the kings, Dhrishtadyumna slew Drona, that bull among men, on the terrace of his car. Covered with Drona's blood, Dhrishtadyumna then jumped from the car down upon the ground. Looking red like the sun, he then seemed to be exceedingly fierce. Thy troops beheld Drona slain even thus in that battle. Then Dhrishtadyumna. that great bowman, O king, threw down

that large head of Bharadwaja's son before the warriors of thy army. Thy soldiers, O monarch, beholding the head of Bharadwaja's son, set their hearts on flight and ran away in all directions. Meanwhile Drona, ascending the skies, entered the stellar path. Through the grace of the *Rishis* Krishna (Dwaipayana), the son of Satyavati, I witnessed, O king, the (true circumstances about the) death of Drona. I beheld that illustrious one proceeding, after he had ascended the sky, like a smokeless brand of blazing splendour. Upon the fall of Drona, the Kurus, the Pandavas and the Srinjayas, all became cheerless and ran away with great speed. The army then broke up. Many had been slain, and many wounded by means of keen shafts. Thy warriors (in particular), upon the fall of Drona, seemed to be deprived of life. Having sustained a defeat, and being inspired with fear about the future, the Kurus regarded themselves deprived of both the worlds. Indeed, they lost all self-control.[1] Searching for the body of Bharadwaja's son, O monarch, on the field covered with thousands of headless trunks, the kings could not find it. The Pandavas, having gained the victory and great prospects of renown in the future, began to make loud sounds with their arrows and conchs and uttered loud leonine roars. Then Bhimasena, O king, and Dhrishtadyumna, the son of Prishata, were seen in the midst of the (Pandava) host to embrace each other. Addressing the son of Prishata, that scorcher of foes, *viz.*, Bhima said, 'I will again embrace thee, O son of Prishata, as one crowned with victory, when that wretch of a *Suta's* son shall be slain in battle, as also that other wretch, *viz.*, Duryodhana.' Having said these words, Bhimasena, the son of Pandu, filled with transports of joy, caused the earth to tremble with slaps on his armpits. Terrified by that sound, thy troops ran away from battle, forgetting the duties of the Kshatriyas and setting their hearts on flight. The Pandavas, having become victors, became very glad, O monarch, and they felt great happiness, derived from the destruction of their foes in battle.' "

SECTION CXCIV

"Sanjaya said, 'Upon the fall of Drona, O king, the Kurus, afflicted with weapons, deprived of their leader, broken and routed, became filled with grief. Seeing their foes (the Pandavas) prevailing over them, they repeatedly trembled. Their eyes filled with tears, and hearts inspired with fear, they became, O king, melancholy and cheerless, and destitute of exertion, and deprived of energy through grief. Uttering loud wails, they

[1] *Deprived of both the worlds*, having sustained a defeat, they lost this world, and flying away from the field, they committed a sin and lost the next world.

gathered round thy son. Covered with dust, trembling (with fear), casting vacant looks on all sides, and their voice choked with fear, they resembled the *Daityas* after the fall of Hiranyaksha in the days of yore. Surrounded by them all, as if by small animals struck with fear, thy son, unable to stay in their midst, moved away. Afflicted with hunger and thirst, and scorched by the sun, thy warriors, then, O Bharata, became exceedingly cheerless. Beholding the fall of Bharadwaja's son, which was like unto the dropping of the sun down upon the earth, or the drying up of the ocean, or the transplantation of Meru, or the defeat of Vasava, beholding that act, incapable of being quietly witnessed, the Kauravas, O king, fled away in fear,—terror lending them greater speed. The ruler of the Gandharas Sakuni, beholding Drona of the golden car slain, fled with the car-warriors of his division, with speed that was much greater. Even the *Suta's* son fled away in fear, taking with him his own vast division, that was retreating with great speed with all its standards. The ruler of the Madras, *viz.*, Salya, also, casting vacant looks around, fled away in fear, taking with him his division, teeming with cars and elephants and steeds. Saradwat's son, Kripa, too, fled away, saying, '*Alas, Alas,*' taking with him his division of elephants and foot-soldiers, the greater part thereof having been slain. Kritavarman, O king, also fled away, borne by his swift steeds, and surrounded by the remnant of his Bhoja, Kalinga, Aratta, and Valhika troops. Uluka, O king, beholding Drona slain, fled away with speed, afflicted with fear and accompanied by a large body of foot-soldiers. Handsome and endued with youth, and reputed for his bravery, Duhsasana, also, in great anxiety, fled away surrounded by his elephant division. Taking with him ten thousand cars and three thousand elephants, Vrishasena also fled with speed at the sight of Drona's fall. Accompanied by his elephants and horses and cars, and surrounded also by foot-soldiers, thy son, the mighty car-warrior, Duryodhana, too, fled away, O king, taking with him the remnant of the *Samsaptakas* whom Arjuna had not yet slaughtered. Susarman, O king, fled away, beholding Drona slain. Riding on elephants and cars and steeds, all the warriors of the Kaurava army fled away from the field, seeing Drona, of golden car, slain. Some urging their sires on, some their brothers, some their maternal uncles, some their sons, some their friends, the Kauravas fled away. Others urging on their brethren in arms or, their sisters' sons, their kinsmen, fled away on all sides. With dishevelled hair, and accoutrements loosened, all fled away in such a manner that even two persons could not be seen running together.—*The Kuru army has been totally destroyed*,—even this was the belief of every body. Others amongst thy troops, fled away, O king, throwing off their coats of mail. The soldiers loudly called upon one another, O bull of Bharata's race, saying,—'*Wait, Wait, do not fly*, but none of them that said so themselves stood on the field. Abandoning their vehicles and cars decked with ornaments, the warriors, riding on steeds or using their legs, fled away with great speed.

"While the troops, deprived of energy, were thus flying away with speed,

only Drona's son, Aswatthaman, like a huge alligator coming up against the current of a stream, rushed against his foes. A fierce battle took place between him and many warriors headed by Sikhandin and the Prabhadrakas, the Panchalas, the Chedis, and the Kaikeyas. Slaying many warriors of the Pandava army that were incapable of being defeated with ease, and escaping with difficulty from the press of battle, that hero, possessed of the tread of an infuriated elephant, saw the (Kaurava) host running away, resolved on flight. Proceeding towards Duryodhana, Drona's son, approaching the Kuru king, said, 'Why, O Bharata, are the troops flying away as if in fear? Although flying away, thus, O monarch, why dost thou not yet rally them in battle? Thyself, too, O king, dost not seem to be in thy usual frame of mind. Upon the slaughter of that lion among car-warriors, O monarch, hath thy force fallen into this plight. O Kaurava, O king, all these that are headed (even) by Karna, wait not on the field. In no battle fought before did the army fly away thus. Hath any evil befallen thy troops, O Bharata?' Hearing these words of Drona's son on that occasion, Duryodhana, that bull among kings, felt himself unable to impart the bitter intelligence. Indeed, thy son seemed to sink into an ocean of grief, like a foundered boat. Beholding Drona's son on his car, the king became bathed in tears. Suffused with shame, O monarch, the king then addressed Saradwat's son, saying, 'Blessed be thou, say thou, before others, why the army is thus flying away'. Then Saradwat's son, O king, repeatedly feeling great anguish, told Drona's son how his sire had been slain.'

"Kripa said, 'Placing Drona, that foremost of car-warriors, at our head, we commenced to fight with only the panchalas. When the battle commenced, the Kurus and the Somakas, mingled together, roared at one another and began to strike down one another with their weapons. During the progress of that battle the Dhartarashtras began to be thinned. Seeing this, thy sire, filled with rage, invoked into existence a celestial weapon. Indeed, Drona, that bull among men, having invoked the *Brahma* weapon, slew his enemies with board-headed arrows, by hundreds, and thousands.[1] Urged by fate, the Pandavas, the Kaikeyas, the Matsyas, and the Panchalas, O foremast of regenerate ones, approaching Drona's car, began to perish. With his *Brahma* weapon, Drona despatched unto Yama's abode a thousand brave warriors and two thousand elephants. Of a dark complexion, with his gray locks hanging down to his ears, and full five and eighty years old, the aged Drona used to career in battle like a youth of sixteen, When the enemy's troops were thus afflicted and the kings were being slain, the Panchalas, though filled with desire of revenge, turned back from the fight. When the enemy, turning back, partially lost their order, that vanquisher of foes, (*viz.*, Drona), invoking celestial weapons into the existence, shone resplendent like the risen sun. Indeed, thy valiant sire, getting into the midst of the Pandavas, and

[1]Celestial weapons were invoked with *mantras*, as explained in a previous note. They were forces which created all sorts of tangible weapons that the invoked desired. Here the *Brahma* weapon took the form of broad-headed arrows.

having arrows for the rays that emanated from him, resembled the midday sun at whom none could gaze. Scorched by Drona, as if by the blazing sun, they became cheerless and deprived of their enegry and senses. Beholding them thus afflicted by Drona with his shafts, the slayer of Madhu, desirous of victory to the son of Pandu, said these words: 'Truly, this foremost of all wielders of arms, this leader of the leaders is incapable of being vanquished in battle by the slayer of Vritra himself. Ye sons of Pandu, laying aside righteousness, take care of victory, so that Drona of the golden car may not slay all of you in battle. I think he will not fight after the fall of Aswatthaman. Let some man falsely tell him that Aswatthaman has been slain in battle.' Hearing these words Kunti's son, Dhananjaya, approved them not. The advice, however, met with the approval of all others, and even of Yudhishthira with some difficulty. Then, Bhimasena, with a tinge of bashfulness, said unto thy sire, 'Aswatthaman hath been slain.' Thy sire, however, did not believe him. Suspecting the intelligence to be false, thy father, so affectionate towards thee, enquired of Yudhishthira as to whether thou wert really dead or not. Afflicted with the fear of a lie, solicitous at the same time of victory, Yudhishthira, beholding a mighty elephant, huge as a hill and called Aswatthaman, belonging to the Malava chief, Indravarman, slain on the field by Bhima, approached Drona and answered him, saying, 'He for whom thou wieldest weapons, he, looking upon whom thou livest, that ever dear son of thine, *viz.*, Aswatthaman, hath been slain, Deprived of life he lieth on the bare ground like a young lion.' Aware fully of the evil consequences of falsehood, the king spoke those words unto that best of Brahmans, indistinctly adding *elephant* (after Aswatthaman). Hearing of the fall of his son, be began to wail aloud, afflicted with grief, Restraining (the force of) his celestial weapons, he fought not as before. Beholding him filled with anxiety, and almost deprived of his senses by grief. the son of the Panchala king, of cruel deeds, rushed towards him. Seeing the prince who had been ordained as his slayer, Drona, verse in all truths about men and things, abandoned all his celestial weapons and sat in *Praya* on the field of battle. Then Prishata's son, seizing Drona's head with his left hand and disregarding the loud admonitions of all the heroes, cut off that head.' *Drona should not be slain,* even these were the words uttered from every side. Similary, Arjuna also, jumping down from his car, quickly ran towards Prishata's son, with arms upraised and repeatedly saying, 'O thou that art acquainted with the ways of morality, do not slay the preceptor but bring him alive.' Though thus forbidden by the Kauravas as also by Arjuna, Dhrishtadyumna killed thy father. For this,afflicted with fear, the troops are all flying away. Ourselves also, for the same reason, in great cheerlessness, O sinless one, are doing the same.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Hearing of the slaughter of his sire in battle, Drona's son, like a snake struck with the foot, became filled with fierce wrath. And filled with rage, O sire, Aswatthaman blazed up in that battle like a fire fed with a large quantity of fuel. As he squeezed his hands and ground his teeth, and breathed like a sanke, his eyes became red as blood.' "

SECTION CXCV

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Hearing, O Sanjaya, of the slaughter, by unrighteous means, of his aged sire, by Dhrishtadyumna, what, did the valiant Aswatthaman say, he, that is, in whom human and *Varuna* and *Agneya* and *Brahma* and *Aindra* and *Narayana* weapons are always present? Indeed, learning that the preceptor, that foremost of virtuous men, had been unrighteously slain by Dhrishtadyumna in battle, what did Aswatthaman say? The high-souled Drona, having obtained the science of weapons from Rama have imparted (a knowledge of) all the celestial weapons unto his son desirous of seeing the latter adorned with all the accomplishments (of a warrior). There is only one person in this world, *viz.*, the son, and none else, whom people desire to become superior to themselves. All high-souled preceptors have this characteristic, *viz.*, that they impart all the mysteries of their science unto either sons or devoted disciples. Becoming his sire's pupil. O Sanjaya, and obtaining all those mysteries with every detail, the son of Saradwat's daughter has become a second Drona, and a great hero. Aswatthaman is equal to Karna in knowledge of weapons, to Purandara in battle, to Kartavirya in energy, and Vrihaspati in wisdom. In fortitude, that youth is equal to a mountain, and in engry to fire. In gravity, he is equal to an ocean, and in warth, to the poison of the snake. He is the foremost of all car-warriors in battle, a firm bowman, and above all fatigue. In speed he is equal to the wind itself and he careers in the thick of fight like Yama in rage. While his engaged in shooting arrows in battle, the very earth becomes afflicted. Of prowess incapable of being baffled, hero is never fatigued by exertions. Purified by the *Vedas* and by vows, he is a thorough master of the science of arms, like Rama, the son of Dasharatha. He is like the ocean, incapable of being agitated. Hearing that the preceptor, that foremost of righteous persons, had been unrighteously slain in battle by Dhrishtadyumna, what, indeed, did Aswatthaman say? Aswatthaman hath been ordained to be the slayer of Dhrishtadyumna, even as Yajnasena's son, the prince of the Panchalas, was ordained to be the slayer of Drona. What, Oh, did Aswatthaman say, hearing that his sire, the preceptor, had been slain by the cruel, sinful, and mean Dhrishtadyumna of little foresight?' "

SECTION CXCVI

"Sanjaya said, 'Hearing of the slaughter of his sire by Dhrishtadyumna, of sinful deeds, Drona's son was filled with grief and rage, O bull among men. Filled with rage, O king, his body seems to blaze forth like that of the Destroyer while engaged in slaughtering creatures at the end of *Yuga*. Repeatedly

wiping his tearful eyes, and breathing hot sighs in rage, he said unto Duryodhana, I have now learnt how my sire has been slain by those low wretches after he laid aside his weapons, and how also has a sinful act been prepetrated by Yudhishthira disguised in the grab of virtue![1] I have now heard of that unrighteous and exceedingly cruel act of Dharma's son. Indeed, to those engaged in battle, either of the two things must happen, *viz.*, victory or defeat. Death in battle is always to be applauded. That death, in battle, of a person engaged in fight, which takes place under circumstances of righteousness, is not deserving of grief, as has been observed by the sages. Without doubt, my sire has gone to the region of heroes. He having met with such a death, I should not grieve for him. The humiliation, however, of a seizure of his locks, that he sustained in the very sight of all the troops, while he was righteously engaged in battle, is tearing the very core of my heart. Myself alive, my sire's locks were seized, why should sonless people then entertain a desire of offspring?[2] People perpetrate unrighteous acts or humiliate others, moved by lust or wrath or folly or hatred or levity. The cruel and wicked-souled son of Prishata hath perpetrated this exceedingly sinful act in total disregard of me Dhrishtadyumna, therefore, shall surely suffer the dreadful consequence of that act, as also the false-speeched son of Pandu, that has acted so wrongly. Today, the earth shall certainly drink the blood of that king Yudhishthira the just, who caused the perceptor, by an act of deceit to lay aside his weapons. I swear by truth, O Kauraveya, as also by my religious acts, that I shall never bear the burden of life if I fail to exterminate the Panchalas. By every means I contend with the Panchalas in dreadful strife. I shall certainly slay in battle Dhrishtadyumna, that perpetrator of unrighteous deeds. Mild or violent, let the means be what they will, I shall effect the destruction of all the Panchalas before peace becomes mine. O Kaurava! O tiger among men, persons desire children so that obtaining them they may be rescued from great fears both here and hereafter. My sire, however, fell unto that plight, like a friendless creature, atlhough myself am alive, his disciple and son, resembling a mountain (in might). Fie on my celestial weapons. Fie on my arms. Fie on my prowess. Since Drona, although he had a son in me, had his locks seized! I shall, therefore, O chief of the Bharatas, now achieve that by which I may be freed from the debt I owe to my sire, now gone to the other world. He that is good never indulges in self-praise. Unable, however, to brook the slaughter of my sire, I speak of my prowess. Let the Pandavas, with Janardana among them, behold my energy today, while I grind all their troops, achieving what is done (by the destroyer himself) at the end of the *Yuga*. Neither the gods, nor the *Gandharvas*, nor the *Asuras*, the *Uragas*, and the *Rakshasas*, nor all

[1] *Dharmadhwajin* literally means a person bearing the standard of virtue, hence, a hypocrite, sanctimoniously talking only virtue and morality but acting differently.

[2] I think the correct reading is *aputrinas* and not *putrinas*. If it is *putrinas*, literally rendered, the meaning is, 'Why should persons having children, feel any affection for the latter?' It the worthy of remark that the author of *Venisamhara* has bodily adopted this verse, putting it in the mouth of Aswatthaman when introduced in the third Act.

the foremost of men, shall today be able to vanquish me on my car in battle. There is none in the world equal to me or Arjuna in knowledge of weapons. Entering into the midst of the troops, like the sun himself in the midst of his blazing rays, I shall today use my celestial weapons. Today, applied by me, innumerable shafts, sped from my bow in dreadful battle, displaying their terrible energy, I shall grind the Pandavas. Today, all the points of the compass, O king will be seen by the warriors of our army shrouded with my winged arrows of keen points, as if with torrents of rain. Scattering showers of shafts on all sides with a loud noise, I shall overthrow my foes, like a tempest felling trees. Neither Vibhatsu, nor Janardana, nor Bhimasena, nor Nakula, nor Sahadeva, nor king Yudhishthira, nor Prishata's wicked-souled son (Dhrishtadyumna), nor Sikhandin, nor Satyaki, O Kauravya, knoweth that weapon which I have, along with the *mantras*, for hurling and withdrawing it. Formerly on one occasion, Narayana, assuming the from of a Brahmana, came to my father. Bowing unto him, my father presented his offerings unto him in due form. Taking them himself, the divine Lord offered to give him a boon. My father then solicited that supreme weapon called *Narayana*. The divine Lord, the foremost of all gods, addressing my sire, said, 'No man shall ever become thy equal in battle. This weapon, however, O Brahmana, should never be used in haste. It never comes back without effecting the destruction of the feo. I know none whom it may not slay, O lord! Indeed, It would slay even the unslayable. Therefore, it should not be used (without the greatest deleberation). This mighty weapon, O scorcher of foes, should never be hurled upon persons that abandon their cars or weapons in battle, or upon those that seek for quarter or those that yield themselves up. He who seeketh to afflict in battle the unslayable with it, is himself exceedingly afflicted by it![1]'—My sire thus received that weapon. Then Lord Narayana, addressing myself also, said, 'With the aid of this weapon, thou too shalt pour diverse showers of celestial weapons in battle and blaze with energy in consequence of it. Having said these words, the divine Lord ascended to heaven. Even this is the history of the *Narayana* weapon which has been obtained by my sire's son. With that I will rout and slay the Pandavas, the Panchalas, the Matsyas, and the Kaikeyas, in battle, like Sachi's lord routing and slaying the *Asuras*. My shafts, O Bharata, will fall upon the contending foes, in those particular forms which I shall wish them to assume. Staying in battle, I will pour showers of weapons as I desire. I will rout and slay all the foremost of car warriors with sky-ranging arrows of iron-points. Without doubt, I will shower innumerable battle-axes upon the foe. With the mighty *Narayana* weapon, a scorcher of foes that I am, I will destory the Pandavas, causing an immense carnage amongst them. That wretch amongst the Panchalas, (*viz.*, Dhrishtadyumna), who is an injurer of friends and Brahmanas and of his own preceptor, who is a deceitful wretch of the most reprehensible conduct, shall never escape from me today with

[1]The last line of 37 is read differently in the Bombay edition. Nilakantha accepts that reading, and explains it in his gloss remarking that the grammatical solecism occuring in it is a license. The Bengal reading, however, is more apposite.

life.' Hearing these words of Drona's son, the (Kuru) army rallied. Then many foremost of men blew their gigantic conchs. And filled with delight, they beat their drums and *dindimas* by thousands. The earth resounded with loud noises, afflicted with the hoofs of steeds and the wheels of cars. That loud uproar made the earth, and the firmament also echo with it. Hearing that uproar, deep as the roll of the clouds, the Pandavas, those foremost of car-warriors, uniting together, took counsel of one another. Meanwhile, Drona's son, having said those words, O Bharata, touched water and invoked the celestial weapon called the *Narayana*.' "

SECTION CXCVII

"Sanjaya said, 'When the weapon called *Narayana* was invoked, violent winds began to blow with showers of rain, and peals of thunder were heard although the sky was cloudless. The earth trembled, and the seas swelled up in agitation. The rivers began to run in a contrary course. The summits of mountains, O Bharata, began to split. Diverse animals began to pass by the left side of the Pandavas.[1] Darkness set in, the sun became obscure. Diverse kinds of carnivorous creatures began to alight on the field in joy. The gods, the *Danavas*, and the *Gandharvas*, O monarch, all became inspired with fear. Beholding that tremendous agitation (in nature), all began to ask one another loudly about its cause. Indeed, seeing that fierce and terrible weapon invoked by Drana's son, all the kings, inspired with fear, felt great pain.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Tell me, O Sanjaya, what counsel was adopted by the Pandavas for the protection of Dhrishtadyumna when they saw the Kauravas once more advance to battle, rallied by Drona's son who was scorched by grief and unable to brook the slaughter of his sire?'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Having behold before the Dhartarashtras fly away, Yudhishthira, seeing them once more prepared for furious battle, addressed Arjuna, saying, 'After the preceptor Drona had been slain in battle by Dhrishtadyumna, like the mighty *Asura*, Vritra, by the wielder of the thunderbolt, (the Kurus), O Dhananjaya, becoming cheerless, gave up all hopes of victory. Desirous of saving themselves, all of them fled away from battle. Some kings fled, riding on cars borne along irregular course without *Parshni* drivers, and divested of standards and banners and umbrellas, and with their *Kuvaras* and boxes broken,and all their equipments displaced. Others, struck with panic and deprived of their senses, themselves striking the steeds of their cars with their feet, fled precipitately. Others, riding on cars with broken yokes and wheels and *Akshas*, fled afflicted with fear. Others on horseback were carried away, their bodies

[1]Literally, "the animals kept the Pandavas to their right."

half displaced from their saddles. Others, dislodged from their seats, and pinned by shafts to the necks of elephants, were quickly carried away by those animals. Others were trodden to death all around by elephants, afflicted and mangled with arrows. Others, deprived of weapons and divested of armour, fell from their vehicles and animal down upon the earth. Others were cut by car-wheels, or crushed by steeds and elephants. Others loudly calling after their sires and sons, fled away in fear, without recognising one another, deprived of all energy by grief. Some, placing their sons and sires and friends and brothers (on vehicles) and taking off their armour, were seen washing them with water. After the slaughter of Drona, (the Kuru) army, fallen into such a plight, fled away precipitously. By whom then hath it been rallied? Tell me, if thou knowest. The sound of neighing steeds and trumpeting elephants, mingled with the clatter of car-wheels, is heard loud. These sounds, so fierce, occuring in the Kuru ocean, are repeatedly swelling up and causing my troops to tremble. This terrific uproar, making the hair stand on end, that is now heard, would, it seems, swallow the three worlds with Indra at their head. I think this terrible uproar is uttered by the wielder of the thunderbolt himself. It is evident that upon the fall of Drona, Vasava himself is approaching (against us) for the sake of the Kauravas. Our hairs have stood on their ends, our foremost of car-warriors are all afflicted with anxiety. O Dhananjaya, hearing this loud and terrible noise, I ask thee who is that mighty car-warrior, like the lord of the celestials himself, that rallying this terrible and swelling host, is causing it to return?'

"Arjuna said, 'He, relying upon whose energy the Kauravas, having addressed themselves to the accomplishment of fierce feats, are blowing their conchs and staying with patience, he about whom thou hast thy doubts. O king, as to who he may be that is roaring so loud, having rallied the Dhartarashtras after the fall of the disarmed preceptor, he, who is endued with modesty, possessed of mighty arms, has the tread of an infuriated elephant, owns a face like that of a tiger, always achieves fierce feats, and dispels the fears of the Kurus, he upon whose birth Drona gave away a thousand kine unto Brahmanas of high worth, he O king, that is roaring so loud, is Aswatthaman. As soon as he was born, that hero neighed like indra's steed and caused the three worlds to tremble at that sound. Hearing that sound, an invisible being, O lord, (speaking audibly) bestowed upon him the name of *Aswatthaman* (the horse-voiced). That hero, O son of Pandu, is roaring today. Prishata's son, by an exceedingly cruel act, assailed Drona and took his life as if the latter was without a preceptor. Yonder stayeth the preceptor of that Drona. Since of the prince of the Panchalas seized my preceptor by the hair, Aswatthaman, confident of his own prowess, will never forgive him. Thou, O monarch, hath told thy preceptor a falsehood for the sake of kingdom! Although thou art acquainted with the dictates of righteousness, thou hast yet perpetrated a very sinful act. Thy ill fame, in consequence of the slaughter of Drona, will be eternal in the three worlds with their mobile and immobile creatures,

like Rama's in consequence of the slaughter of Bali![1] About thyself, Drona had thought, '*The son of Pandu is possessed of every virtue; he is, besides, my disciple. He will never speak an untruth to me.*' Thinking so, he gave credence to what thou hadst said. Although in speaking of Aswatthaman's death thou hadst added the world *elephant*, yet thy answer to the preceptor was, after all, an untruth in the garb of truth. Thus told by thee, the puissant Drona laid aside his weapons and, as thou sawest, became indifferent (to everything), exceedingly agitated, and almost deprived of his senses. It was even a disciple who, abandoning all morality, thus slew his own preceptor, full of affection for his son, while, indeed, that preceptor was filled with grief and unwilling to fight. Having caused him, who had laid his weapons to be unrighteously slain, protect the son of Prishata if thou canst, with all thy counsellors. All of us, uniting together, shall not be able to protect Prishata's son today, who will be assailed by the preceptor's son in wrath and grief. That superhuman being who is in that habit of displaying his friendship for all creatures, that hero, hearing of the seizure of his sire's locks, will certainly consume us all in battle today. Although I cried repeatedly at the top of my voice for saving the preceptor's life, yet, disregarding my cries and abandoning mortality, a disciple took the life of that preceptor. All of us have passed the greater part of our lives. The days that remain to us are limited. This exceedingly unrighteous act that we have perpetrated has stained that remnant. In consequence of the affection he bore to us, he was a sire unto us. According to the dictates of the scriptures also, he was a sire unto us. Yet he, that preceptor of ours, has been slain by us for the sake of short-lived sovereignty. Dhritarashtra, O king, had given unto Bhishma and Drona the whole earth, and what was still more valuable, all his children. Though honoured by our foe thus, and though he had obtained such wealth from him, the preceptor still loved us as his own children. Of unfading energy and prowess, the preceptor has been slain, only because, induced by thy words he had laid aside his weapons. While engaged in fight he was incapable of being slain by Indra himself. The preceptor was venerable in years and always devoted to our welfare. Yet unrighteous that we are, and stained with a levity of behaviour, we scrupled not to injure him. Alas, exceedingly cruel and very heinous has been the sin that we have committed, for, moved by the desire of enjoying the pleasures of sovereignty, we have slain that Drona. My preceptor had all along been under the impression that in consequence of my love for him, I could, (for his sake) abandon all,—sire, brother, children, wife and life itself. And yet, moved by the desire of sovereignty, I interfered not when he was about to be slain. For this fault, O king, I have, O lord, already sunk into hell, overcome with shame. Having, for the sake of kingdom, caused the slaughter of one who was a Brahmaṇa, who was venerable in years, who

[1]Dasaratha's son Rama, during his exile, slew the monkey-chief Bali, the brother of Sugriva, while Bali was engaged with Sugriva in battle. Bali had not done any injury to Rama. That act has always been regarded as a stain on Rama.

was my preceptor, who had laid aside his weapons, and who was then devoted, like a great ascetic, to *Yaga*, death has become preferable to me to life!' "

SECTION CXCVIII

"Sanjaya said, 'Hearing these words of Arjuna, the mighty car-warriors present there said not a single word, O monarch, agreeable or disagreeable, unto Dhananjaya. Then the mighty-armed Bhimasena, filled with wrath, O bull of Bharata's race, reproaching Kunti's son, Arjuna, said these words, 'Thou preachest truths of morality like an anchorite living in the woods or a Brahmana of rigid vows and senses under complete control. A person is called a *Kshatriya* because he rescues others from wounds and injuries. Being such, he must save himself from wounds and injuries. Showing forgiveness towards the three that are good (*viz.*, the gods, the Brahmanas, and preceptor), a Kshatriya, by doing his duties, soon wins the earth as also piety and fame and prosperity.[1] Thou, O perpetuator of thy race, art endued with every attribute of a Kshatriya. It does not, therefore, look well for thee to speak like an ignorant wight. O son of Kunti, thy prowess is like that of Sakra himself, the lord of Sachi. Thou dost not transgress the bounds of morality like the ocean that never transgresses its continents. Who is there that would not worship thee, seeing that thou seekest virtue, having a bandoned the wrath cherished by thee for thirteen years? By good luck, O sire, thy heart today followeth in the wake of virtue. O thou of unfading glory, by good luck, thy understanding inclineth towards compassion. Though, however, thou art inclined to adopt the path of virtue, thy kingdom was snatched from thee most unrighteously. Dragging the wife Draupadi to the assembly, thy foes insulted her. Clad in barks of trees and skins of animals, all of us were exiled to the woods, and though we were undeserving of that plight, our foes nevertheless compelled us to endure it for thirteen years. O sinless one, thou hast forgiven all these circumstances, every one of which demands the exhibition of wrath. Wedded as thou art to duties of a Kshatriya, thou hast quietly borne these. Remembering all those acts of unrighteousness, I came here with thee for avenging myself of them. (When, however, I see that thou art so indifferent, why), I myself will slay those low wretches that despoiled us of our kingdom. Thou hadst formerly said these words, *viz.*, *Addressing ourselves to battle, we will exert to the utmost extent of our abilities.* Today, however, thou reproachest us. Thou now seekest, virtue. Those words, therefore, that thou saidst formerly were untrue. We are already afflicted with fear. Thou cuttest, however, the very core of our

[1] I expand the original to make the sense clear.

hearts with these thy words, O crusher of foes, like one pouring acid upon the sores of wounded men. Afflicted with thy wordy darts, my heart is breaking. Thou art virtuous, but thou dost not know in what righteousness truly consists, since thou applaudest neither thyself nor us, though all of us are worthy of applause. When kesava himself is here, praisest thou the son of Drona, a warrior that does not come up to even a sixteenth part of thyself, O Dhanajaya, confessing thy own faults, why dost thou not feel shame? I can rend asunder this earth in rage, or split the very mountains in whirling that terrible and heavy mace of mine, decked with gold. Like the tempest, I can break down gigantic trees looking like hills. I can, with my arrows, rout the united celestials with Indra at their head, together with all the *Rakshasas*, O Partha, and the *Asuras*, the *Uragas* and human beings. Knowing me, thy brother, to be such, O bull among men, it behoveth thee not, O thou of immeasurable prowess, to entertain any fear about Drona's son. Or, O Vibhatsu, stand thou here, with all these bulls amongst men. Alone and unsupported, I shall, armed with my mace, vanquish this one in great battle.' After Bhima had ended, the son of the Panchala king, addressing Partha, said these words, like Hiranyakasipu (the lerder of the *Daityas*) unto the enraged and roaring Vishnu[1], 'O Vibhatsu, the sages have ordained these to be the duties of Brahmanas, *viz.*, assisting at sacrifices, teaching, giving away, performance of sacrifices, receiving of gifts, and study as the sixth. To which of these six was that Drona devoted who has been slain by me? Fallen off from the duties of his own order and practising those of the Kshatriya order, that achiever of wicked deeds used to slay us by means of superhuman weapons. Professing himself to be a Brahmana, he was in the habit of using irresistible illusion. By an illusion itself hath he been slain today. O Partha, what is there that is improper in this? Drona having been thus punished by me, if his son, from rage, uttereth loud roars, what do you lose by that? I do not think it at all wonderful that Drona's son, urging the Kauravas to battle, will cause them to be slain, unable to protect them himself. Thou art acquainted with morality. Why then dost thou say that I am a slayer of my preceptor? It was for this that I was born as a son to the king of the Panchalas, having sprung from the (sacrifical) fire. How, O Dhananjaya, you call him a Brahmana or Kshatriya, with whom, while engaged in battle, all acts, proper and improper, were the same? O foremost of men, why should not he be slain, by any means in our power, who, deprived of his senses in wrath, used to slay with the *Brahma* weapons even those that were unacquainted with weapons? He that is unrighteous is said by those that are righteous to be equal to poison. Knowing this,

[1]The first line of the 23rd verse in the Bengal editions, is made the second line of that verse in the Bombay text. There seems to be a mistake, however, in both the texts. Vishnu slew Hiranyakasipu without allowing the latter to say anything unto him. *Vide Vishnu Purana*, if instead of *Hiranyakasipu Harim*, the rendering be *Hiranyakasipu Haris*, the line may then be connected with Bhima's speech, and the comparison would become more apposite.

O thou that art well versed with the truths of morality, why dost thou, O Arjuna, reproach me? That cruel car-warrior was seized and slain by me. I have done nothing that is worthy of reproach. Why then, O Vibhatsu, dost thou not congratulate me? O Partha, I have cut off that terrible head, like unto the blazing sun or virulent poison or the all-destroying *Yuga* fire, of Drona. Why then dost thou not applaud an act that is worthy of applause? He had slain in battle only my kinsmen and not those of any one else. I say that having only cut off his head, the fever of my heart hath not abated. The very core of my heart is being pierced for my not having thrown that head within the dominion of the *Nishadas*, like that of Jayadratha![1] It hath been heard, O Arjuna, that one incurreth sin by not slaying his foes. Even this is the duty of a Kshatriya, *viz.*, to slay or be slain. Drona was my foe. He hath been righteously slain by me in battle, O son of Pandu, even as thou hast slain the brave Bhagadatta, thy friend. Having slain thy grandsire in battle, thou regardest that act to be righteous. Why then shouldst thou regard it unrighteous in me for my having slain my wretched foe? In consequence of our relationship, O Partha, I cannot raise my head in thy presence and am like a prostrate elephant with a ladder against his body (for helping puny creatures to get on his back). It, therefore, behoveth thee not to reproach me. I forgive all the faults of thy speech, O Arjuna, for the sake of Draupadi and Draupadi's children and not for any other reason. It is well known that my hostility with the preceptor has descended from sire to son. All persons in this world know it. Ye sons of Pandu, are ye not acquainted with it? The eldest son of Pandu hath not been untruthful in speech. I myself, O Arjuna, am not sinful. The wertched Drona was a hater of his disciples. Fight now. Victory will be thine.' "

SECTION CXCIX

"Dhritarashtra said, 'That illustrious person who had duly studied the *Vedas* with all their branches, he, in whom the entire science of arms and modesty had dwelt, he through whose grace many foremost of men are still capable of achieving superhuman feats which the very gods cannot achieve with care, alas, when he, *viz.*, that Drona, that son of a great *Rishi* was insulted in the sight of all by the low, wicked, mean minded and sinful Dhrishtadyumna, that slayer of his own preceptor, was there no Kshatriya who felt called upon to display his wrath? Fie on the Kshatriya order, and fie on wrath itself! Tell me, O Sanjaya, what the

[1]The *Nishadas* were and to this day are the lowest caste in India.

sons of Pritha, as also all the other royal bowmen in the world, hearing of Drona's slaughter, said unto the prince of Panchala.'

"Sanjaya said, 'Hearing these words of Drupada's son, of crooked deeds, all the persons present there, O monarch, remained perfectly silent. Arjuna, however, casting oblique glances upon Prishata's son, seemed, with tears and sighs, to reproach him, saying, '*Fie, fie.*' Yudhishthira and Bhima and the twins and Krishna and the others stood bashfully. Satyaki, however, O king, said these words, 'Is there no man here that would, without delay, slay this sinful wight, this lowest of men, who is uttering such evil speeches? The Pandavas are all condemding thee for this sinful act of thine, like Brahmanas condemning a person of the *Chandala* class. Having committed such a heinous act, having incurred the censures of all honest men, art thou not ashmed to open thy lips in the midst of such a respectable assembly? O despicable wretch, why did not thy tongue and head split into a hundred fragments while thou wert about to slay thy own preceptor? Why wert thou not struck down by that act of sin? Since, having perpetrated such a sinful act, again applauding thyself in the midst of human beings, thou incurrest the censures of the Parthas and all the Andhakas and the Vrishnis. Having perpetrated such an atrocious act, thou art again displaying such hatred towards the preceptor. For this thou deservest death at our hands. There is no use in keeping thee alive for even a single moment. Who is there, save thee, O wretch, that would cause the death of the virtuous preceptor, seizing him by his locks? Having obtained thee, O wretch, thy ancestors, for seven generations and thy descendants also for seven generations, deprived of fame, have sunk into hell. Thou hast charged Partha, that bull among men, with the slaughter of Bhishma. The latter, however, *viz.*, that illustrious personage, himself accomplished his own death. Truly speaking, the uterine brother, (*viz.*, Sikhandin), that foremost of all sinners, was the cause of Bhishma's death. There is none in the world that is more sinful than the sons of the Panchala king. Thy father had created Sikhandin for the destruction of Bhishma. As regards Arjuna, he had only, protected Sikhandin while Sikhandin became the cause of the illustrious Bhishma's death. Having got thee that is condemned by all righteous men, and thy brother, amongst them, the Panchalas have fallen off from righteousness, and stained with meanness, have become haters of friends and preceptors. If thou again speakest such words in my presence, I shall then break with this mace of mine that is as strong as the thunderbolt. Beholding thee that art the slayer of a Brahmana, since thou art guilty of nothing less than the slaughter of a Brahmana, people have to look at the sun for purifying themselves. Thou wretch of a Panchala, O thou of wicked conduct, speaking all of my preceptor first and then of my preceptor's preceptor, art thou not ashamed?[1] Wait, wait! Bear thou but one stroke of this my mace! I

[1]The Bengal reading is vicious, I adopt the Bombay reading which is *Surorgurunsha bhuyopi*, meaning, "this preceptor again." The fact is, Arjuna was Satyaki's preceptor; Drona, therefore, was the latter's preceptor's preceptor.

myself will bear many strokes of thine.' Thus rebuked by the Satwata hero, Prishata's son, filled with rage, smilingly addressed the angry Satyaki in these harsh words.'

"Dhrishtadyumna said, 'I have heard thy words, O thou of Madhu's race, but I have forgiven thee. Being thyself unrighteous and sinful, desirest thou to rebuke them that are righteous and honest? Forgiveness is applauded in the world. Sin, however, does not deserve forgiveness. He that is of sinful soul regards the forgiving person powerless. Thou art a wretch in thy behaviour. Thou art of sinful soul. Thou art wedded to unrighteousness. Thou art censurable in every respect, from the tip of thy toe to the end of their hair. Desirest thou still to speak ill of others? What can be more sinful than that act of thine, *viz.*, thy slaughter of the armless Bhurisravas while sitting in *Praya*, although thou wert with the aid of celestial weapons. He had laid aside his weapons and I slew him. O thou of crooked heart, what is there in that act that is improper? How can he, O Satyaki, blame such an act who himself has in *Praya* like an ascetic, and whose arms had been cut off by another? That valiant enemy of thine had displayed his prowess having struck thee with his foot and thrown thee down on the earth. Why didst thou not *then* slay him, showing thy manliness? When Partha, however, had already vanquished him, it was then that thou, acting most unrighteously, didst kill the brave and valiant Somadatta's son. When Drona had sought to rout the forces of the Pandavas, then I proceeded, shooting thousands of arrows. Having thyself acted in such a way, like a *Chandala*, and having thyself become worthy of reproach, desirest thou to reproach me in such harsh words? Thou art a perpetrator of evil deeds, and not I, O wretch the Vrishni race! Thou art the abode of all sinful deeds. Do not again blame me. Be silent. It behoveth thee. Don't say anything unto me after this. This is the reply I give thee with my lips. Don't say anything more. If, from folly, thou repeatest such harsh words, I shall then, in battle, despatch thee, with my arrows, to Yama's abode. By righteousness alone, O fool, one cannot vanquish his enemies. Listen now to the unrighteous acts of the Kurus also. Pandu's son, Yudhishthira was some time back unrighteously deceived by them. O Satyaki, Draupadi also was persecuted by them unrighteously. The Pandavas, with Krishna in their company, were also exiled and they were robbed of their all, O fool, most unrighteously. By an act of unrighteousness, again, has the ruler of the Madras been withdrawn from us by the enemy. By an act of unrighteousness also was the son of Subhadra slain. On this side, it was by an act of unrighteousness that Bhishma, the Kuru grandsire, was slain. Bhurisravas, too, was, by an act of unrighteousness, slain by thee that art so acquainted with righteousness. Even thus have the enemy, as also the Pandavas, acted in this battle. Possessed of courage and acquainted with morality, all of them, O Satwata, have acted thus, for gaining victory. High morality is difficult of ascertainment. Similarly, immorality also can with difficulty be comprehended. Fight now with the Kauravas, without returning to the home

of thy fathers.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Hearing these harsh and cruel words (from Dhrishtadyumna's lips), the blessed Satyaki began to tremble from head to foot. With rage his eyes assumed the hue of copper. Keeping his bow then upon his car, he grasped his mace, sighing like a snake. Rushing, then, towards the prince of the Panchalas, he said unto him in great wrath, 'I will not speak harshly to thee, but I will slay thee, deserving as thou art of slaughter.' Seeing the mighty Satyaki rushing, from wrath and desire of revenge, at the Panchala prince, like Yama against one like his own self, the mighty Bhima, urged by Vasudeva, quickly jumped down from his car and seized him with his arms. Endued with great strength, Satyaki, who was rushing in great wrath, proceeded for a few steps, forcibly dragging after him the mighty son of Pandu who was endeavouring to hold him back. Then Bhima firmly planting his feet stopped at the sixth step that foremost of strong men, *viz.*, that bull of Sini's race. Then Sahadeva, O king, jumping down from his own car, addressed Satyaki, thus held fast by the strong arms of Bhima, in these words, 'O tiger among men, O thou of Madhu's race, we have no friends dearer to us than the Andhakas, the Vrishnis and the Panchalas. So also the Andhakas and the Vrishnis, particularly Krishna, cannot have any friends dearer than ourselves. The Panchalas, also, O thou of Vrishni's race, even if they search the whole world to the confines of the sea, have no friends dearer to them than the Pandavas and the Vrishnis. Thou art even such a friend to this prince; and he also is a similar friend to thee. Ye all are to us even as we are to you. Acquainted as thou art with all duties, remembering now the duties thou owest to friends, restrain this wrath of thine, that has the prince of the Panchalas for its object. Be calm, O foremost one of Sini's race! Forgive the son of Prishata, and let Prishata's son also forgive thee. Ourselves also will practise forgiveness. What is there that is better than forgiveness?'

"While the scion of Sini, O sire, was thus being pacified by Sahadeva, the son of the Panchala king, smiling, said these words, 'Release Sini's grandson, O Bhima who is so proud of his prowess in battle. Let him come at me like the wind assailing the mountains, till, with my keen arrows, O son of Kunti, I quell his rage and desire for battle and take his life. Yonder come the Kauravas. I shall (after slaying Satyaki) achieve this great task of the Pandavas that has presented itself. Or let Phalguna resist all the enemies in battle. As regards myself, I will fell this one's head with my arrows. He taketh me for the armless Bhurisravas in battle. Release him. Either I will slay him or he will slay me.' Hearing these words of the Panchala prince, the mighty Satyaki held fast in Bhima's clasp, sighing like a snake, began to tremble. Both of them, endued with great might and possessed of powerful arms, began to roar like a couple of bulls. Then Vasudeva, O sire, and king Yudhishthira the just, with great effort, succeeded in pacifying those heroes. Having pacified those two great bowmen, those two heroes, whose eyes had become

blood-red with rage, all the Kshatriyas (of the Pandava) army proceeded against the warriors of the hostile army for battle.' "

SECTION CC

"Sanjaya said, 'Then Drona's son began to cause a great carnage amongst his foes in that battle, like the Destroyer himself at the end of the *Yuga*. Slaying his enemies by means of his broad-headed arrows, Aswatthaman soon piled a mountain there of the dead. The standards of cars formed its trees; and weapons its pointed summits; the lifeless elephants formed its large rocks; the steeds, its *Kimpurushas*; and bows, its creepers and plants. And it resounded with the cries of all carnivorous creatures, that constitued its feathery population. And the spirits that walked there formed its *Yakshas*[1]. Then roaring aloud, O bull of Bharata's race, Aswatthaman once more repeated his vow in the hearing of thy son, thus, 'Since Kunti's son, Yudhishthira, assuming only the outward garb of virtue, had caused the preceptor who was (righteously) engaged in battle to lay aside his weapons, I shall, in his very sight, rout and destroy his army. Having mangled all his troops, I shall, then, slay the sinful prince of the Panchalas. Indeed, I shall slay all of them, if they contend with me in battle. I tell thee truly, therefore, rally thou thy troops.' Hearing these words of Aswatthaman, thy son rallied the troops, having dispelled their fears with a loud leonine, roar. The encounter, then, O king, that once more took place between the Kuru and the Pandava armies, became as terrible as that of two oceans at full tide. The terrified Kauravas had their fears despelled by Drona's son. The Pandus and the Panchalas had become fierce in consequence of Drona's slaughter. Great was the violence of that collision, on the field of battle, between those warriors, all of whom were cheerful and filled with rage and inspired with certain hopes of victory. Like a mountain, striking against a mountain, or an ocean against an ocean, O monarch, was that collision between the Kurus and the Pandavas. Filled with joy, the Kuru and the Pandava warriors beat thousands of drums. The loud and stunning uproar that arose from among those troops resembled that of the ocean itself while churned (of old by the gods and the *Danavas*). Then Drona's son, aiming at the host of the Pandavas and the Panchalas, invoked the weapon called *Narayana*. Then thousands of arrows with blazing mouths appeared in the welkin, resembling snakes of fiery mouths, that continued to agitate the Pandavas. In that dreadful battle, those shafts, O king, like the very rays of the sun in a moment

[1] *Kimpurushas* were fabled creatures, half men and steeds. Not a mountain but had its *Kimpurushas*, according to the Hindu belief. *Yakshas* were a sort of superhuman beings inhabiting inaccessible halls and mountains.

shrouded all the points of the compass, the welkin, and the troops. Innumerable iron balls also, O king, then appeared, like resplendent luminaries in the clear firmament. *Sataghnis*, some equipped with four and some with two wheels, and innumerable maces, and discs, with edges sharp as razor and resplendent like the sun, also appeared there. Beholding the welkin densely shrouded with those weapons, O bull of Bharata's race, the Pandavas, the Panchalas, and the Srinjayas, became exceedingly agitated. In all those places, O ruler of men, where the great car-warriors of the Pandavas contended in battle, that weapon became exceedingly powerful. Slaughtered by the *Narayana* weapon, as if consumed by a conflagration, the Pandava troops were exceedingly afflicted all over the field in that battle. Indeed, O lord, as fire consumeth a heap of dry grass in summer, even so did that weapon consume the army of the Pandus. Beholding that weapon filling every side, seeing his own troops destroyed in large numbers, king Yudhishthira the just, O lord, became inspired with great fright. Seeing his army in course of flight and deprived of its senses, and beholding Parthas standing indifferent, Dharma's son said these words, 'O Dhrishtadyumna, fly away with your Panchala troops. O Satyaki, you also go away, surrounded by the Vrishnis and the Andhakas. Of virtuous soul, Vasudeva will himself seek the means of his own safety. He is competent to offer advice to the whole world. What need is there of telling him what he should do? We should not any longer fight. I say so unto all the troops. As regards myself, I will, with all my brothers ascend a funeral pile. Having crossed the Bhishma and the Drona oceans in this battle, that are incapable of being crossed by the timid, shall I sink with all my followers in the vestige, represented by Drona's son, of a cow's hoof? Let the wishes of king Duryodhana be crowned with success today, for I have today slain in battle the preceptor, that always cherished such friendly feelings towards us, that preceptor, who, without protecting, caused that child unacquainted with battle, *viz.*, the son of Subhadra, to be slain by a multitude of wicked warriors, that preceptor, who with his son, sat indifferently, without answering, when Krishna in such distress, dragged into the assembly and sought to be made a slave, asked him to say the truth, that preceptor, who, while all the other warriors were fatigued, cased Duryodhana in invulnerable armour when the latter desired to slay Phalguna and who, having cased him so, appointed him to protect Jayadratha, who, being acquainted with the *Brahma* weapon, scrupled not to exterminate the Panchalas, headed by Satyajit, that had exerted themselves for my victory, that preceptor, who, whilst we were being unrighteously exiled from our kingdom, freely told us to go into the woods although he had been solicited by our friends to withhold his permission[1]. Alas, that great friend of our hath been slain! For his sake, I will, with my friends, lay down my life. After Kunti's son, Yudhishthira had said

[1]I adopt the Bombay reading of the 2nd line of 35 and think that Nilakantha explains it correctly.

this, he of Dasarha's race, (*viz.*, Kesava) quickly forbidding the troops, by motion of his arms, to fly away said these words, 'Speedily lay down your weapons, all of you, and alight from your vehicles. Even this is the means ordained by the illustrious one, (*viz.*, Narayana himself) for baffling this weapon. Come down on the earth, all of you from your elephants and steeds and cars. If you stand weaponless on the earth, this weapon will not slay you. In those places where you will fight for quelling the force of this weapon the Kauravas will become more powerful than you. Those men, however, that will throw down their weapons and alight from their vehicles, will not in this battle, be slain by this weapon. They, however, that will, even in imagination, contend against this weapon, will all be slain even if they seek refuge deep beneath the earth'. The warriors of the Pandava army, hearing, O Bharata, these words of Vasudeva, threw their weapons and drove away from their hearts all desire of battle. Then Bhimasena, the son of Pandu, beholding the warriors about to abandon their weapons, said these words, O king, gladdening them all: 'None should lay down his weapons here. I shall, with my shafts, oppose this weapon of Drona's son. With this heavy mace of mine, that is decked with gold, I shall career in this battle like the Destroyer himself, quelling this weapon of Drona's son. There is no man here that is equal to me in prowess, even as there is no luminary in the firmament that is equal to the sun. Beholding these two strong arms of mine like unto the trunks of a couple of mighty elephants, capable of pulling down the mountain of Himavat. I am the one person here that possesses the might of the thousand elephants. I am without a peer, even as Sakra is known to be in heaven among the celestials. Let people witness today the prowess of these two arms of my broad-chested self, while engaged in baffling the bright and blazing weapon of Drona's son. If there be none (else) capable of contending against the *Narayana* weapon, even I shall contend against it today in the very sight of all the Kurus and the Pandavas. O Arjuna, O Vibhatsu, thou shouldst not lay *Gandiva* aside. A stain will then attach to thee like that of the moon.' Thus addressed Bhima, Arjuna said, O Bhima, even this is my great vow, *viz.*, that my *Gandiva* shall not be used against the *Narayana* weapon, kine, and Brahmanas. Thus answered by Arjuna, Bhima, that chastiser of foes, riding on his car of solar effulgence, whose rattle, besides, resembled the roar of the clouds, rushed against the son of Drona. Endued with great energy and prowess, the son of Kunti, in consequence of his extreme lightness of hand, within the twinkling of an eye, covered Aswatthaman with a shower of weapons. Then Drona's son, smiling at the rushing Bhima and addressing him (in proper words) covered him with arrows, inspired with *mantras* and equipped with blazing points. Shrouded with those shafts that vomited fire and resembled snakes of blazing mouths, as if covered with sparks of gold. The form, O king, of Bhimasena in that battle looked like that of a mountain in the evening when covered with fire. That weapon of Drona's son, directed against Bhimasena increased in energy and might,

O king, like a conflagration assisted by the wind. Beholding that weapon of terrible energy thus increasing in might, a panic entered the hearts of all the combatants of the Pandava army with the exception of Bhima. Then all of them, throwing down their weapons on the earth, alighted from their cars and steeds. After they had thrown their weapons and alighted from their vehicles, that weapon of exceeding energy fell upon the head of Bhima. All creatures, especially the Pandavas, uttered cries of *Oh* and *Alas*, beholding Bhimasena overwhelmed by the energy of that weapon.' "

SECTION CCI

"Sanjaya said, "Beholding Bhimasena overwhelmed by that weapon, Dhananjaya, for baffling its energy, covered him with the *Varuna* weapon. In consequence of the lightness of Arjuna's arms, and owing also to the fiery force that shrouded Bhima, none could see that the latter had been covered with the *Varuna* weapon. Shrouded with the weapon of Drona's son, Bhima, his steeds, driver, and car, became incapable of being gazed at, like a fire of blazing flame in the midst of another fire. As at the close of the night, O king, all the luminaries run towards the *Asta* hill, even so the fiery shafts (of Aswatthaman) all began to proceed towards Bhimasena's car. Indeed, Bhima himself, his car, steeds, and driver, O sire, thus shrouded by Drona's son seemed to be in the midst of a conflagration. As the (*Yuga*) fire consuming the entire universe with its mobile and immobile creatures when the hour of dissolution comes, at last enters the mouth of the Creator, even so at the weapon of Drona's son began to enter the body of Bhimasena. As one cannot perceive a fire if it penetrates into the sun or the sun if it enters into a fire, even so none could perceive that energy which penetrated into Bhima's body. Beholding that weapon thus investing Bhima all around, and seeing Drona's son swelling with energy and might, the latter being then without an antagonist, and observing also that all the warriors of the Pandava army had laid down their weapons and that all the mighty car-warriors of that host headed by Yudhishthira had turned away their faces from the foe, those two heroes, *viz.*, Arjuna and Vasudeva, both endued with great splendour, quickly alighting from their car, ran towards Bhima. Those two mighty men, diving into that energy born of the might of Aswatthaman's weapon, had resorted to the power of illusion. The fire of that weapon consumed them not, in consequence of their having laid aside their weapons, as also in consequence of the force of the *Varuna* weapon, and owing also to the energy possessed by themselves. Then Nara and Narayana, for the pacification of *Narayana* weapon, began

forcibly to drag Bhima and all his weapons. Thus dragged by them, Kunti's son, that mighty car-warrior, began to roar aloud. Thereupon, that terrible and invincible weapon of Drona's son began to increase (in might and energy). Then Vasudeva, addressing Bhima, said, 'How is it, O son of Pandu, that though forbidden by us, thou, O son of Kunti, dost not yet abstain from battle? If the Kurus could now be vanquished in battle, then we, as also all these foremost of men, would certainly have continued to fight. Behold, all the warriors of thy host have alighted from their cars. For this reason, O son of Kunti, do thou also come down from thy car.' Having said these words, Krishna brought Bhima down from his car. The latter, with eyes red as blood in rage, was sighing like a snake. When, however, he was dragged down from his car and made to lay aside his weapons, the *Narayana* weapon, that scorcher of foes, became pacified.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'When, by this means, the unbearable energy of that weapon became stilled, all the points of the compass, cardinal and subsidiary, became clear. Sweet breezes began to blow and birds and animals all became quiet. The steeds and elephants became cheerful, as also all the warriors, O ruler of men! Indeed, when the terrible energy of that weapon, O Bharata, became stilled, Bhima, of great intelligence, shone resplendent like the morning sun. The remnant of the Pandava host, beholding the pacification of the *Narayana* weapon, once more stood prepared on the field for compassing the destruction of thy sons. When, after that weapon had been baffled, the Pandava host, stood arrayed, Duryodhana, O king, addressing Drona's son, said, O Aswatthaman, once more use that weapon speedily since the Panchalas are once more arrayed, desirous of victory.' Then addressed by thy son, O sire, Aswatthaman, sighing cheerlessly, replied unto the king in these words, 'That weapon, O king, cannot be brought back. It cannot be used twice. If brought back, it will without doubt, slay the person calling it back. Vasudeva, hath, by what means thou hast seen, caused it to be baffled. For this, O ruler men, the destruction of the foe hath not been compassed in battle. Defeat and death, however, are the same. Rather, defeat is worse than death. Lo, the enemy, vanquished and compelled to lay down his arms, looks as if deprived of life'. Duryodhana then said, 'O preceptor's son, if it be so, if this weapon cannot be used twice, let those slayers of their preceptor be slain with other weapons then, O foremost one of all persons acquainted with weapons! In thee are all celestail as well as in the Three eyed (Siva) of immeasurable energy. If thou wishest it not, even Purandara in rage cannot escape thee.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'After Drona had been slain with the aid of fraud, and the *Narayana* weapon baffled, what, indeed, did Drona's son, thus urged by Duryodhana then, do, beholding the Parthas once more arrived for battle freed from the *Narayana* weapon, and careering at the head of their divisions?'

"Sanjaya said, 'Remembering the slaughter of his sire, Drona's son, owning the device of the lion's tail on his banner, filled with rage and casting

of all fears, rushed against the son of Prishata. Rushing at him, O bull among men, that foremost of warriors, with great impetuosity, pierced the Panchala prince with five and twenty small arrows. Then Dhrishtadyumna, O King, pierced Drona's son that resembled a blazing fire, with four and sixty shafts. And he pierced Aswatthaman's driver also with twenty arrows whetted on stone and equipped with wings of gold, and then his four steeds with four sharp arrows. Repeatedly piercing Drona's son, and causing the earth to tremble with his leonine roars. Dhrishtadyumna then seemed to be employed in taking the lives of creatures in the world in dreadful battle. Making death itself his goal, the mighty son of Prishata, O king, accomplished in weapons and endued with sureness of aim, then rushed against Drona's son alone. Of immeasurable soul, that foremost of car-warriors, *viz.*, the prince of Panchala, poured upon Aswatthamans's head a shower of arrows. Then Drona's son, in that battle, covered the angry prince with winged shafts. And once more, he pierced the latter with ten shafts, remembering the slaughter of his father. Then cutting off the standard and bow of the Panchala prince with a couple of well-shot shafts, equipped with heads like razors. Drona's son began to grind his foe with other arrows. In that dreadful battle, Aswatthaman made his antagonist steedless and driverless and carless, and covered his followers also with thick showers of shafts. At this, the Panchala troops, O king, mangled by means of those arrowy showers fled away in fear and great affliction. Beholding the troops turning away from battle and Dhrishtadyumna exceedingly afflicted, the grandson of Sini quickly urged his car against that of Drona's son. He then afflicted Aswatthaman with eight keen shafts. And once more striking that angry warrior with twenty shafts of diverse kinds, he pierced Aswatthaman's driver, and then his four steeds with four shafts. With great deliberations and displaying a wonderful lightness of hand, he cut off Aswatthaman's bow and standard, Satyaki then cut into fragments the gold-decked car of this foe together with its steeds. And then he deeply pierced Aswatthaman in the chest with thirty arrows in that battle. Thus afflicted, O king, (by Satyaki), and shrouded with arrows, the mighty Aswatthaman knew not what to do. When the preceptor's son had fallen into that plight, thy son, that car-warrior, accompanied by Kripa and Karna and others began to cover the Satwata hero with arrows. All of them began quickly to pierce Satyaki from every side with keen shafts, Duryodhana pierced him with twenty, Saradwat's son, Kripa, with three. And Kritavarman pierced him with ten, and Karna with fifty. And Duhsasana pierced him with a hundred arrows, and Vrishasena with seven. Satyaki, however, O king, soon made all those great car-warriors fly away from the field, deprived of their cars. Meanwhile, Aswatthaman, O bull of Bharata's race, recovering consciousness, and sighing repeatedly in sorrow, began to think of what he should do. Riding then upon another car, that scorcher of foes, *viz.*, the son of Drona, began to resist Satyaki, shooting hundreds of arrows. Beholding Aswatthaman once more approaching him in battle, the mighty car-warrior, Satyaki, once more made him carless and caused

him to turn back. Then the Pandavas, O king, beholding the prowess of Satyaki, blew their conchs with great force and uttered loud leonine roars. Having deprived Aswatthaman of his car thus, Satyaki, of unbaffled prowess, then slew three thousand mighty car-warriors of Vrishasena's division. And then he slew fifteen thousand elephants of Kripa's force and fifty thousand horses of Sakuni. Then, the valiant son of Drona, O monarch, riding upon another car, and highly enraged with Satyaki, proceeded against the latter, desirous of slaying him. Beholding him approach again, the grandson of Sini, that chastiser of foes, once more pierced and mangled him with keen shafts, fiercer than those he had used before. Deeply pierced with those arrows of diverse forms by Yuyudhana, that great bowmen, *viz.*, the angry son of Drona, smilingly addressed his foe and said, 'O grandson of Sini, I know thy partiality for Dhrishtadyumna, that slayer of his preceptor, but thou shalt not be able to rescue him or your own self when attacked by me. I swear to thee, O grandson of Sini, by truth and by my ascetic austerities, that I shall know no peace till I slay all the Panchalas. You may unite the forces of the Pandavas and those of the Vrishnis together, but I shall still slay the Somakas. Saying this, the son of Drona shot at Satyaki an excellent and straight arrow possessed of the effulgence of the sun, even as Sakra had hurled in days of yore his thunder at the *Asura* Vritra. Thus shot by Aswatthaman, that arrow, piercing through the armour of Satyaki, and passing through his body, entered the earth like a hissing snake entering its hole. His armour pierced through, the heroic Satyaki, like an elephant deeply struck with the hook, became bathed in blood that flowed from his wound. His bow, with arrow fixed thereon, being then loosened from his grasp, he sat down on the terrace of his car strengthless and covered all over with blood. Seeing this his driver speedily bore him away from Drona's son. With another shaft, perfectly straight and equipped with goodly wings that scorcher of foes, *viz.*, Aswatthaman, struck Dhrishtadyumna between his eyebrows. The Panchala prince had before this been much pierced; therefore, deeply wounded by that arrow, he became exceedingly weak and supported himself by seizing his flag-staff. Beholding Dhrishtadyumna thus afflicted by Aswatthaman, like an infuriated elephant by a lion, five heroic car-warriors of the Pandava army, *viz.*, Kiritin, Bhimasena, Vrihatkshatra of Puru's race, the youthful prince of the Chedis, and Sudarsana, the chief of the Malavas, quickly rushed against Aswatthaman. Armed with bows, all these rushed with cries *Oh* and *Alas*. And those heroes quickly encompassed the son of Drona on all sides. Advancing twenty paces, all of them, with great care, simultaneously struck the angry son of the preceptor with five and twenty arrows. Drona's son, however, with five and twenty shafts, resembling snakes of virulent poison, cut off, almost at the same time, those five and twenty arrows shot at him. Then Aswatthaman afflicted the Paurava prince with seven sharp shafts. And he afflicted the chief of the Malavas with three, Partha with one, and Vrikodara with six shafts. Then all those

great car-warriors, O king, pierced Drona's son unitedly and separately with many shafts, whetted on stone equipped with wings of gold. The youthful prince of the Chedis pierced Drona's son with twenty and Partha pierced him with three. Then Drona's son struck Arjuna with six arrows, and Vasudeva with six, and Bhima with five, and each of the other two *viz.*, the Malava and the Paurava, with two arrows. Piercing next the driver of Bhima's car with six arrows, Aswatthaman cut off Bhimasena's bow and standard with a couple of arrows. Then piercing Partha once more with a shower of arrows, Drona's son uttered a leonine roar. With the sharp, well-tempered, and terrible arrows shot by Drona's son, the earth, the sky, the firmament, and the points of the compass, cardinal and subsidiary, all became entirely shrouded both in his front and rear. Endued with fierce energy and equal to Indra himself in prowess, Aswatthaman with three arrows, almost simultaneously cut off the two arms, like unto Indra's poles, and the head of Sudarsana, as the latter was seated on his car. Then piercing Paurava with a dart and cutting off his car into minute fragments by means of his arrows, Aswatthaman lopped off his antagonist's two arms smeared with sandal-paste and then his head from off his trunk with a broad-headed shaft. Possessed of great activity, he then pierced with many arrows resembling blazing flames of fire in energy, the youthful and mighty prince of the Chedis who was of the hue of the dark lotus, and despatched him to Yama's abode with his driver and steeds. Beholding the chief of the Malavas, the descendant of Puru, and the youthful ruler of the Chedis slain in this very sight by the son of Drona, Bhimasena, the mighty-armed son of Pandu, became filled with rage. The scorcher of foes then covered Drona's son in that battle with hundreds of keen arrows resembling angry snakes of virulent poison. Endued with mighty energy, the angry son of Drona then destroying that arrowy shower, pierced Bhimasena with sharp shafts. The mighty-armed Bhima then, possessed of great strength, cut off with a broad-headed arrow the bow of Drona's son and then pierced Drona's son himself with a powerful shaft. Throwing away that broken bow, the high-souled son of Drona took up another and pierced Bhima with his winged shafts. Then those two, *viz.*, Drona's son and Bhima, both possessed of great prowess and might, began to shower their arrowy downpours like two masses of rain-charged clouds. Gold-winged arrows, whetted on stone and engraved with Bhima's name shrouded Drona's son, like gathering masses of clouds shrouding the sun. Similarly, Bhima was soon shrouded with hundreds and thousands of strong arrows shot by Drona's son. Though shrouded in that battle by Drona's son, that warrior of great skill, Bhima yet felt no pain, O monarch, which seemed exceedingly wonderful. Then the mighty-armed Bhima sped ten gold-decked arrows, of great keenness and resembling the darts of Yama himself, at his foe. Those shafts, O sire, falling upon the shoulders of Drona's son, quickly pierced his body, like snakes penetrating into an ant-hill. Deeply pierced by the high-souled son of Pandu, Aswatthaman, closing his eyes, supported himself by seizing his flagstaff. Recovering

his senses within a moment, O king, Drona's son bathed in blood, mustered all his wrath. Forcibly struck by the high-souled son of Pandu, Aswatthaman, endued with mighty arms, rushed with great speed towards the car of Bhimasena. And then, O Bharata, he sped at Bhimasena, from his bow drawn to its fullest stretch, a hundred arrows of fierce energy, all looking like snakes of virulent poison. Pandu's son Bhima also, proud of his prowess in battle, disregarding Aswatthaman's energy, speedily showered upon him dense arrowy downpour. Then Drona's son, O king, cutting off Bhima's bow by means of his arrows, and filled with rage, struck the Pandava in the chest with many keen shafts. Incapable of brooking that feat, Bhimasena took up another bow and pierced Drona's son in that battle with five keen shafts. Indeed, showering upon each other their arrowy downpours like two masses of clouds at the close of summer, two warriors, with eyes red as copper in rage, completely covered each other in that battle with their shafts. Frightening each other with the terrible sounds they made by their palms, they continued to fight with each other, each counteracting the feats of the other. Then bending his formidable bow adorned with gold, Drona's son began to gaze steadfastly at Bhima who was thus shooting his shafts at him. At that time, Aswatthaman looked like the meridian sun of blazing rays in an autumnal day. So quickly then did he shoot his shafts that people could not see when he took them out of his quiver when he fixed them on the bowstring when he drew the string, and when he let them off. Indeed, when employed in shooting his arrows, his bow, O monarch, seemed to be incessantly drawn to fiery circle. Shafts in a hundred thousands, shot from his bow, seemed to course through the welkin like a flight of locusts. Indeed, those terrible shafts adorned with gold, shot from the bow of Drona's son, coursed incessantly towards Bhima's car. The prowess, O Bharata, that we then beheld of Bhimasena, and his might, energy, and spirit, were exceedingly wonderful, for, regarding that terrible shower of arrows thick as a gathering mass of clouds, falling around him to be nothing more than a downpour of rain at the close of summer. Bhima of terrible prowess, desirous of slaying the son of Drona, in return poured his arrows upon the latter like a cloud in the season of rains. Bhima's large and formidable bow of golden back, incessantly drawn in that battle, looked resplendent like a second bow of Indra. Shafts in hundreds and thousands, issuing from it, shrouded Drona's son, that ornament of battle in that encounter. The showers of shafts, shot by both of them were so dense, O sire, that the very wind, O king, could not find room for coursing through them. Then Drona's son, O king, desirous of slaying Bhima, sped at him many gold-decked arrows of keen points steeped in oil. Showing his superiority to Drona's son Bhimasena cut off each of those arrows into three fragments before they could come at him. The son of Pandu then said, '*Wait Wait.*' And once more, the mighty son of Pandu filled with rage, and desirous of slaying the son of Drona, shot at him a terrible shower of fierce arrows. Then Drona's son that warrior acquainted with the highest weapons, quickly destroying that arrowy shower by the illusion of

his own weapons, cut off Bhima's bow in that encounter. Filled wilh rage, he then pierced Bhima himself with innumerable shafts in that battle. Endued with great might, Bhima then, after his bow had been cut off, hurled a dart at Aswatthaman's car, having whirled it previously with great impetuosity. The son of Drona, displaying the lightness of his hand in that encounter, quickly cut off, by means of sharp shafts, that dart as it coursed towards him with the splendour of a blazing brand. Meanwhile, terrible Vrikodara, taking up a very strong bow, and smiling the while, began to pierce the son of Drona with many arrows. Then Drona's son, O monarch, with a straight shaft, pierced the forehead of Bhima's driver. The latter, deeply pierced by the mighty son of Drona, fell into a swoon, O king, abandoning the reins of the steeds. The driver of the Bhima's car having fallen into a swoon, the steeds, O king, began to fly away with great speed, in the very sight of all the bowmen. Beholding Bhima carried away from the field of battle by those running steeds, the unvanquished Aswatthaman joyfully blew his huge conch. Beholding Bhimasena borne away from the field, all the Panchalas, inspired with fear, abandoning the car of Dhrishtadyumna, fled away on every side. Then Drona's son, shooting his shafts fiercely, pursued those broken troops, causing a great carnage among them. Thus slaughtered in battle by the son of Drona, those Kshatriyas fled away in all directions from fear of that warrior.

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding that force broken, Kunti's son, Dhananjaya, of immeasurable soul, proceeded against Aswatthaman from desire of slaying him. Those troops then, O king, rallied with effort by Govinda and Arjuna, stayed on the field of battle. Only Vibhatsu, supported by the Somakas and the Matsyas, shot his arrows at the Kauravas and checked their onset.[1] Quickly approaching Aswatthaman, that great bowman having the mark of the lion's tail on his banner, Arjuna addressed him, saying, 'Show me now the might thou hast, the energy, the knowledge, and the manliness, that are in thee, as also thy affection for the Dhartarashtras and thy hatred for us, and the high mettle of which thou art capable. Even Prishata's son, that slayer of Drona, will quell thy pride today. Come now and encounter the Panchala prince, that hero resembling the *Yuga* fire and like the Destroyer himself with Govinda. Thou hast displayed thy pride in battle, but I shall quell that pride of thine.'

"Dhritarashtra said, 'The preceptor's son, O Sanjaya, is possessed of might and worthy of respect. He beareth great love to Dhananjaya and the high-souled Dhananjaya also loveth him in return. Vibhatsu had never addressed Drona's son before in this way. Why then did the son of Kunti address his friend in such words?'

"Sanjaya said, 'Upon the fall of the youthful prince of the Chedis, of Vrihatkshatra of Puru's race, and of Sudarsana, the chief of the Malavas, who was well-accomplished in the science of arms, and upon the defeat of Dhrishtadyumna and Satyaki and Bhima, and feeling great pain and touched

[1] I adopt the Bombay reading.

to the quick by those words of Yudhishthira, and remembering all his former woes, O lord, Vibhatsu, in consequence of his grief, felt such wrath rise within him the like of which he had never experienced before. It was for this that like a vulgar person, he addressed the preceptor's son who was worthy of every respect, in such unworthy, indecent, bitter, and harsh language. Addressed, from wrath, in such harsh and cruel words by Partha, O king, Drona's son, that foremost of all mighty bowmen, became highly angry with Partha and especially with Krishna. The valiant Aswatthaman, then, staying resolutely on his car, touched water and invoked the *Agneya* weapon incapable of being resisted by the very gods. Aiming at all his visible and invisible foes, the preceptor's son, that slayer of hostile heroes, inspired with *mantras* a blazing shaft possessed of the effulgence of a smokeless fire, and let it off on all sides, filled with rage. Dense showers of arrows then issued from it in the welkin. Endued with fiery flames, those arrows encompassed Partha on all sides. Meteors flashed down from the firmament. A thick gloom suddenly shrouded the (Pandava) host. All the points of the compass also were enveloped by that darkness. *Rakshasas* and *Pisachas*, crowding together, uttered fierce cries. Inauspicious winds began to blow. The sun himself no longer gave any heat. Ravens fiercely croaked on all sides. Clouds roared in the welkin, showering blood. Birds and beasts and kine, and *Munis* of high vows and souls under complete control, became exceedingly uneasy. The very elements seemed to be perturbed. The sun seemed to turn. The universe, scorched with heat, seemed to be in a fever. The elephants and other creatures of the land, scorched by the energy of that weapon, ran in fright, breathing heavily and desirous of protection against that terrible force. The very waters heated, the creatures residing in that element, O Bharata, became exceedingly uneasy and seemed to burn. From all the points of the compass, cardinal and subsidiary, from the firmament and the very earth, showers of sharp and fierce arrows fell and issued with the impetuosity of Garuda or the wind. Struck and burnt by those shafts of Aswatthaman that were all endued with the impetuosity of the thunder, the hostile warriors fell down like trees burnt down by a raging fire. Huge elephants, burnt by that weapon, fell down on the earth all around, uttering fierce cries loud as the rumblings of the clouds. Other huge elephants, scorched by that fire, ran hither and thither, and roared aloud in fear, as if in the midst of a forest conflagration. The steeds, O king, and the cars also, burnt by the energy of that weapon, looked, O sire, like the tops of trees burnt in a forest-fire. Thousands of cars fell down on all sides. Indeed, O Bharata, it seemed that the divine lord *Agni* burnt the (Pandava) host in that battle, like the *Samvarta* fire consuming everything at the end of the *Yuga*.

'Beholding the Pandava army thus burning in that dreadful battle, thy soldiers, O king, filled with joy, uttered leonine shouts. Indeed, the combatants, desirous of victory and filled with joy, speedily blew thousands of trumpets, O Bharata, of diverse kinds. Darkness having enveloped

the world during that fierce battle, the entire Pandava army, with Savyasachin, the son of Pandu, could not be seen. We had never before, O king, heard of or seen the like of that weapon which Drona's son created in wrath on that occasion. Then Arjuna, O king, invoked into existence the *Brahma* weapon, capable of baffling every other weapon, as ordained by the Lotus-born (Brahma) himself. Within a moment that darkness was dispelled, cool winds began to blow, and all the points of the compass became clear and bright. We then beheld a wonderful sight, *viz.*, a full *Akshauhini* (of the Pandava troops) laid low. Burnt by the energy of Aswatthaman's weapon, the forms of the slain could not be distinguished. Then those two heroic and mighty bowmen, *viz.*, Kesava and Arjuna, freed from that darkness, were seen together, like the sun and the moon in the firmament. Indeed, the wielder of *Gandiva* and Kesava were both unwounded. Equipped with its banners and standards and steeds, with the *Anukarsa* unjoined; and with all the mighty weapons stored on it remaining uninjured, that car, so terrible to thy warriors, freed from that darkness, shone resplendent on the field. And soon there arose diverse sounds of life mingled with the blare of conchs and the beat of drums, from among the Pandava troops filled with joy. Both hosts thought that Kesava and Arjuna had perished Beholding Kesava and Arjuna, therefore (freed from darkness and the energy of that weapon) and seeing that reappear so quickly, the Pandavas were filled with joy, and the Kauravas with wonder. Unwounded and full of cheerfulness, those two heroes blew their excellent conchs. Indeed, seeing Partha filled with joy, thy soldiers became exceedingly melancholy. Seeing those two high-souled ones (*viz.*, Kesava and Arjuna), freed (from the energy of his weapon) the son of Drona became very cheerless. For a moment he reflected, O sire, on what had happened. And having reflected, O king, he became filled with anxiety and grief. Breathing long and hot sighs, he became exceedingly cheerless. Laying aside his bow, then, the son of Drona speedily alighted from his car, and saying, '*O fie, fie! Every thing is untrue,*' he ran away from the fight. On his way he met Vyasa, the abode of Saraswati, the compiler of the *Vedas*, the habitation of those scriptures, unstained by sin, and of the hue of rain-charged cloud. Beholding him, that perpetuator of Kuru's race, standing on his way, the son of Drona with voice choked in grief, and like one exceedingly cheerless, saluted him and said, 'O sire, O sire, is this an illusion, or is it a caprice (on the part of the weapon)? I do not know what it is. Why, indeed, hath my weapon become fruitless? What breach (has there been in the method of invocation)? Or, is it something abnormal, or, is it a victory over Nature (achieved by the two Krishnas) since they are yet alive? It seems that Time is irresistible. Neither *Asuras*, nor *Gandharvas*, nor *Pisachas*, nor *Rakshasas*, nor *Uragas*, *Yakshas*, and birds, nor human beings, can venture to baffle this weapon shot by me. This fiery weapon, however, having slain only one *Akshauhini* of troops, hath been pacified. This exceedingly fierce weapon shot by me is capable of slaying all creatures.

For what reason then could it not slay Kesava and Arjuna, both of whom are endued with the attributes of humanity? Asked by me, O holy one, answer me truly. O great *muni*, I desire to hear all this in detail.'

"Vyasa said, 'O highly significant is this matter that thou enquirest of me from surprise. I will tell thee everything; listen attentively. He that is called Narayana is older than the oldest ones. For accomplishing some purpose, that creator of the universe took his birth as the son of Dharma. On the mountain of Himavat he underwent the severest ascetic austerities. Endued with mighty energy, and resembling fire or the sun (in splendour), he stood there with arms upraised. Possessed of eyes like lotus-petals, he emaciated himself there for sixty-six thousand years, subsisting all the while upon air alone. Once more undergoing severe austerities of another kind for twice that period, he filled the space between earth and heaven with his energy. When by those austerities, O sire, he became like *Brahma*[1] he then beheld the Master, Origin, and Guardian of the Universe, the Lord of all the gods, the Supreme Deity, who is exceedingly difficult of being gazed at, who is minuter than the minutest and larger than the largest, who is called *Rudra*,[2] who is the lord of all the superior ones, who is called Hara and Sambhu, who has matted locks on his head, who is the infuser of life into every form, who is the First cause of all immobile and mobile things, who is irresistible and of frightful aspect, who is of fierce wrath and great Soul, who is the All-destroyer, and of large heart, who beareth the celestial bow and a couple of quivers, who is cased in golden armour, and whose energy is infinite, who holdeth *Pinaka*, who is armed with thunderbolt, a blazing trident, battle axe, mace, and a large sword; whose eye-brows are fair, whose locks are matted, who wieldeth the heavy short club, who hath the moon on his forehead, who is clad in tiger-skin, and who is armed with the bludgeon; who is decked with beautiful *angadas*, who hath snakes for his sacred thread, and who is surrounded by diverse creatures of the universe and by numerous ghosts and spirits, who is the One, who is the abode of ascetic austerities, and who is highly adored by persons of venerable age; who is Water, Heaven, Sky, Earth, Sun, Moon, Wind and Fire, and who is the measure of the duration of the universe. Persons of wicked behaviour can never obtain a sight of that unborn one, that slayer of all haters of Brahmanas, that giver of emancipation.[3] Only Brahmanas of righteous conduct, when cleansed of their sins and freed from the control of grief, behold him with their mind's eye. In consequence of his ascetic austerities, Narayana obtained a sight of that unfading one, that embodiment of righteousness, that adorable one, that Being having the universe for his form. Beholding that

[1]Nilakantha explains this to mean that when he became unconnected with the world, rising superior to everything connected with the world.

[2]The terrible.

[3]*Amritasya yonim*, literally, the origin or cause of immortality, *i.e.*, he from whom immortality springs. Hence, as explained by Nilakantha, the phrase means the source of salvation, for those only that are emancipate became immortal as the Supreme Soul itself.

supreme Abode of all kinds of splendour, that God with a garland of *Akshas* round his neck, Vasudeva, with gratified soul, became filled with delight which he sought to express by words, heart, understanding, and body. Then Narayana worshipped that Divine Lord, that First cause of the universe, that giver of boons, that puissant one sporting with the fair-limbed Parvati, that high-souled Being surrounded by large bands of ghosts, spirits, that Unborn one, that Supreme Lord, that Embodiment of the unmanifest, that Essence of all causes, that One of unfading power. Having saluted Rudra, that destroyer of the *Asura* Andhaka, the lotus eyed Narayana, with emotion filling his heart, began to praise the Three-eyed one (in these words), 'O adorable one, O first of all the gods, the creator of everything (*viz.*, the *Prajapatis*) who are the regents of the world, and who having entered the earth,—thy first work,—had, O lord, protected it before, have all sprung from thee. Gods, *Asuras*, *Nagas*, *Rakshasas*, *Pisachas*, human beings, birds, *Gandharvas*, *Yakshas* and other creatures, with the entire universe, we know, have all sprung from thee. Everything that is done for propitiating Indra, and Yama, and Varuna, and Kuvera and *Pitris* and Tvashtri, and Soma, is really offered to thee. Form and light, sound and sky, wind and touch, taste and water, scent and earth,[1] time, Brahma himself, the *Vedas*, the *Brahmanas* and all these mobile objects, have sprung from thee. Vapours rising from diverse receptacles of water, becoming rain-drops, which falling upon the earth, are separated from one another. When the time of the Universal dissolution comes those individual drops, separated from one another, once more unite together and make the earth one vast expanse of water. He that is learned, thus observing the origin and the destruction of all things, understands thy oneness. Two birds (*viz.*, *Iswara* and *Jiva*), four *Aswatthas* with their wordy branches (*viz.*, the *Vedas*), the seven guardians (*viz.*, the five essences or elements and the heart and the understanding), and the ten others that hold this city (*viz.*, the ten senses that constitute the body), have all been created by thee, but thou art separate from and independent of them. The Past, the Future, and the Present, over each of which none can have any sway, are from thee, as also the seven worlds and this universe. I am thy devoted adorer,—be graceful unto me. Do not injure me, by causing evil thoughts to penetrate my heart. Thou art the Soul of souls, incapable of being known. He that knows thee as the Universal Seed, attaineth to *Brahma*. Desiring to pay thee respects, I am praising thee, endeavouring to ascertain thy real nature, O thou that art incapable of being understood by the very gods. Adored by me, grant me the boons I desire but which are difficult of acquisition. Do not hide thyself in thy illusion.'

"Vyasa continued, 'The blue-throated God, of inconceivable soul, that wielder of *Pinaka*, that divine Lord ever praised by the *Rishis*, then gave boons unto Vasudeva who deserved them all. The great God said,

[1] *i.e.*, the five attributes preceivable by the five senses, with the five objects of Nature with which they are directly connected or in which they manifest themselves.

'O Narayana, through my grace, amongst men, gods, and *Gandharvas*, thou shalt be of immeasurable might and soul. Neither gods, nor *Asuras*, nor great *Uragas*, nor *Pisachas*, nor *Gandharvas*, nor men, nor *Rakshasas*, nor birds, nor *Nagas*, nor any creatures in the Universe, shall ever be able to bear thy prowess. No one amongst even the celestials shall be able to vanquish thee in battle. Through my grace, none shall ever be able to cause thee pain by the weapon of thunderbolt or with any object that is wet or dry, or with any mobile or immobile thing. Thou shalt be superior to myself if thou ever goest to battle against me.' Thus were these boons acquired by Sauri in days of yore. Even that God now walketh the earth (as Vasudeva), beguiling the universe by his illusion. From Narayana's asceticism was born a great *Muni* of the name of Nara, equal to Narayana himself. Know that Arjuna is none else than that Nara. Those two *Rishis*, said to be older than the oldest gods, take their births in every *Yuga* for serving the purposes of the world. Thyself also, O thou of great heart, hast been born as a portion of Rudra, by virtue of all thy religious acts and as a consequence of high ascetic austerities, endued with great energy and wrath. Thou wert (in a former life) endued with great wisdom and equal to a god. Regarding the universe to consist only of Mahadeva, thou hadst emaciated thyself by diverse vows from desire of gratifying that God. Assuming the form of a very superior person, that blazes fourth with splendour, thou hast, O giver of honours, worshipped the great god with *mantras*, with *homa*, and with offerings. Thus adored by thee in thy former life, the great god became gratified with thee, and granted thee numerous boons, O learned one, that thou hadst cherished in thy heart. Like Kesava's and Arjuna's thy birth acts, and ascetic austerities are also superior. Like them, in thy worship, thou hast, in every *Yuga*, adored the great God in his Phallic form. Kesava is that devoted worshipper of Rudra who has sprung from Rudra himself. Kesava always worship the Lord Siva, regarding his Phallic emblem to be the origin of the universe. In Kesava is always present that knowledge, in consequence of which he views the identity of *Brahman* with the universe and that other knowledge by which the Past, the Present and the Future, the near and the remote, are all seen, as if the whole are before his eyes. The gods, the *Siddhas* and the great *Rishis*, adore Kesava for obtaining that highest object in the universe, *viz.*, Mahadeva. Kesava is the creator of everything. The Eternal Krishna should be adored with sacrifices. The Lord Kesava always worshippeth Siva in the Phallic emblem as the origin of all creatures. The God having the bull for his mark cherisheth greater regard for Kesava.'

"Sanjaya continued, 'Hearing these words of Vyasa, Drona's son, that mighty car-warrior, bowed unto Rudra and regarded Kesava as worthy of the highest regards. Having his soul under complete control, he became filled with delight, the marks whereof appeared on his body. Bowing unto the great *Rishi*, Aswatthaman then, casting his eyes on the (Kuru) army, caused it to be withdrawn (for nightly rest). Indeed, when, after

the fall of Drona, the cheerless Kurus retired from the field, the Pandavas also, O monarch, caused their army to be withdrawn. Having fought for five days and caused an immense carnage, that Brahman well-versed in the Vedas, *viz.*, Drona, repaired, O king, to the region of Brahma!'."

SECTION CCII

"Dhritarashtra said, 'Upon the slaughter of the *Atiratha*, *viz.*, Drona, by Prishata's son, what did my sons and the Pandavas next do?'

"Sanjaya said, 'After the rout of the Kuru army, upon the slaughter of that *Atiratha*, *viz.*, Drona, by Prishata's son, Dhananjaya, the son of Kunti beholding a wonderful phenomenon in connection with his own victory, asked Vyasa, O bull of Bharata's race, who came thither in course of his wanderings, saying, 'O great *Rishi*, while I was engaged in slaying the foe in battle with showers of bright shafts, I continually beheld before me, proceeding in advance of my car, a person of blazing hue, as if endued with the effulgence of fire. Whithersoever he proceeded with his uplifted lance, all the hostile warriors were seen to break before him. Broken in reality by him, people regarded the foe to have been broken by me. Following in his wake, I only destroyed those, already destroyed by him. O holy one, tell me who was that foremost of persons, armed with lance, resembling the sun himself in energy, that was thus seen by me? He did not touch the earth with his feet, nor did he hurl his lance even once. In consequence of his energy, thousands of lances issued out of that one lance held by him.'

"Vyasa said, 'Thou hast, O Arjuna, seen Sankara, that First cause from which have sprung the *Prajapatis*, that puissant Being endued with great energy, he that is the embodiment of heaven, earth and sky, the Divine Lord, the protector of the universe, the great Master, the giver of boons, called also *Isana*. O, seek the protection of that boon, giving Deity, that lord of the universe. He is called *Mahadeva* (the Supreme Deity), of Supreme Soul, the one only Lord, with matted locks (on head), the obode of auspiciousness. Of three eyes and mighty arms, he is called *Rudra*, with his locks tied in the shape of a crown, and his body attired in skins. That boon-giving lord of the universe, that Supreme Deity, is also called *Hara* and *Sthanu*. He is the foremost of every being in the universe, he is incapable of being vanquished, he is the delighter of the universe and its supreme ruler. The first cause, the light and refuge of the universe, he is ever victorious. The Soul and the creator of the universe, and having the universe for his form, he is possessed of great fame. The Lord of the universe, and its great Ruler, that puissant one, is also the master of all actions. Called also *Sambhu*, he is self-born, he is the lord of all creatures,

and the origin of the Past, the Future, and the Present. He is *Yoga* and the lord of *Yoga*; he is called *Sarva*, and is the Lord of all the worlds. He is superior to everything. The foremost of everything in the universe, and the highest of all, he is called also *Parumesthin*. The Ordainer of the three worlds, he is the sole refuge of the three worlds. Incapable of being vanquished, he is the protector of the universe, and abode (the necessity of) birth, decay, and death. The Soul of knowledge, incapable of being compassed by knowledge, and the highest of all knowledge he is unknowable. Through grace, he giveth unto his worshippers the boons they desire. That Lord hath for his companions celestial beings of diverse forms, some of whom are dwarfs, some having matted locks, some with bald heads, some with short necks, some with large stomachs, some with huge bodies, some possessed of great strength and some of long ears. All of them, O Partha, have deformed faces and mouths and legs and strange attires. That Supreme Deity, called Mahadeva, is worshipped by followers that are even such. Even that Siva, O son, endued with such energy, proceedeth through kindness, in advance of thee. In that fierce battle, O Partha, making the very hair stand on end, who else, O Arjuna, than the divine Maheswara, that foremost of all bowmen, that Deity of divine form, could even in imagination venture to vanquish that force which was protected by those great smiters and bowmen, *viz*., Aswatthaman and Karna and Kripa? None can venture to stay before the warrior that hath Maheswara walking before him. There is no being in the three worlds that is equal to him. And the very scent of the enraged Mahadeva, foes in battle tremble and become senseless and fall in large numbers. For this, the gods in heaven adore and bow to him. Those men in this world and those other men of pious conduct, that devoutly worship the boon-giving, divine, and auspicious Rudra, obtain happiness here and attain to the highest state hereafter. O son of Kunti, bow down unto him that is peace, unto him, called Rudra of blue throat, exceedingly subtle, and of great effulgence, unto him called *Kapardin*, him that is terrible, him that of tawny eyes, him that is boon-giving; unto that great ordainer, of red locks and righteous conduct; unto him that always does auspicious acts; unto him that is an object of desire; him that is of tawny eyes; him that is called Sthanu; him that is called *Purusha*; unto him that is of tawny hair; him that is bold, him that is exceedingly subtle and of great effulgence; unto him that is the giver of light; him that is the embodiment of all sacred waters; him that is the God of gods; and him that is endued with great impetuosity; unto him that is of manifest form; him that is called *Sarva*; him that is of agreeable attire; unto him that has an excellent head-gear, him that is of handsome face; him that has the mountains for his habitation; him that is peace; him that is the protector; him that has barks of trees for his attire; him whose arms are decked with ornaments of gold, him who is fierce, him that is the lord of all the points of the compass; him that is the lord of the clouds and of all created beings; him that is the lord of all trees and of all kine; him that

has his body shrouded with trees; him who is the celestial generalissimo; him who inspires all thought; him who has the sacrificial ladle in his hand; him who is blazing; him who wields the bow; him who is Rama's self; him who has diverse forms; him who is the lord of the universe; him who had the *munja* grass for his attire; him who has a thousand heads, a thousand eyes, a thousand arms, and a thousand legs. O son of Kunti, seek the protection of that boon-giving Lord of the universe, the lord of *Uma*, that God of three eyes, that destroyer of Daksha's sacrifice; that guardian of all created things, that being who is always cheerful, that protector of all beings, that God of unfading glory; that one with matted locks; that mover of all superior beings, that one whose navel is like that of a bull and who hath the bull for his symbol; that one who is proud like the bull, who is the lord of bulls; who is represented by the horns of the bull; and who is the bull of bulls; that one who hath the image of the bull on his banner; who is liberal to all righteous persons; who can be approached by *Yoga* only; and whose eyes are like those of a bull; who owneth very superior weapons: who hath Vishnu himself for his arrow; who is the embodiment of righteousness; and who is called Maheswara; who is of vast stomach and vast body; who hath a leopard's skin for his seat; who is the lord of the worlds; who is devoted to *Brahma* and who loveth Brahmanas; who is armed with trident; who is boon-giving; who wieldeth the sword and the shield, and who is highly auspicious, who wieldeth the bow called *Pinaka*, who is divested of the battle axe,[1] and who is the protector and lord of the universe. I place myself in the hands of that divine Lord, that grantor of protection, that God attired in deer-skins. Salutations, to that Lord of the celestials who hath Vaisravana for his friend. Salutations ever to him of excellent vows, to him who hath excellent bowmen for his companions; to him who himself wieldeth the bow; to that God with whom the bow is a favourite weapon; who is himself the shaft impelled by the bow; who is the bowstring and the bow; and the preceptor teaching the use of the bow. Salutations to the God whose weapons are fierce; and who is the foremost of all the gods. Salutations to him of diverse forms; to him who hath many bowmen around him. Salutations ever to him who is called *Sthanu* and who has a large number of excellent bowmen for his companions. Salutations to him who destroyed the triple city. Salutations to him who slew (the *Asura*) Bhaga. Salutations to him who is the lord of trees and of men. Salutations to him who is the lord of the (celestial), Mothers, and of those tribes of spirits known by the name of *Ganas*. Salutations ever to him who is the lord of kine and of sacrifices. Salutations ever to him who is the lord of the waters and the lord of the gods, who is the destroyer of Surya's teeth, who is of three eyes, who is the grantor of boons; who is called *Hara*, who is blue-throated, and who is of golden locks. I will now tell thee, according to my knowledge and as I have heard of them, all the divine deeds of Mahadeva of Supreme wisdom. If

[1]Having given it away to Rama, his disciple.

Mahadeva becomes angry, neither gods, nor *Asuras*, *Gandharvas*, nor *Rakshasas*, even if they hide themselves in deep oceans, can have peace. In the days of yore, Daksha, for performing a sacrifice, had collected the necessary articles. Mahadeva destroyed that sacrifice in wrath. Indeed, He became very stern on that occasion. Shooting an arrow from his bow, he uttered terrible roars. The celestials then became filled with anxiety and fright. Indeed, when Mahadeva became angry and the Sacrifice (in its embodied form) fled away, the gods became exceedingly frightened at the twang of Mahadeva's bow and the sound of his palms. The gods and *Asuras* all fell down and submitted to Mahadeva. All the waters swelled up in agitations and the earth trembled. The mountains split, and all the points of the compass and the *Nagas* became stupefied. The universe, enveloped in a thick darkness, could no longer be seen. The splendour of all luminaries with the sun was destroyed. The *Rishis*, filled with fear, became agitated, and desirous of their own good as also of all creatures, performed propitiatory rites. Surya was then eating the principal oblation. Smilingly Sankara approached him and tore out his teeth. The gods then, humbling themselves to him, fled away, trembling. Once more, Mahadeva aimed at the gods a shower of blazing and keen arrows resembling flames of fire mixed with smoke, or clouds with lightning. Beholding that arrowy shower, all the gods bowing down unto Maheswara, assigned to Rudra a substantial share in sacrifices. In fright, the gods, O prince, sought his protection. His wrath being dispelled, the great God then restored the sacrifice. The gods that had fled away came back. Indeed, they are to this day afraid of Maheswara. Formerly, the valiant *Asuras* had, in heaven, three cities. Each of those cities was excellent and large. One was made of iron, another of silver, and the third of gold. The golden city belonged to Kamalaksha, the silver city to Tarakaksha, and the third, made of iron, had Vidyunmalin for its lord. With all his weapons, Maghavat (Indra) was unable to make any impression on those cities. Afflicted (by the *Asuras*), all the gods sought the protection of Rudra. Approaching him, all the gods with Vasava at their head, said, 'These terrible dwellers of the triple city have received boons from Brahma. Filled with pride in consequence of those boons, they are greatly afflicting the universe, O Lord of the gods, none, save thee, is competent to slay them. Therefore, O Mahadeva, slay these enemies of the gods: O Rudra, creatures slain in every sacrifice shall then be thine. Thus addressed by the gods, Mahadeva thus accepted their request, moved by the desire of benefiting them, and said, 'I will overthrow these *Asuras*. And Hara made the two mountains, *viz.*, Gandhamadana and Vindhya, the two poles of his car. And Sankara made the earth with her oceans and forests his battle car. And the three-eyed deity made that prince of snakes, *viz.*, Sesha, the *Aksha*, of that car. And that God of gods, the wielder of *Pinaka*, made the moon and the sun the two wheels of that vehicle. And the triple-eyed Lord made Elapatra and Pushpadanta, the two pins of the yoke. And the valiant Mahadeva made the Malaya mountains the yoke, and the great Takshaka

the string for tying the yoke to the poles, and the creatures about him the traces of the steed. And Maheswara made the four *Vedas* his four steeds. And that lord of the three worlds made the supplementary *Vedas* the bridle-bits. And Mahadeva made *Gayatri* and *Savitri* the reins, the syllable *Om* the whip, and Brahma the driver. And making the Mandara mountains the bow, Vasuki the bowstring, Vishnu his excellent shaft, *Agni* the arrow-head, and Vayu the two wings of that shafts, Yama the feathers in its tail, lightning the whetting stone, and Meru the standard, Siva, riding on that excellent car which was composed of all the celestial forces, proceeded for the destruction of the triple city. Indeed, Sthanu, that foremost of smiter, that Destroyer of *Asuras*, that handsome warrior of immeasurable prowess, adored by the celestials, O Partha, and by *Rishis* possessing wealth of asceticism, caused an excellent and unrivalled array called after his own name, and stood immovable for a thousand years. When, however, the three cities came together in the firmament, the lord Mahadeva pierced them with that terrible shaft of his, consisting of three knots. The *Danavas* were unable to gaze at that shafts inspired with *Yuga*-fire and composed of Vishnu and Soma. While the triple city commenced to burn, the goddess Parvati repaired thither to behold the sight. She had then on her lap, a child having a bald head with five clumps of hair on it. The goddess asked the deities as to who that child was. Sakra, through ill-feeling endeavoured to strike that child with his thunderbolt. The divine lord Mahadeva (for the child was none other), smiling, quickly paralysed the arm of the enraged Sakra. Then god Sakra, with his arm paralysed accompanied by all the celestials, speedily repaired to the lord Brahma of unfading glory. Bowing unto him with their heads, they addressed Brahma with joined hands and said, 'Some wonderful creature, O Brahma, lying on the lap of Parvati, in the form of a child, was behold by us but not saluted. We have all been vanquished by him. We, therefore, desire to ask thee as to who he may be. Indeed, that boy, without fighting, hath with the greatest ease vanquished us all with Purandara at our head.' Hearing these words of theirs, Brahma. that foremost of all persons, acquainted with *Brahma*, reflected for a moment and understood that boy of immeasurable energy to be none else than the divine Sambhu. Addressing then, those foremost of celestials with Sakra at their head, Brahma said, 'That child is the divine Hara the Lord of the entire mobile and immobile universe. There is nothing superior to Maheswara. That Being of immeasurable splendour who was beheld by you all with Uma, that divine lord, had assumed the form of a child for Uma's sake. Let us all go unto him. That divine and illustrious one is the Supreme Lord of the world. Ye gods, ye could not recognise that master of the universe.' Then all the gods with the Grandsire repaired to that child, endued with the effulgence of the morning sun. Beholding Maheswara, and knowing that he was the Supreme Being, the Grandsire Brahma thus adored him: Thou art Sacrifice, O lord, thou art the stay and refuge of the universe. Thou art Bhava, thou art Mahadeva, thou art the abode (of all things).

and thou art the highest refuge. This whole universe with its mobile and immobile creatures, is pervaded by thee. O holy one, O lord of the past and the future, O lord of the world, O protector of the universe, let Sakra, afflicted with thy wrath, have thy grace.'

"Vyasa continued, 'Hearing these words of the lotus-born Brahma, Maheswara became gratified. Desirous of extending his grace, he laughed aloud. The celestials then gratified (with praise) both Uma and Rudra. The arm of the thunder-wielding Sakra re-got its natural state. That foremost one of all the gods, that destroyer of Daksha's sacrifice, that divine lord having the bull for his sign, became gratified with the gods. He is Rudra, he is Siva, he is Agni, he is everything, and he hath knowledge of everything. He is Indra, he is the Wind, he is the twin Aswins, and he is the lighting. He is Bhava, he is *Parjanya*, he is Mahadeva, he is sinless. He is the Moon, he is Isana, he is Surya, he is Varuna. He is *Kala*, he is *Antaka*, he is *Mrityu*, he is Yama.[1] He is the day, and he is the night. He is the fortnight, he is the month, he is the seasons. He is the morning and evening-twilights, he is the year. He is Dhatri. he is Vidhatri, he is the Soul of the universe, and he is the doer of all acts in the universe. Though himself without body, it is he who is the embodied celestial. Endued with great splendour he is adored and praised by all the gods. He is One, he is Many, he is hundred and thousand. Brahmanas versed in the *Vedas* say that he hath two forms. These are the terrible and the auspicious. These two forms, again, are multifarious. His auspicious forms are water, light, and the moon. Whatever is highly mysterious in the several branches of the *Vedas*, in the *Upanishads*, in the *Puranas*, and in those sciences that deal with the soul, is that God, *viz.*, Maheswara, Mahadeva is even such. That God is, again, without birth. All the attributes of that God are not capable of being enumerated by me even if, O son of Pandu, I were to recite them continually for a thousand years. Even unto those that are afflicted by all the evil planets, even unto those that are stained with every sin, that great protector, if they seek him, becomes gratified with them and granteth them salvation. He granteth, and taketh away life and health and prosperity and wealth and diverse kinds of objects of desire. The prosperity is his that is seen in Indra and other gods. He is ever engaged in the good and evil of men in this world. In consequence of his supremacy, he can always obtain whatever objects he desires. He is called Maheswara and is the lord of even the supreme ones. In many forms of many kinds he pervadeth the universe. The mouth which that God has is in the ocean. It is well-known that mouth, assuming the form of a mare's head, drinketh the sacrificial libation in the shape of water. This god always dwelleth in crematoriums. Men worship that Supreme lord in that place where none but the courageous can go. Many are the blazing and terrible forms of this God that men speak of and worship in the world. Many also are the names, of truthful import, of

[1]All these terms imply Death or the Destroyer.

this Deity in all the worlds. Those names are founded upon his supremacy, his omnipotence, and his acts. In the *Vedas* the excellent hymn called *Sata Rudriya*, hath been sung in honour of that great God called the infinite Rudra. That God is the lord of all wishes that are human and heavenly. He is omnipotent, and he is the supreme master. Indeed, that God pervadeth the vast universe. The Brahmanas and the *Munis* describe him as the First-born of all creatures. He is the First of all the gods; from his mouth was born Vayu (the wind). And since he always protecteth the creatures (of the universe) and sporteth with them, and since also he is the lord of all creatures, therefore is he called *Pasupati*. And since his Phallic emblem is always supposed to be in the observance of the vow of *Brahmacharya*, and since he always gladden the world, therefore he is called Maheswara. The *Rishis*, the gods, the *Gandharvas*, and *Apsaras*, always worship his Phallic emblem which is supposed to stand upright. That worship maketh Maheswara glad. Indeed, Sankara (at such worship) becomes happy, pleased, and highly glad. And since with respect to the past, the future, and the present, that God has many forms, he is, on that account, called *Vahurupa* (many-formed). Possessed of one eye he blazeth forth in effulgence, or he may be regarded to have many eyes on every side of his body. And since, he possesseth the worlds, he is for that reason called Sarva. And since his form is like that of smoke, he is for that reason called *Dhurjjati*. And since those deities, *viz.*, the *Viswedevas* are in him, he is for that reason called *Viswarupa*. And since three goddesses adore and have recourse to that Lord of the universe, *viz.*, Firmament, Water and Earth, he is for that reason called *Tryamvaka*. And since he always increaseth all kinds of wealth and wisheth the good of mankind in all their acts, he is for that reason called *Siva*. He possesseth a thousand eyes, or ten thousand eyes, and hath them on all sides. And since he protecteth this vast universe, he is for that reason called *Mahadeva*. And since he is great and ancient and is the source of life and of its continuance, and since his Phallic emblem is everlasting, he is for that reason called *Sthanu*. And since the solar and the lunar rays of light that appear in the world are spoken of as the hair on the Three-eyed one, he is for that reason called *Vyomakesa*. And since, afflicting Brahma and Indra and Varuna and Yama and Kuvera, he destroyeth them ultimately, he is for that reason called *Hara*. And since, he is the Past, the Future, and the Present, and, in fact, everything in the universe, and since he is the origin of the past, the future, and the present, he is for that reason called *Bhava*. The word *Kapi* is said to mean supreme, and *Vrisha* is said to mean righteousness. The illustrious God of gods, therefore, is called *Vrishakapi*. And since Maheswara by means of his two eyes closed (in meditation), created through sheer force of will a third eye on his forehead, he is for that reason called the *Three-eyed*. Whatever of unsoundness there is in the bodies of living creatures, and whatever of soundness there is in them, represent that God. He is the wind, the vital airs called *Prana*, *Apana* (and the others) in the bodies of all creatures, including even those

that are diseased. He who adoreth any image of the Phallic emblem of that high-souled God, always obtaineth great prosperity by that act. Downwards fiery, and half the body, that is auspiciousness is the moon. His auspiciousness is the moon. So also half his soul is fire and half the moon. His auspicious from, full of energy, is more blazing than the forms of the gods. Among men, his blazing and terrible form is called fire. With that auspicious form he practiseth *Brahmacharya*. With that other terrible form he as supreme Lord devoureth everything. And since he burneth, since he is fierce, since he is endued with great prowess, and since he devoureth flesh and blood and marrow, he is for this called *Rudra*. Even such is the deity called Mahadeva, armed with *Pinaka*, who, O Partha, was seen by thee engaged in slaying thy foes in advance of thy car. After thou hadst vowed to slay the ruler of the Sindhus, O sinless one, Krishna showed thee this God, in thy dream, sitting on the top of that foremost of mountains. This illustrious God proceedeth in advance of thee in battle. It is he who gave thee those weapons with which thou didst slay the *Danavas*. The hymn approved of the *Vedas*, and called *Sata-Rudriya*, in honour of that God of gods, that excellent, famous, life-enhancing, and sacred hymn, has now, O Partha, been explained to thee. This hymn of four divisions, capable of accomplishing every object, is sacred, destructive of all sins, and competent to drive away all stains and to kill all sorrows and all fears. The men that always listen to is succeeds in vanquishing all his foes and is highly respected in the region of Rudra. The person who always attentively reads or listens to the recitation of this excellent and auspicious account, appertaining to battle, of the illustrious Deity, and he worships with devotion that illustrious Lord of the universe, obtaineth all the objects of desire, in consequence of the three-eyed God being gratified with him. Go and fight, O son of Kunti, defeat is not for thee, that hast Janardana on thy side for thy adviser and protector.'

"Sanjaya said, 'Having addressed Arjuna in these words, the son of Parasara, O chief of the Bharatas, went away to the place he had come from, O chastiser of foes.' "

SECTION CCIII

"Sanjaya said, 'Having battled fiercely for five days, O king, the Brahmana (Drona) endued with great strength, fell and repaired to the region of Brahma. The fruits that arise from a study of the *Vedas* arise from a study of this *Parva* also. The great achievements of brave Kshatriyas have been described here. He who readeth or listeneth to the recitation of this *Parva* every day is freed from heinous sins and the most atrocious acts of his life. Brahmanas may always obtain herefrom the fruits

of sacrifices. From this, Kshatriyas may obtain victory in fierce battle. The other orders (Vaisyas and Sudras) may obtain desirable sons and grandsons and all objects of desire!' "

The end of Drona Parva.